The Bookman

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CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1922—MARCH, 1923

PRINCIPAL ILLUSTRATIONS

PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS

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Martin Armstrong.
F. Britten Austin.
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Sir Oliver Lodge.
Watson Lyle.
Ronald Campbell Macfie.
Compton Mackenzie.
Eugene Mason.
L. Masterman.
W. B. Maxwell.
Stephen McKenna.
Louis McQuilland.
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Dr. James Moffatt.
T. Sturge Moore.
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George Sampson.
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G. R. Stirling Taylor.
Gilbert Thomas.
Herbert Trench.
A. E. Waite.
J. Cuming Walters.
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Israel Zangwill.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

Among all the uncertainties of life, one of the few things you may be sure of is that no critic can compile an unqualified anthology of poetry that will be received by any other with entire approval. It is different with such a book as Miss Lucy Menzies gives us in "The First Friend" (5s.; Allen & Unwin), for this claims to be only a selection of what has been said about dogs in the prose and verse of all ages, from the days of Homer to those of Galsworthy and Alfred Ollivant; it is interesting and admirably done, and as all the extracts really are about dogs the most cantankerous critic has either got to waste hours in hunting through his books on the chance of finding bits about those animals that Miss Menzies has missed, or admit with a good grace that she has done the work as efficiently as he could do it himself. Mr. Samuel J. Looker's quartet of anthologies, "Travel Old and New" (21s.), "Float and Fly," "The Chase" and "On the Green" (6s. each), all published by Daniel O'Connor, are in the same happy condition. They are concerned respectively with travel, fishing, hunting and golf, and each most undeniably fulfils its intention, gives you passages from all manner of authors on the subject to which it limits itself, and is perfectly adequate and entertaining.

But when a man makes an anthology of fine poetry, he asks for trouble, and gets it. If he were only collecting what has been said in the literature of all ages about poetry, that is another matter, and he could do it safely without the exercise of more than average industry and courage. His danger lies in the fact that he professes to gather from the vast body of poetical literature of the past or present, or from both, examples of what are in his judgment authentic poetry; poetry, moreover, so much above the average that it is worth distilling from the general mass and setting apart in his volume as the very essence of its kind. This is, of course, a very provocative challenge to every other critic, who is naturally convinced that there is only one person qualified to carry through so delicate an undertaking with the necessary knowledge and taste, and feels it is his solemn duty to

bring this truth right home to the world at large. He will no doubt go easy with Miss Ada Sharpley, for "The Poets' Year" (7s. 6d.; Cambridge Press) is a charming, deftly harmonised anthology of poems avowedly concerned with the months of the year mingled with others that in tone or in theme are suited to the months in which she has placed them. Thus it avoids the monotony of a succession of poems on the seasons, and leaves scope for the ingenuity and sensitiveness of the compiler in finding verse that has no direct concern with the weather and yet is in theme or in tone appropriate to the month to which it is allotted.

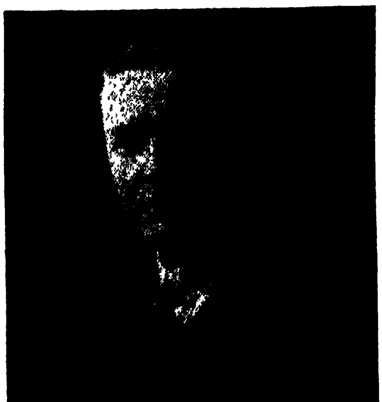


Mr. F. W. Thomas,
the new edition of whose book of humour, "Extra Turns" (Putnams), is reviewed in this Number.

Here, however, are five new anthologies of poetry that are all in the danger zone: "Shakespeare to Hardy," chosen by A. Methuen (6s.; Methuen); "English Verse, Old and New," edited by G. C. F. Mead and Rupert C. Clift (6s.; Cambridge Press); "The Golden Book of Modern English Poetry," edited by Thomas Caldwell (7s. 6d.; Dent); "Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century," selected by W. H. Davies (5s.; Poetry Bookshop); and "Georgian Poetry, 1920-22," edited by E. M. (6s.; Poetry Bookshop). The two first cover the whole field of English poetry from Shakespeare to our own day. Messrs. Mead and Clift even go back to Stephen Hawes and Gascoigne, but will have nothing to do with Chaucer or Spenser: later they include O'Shaughnessy, but not Dobell nor Alexander Smith; and of present-day poets they have room for at least two of no moment, but exclude three who are not only better known but better poets. Sir Algernon Methuen omits two living poets of high achievement, and includes one or two who, to me, seem of less significance; he also drops Dobell and Alexander Smith, and I think Smith wrote half a dozen things that have not been surpassed by any living poets. But these are perhaps personal preferences, and as Mr. Lynd says in an introduction to Sir Algernon's book, "There is, luckily, no such thing as a perfect anthology. An anthology is a confession of taste, and no two critics (not even critics of supremely good taste) would choose exactly the same poems for an anthology any more than they would choose exactly the same flowers in a garden." The choice, he adds, "is decided by temperament and by all manner of associations." And this being granted, a critic's differing predilections are put out of court, and one can have nothing but praise for the care and catholicity of taste with which these two anthologies have been made. I cannot help wishing, though, that the many anthologists who do not forget O'Shaughnessy and Cory would remember also some lyrics of their contemporary, Thomas Ashe.

"The Golden Book of Modern Poetry" brings us on to more debatable ground, most of its poems being by poets who are still writing. Nothing is more difficult than to assess the merits of contemporary verse, and Mr. Caldwell has accomplished his task courageously and with a judgment that rightly errs on mercy's side. He should not have overlooked Barry Pain, who wrote that most poignant war poem which Miss Sharpley has appreciated in "The Poet's Year," otherwise I have no sins of omission to lay at his door; and if a few of his selections seem rather average or doubtful poetry, I may be mistaken in thinking them that, and, anyhow, they serve to make his book more fully representative of the modern Muse.

My other two anthologies disarm criticism, for each is avowedly a choice of poems that make a special appeal to the compiler, and cannot therefore be expected to make the same appeal to any whose taste in poetry differs more or less from theirs. Both books contain lyrics that in thought and word are touched with the ineffable magic of poetry, but there is much in both that seems to me undistinguished and even inconsequent. Reading the contemporary poetry in all these anthologies I cannot help wondering whether we are not handing out laurels a little too easily. We have at least a score of poets whose title to the name is unquestionable, and that is a goodly number for any one generation to produce; but there is a sameness, a tenuity, about too much modern minor poetry, a lack of ideas, of imagination, above all of any emotional quality. It consists too largely of pleasant little descriptions of scenery that have no heart of meaning; of some crude incident, innocuous or otherwise, that is not poetry in itself and is not, by any miracle of treatment, transfigured into poetry; of hazy half-notions baldly expressed, as, in the first of these books, by "Burial Stones," "Snow-Buntings," "After London," "Her



Mr. John Prioleau,
whose new book of travel, "The Adventures of Imshi" (Jarrolds) was reviewed in the Christmas BOOKMAN.

New-Year Posy" and "Moonstruck," and in the second by the somewhat happier trifle, "An Immortality," which is good enough verse to fill an odd corner in a magazine, but is it really golden enough to be preserved in any treasury? After all, perhaps the anthologists cannot be too eclectic, and therefore no one should complain of what they omit, so long as they include nothing that is not the real thing.



Mr. Gordon Hill Grahame,
whose novel, "The Bond Triumphant," won the $2,500 prize in the recent All Canadian Novel Competition.

An anthology that every one will look forward to reading in the certainty that the finest discrimination has gone to the making of it is one that Mrs. Meynell finished in MS. just before her death—an anthology of poetry for children entitled "A School of Poetry," annotated by herself. It will be published early next summer by Messrs. Collins.

Messrs. Chapman & Dodd have made an excellent start with their new series of reprints, "The Abbey Classics" (3s. 6d. each). The books are well printed and tastefully bound, and the first seven include Cobbett's "Journal of a Year's Residence in America," "Candide," Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," "The Golden Ass," Beckford's "Vathek" and "Episodes of Vathek," and Sir James Melville's "Memoirs."

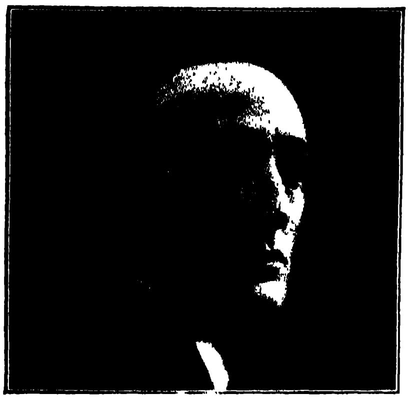
"The Bond Triumphant," by Gordon Hill Grahame, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, won the $2,500 prize offered by them in conjunction with *MacLean's Magazine* for the best All Canadian novel. That some of Canada's most distinguished novelists were among the hundreds of competitors is in itself testimony to the quality of the successful story. Mr. Grahame is still a young man, born at Toronto in 1889, but he has seen a good deal of life in a short time. He had tried his hand at many things, including engineering in the West Indies and school teaching in Canada, before, in 1910, he began to write stories. He did not get one accepted until 1914, and then had barely drawn his modest reward for it when the war came, and he at once enlisted. Going with the first Canadian contingent to France, he was the first Canadian private to be promoted to the rank of officer. On his discharge from the army in 1919 he settled down seriously to a literary career, soon began to make appearances in the magazines, and had a first book accepted—a novel for juveniles. Then the announcement of the Hodder & Stoughton Competition prompted him to a more ambitious effort than he had yet attempted, and the result amply justified him. He has made a special study of French Canadian history, and his novel is a romance of Old Quebec when the Indians were still on the warpath and the ecclesiastical and military authorities in the country were striving together for supremacy. Mr. Grahame, by the way, comes of a literary family; one of his ancestors was an early historian of the United States; another was James Grahame, the Scottish lawyer and poet who made a considerable reputation at the beginning of last century with his poem, "The Sabbath"; his father was a poet and miscellaneous writer of distinction; and he is a second-cousin of Mr. Kenneth Grahame, author of "The Golden Age."

Some authors flash into sudden glory like comets, and are gone almost as soon; others plant a quieter reputation which, like a tree, goes on growing from year to year. One of these latter is Ernest Bramah. His first book, "English Farming and Why I Turned It Up," was published by the Leadenhall Press in 1894, its title being given to it by the late Andrew Tuer, who had a partiality for quaint titles and eccentric format. But that was only an experiment. Mr. Bramah began work seriously with "The Wallet of Kai Lung," that delightful series of stories about and by a Chinese wandering minstrel, which was declined by a dozen publishers before it reached Mr. Grant Richards, who accepted and published it in 1900. Events proved, as Mr. Bramah once confessed to me, that the other firms were justified in declining it, for "The Wallet," in spite of good notices, was not a good seller. But it went on living; passing references to it cropped up in the press during the next twenty years, and occasional letters reached the author from places as far apart as Peckham and Northern Nigeria. After seventeen years (in 1917), J. C. Squire was moved to review the book at considerable length in *Land and Water*, and wrote asking the author to let him see short stories for that periodical.



Photo by Searle Bros. **Mr. Ernest Bramah,**
author of "Kai Lung's Golden Hours" (Grant Richards).

By this time "The Wallet" was out of print, and in 1917 Messrs. Methuen issued a cheap edition. Mr. E. V. Lucas, who had been Mr. Grant Richards's reader when "The Wallet" was accepted, was



Mr. Laurence Clarke.

probably responsible for this; he had shown his continuing interest by reference to it in one of his own books. Earlier than this, however, in 1911, Mr. Grant Richards had published "The Transmutation of Ling," one of the tales from "The Wallet," in a limited edition, with a dozen black-and-white plates by Ilbery Lynch. All along, his faith in Kai Lung unshaken by the unsatisfactory commercial result of that wandering minstrel's first appearance, Mr. Richards had been pressing for a successor, but it was not until last year that Mr. Bramah began to feel he had sufficient material for a second volume, and now, in "Kai Lung's Golden Hours" (which Mr. Grant Richards has published, with an introduction by Mr. Hilaire Belloc), we have at last a further series of tales of that unique Chinese troubadour which have all the freshness of idea, the quaint humour and leisurely charm of style that gave distinction and such persistent vitality to "The Wallet" itself.

Between these two Kai Lung books, Mr. Bramah's output has been slight. The best known of his books in the interval has been "The Secret of the League," first published anonymously by Mr. John Murray under the title, "What Might Have Been." Widely and lengthily reviewed, it had no adequate sale, but happened to attract Mr. John Buchan's attention and, as a consequence, reappeared under the other title in Nelson's cheap reprints. In that form it has sold over fifty thousand copies, and to a recent new edition Mr. Buchan has himself contributed a preface.

"Snowbird Paradine," a new book by Laurence Clarke, which Messrs. Jarrold have just published, is a series of cleverly contrived stories about a young girl who goes out into the snowy wilds of Canada, and is plunged into exciting, often perilous adventures in search of a derelict brother. Mr. Clarke spent his youth in Canada, and was later a successful editor in London. He now makes his permanent home in a delightful chalet above Montreux in Switzerland, but for the past year has been staying in Germany, where he is making a study of conditions to be embodied in a volume on "Post-War Germany," which will be published next spring. In the spring also a new novel of his, "The Lady in the Blue Veil," is to be issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

"Doctor Johnson in Cambridge," by S. C. Roberts, which Messrs. Putnams are publishing, is a series of short sketches in the Boswellian manner. Mr. Roberts introduces the Great Cham into modern Cambridge and shows how he is affected towards various up-to-date phases of academic life there. Mr. Roberts is the Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press and author of "The Story of Dr. Johnson."

"Cinnamon and Frangipani," a book about Ceylon by Mr. Ashley Gibson, who lived there for some years, will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Dodd. It tells the story of the Island and its people, pictures the present-day social and business life of the place, is rich in anecdotes and legendary lore, and will be fully illustrated with photographs.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc's "Collected Verses," which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing, contains all his verse that he wishes to preserve (except that from his humorous books) as well as a number of poems that have not hitherto been published in volume.



Mr. S. C. Roberts.

In "The Book of Lovat Claud Fraser," which Messrs. Dent are to publish, Mr. Haldane Macfall gives an intimate pen-picture of the man as he knew him, and sets down his considered judgment of Fraser's art as a whole. The book will be handsomely produced and illustrated with two hundred of Fraser's decorations, a dozen of his earlier scenes and costumes for the theatre, and some colour reproductions.

Mr. Harry Clarke, who illustrates "The Fairy Tales of Perrault," which Messrs. Harrap have just published, is well known to art lovers for the colour and black-and-white drawings in other books that have come from the same firm; but book-illustration is only a relief from his main work of designing and producing stained-glass windows—in which art he has made a reputation which has been steadily growing during the last fifteen years. His first commission came to him in 1915 when he was engaged to provide five windows for the Honan Chapel in the University College, Cork. The fact that he was later commissioned to extend the number to nine speaks for itself. He is at present engaged on some stained-glass windows for Brisbane Cathedral.

THE BOOKMAN



Mrs. S. A. P. Kitcat.

Mrs. S. A. P. Kitcat, Miss M. Grant Cook writes to us, who died suddenly early in November, was known, by the name of Mrs. Murray Hickson, as a delicate and charming writer. She contributed several stories to the "Yellow Book" which Henry Harland thought highly distinguished in feeling and workmanship. Surviving those mannered years, the nineties, her verses and stories preserve a grace and freshness that time has done little to fade. Her first novel, "A Latter Day Romance," was full of personality and promise. Her study of a small boy of definite character and charm, which she called "Concerning Teddy," achieved no little fame and is set beside Kenneth Grahame's books by the discerning. The "Chronicles of Teddy's Village," which followed it, brought her a fuller measure of recognition. Unluckily her life, though fortunate in many things, was shadowed by loss and ill-health which prevented much literary work. She was a much beloved woman and could never deny herself to her friends as do people of lesser gifts and greater literary pose. She had the grace of friendship and a quick and intuitive sympathy, in particular for young writers. Her own gift was derived from the Martineau tradition partly, Harriett Martineau being a relative on her mother's side. She wrote without effort, and her friends treasure the witty occasional verses that she delighted to send them. Some years ago she published an unpretentious volume of verse, and she was collecting another little sheaf of poems when the end so suddenly came. Her vivid personality, her wit, her fun, her kindness, her sparkling sympathy, so totally unlike the depressing response that so often goes by that name her friends and admirers count the sum of their losses and find them great.

Index to Volume LXII of THE BOOKMAN will be given in our February Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

KATHLYN RHODES.

ALTHOUGH romance, for a chivalrous critic, may seem to lie rather in the study of worst sellers than of best sellers, his education demands a careful contemplation of the literary idols of his day. By contemplation is meant a comprehensive and unprejudiced survey and not a series of malicious peeps, profitable to satire rather than to readers needing guidance. Such a survey I have made of the works of Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.

More than a million copies have been sold of them; when a novel bearing her name is ready for publication it simply has to "go"; it is like one of those locomotive toys that, when they are wound up, struggle and push against the winder's hands and as soon as they are on the floor teach him the meaning of the word "career." Why? To answer this question I have spent sundry hours in a world of love, sand, crime, jewellery, tombs and children, accessible, thanks to the courtesy of Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. and Messrs. James Nisbet & Co., in nearly every room of my poor dwelling! Those hours were not merely the nursery of admiration; the cooing of that thin, bright infant was mingled with a harsher note; but I emerged from them with a very favourable opinion of Miss Rhodes's powers and of a considerable part of her achievement.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.**

In a letter which my critical curiosity drew from her she informs me that there is a "legend" in her family that she learned to read at three from a teacher aged five. She says she envied "the clarity of diction and admirable economy of words" in "the thrilling and picturesque stories of the Old Testament," but that "a precious volume" called "Norse Tales" was "the literary Bible" of her childhood:

"When I was at school" (Miss Rhodes informs me), "we were lucky enough to have as teacher of literature Mr. Edward Grubb, M.A., himself a writer of distinction. . . . Regularly we wrote him compositions, and he often gave me a word of commendation at our weekly lesson; but I shall never forget the feelings with which, at the end of term, I read in my Report, under the heading 'Literature,' 'Has real literary power.' . . . No praise from any critic since that day has ever given me quite the thrill of

rapture which those four words brought to an ambitious schoolgirl of sixteen.

"By the way, in my childhood I couldn't make up my mind whether to be a great (!) musician or a writer, and although writing won the day music has always been my second love. I spend far more time on it than I can afford —in fact, to the playing of piano and 'cello I have now added the harp."

The sarcastic note of exclamation in the above quotation is not mine. I admire Miss Rhodes's early intention to be "great," for though it did not prohibit her from the occasional production of trashy fiction in which the saucy nymph Incredibility has to pose as Fate, it pointed the way to several triumphs of imaginative art.

At eighteen Miss Rhodes was feeling, as though under the spell of music, Rossetti's "jewelled words and magic pictures," though what she terms her "first book," the novel "Sweet Life," was, she asserts, "directly inspired" by "Lavengro." She was fascinated by Wilkie Collins, and his dictum "the story is the thing" was one of her literary mottoes.

Only a literary artist or a person about to pay for a telegram envies "economy of words," for mediocrities slop words about as if they wrote with a mop, and perhaps Miss Rhodes's desire for this economy promised more to her fame than her precocity in learning to read. For a sense of economy and a sense of pattern are closely allied, the latter being a very important attribute of the storyteller. A story which is measured, as it were, by so many meandering miles between A and Z may abound in clever characterisation but it has very little chance beside an ingenious story wherein people also live. How many pencils have been lost in "The Newcomes"—pencils which marked "good passages" and were accidentally entombed as bookmarks? Perhaps no one ever lost a pencil in a novel by Wilkie Collins. He was occasionally a solemn humbug with his shameless fatalism, but he was never a meanderer, and it was a good day for Miss Rhodes when she appreciated his genius. If one looks laboriously in her works for the lineaments of another literary forerunner, time is wasted, though in "The Will of Allah" there is a pathological mystery reminiscent of Mrs. Henry Wood. The literary value of the lure called curiosity was well understood by Mrs. Wood, but since "St. Martin's Eve," though grotesquely morbid, is a better novel than "The Will of Allah," it would be idle to attach importance to an incidental resemblance between them. Again the influence of Borrow on Miss Rhodes is obviously an influence of psychic health upon the mental atmosphere which she, as a person, brings to an art very different from his—different indeed as are mutually bisecting triangles from a single wavy line. Borrow's overquoted "wind on the heath" might, it is true, be used as a broom to sweep away the blackmailers with whom Miss Rhodes haunts one's imagination; but her best work, rich, inventive, barbarically thrilling, may properly be regarded as distinctive enough for any literary artist to enjoy without teasing himself by comparisons.

Presumably the earliest work by Miss Rhodes published in book form is "Many Waters" (1899). Physically tragic and spiritually cheerful, it was eloquent in a juvenile style, and probably the potentiality behind its author was, artistically speaking, the most notable that ever contacted fruitfully with its publishers, Messrs. Digby, Long & Co. Answering certain questions, Miss Rhodes replied:

"I don't know which of my books would justify what you so nicely call my fame to another novelist. I think 'Afterwards' is the best from a writer's point of view; but from a reader's I'm inclined to vote for 'The Lure of the Desert.' Perhaps 'Sweet Life," written before anyone had heard of me" [it was, however, published in 1908] ". . . is the most conscientiously written. . . . And in another sense it is perhaps, in spite of its many youthful faults, the best written; for in those days I was happily immune from the temptation . . . of writing with one eye on the critics, so to speak; a form of 'nerves' which is not conducive to good and fearless work."

After reading sixteen volumes by Miss Rhodes I think the following six may be regarded as a secure foundation for a reputation for keeping people excited while in chairs: "The Lure of the Desert," "Afterwards," "The Making of a Soul," "The City of Palms," "The Straight Race," and "Sweet Life." If it were not for an excess of industrious villainy in her bad schoolgirls I should place "Schoolgirl Honour" and "Dodo's Schooldays" fairly high among the fiction which Mrs. Grundy approves of as "safe." Miss Rhodes, who speaks of even the author of "Sense and Sensibility" as "my beloved Jane," is wide both in talent and appreciation, but still it is amid the intensities, dramatic urgencies, exaltations and desperations of the slaves of love and greed that her hand assembles materials most prosperously. Her visions have so vitalised the chief figures which move in the Egypt which she has depicted that we take the scenery for granted; it becomes a pedant's question whether a Maurice Amos or a Wallis Budge would acknowledge its geographical identity. Although she perversely overuses blackmail, the blackmailer Rissik, with his almost holy passion for perfect *objets d'art*, is enough to give a worse novel than "The City of Palms" a rare distinction. Again, in "The Lure of the Desert" the patient, proud vindictiveness of Mirza Bey, cloaked by sumptuous hospitality, creates, with the assistance of expert local touches, an impression of genius, though not of the genius that takes infinite pains.

While her creativeness seems to require the peculiar and the bizarre as a tonic, if for no other reason, she is capable of very good portraiture of people under the discipline of mere discontent. For instance the nonliterary wife of the author in "The Making of a Soul" is a thoroughly comprehended character.

When it comes to novels like "Sweet Life" and "The Straight Race," dealing with the struggles of women for livelihood, Miss Rhodes is hampered by our unfortunate national inability to distinguish between realistic art and impropriety; and yet she does succeed in showing what irony may exist in visible beauty.

The good behind evil and more or less mixed up with it is vividly present in the judicial cave of Miss Rhodes's mind; hence she is helpful to the world's equilibrium: she is on the side of courage and hope, and in the serpentine fascination of her curious invention the hint of venom is contradicted by the sweetness of charity.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE READER.

LEIGH HUNT AS POET.*

By George Saintsbury.

A GREAT many years ago the late Sir Richard Burton (most pugnacious of all authors contemporary with him except perhaps Charles Reade) once permitted himself to thank a paper for "some dogmatic criticism instead of the æsthetic rubbish usual" at the time. The words are from memory, but the sense and the two adjectives are guaranteed. One may not entirely agree with "Shaykh Abdullah's" comparative estimate of the two kinds, but there is no doubt that a little dogmatism now and then fortifies critical writing. So let it be laid down dogmatically that no better edited edition of an English poet has issued from the press in the memory of at least this man, and that there are few poets who, whether they deserve it or not, were so much in need of good editing as "Leontius"—a classification by the way which gives a certain handle to the enemy, for it suggests a Cockney neglect of his work. It has often been said that as a whole he is almost inaccessible: owing to the bulk and the scattered condition of his prose works. But these, at any rate in most cases, exist in single texts. With the verse it is different. Not only is there no complete collection of it up to the present time; not only has it to be ferreted out of old periodicals and even MSS., but when it was printed (as much of it was) more than once the author had a habit, rather unexpected in "Mr. Skimpole," of altering it, "cutting" it and adding to it in a most curious fashion. Of course this is not rare in poets; and some of them—Tennyson very particularly—have seldom altered except to better. With Leigh Hunt it is a perfect toss up whether the alterations are for the better, for the worse, or, as some may say, for nothing at all except for the sake of altering. And yet one feels (especially if one has had the now disputed benefit of a classical education) that they ought not to be neglected—at any rate that they ought to be made accessible to anyone who wishes not to neglect them.



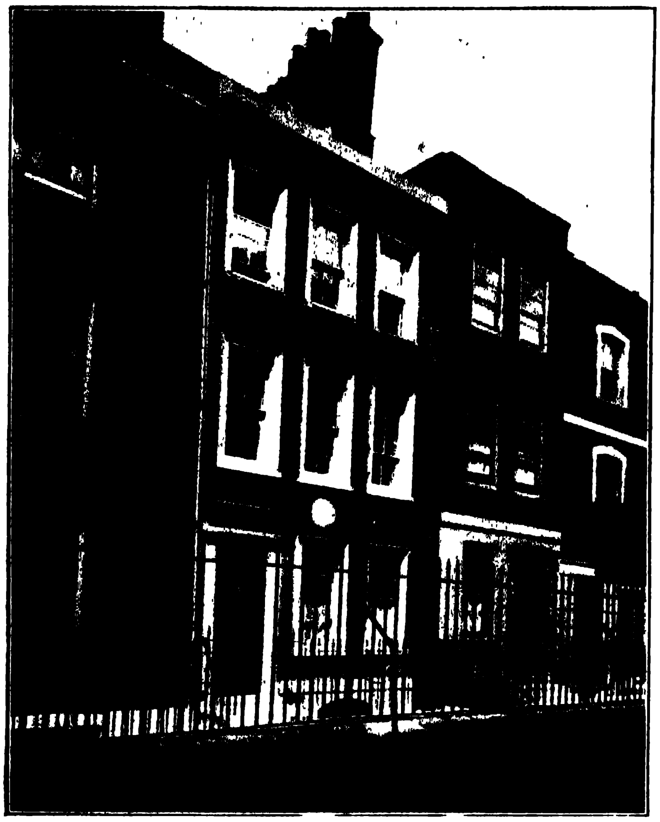
Leigh Hunt.
From a painting by Jackson.

To all this Mr. Milford has looked most carefully. He has collected; he has ferreted; he has collated print and MSS.; he has recovered and inserted notes and prefatory matter that Hunt gave at one time and left out at another; he has given a "chronological table" of his author's life and times which is a sort of miniature literary and not merely literary "History of England" within this period; and while he has entirely eschewed, in his own notes, the "æsthetic" stuff that made Burton so angry, he has given just the proper dose of it in his own preface, with a hope that the fuller presentation of the generally known matter, and the addition of new especially in the political section, may do something to raise the prevalent opinion of Hunt not merely as a poet but as a man. And, indeed, to re-apply an amiable argument familiar in slightly different conditions, one might feel inclined to say that Leigh Hunt must have had a great deal of good in him to deserve and receive so good an editor.

That there *was* good in him, both in verse and prose, there can be no doubt. We have nothing here to do with his prose, but one can never forget in writing of him that in matter of criticism he showed more catholicity than any of his greater critical contemporaries, Lamb, Hazlitt and even Coleridge; or that in prose he, more than anyone else, turned the Addisonian Essay into the modern miscellaneous "article." In verse he revived the enjambed couplet; beat Keats and Shelley hollow in the Nile sonnet competition; and executed that altogether delightful, if not strictly accurate, rondeau which was (as Mr. Milford refreshes our memory) originally addressed to a "Nelly," but got altered to "Jenny," and so started the idea that the heroine was Mrs. Carlyle. And in life—to add that to prose and verse—though he did things which have made those who did not know him find it hard to like him, everybody who *did* know him seems to have found no such difficulty. For Byron does not count: and the abuse of the Tory opponents was in a way Pickwickian by anticipation.

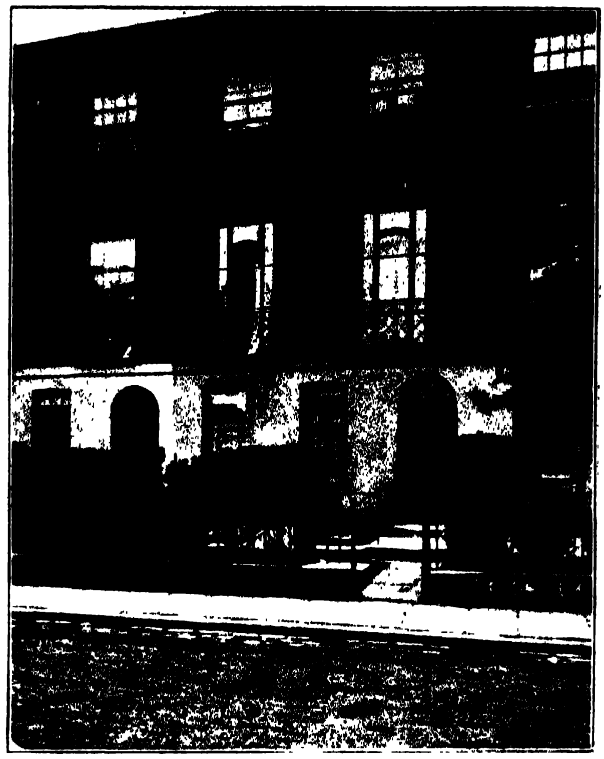
One is therefore really glad to have an opportunity, and an opportunity so well arranged, for revaluing the old balance-sheet and reckoning up any hitherto unentered value in him. Leigh Hunt's serious poetry, or most of it, has always been fairly well known: but Mr. Milford claims, and claims quite rightly, to have put in new or almost new evidence. There is, for instance, and special instance, "The Nymphs," which the present reviewer quite candidly confesses never to have read *in extenso* till now. It is in a sort of "Pindaric" measure, the norm being Hunt's favourite enjambed couplet; with lines shortened and lengthened at pleasure, and rhymes, now regular for considerable patches, now involved "Lycidas"-fashion. For what reason it was so neglected in reprinting—never being given after its first and early appearance in whole, and only once in parts—it is impossible to say: for it is certainly one of Hunt's best. That it is entirely free from his faults—especially those of what can only be called lusciousness turned rancid—one cannot say. One may not have the slightest objection to "the

* "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt." Edited by H. S. Milford, M.A. (Oxford University Press.)



18, Upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea.

Leigh Hunt lived here in 1834, at a time when he was harassed with debts and difficulties.



No. 32, Edwardes Square, Kensington.

Here Leigh Hunt lived for eleven years, in which he wrote, among other books, "The Old Court Suburb" and part of his Autobiography.

nude," and yet not rejoice at all in the picture of somebody showing:

> "a smooth down-arching thigh
> Tapering with tremulous mass internally."

There are some of his also usual faults of vocabulary—"feel" for "feeling," etc. But these are few and far between, and the whole is a study in dreamy florid description to which the most severe critic can hardly refuse the verdict "very pretty," and which a more generous one might call really beautiful. It is in fact very like Keats before he came to such maturity as he was ever allowed to reach. Nor is this the only "resurrected" piece of the kind and other kinds to be put, now and henceforward definitely, to the credit side of Hunt's account.

Of the considerable mass of drama—of which "A Legend of Florence" is the best known piece; which is swelled here by reprint and matter from MSS., but which, it seems, awaits further enlargement from unprinted sources—not much need be said. Among the enormous mass of monographs which modern academic arrangements have fostered, especially in Germany and America, some one may have chosen, and it is nearly certain that some one will again or for the first time choose, the curious subject of the outburst of imitative Elizabethan drama in the first twenty or thirty years of the nineteenth century, as a whole. As far as individual authors and individual plays are concerned there are of course already bookcases full of such treatments. But whether any of their customers has found a third to leash with "The Cenci" and "Death's Jestbook," remains a question. As far as anything of Leigh Hunt's goes the leash remains a pair. It is, however, or would appear to be on the newly resurrected political verse, that the editor would make at least one of his pleas for reconsideration. Now there is no doubt that Leigh Hunt came at quite the right time for political verse-writing, and nobody who has any critical detachment at all ought to be troubled in judging it by his own political opinions. The staunchest of Tories have applauded the "Rolliad" and "Peter Pindar" and later, Moore; while if extreme Radicals have sometimes shown sorer withers under the "Anti-Jacobin," there have been worthy exceptions. One thing, "The Dogs," which Mr. Milford has recovered for almost every reader who has not been wise enough and lucky enough to provide himself with a copy of that curious periodical, *The Liberal*, is perhaps the soberest and, in more senses than one, the most considerable of Leigh Hunt's attempts at political satire. It has in form the advantage of not being in those floundering and lolloping anapæsts of which Hunt was so fond, and which contrast so strangely with the rush and sweep of "Young Lochinvar" and "The Assyrian Came Down": though it is true that its octaves do not come out victors over "Monks and Giants" or "Beppo," as Hunt's sonnet did over those of Shelley and Keats. The subject is a stock kind of thing—ill-fed soldiers being set to break and make food for Wellington's hounds in the Peninsula. Hunt of course would not be likely to perceive that the keeping of these hounds was an act of minor strategical genius, to make friends cheerful and show scorn of foes. It is not violent; it is not positively bad; but there is little point and no sting in it. "Ultra-Crepidarius," the hitherto unreprinted but (owing to the references of others to its title) not unknown satire on Gifford, *is*

in the rickety anapæsts which seldom show worse than when used to convey very bad temper and not very much else. Perhaps the best of all is the little piece (not, it must be confessed, quite undeserved at the time), "A Hanging We Will Go." It is only a trifle of course: but Hunt manages to live up to the good old tune the name whereof its title parodies; and keeps clear of the positive silliness sometimes; the triviality in the most kindly word possible; the vulgarity in the least kindly, which so often beset him.

That however there is not a little in him which is neither vulgar nor silly, nor even trivial, is also perfectly true, and it is a reasonable opinion that such cases are exactly those in which editions, as full as possible, are due to posterity. Mr. Milford has not given the "Juvenilia," and quite rightly so: for the folly of Hunt's father, and not his own, was responsible for a publication one reading of which is sufficient to teach the judicious reader, in the words of another poet well known to and well served by Mr. Milford himself, "never to come there no more." But all or as nearly as possible all the verse for which the author can certainly be held responsible is, we believe, here for such readers to read. And we wish every English poet as good as Leigh Hunt or better—nay, very many not so good as he was—were in as fair a case.

LEIGH HUNT AS A PROSE WRITER.

By Roger Ingpen.

It is only a few months ago since I was listening to the recollections of the late Miss Alice Bird, who was probably one of the last links with Leigh Hunt and with the Shelley group. She and her brother, Dr. George Bird, had a genius for friendship and their circle included the most notable literary and scientific men of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Leigh Hunt, however, was Miss Bird's chief hero whom she loved to describe as he appeared to her; a beautiful old man, sympathetic, courteous and generous. She recalled him, in fact, much as did Nathaniel Hawthorne in his well-known word-portrait:

"I have said that he was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's face in that respect. But when he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again."

Miss Bird's description of Hunt was also in keeping with that of Carlyle, whose admiration of his personality and talk was evidently whole-hearted and free from his accustomed cynical qualifications. Leigh Hunt's magnetic personality can only be realised faintly now by the written records of his friends; his writings do not reveal it to any marked degree. Shelley, Keats, Lamb and Hazlitt were each attracted by it, although they were probably not wholehearted admirers of his literary work. In later life he won the friendship of Browning, the Carlyles, Dickens, Lord Houghton, and a host of others all of whom spoke of him with affection. It is true that Dickens identified him with his character of Harold Skimpole, but admitted the portrait was not entirely that of Hunt. Although he was, perpetually, more or less "hard-up" for money, the charge, which has too frequently been repeated, that he was careless in repaying loans, is not altogether just. Carlyle recorded, but not necessarily for publication, the story of keeping on the corner of a mantelpiece certain sovereigns which Hunt was in the habit of borrowing and returning with regular punctuality. Mr. Reynell (one of his oldest and closest friends, and in whose house, while on a visit, Hunt died) used to say that in money matters he was scrupulously exact. He lent Hunt money from time to time, and it was always repaid, including, on one occasion, a considerable sum.



Leigh Hunt,
at the age of 66.

It was Leigh Hunt's misfortune that he had to keep his pen incessantly employed in order to earn his living and he seldom found time to consider or read over what he had written before it was printed. When he reprinted his work it was invariably revised, expanded and improved. If Hunt had been an amateur, rather than a professional man of letters, if he had not been compelled to write for bread and the bread for a large family and a thriftless wife, his position as an essayist, in the first rank, might have been uncontested. He might have learnt how to select and reject, a lesson which he seems never to have thoroughly understood. But, to deal with his obvious faults first, there is a

prettiness, an irrepressible cheerfulness and a strain of sentimentality, in much of his work, which cloys. One longs for a little of the subacid flavour that gives zest to the essays of Lamb and Hazlitt. There was not a strain of the cynic in Hunt and that is one of his most lovable qualities, but one misses it in his writing.

Hunt's early literary productions found their way into type too readily. It is unfortunate, when he first began to write, that he was not compelled to go through the mill like the majority of would-be authors. It was unfortunate that old Isaac Hunt made a book of his boy's verses and published them, and it was equally unfortunate that Leigh should have become a dramatic critic at 23 and editor of the *Examiner* at 25. It was good for journalism that a young man of such spirit and with such high ideals should conduct a newspaper, but it was not a good training for an author. His pen was too facile and his style too glib; he admired the ease of Steele's conversational style, though it was many years before he managed to write with anything like the same skill. But Hunt succeeded in producing a species of essay that is essentially his own. He could write as no one else has written on the "Deaths of Little Children," on "Dreams on the Borders of the Land of Poetry," on "Coaches," on "A Hot Day," and "On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving." His essays form a large collection which is well worth the trouble of sifting for the pure gold that is to be found in loads of less refined material.

A collection of Leigh Hunt's prose writings could not well be undertaken lightly. If anything like finality were attempted it would indeed be a formidable undertaking as he left hardly any class of literature untouched. He was what might be described a polygraphist, a literary man by profession of wide interests. His range included, not only poetry and the drama, but essays, dramatic and literary criticism, biography, fiction and a species of delightful *ana* or chatty history of London places and events. One would also have to take into account his extensive journalistic labours with his political articles and his letters. Much of his work was written at high speed and is now forgotten as it deserves to be and as he desired it should be. But Hunt rescued enough to enable him to be judged as a writer and for the quality of his work to be compared with that of his contemporaries.

Nothwithstanding that his occupation was mainly that of a journalist and editor his life for some years had been full of action of a sensational kind. He had been a fierce fighter with the pen in his early days on the *Examiner* and he had knocked up against most of the men and women of his time who were worth knowing. Possessing the kind of memory and mind which best suits a writer of memoirs, he could recollect people, stories and anecdotes and was happy in his attempts at character sketching. His "Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries" created a sensation and naturally brought a good deal of abuse on Hunt's head. It contained an ill-timed and indiscreet attack on Byron who had but recently died and therefore could not defend himself. But the book is interesting; it contains much about other people and it forms the germ of his entirely admirable "Autobiography," in which Hunt's bitter resentment at his treatment by Byron disappears. Age and sorrows had mellowed his outlook on life and he had lived to regret his picture of Byron although at the time of its publication he thought it was justifiable. The "Autobiography" as we now have it, for he had just completed its revision for a second edition at the time of his death, is one of the best books of its kind in the English language. Few authors have an opportunity, even if they have the inclination, to rewrite their books, but Hunt had that opportunity and used it to the full. Purple patches in the "Autobiography" do not abound, but there are numerous passages in the book that linger in the memory. The descriptions of his school life and early days stand out, as does also the account of his imprisonment in Surrey jail, of the little garden in the yard, and of his room with its bright wall paper of trellised roses; the books, the busts and the piano, and of Charles Lamb's remark that such a room could not exist this side of fairyland. The most memorable chapter perhaps is that which contains the account of the burning of Shelley's body on the shore of the Mediterranean. Shelley's death, indeed, was the great tragedy of Hunt's life, but the memory of his friend remained for the rest of his life his most treasured possession. Among the benefits that life had bestowed upon him he used to name as the greatest that he had known Shelley.

Of his literary criticism there is no more characteristic piece of work, with its merits and its faults, than, to give its full title, his "Imagination and Fancy, or Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those first requisites of their art; with markings of their best passages, critical notices of the writers, and an essay in answer to the question, 'What is Poetry?'" The selection is well made (but for the unaccountable omission of Wordsworth), and the criticisms are not only sound but in some instances acute. There were few things that Hunt loved better than to compile books of extracts and quotations, but he was never satisfied with quotations alone; he gave something of his own by way of comment that was usually worthy of his subject. His method, however, of emphasising his favourite passages by means of italic type was intolerable, and his essay in answer to the question, "What is Poetry?" though long enough, is still far of the mark. How many before and since Hunt have attempted this definition. Even Shelley, Wordsworth, and Coleridge tried, but has a satisfactory definition of Poetry ever been arrived at?

Hunt did produce one kind of book which has never probably been done, or at least not as successfully, by others: "The Town" and "The Old Court Suburb." Chronicle histories of London streets, with biographical sketches of the notable people who lived in them, these books have a place of their own. But the London and Kensington of Hunt's day were very different places compared with what they are to-day. They are chronicles of the past and admirable books for all who love to dip into such things.

ALICE MEYNELL.

BY ALFRED NOYES.

BY those whose love of poetry claims them wholly—making demands on the intellect as well as on the heart, on their spiritual being as well as on the senses—it has long been recognised that Alice Meynell, with her hundred poems, is among the imperishable names.

Others have written sparely. Others have been reticent, so reticent, sometimes, that they never expressed themselves to any real purpose. Others have refrained from publishing anything but their best, and their best was by no means equal to that of the super-abundant poets, Browning or Wordsworth, or a dozen others of the first rank. Limitation has often been praised for its evasion of difficulties. But in Alice Meynell the restraint was not merely negative. It was sacrificial. Her silences were a part of her music:

"Oh, not more subtly silence strays
Amongst the winds, between the voices,
Mingling alike with pensive lays,
And with the music that rejoices,
Than thou art present in my days."

They were vital silences, to which life returned "in all the pauses of her breath," and they gave her music its form and its strength. They held "the ecstasy of prayers," and were not lightly to be broken. The result is that she has given to English literature now, and to the literature of the world in centuries to come, what no other poet has been able to give—a volume of little more than a hundred pages, containing only masterpieces.

Her instrument is not to be confounded with the slighter reeds, no matter with what delicate art these may be blown. She moves in the higher realms of the creative imagination, and her note is always that of great poetry. There is nothing with which her volume can be compared among the merely "frugal" poets. Nor has her austerity anything in common with that loosely sentimental negation, that easy reduction of the world to dust and ashes which is too often confused with high thinking, and wildly praised for it, at the present day. In intellectual and spiritual stature she towers above the deniers of the hour; and, to find a comparison for her, one has to imagine a Wordsworth who would give the world nothing but his best—the greatest of his sonnets and lyrical poems, "the flower of the mind." She has an intellectual kinship with that great poet that has hardly been recognised by the quick-witted, but far too hurried, majority of our critics. She herself has praised Wordsworth for busying himself "neither with imitation nor with revolt." He was the "natural heir of the language and the literature as it was in his own appointed day—the equal of the few very greatest masters." And when she calls his sonnets "great works" she is not using the word "great" in the common contemporary sense which allowed more than two thousand "great" books to be announced in a recent issue of the *New York Times*. She was confirming the thought of a brief poem which begins:

"Nuns fret not at their narrow convent-room."

And this poem might almost have been written by herself, in its restraint, its amplitude, and its demonstration that the narrow room may yet enfold [the heaven of heavens.



Mrs. Alice Meynell.
From a drawing by John S. Sargent R.A.

She is with Wordsworth, too, in her knowledge and love of nature; in the power with which she can suggest its tidal movements, or make a poem open like a window upon the colours of an evening sky, an evening quietude, "breathless with adoration."

Her imitators and, occasionally, even her appreciators have mistaken her lucid precision for "preciosity." Their mistake may be explained by Matthew Arnold's method of the test line, which may again be taken from Wordsworth.

"A privacy of glorious light is thine."

This verse, from Wordsworth's "Skylark" (a truer poem than that of Shelley) is one of the most beautiful, one of the most exquisitely right, in the whole range of lyrical poetry. It might have been written by Alice Meynell. It has—in its use of the word "privacy"—exactly what some people would call her "manner"; and, in fact, it speaks with what ought to be recognised as the perfect precision of great poetry, the music of truth. Those who mistook the "privacy" of that

glorious light for a mere word or gesture had no vision of the invisible bird of heaven, beating its wings in the light of an immortal joy, a throbbing star in the radiant passion of the Godhead. "Privacy" was to be praised, they imagined, not as the perfect expression of a thought, but as the "unusual" word; and so one found them writing merely unusual words, words chosen, apparently, because they were quite inappropriate, words that posed and strutted, vainly endeavouring to be "distinguished," and finally collapsing into the complete indistinction of the meaningless, the undifferentiated homogeneousness of bodily death. They had forgotten the "point of honour" of that memorable essay in which she summoned so much of the falsehood in modern art and letters to the judgment-seat of her own unerring conscience. They had lost the exquisitely natural voice of the great poet who actually took the simplest words of everyday, and revealed their native distinction, their delicate shades of meaning, their exquisite lucidities; the voice of the poet who could organise them into beauty, suffuse them with the living colours that she herself had seen on land and sea, and carry them up, transfigured, to the heights of her own lucid intellectual passion:

"A poet of one mood in all my lays,
Ranging all life to sing one only love,
Like a West wind across the world I move
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.

"The countries change, but not the west-wind days
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine above,
And on all seas the colours of a dove,
And on all fields a flash of silver-greys.

"I make the whole world answer to my art
And sweet monotonous meanings. In your ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part,
One thought that is the treasure of my years,
A small cloud, full of rain, upon my heart,
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears."

Examine the texture of these lines carefully, and it will be seen that there is a very great simplicity of language. The effect depends, firstly, upon the vision, and, secondly, upon the lucidity and precision with which it is rendered. The monosyllabic Saxon words, the very rhymes, have been used loosely and inexactly by others, again and again; and yet it has the distinction of the very greatest art, and the freshness of that light which makes every morning a new birth. It is a spiritual landscape in verse, to be compared with some of the most exquisite work of Turner; and, through all the world-wide movement of its seas and skies, there is the sense of the Unchanging; of the One that remains while "the many change and pass"; of that Unity in variety which—in a deeper sense than even Kant suggested—is the awakener of the mind and soul to the eternal Beauty.

With what an ethereal touch again she awakens the sense of the Unchanging in that other landscape—"Spring on the Alban Hills":

"With wild Spring meanings, hill and plain together
Grow pale, or just flush with a dust of flowers.
Rome in the ages, dimmed with all her towers,
Floats in the midst, a little cloud at tether."

Her eye for nature is as true as that of Tennyson or Wordsworth. In her poems one feels this through the truth of their atmosphere and their lucid accord with natural law, rather than through any particularity of detail. But in the essays there are a thousand instances of the observation and insight which have made the poems possible. Her essay on the "tethered constellations," a marvellous picture of the stars reflected in deep water, is one of the incomparable masterpieces of English prose; and her "Rhythm of Life" shows us the whole universe obeying the "metrical rule of the interior heart." It contains some of the noblest sentences—with some of the profoundest philosophical implications ever penned in our tongue. To ears rightly attuned, it makes audible something of that universal music in which all men, with their tidal joys and sorrows, must play their part, "*knowing that they are ruled by the law that commands all things—a sun's revolution and the rhythmic pangs of maternity.*"

And this cosmic range of the intellect is implicit in the simplest of the poems. They outsoar the modern philosopher, even in the darker skies of to-day. They include his "evolutions" and carry his own thought up to the loftier kingdom of eternal light again:

"Thou art the way.
Hadst thou been nothing but the goal,
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

"I cannot see—
I, child of process—if there lies
An end for me,
Full of repose, full of replies.

"I'll not reproach
The way that goes, my feet that stir.
Access, approach,
Art Thou, time, way and wayfarer!"

Throughout her work she never fails to fulfil the highest function of the poet—to use the visible world, in *schema* or symbol, as a means of shadowing forth the invisible. It is the power to do this, the power to seize and embody the celestial reality (this power alone, and not any of those lesser and sometimes base gifts which are so constantly mistaken for it to-day) that constitutes "genius."

Rossetti's statement that her sonnet "Renunciation" was one of the three finest sonnets ever written by women, has been frequently quoted; but it falls short of the truth, though it was not even her greatest poem. The three greatest sonnets ever written by a woman are "Renunciation," "Thoughts in Separation" and the "Neophyte," and they are all by Alice Meynell. More than this, the last two are greater than the first, and ascend to heights that have been touched very rarely in the history of literature. The vast spiritual landscape of "Thoughts in Separation," the love, the passion, the devotion, the grief, the two life-histories, the exquisite celestial vision, world-embracing, and expressed with complete and apparently effortless lucidity, in fourteen lines, make it a poem without parallel in our language:

"We never meet; yet we meet day by day
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense;
The good we love, and sleep—our innocence.
O hills of life, high hills! And higher than they

"Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play.
Beyond pain, joy and hope and long suspense,
Above the summits of our souls, far hence
An angel meets an angel on the way.

"Beyond all good I ever believed of thee
Or thou of me, these always love and live.
And though I fail of thy ideal of me

"My angel falls not short. They greet each other.
Who knows, they may exchange the kiss we give,
Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother."

In the "Neophyte," as in several other poems of her youth, she saw her whole life in perspective; saw that the dedication of her youth then was the dedication of her age also. It transcends the illusion of time, seeing that the one vow was eternal, and that death could only seal it, as now her death has done, for a warfare accomplished and a perfect victory. No poem so brief in any tongue has so completely foretold and symbolised its author's own life, or been so deliberately and serenely fulfilled in life and death:

"Who knows what days I answer for to-day:
Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
This yet unfaded and a fading brow,
Bending these knees and feeble knees, I pray

"Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,
Give one repose to pain I know not now,
One check to joy that comes, I guess not how.
I dedicate my fields when Spring is gay.

"Oh, rash! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat
I fold to-day at altars far apart
Hands trembling with what toils! In their retreat
I seal my love to be, my folded art.
I light the tapers at my head and feet,
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart."

These poems—though they are caught up into the universal voice of great poetry—are like no others. They have taken their own way to the heights and to the summits. Comparisons are impossible in that region; but the judgments of literature are not arbitrary; and, when it is affirmed that Alice Meynell is of the immortal company, the judgment is based on eternal realities. Her work belongs to the order of poetry in which Matthew Arnold said that, "as time goes on, our race will come to find an ever surer and surer stay." It is something utterly beyond the notorieties and fashions of this hour or this generation. There was a woman, a poet, thousands of years ago, of whose work only a few fragments remain, but they are enough to make her memory immortal though she sang of an earthly passion only. We are touching here, with our living hands, the hardly less brief poems of a woman of our own day. Twenty-eight lines of these outsoar everything bequeathed to us by the earlier; and when other thousands of years have gone by they may surely still be treasured, for they embody a divine passion.

In her own lifetime she was a tower of intellectual and spiritual strength, lifting through the mists of the age one of the very few steadfast lights. But there was another sign of her greatness that was quite unmistakable—her humility. That noble intellect, that incomparable spirit, never once stooped to the pride that is so common to-day among lesser minds.

Those who were honoured with her friendship find it difficult to imagine the future without that sustaining power. The memory is not one that can fade; and, through her work she will still speak. But those who remember her living voice will be forced, often, and hardly without tears, to wrest her own words from their sacred intention and turn them against herself.

"Home, home from the horizon, far and clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep.
Flocks of the memories of the day draw near
The dove-cote doors of sleep. . . .

"O, which are they that come through sweetest light,
Of all these homing birds;
Which with the straightest and the swiftest flight?
Your words to me, your words."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JANUARY, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best humorous Valentine, in four lines of original verse, to any well-known man or woman.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions.

The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER—DECEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Ethel E. Mannin, of "Roycroft," Dorset Road, Merton Park, S.W., and Ivan Adair, of 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin, for the following:

SUSSEX MAGIC.

From Pulborough to Fittleworth the white road goes,
(Oh! many a time I've followed it at the budding of the rose!)
Up through beechy Bedham Woods and down to Wisboro' Green,
(Full many a time it's lured my feet the dawns and dusks between.)

From Wisboro' Green to Billingshurst and where the Rother flows,
(Oh! to be in Hawkhurst at the budding of the rose!)
Midhurst and Crowhurst, and Hailsham near the sea—
They've caught their fingers in my heart and will not let me be.

There's never a wind in all the world just like the wind that blows
Over smiling Sussex at the budding of the rose;
From Crowley down to Arundel, from Liphook down to Rye,
All the sweet of earth is stored beneath a Sussex sky.

When at last my soul must go where no man knows,
I pray it may be softly at the budding of the rose;
Dig for me a Sussex grave, it will not matter where—
Enough for me that Sussex fields shall scent the Sussex air.

ETHEL E. MANNIN.

THE DEAD SOLDIER.

There he lies, his sword at his side,
The road is long and the world is wide—
But what does it matter now?
Spring will come and follow the plough;
Summer will laugh at the ripening sheaves,
And Autumn play with the falling leaves—
But what is it all to him?

What is it worth, the battle he fought?
He was so young, he surely ought
To have played and laughed awhile—
To have followed the road another mile.
Death is for troubled and aged and sad,
Never God meant it for a lad
With all the world to win.

He frowns a little amid his sleep
Perhaps he can hear his mother weep.
He is only a babe to her.
Though Faith be her kindly comforter,
She would rather hear his step on the stair
And hear him whistle a boyish air
Than any Angel-hymn.

IVAN ADAIR.

The number of lyrics received has been unusually large, but in quality they are on the whole rather disappointing. We select for special commendation those by J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Ugra Sen (Lahore), Winnifred Tasker, (Bournemouth), Myra Lovett (Southampton), Mary C. Mair (London, N.W.), Clifford Allen (Gravesend), H. Drury (Streatham), Nina Mayd Cook (Wallasey), M. Dibden (Marchwood), Mary C. Innis (Toronto), Constance Maunsell (Monkstown), Helen O'Sullivan (Co. Cork), James Finlayson (Perth), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), H. Mc. L. Homan (Cape Province), E. J. Pratt (Toronto), Sybil Milnes (Clapham), Mrs. Soames Thomas (Bristol), May Rowland (Eastbourne), Lapidoth Shiggaion (Cape Town), Annie G. Piggot (Bihar, India), Margaret Huggins (Exmouth).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Lorna Leatham, of "The White House," Neville's Cross, Durham, for the following:

MR. BRADDY'S BOTTLE. BY RICHARD CONNELL. (Chapman & Dodd.)

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!"

SHELLEY, *To a Skylark*.

We also select for printing:

SOME CONFESSIONS OF AN AVERAGE MAN. BY RICHARD KING. (John Lane.)

"Some said, 'John, print it,' others said, 'Not so,'
Some said, 'It might do good,' others said, 'No.'"

BUNYAN, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

(A. M. Hillier, 27, Highbury New Park, London, N.5.)

DECEMBER LOVE. BY ROBERT HICHENS. (Cassell.)

"So coldly sweet."

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.

(N. Stuart Shepherd, The Vicarage, Alfrick, Worcester.)

III.—The PRIZE for the best example of bathos from English poetry is divided, and Two NEW BOOKS awarded to G. Coulter, of "Kenmare," Priory Street, Cheltenham, and Two to Muriel A. Martyn, of Hawthorne Cottage, 105, Aber-Rhondda Road, Porth, Rhondda, both of whom sent the following:

"So passed the strong heroic soul away,
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral."

TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*.

We specially commend the replies received from Isaac Jackson (Greenock), C. A. Shaw (Huddersfield), G. B. W. Creedy (Teignmouth), E. C. Anstey (Cheadle), M. McCarton (Cricklewood), R. E. E. Hall (Eastbourne), G. W. Turner (Wandsworth Common), F. E. Roberts (Sheffield), M. A. M. Macalister (Cambridge), Helen K. Wardle (Presteign), James A. Richards (Tenby).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than one hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

THE PASTONS AND THEIR ENGLAND. BY H. S. BENNETT. (Cambridge University Press.)

This sort of book endows the dry bones of history with life. In pleasant, chatty fashion, the author describes the life of the country squire in the turbulent fifteenth century; his struggle to retain his property in the face of violence and intrigue; his way of carrying on business, and travelling about and conducting his matrimonial affairs and treating his children. Such personal touches as Margaret Paston's little shopping commissions, and the love affair of John Paston III and Margery Brews, remind us that, although manners may alter with the times, human nature itself changes little.

We also select for printing:

PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS. BY JEFFERY FARNOL. (Sampson Low.)

Mr. Farnol at his best. The most fragrant love story that he has yet produced. We are enthralled to the last word. Here are thrills a-plenty, God wot! Duels, kidnapping, elopements, plots, and fights with "the raw 'uns" that recall Borrow. Jessamy is a thinly-veiled portrait of Bendigo, the converted pugilist. Who would not go a-gipsying with Peregrine, his Diana, the tinker, Diogenes and the rest of the lovable crew, through the leafy lanes and broad highways of old England? And, in passing, we would say that many a modern millionaire might envy the delectable meals enjoyed by these vagabonds.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., 10, Park Road, Tenby.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by Howard Martis (Martlesham Heath), Gene H. Winton (Denver, U.S.A.), W. L. Dudley (Bridge of Weir), Edith Robin (Hampstead), Georgina T. Marsden (Armley), Petrie Townshend (London, E.C.), Flors Bigham (Tillington), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.W.), P. Marshall Hill (Woodhall Spa), O. Warner (Beckenham), Winifred H. Davies (Derby), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Ethel M. Kennedy (Putney), Rose Swailes (Leeds), Margaret Owen (Whitstable), Albert J. Grieve (Thornton Heath).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to H. Porter, 35, Raglan Road, Dublin.

THE END OF A CHAPTER.*

By Stephen McKenna.

FOR a motto to her final volume of autobiography, Mrs. Asquith takes—with others—a French translation of a Persian proverb that "the dogs bark, the caravan goes on." It is not for dogs to stay silent when a caravan is passing; it is not for a caravan to stay still because dogs are barking. Critics will continue to criticize, and Mrs. Asquith has continued to give them material for criticism, because that is the nature of each. When the first volume was published, "the reviewers abused me," Mrs. Asquith relates; but, as their criticisms "were directed more against myself than my art, I was not discouraged from finishing this second and final volume." *La caravanne passe*. . . .

Will the dogs bark? Are they barking already? As I seldom read reviews and never write them but at the request of a friend, I cannot say; but, if they bark, I fancy that there must be a note of congratulation in their voice. For any of a hundred reasons, whereof their former barking was but one, the caravan is vastly different from that which set out two years ago: it is unmistakably a caravan, no longer a car of Juggernaut nor a cart with a runaway horse. Two years ago, the public was given the early reminiscences of a lady whose husband had been prime minister of England for eight of the most crowded and critical years of British domestic and foreign politics; before she became his wife, she was widely known for her wit and personality. The public, which likes a book to be written in its own way, expected the autobiography of the wife of Mr. H. H. Asquith, it was given the autobiography of Miss Margot Tennant; and even those who had no knife to sharpen against a political opponent felt that the wife of a prime minister should have been more restrained. If Miss Tennant, at twenty, could only have been like Mrs. Gladstone, at sixty!

This second volume is far more the conventional autobiography of a prime minister's wife. It is better written and better arranged than the first: though the world is strangely indifferent to the lisped prayers of other people's children, there are, in this book, far fewer of those domestic avowals of which the chief interest must be for Mrs. Asquith's family and friends; and, if it tells the student of politics little that he did not know before, that is because she is writing, as she herself realizes, too near the time of what she describes to uncover the whole truth. The critics who said that she "should not have written about the living"; that "it was unpardonable to criticise the dead, bad taste to publish letters; worse to mention love" will find in this second instalment of her autobiography little ground for complaint. The dogs have no cause to bark; the caravan has become a very staid affair.

From her preface, Mrs. Asquith seems to wish that she shall be judged on her art. The present volume is a view of political history from 1895 to 1918. Beginning with the Jameson Raid and the South African War, she passes rapidly over the unionist tariff scism and comes (with hardly a reference to the liberal scism, no less great, between the Liberal League and their opponents) to the liberal ministry of 1905. Something less than justice is done to Campbell-Bannerman's generosity in forgiving those who had broken away from him, to his skill in uniting them and to his pertinacity in refusing to be shelved in the House of Lords. The great liberal party of the 1906 election, on which Mr. Asquith depended from 1908 to 1916, was the creation of C-B; but, by 1908, those liberals who remembered the family feud from the South African War to 1905 were content to feel all was well that had ended well.

From 1908 there is straightforward narrative, based largely on Mrs. Asquith's diary, of the greatest liberal struggle since the reform bill of 1832. The deeper shadow of the war has obscured the ferocity of that struggle and the magnitude of its issues; and in these latter days, when politics have lost their moral grandeur, it is stimulating to be reminded of the slow-mounting passion and long-sustained tenacity of the liberal party in fighting the House of Lords through the 1909 budget to the 1911 parliament act. There were giants in those days, none greater in force of character, power of intellect, skill in leadership and resource of strategy than Mr. Asquith. In those days we recognized them as giants; their opponents in both houses recognized them; and the public outside, not excluding those well-bred dames who withdrew the hem of their garments when Mrs. Asquith entered the Ladies' Gallery.

From 1911 there is a gap, to be examined later, until the outbreak of war. Then the straightforward narrative continues through the tremors of the first coalition to the earthquake that threw up the second. Mrs. Asquith writes with a laudable freedom from rancour, though it has long been common knowledge that a persistent and unscrupulous campaign of slander and intrigue was carried on against her husband, with the active support of certain intimate colleagues. After 1918 there is a postscript giving the end of the war and (though she does not say so and perhaps does not realize it) the end of her husband's career and of the liberal party. The drama, of which the prologue was Mr. Asquith's departure from C-B's bedside, reached its climax in the Maurice debate; the curtain was rung down to the triumphant shouts of 'coupon' candidates in the 1918 election.

Mrs. Asquith's restraint in describing this long personal contest compels her, inevitably, to suppress everything that could add to our knowledge of this period. Her readers will applaud her reticence, though they may wonder whether such initials as "X" or "Lord N——," "Mr. G." (of the *Morning Post*), Miss "I—— A——" (a young American actress) conceal the identity of the persons to whom she alludes. She has given a history of liberal administration as it was seen by the wife of a liberal prime minister. Mr. Asquith has never reproached the opponents who attacked him nor the colleagues who betrayed him. His wife is to be congratulated on emulating his dignity of bearing.

As she has written from the standpoint of his wife,

* "The Autobiography of Margot Asquith." Book II. 25s. (Thornton Butterworth)

it is not to be expected that she should criticize him; and her history lacks two important chapters on the foreign and Irish policies of the Asquith government. At almost every stage of the war there are admirably dramatic, if constantly lacrimose, scenes (it is surprising how often the principal characters, overcome by emotion, dissolve in tears); but it is never suggested that the war could have been avoided by a different diplomacy. Those historians who once said that Germany had prepared for this war for forty years and was solely responsible for it are dwindling in number as the ambitions of Russia, France and, yes, even Great Britain are laid bare; there was an epidemic of international scares for half a dozen years before the war; and—to put it no higher—it is arguable that the "inevitable" war of 1914 might, like so many other "inevitable wars," not have taken place if Germany had been less frightened of the Anglo-French *rapprochement*. It was the intention of C-B's old radical following that there should be no war: friendship with France and Russia was to be only friendship. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith were asked in the House if there were commitments to the French which could involve them in war; both ministers replied that there were not. A different answer might have cost the government its radical support; but a different policy, by warning the French not to count on British co-operation and the Germans not to be alarmed by a friendship that was theirs for the asking, might have averted the war. When Belgium had been violated, war was indeed inevitable; but radical seekers after truth, including some of Mr. Asquith's old colleagues, are still wondering how the "obligation of honour," which Sir Edward Grey disclosed to the House of Commons on 4 August 1914, was the innocent understanding of a few years before, by which Great Britain was not committed, in honour or any other way, to send troops abroad.

The other missing chapter is the home rule controversy, which should have filled this astonishing blank between the parliament act and the war. Mrs. Asquith rightly deplores the barbarous policy of reprisals inaugurated by Sir Hamar Greenwood and Mr. Lloyd George; she seems unable, however, to link effect to cause. The reprisals were an insane and bloody-minded attempt to stamp out the Sinn Fein "rebellion"; the rebellion was the attempt of the Irish to secure by a republic that independence which had been promised and withheld; the promise was contained in the third home rule bill, which was Mr. Redmond's price for nationalist support from 1910; the promise was broken when the act was left inoperative on the statute-book; and the act was left inoperative because the rebellion threatened by Sir Edward Carson, Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. F. E. Smith coerced the government into offering an amending bill. Mrs. Asquith's record is left incomplete by these omissions: even if the Irish policy of her husband's government was indefensible, she might have explained the duresse which gave it shape. The historian who reads the speeches of opposition leaders from 1912 to 1914 would give much to know how Mr. Asquith persuaded himself to take into his coalition men who had defied the authority of the King's ministers and incited their followers to armed resistance.

Judged, then, by her art, Mrs. Asquith has given a series of vivid pictures, illustrating—from her point of view—some of the biggest political battles in the last fifteen years. It is an incomplete series, for it dwells chiefly on the triumphs; and it lacks the detachment required of impartial history. She seems never to doubt, never to hesitate; there can be but one sane opinion of any subject, whether it be the decoration of a house or the treatment of German prisoners; and she shews little patience for the prejudice and ignorance of those who take a different view. This intellectual superiority is well enough, but the prejudiced and ignorant are too numerous and too influential to be dismissed with a shrug. The chief minister in a democracy has a duty to instruct the ill-educated; the press cannot be ignored. If Mr. Asquith was intrigued out of office, he had allowed a press campaign to undermine public faith in him till the press-ridden public was glad to see him go. Mrs. Asquith tells an amusing story of an unsuspecting American actress who assured her that Mr. Asquith was a large shareholder in Krupps. It is sad that any one should believe such nonsense, but people will believe anything; and, when a democracy is made up of people who will believe anything, it is the business of its leaders to enlighten it. It is easy to despise or pity such credulity, but it is expensive; any man who is concerned to know why Mr. Asquith fell from power will find the answer on almost every page of the book.

This second volume is called the last; but there is much still to be told. When time has taken the heat out of recent controversies, Mrs. Asquith's diaries will be able to shed light in many political dark rooms. She is to be congratulated, in a hurried and slipshod age, on her constancy and patience in keeping up this exhaustive record; in giving part of it to the public, she is most to be commended now, as in the first volume, on her self-restraint. No woman in England has been more maligned; no man or woman, unless it be her husband, has endured attack in finer silence. This book has an unchallenged place in the literature of the decline and fall of liberalism in England.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

MR. YEATS is collecting his works.* He has just published a volume of "Later Poems," containing "The Wind Among the Reeds," of 1899, and all subsequent poems, as well as a volume of "Plays in Prose and Verse," written for an Irish Theatre, which does not however contain "The Countess Cathleen," nor "The Land of Heart's Desire," nor the "Four Plays for Dancers," these being found in other volumes. At the same time comes "The Trembling of the Veil,"† which continues the reminiscences of "Reveries over Childhood and Youth."

"The Trembling of the Veil" is a fascinating book.

* "Later Poems." "Plays in Prose and Verse." 10s. 6d. each. (Macmillan.)

† "The Trembling of the Veil." (Privately printed by Wernie Laurie.)

I use the word in its original meaning. There is a kind of spell in this prose, whatever the matter of it, as there is a spell in certain voices. And indeed it is more like beautiful talk than writing, as perhaps the best prose should be. You do not think of "style" or "beauty," but you surrender yourself to the flowing of the words which stream so transparently over the matter within them. And how rich are these pages in thought and image! If anyone wants a commentary to the Poems, here it is. For no one has more sedulously directed his life to a chosen aim than Mr. Yeats; no poet has more chastened himself or been at more exacting pains to clear his art of "impurities" and perfect it from within. And in these pages we can read of the ideas which possessed the poet, and how certain poems came to be written and what men and what books influenced him.

For many readers, of course, the interest of the "Trembling of the Veil" will be largely in the pictures of men and women whom Mr. Yeats has known. We have had books upon "The Nineties," books of facile criticism and impression; but who will want to read such, when here is a book written from within about that "tragic generation," in which Wilde and Henley, Beardsley and Davidson, Dowson and Johnson appear so livingly? Mr. Yeats is no taker of notes, he is often vague about dates and names (sometimes, I fancy, mistaken), he is no observer for observation's sake, his interests are selective: but these figures appear more real than if caught in the shrewd observer's transcript, just because they are always seen in relation to his own temperament. Davidson, for instance, was antithetical to Yeats; "he saw in delicate, laborious, discriminating taste an effeminate pedantry, and would, when that mood was on him, delight in all that seemed healthy, popular, and bustling." But he is not drawn with the vividness of a mere antipathy; Mr. Yeats sees him as a gifted but marred spirit, and seeks to find what it was that marred him and marred others of that time. With Lionel Johnson Mr. Yeats had natural affinities, for like Johnson he loved order, tradition, ceremony; and then Johnson was to join the Irish literary movement and play a part in creating it. Of all the strange figures of that little period of "the nineties" there is none stranger than Johnson's, and he comes before us as if tragically illuminated among the shadows of circumstance. Already at Oxford, where he went about (as I remember) so neatly dressed, with an unusually ample gown over his almost childishly small figure, he had created a "legend." He had read all the books in the world; he never slept. For sleeplessness he took to drugs and drink. He became a Roman Catholic; he became an Irishman, and before long had persuaded himself that he had been born in Ireland. Mr. Yeats, like other friends, long believed the stories he told of himself so seriously, then discovered that all were inventions or delusions. "One image of that stay in Dublin is so clear before me that it has blotted out most other images of that time. He is sitting at a lodging-house table, which I have just left at three in the morning, and round him lie or sit in huddled attitudes half a dozen men in various stages of intoxication: and he is looking straight before him with head erect, and one hand resting on the table. As I reach the stairs, I hear him say, in a clear, unshaken voice, 'I believe in nothing but the Holy Roman Catholic Church.'" It is because Mr. Yeats draws out of his memory not mere facts or mere impressions but "images" like this—moments that acquire a sort of symbolic significance—that his pages are so memorable and read so richly. I think that one might read this book many times before gleaning all that one could get from it. Mr. Yeats, with Ernest Rhys, founded the Rhymers' Club, who met at the "Cheshire Cheese" and read their new poems, and criticised each other formally and politely, though most of them led "disordered lives." Part of these memoirs pictures, and seeks to explain, this group of poets; but only a part. Mr. Yeats was intimate with some of these poets, but was always detached, I think. Like Rossetti, but unlike most English artists and men of letters, he has had a sort of political instinct or craving to create a movement, to carry others with him, to make a force against the forces of the time. And it was in Ireland, not in England, that he was to find his apt material.

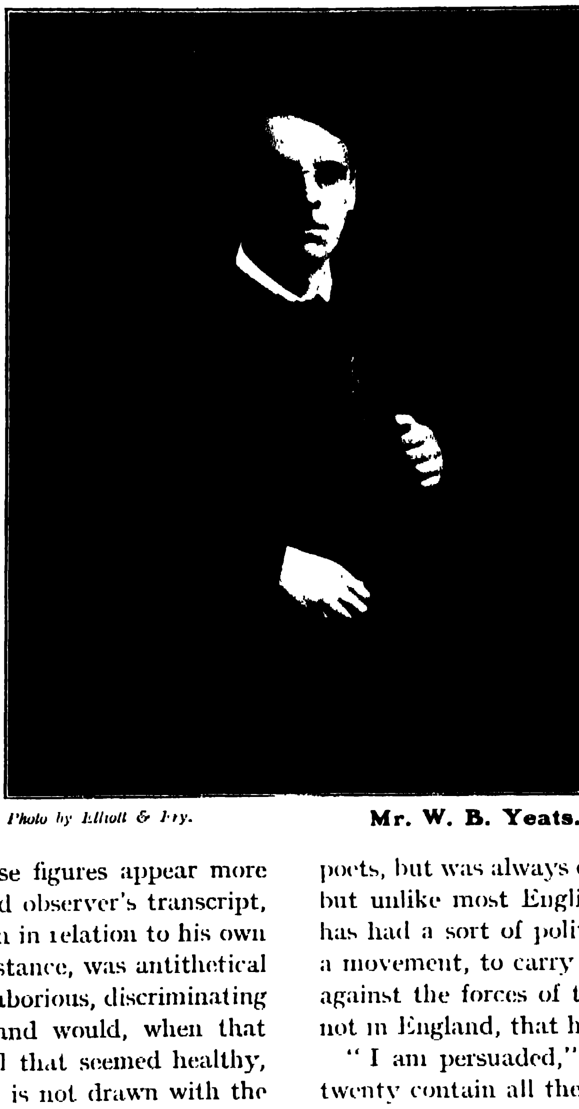


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. W. B. Yeats.**

"I am persuaded," he says, "that our intellects at twenty contain all the truths we shall ever find, but as yet we do not know truths that belong to us from opinions caught up in casual irritation or momentary fantasy." The point is arguable, but I rather think that Mr. Yeats is right—that what may seem a later illumination is only the drawing out of what was latent. What Mr. Yeats most consciously held at first was doubtless an antagonism to certain forces dominant in his youth; above all to the doctrines and the works of the naturalistic school. A born mystic, he is ever seeking and finding symbols; and the names of Tyndall, Huxley, Carolus-Duran and Bastien-Lepage recur in these pages as sinister symbols, much as Hand and Scofield appear in Blake's "Jerusalem." For these made war on his own world, the world he wished to revive or discover or create. He had made a new

religion out of poetic tradition: he had even created a dogma, which was this: "Because those imaginary people (of the poets and painters) are created out of the deepest instinct of man, to be his measure and his norm, whatever I can imagine those mouths speaking may be the nearest I can go to the truth." In modern art he found nothing to admire but Blake and the Pre-Raphaelites. And it was the days of the flood-tide of Impressionism. By nature and by deepening conviction Mr. Yeats was antagonistic to all that cult of modernity, that surrender to the moment, which was the fashionable mode and which was spreading from the painters to the poets. He dreamed of an anonymous and traditional art like that of the Middle Ages. He wrote articles for Henley, and became one of "Henley's young men," but though admiring the man immensely he remained indifferent to his writing. William Morris he saw much of in those early days and made him his "chief of men." Though wholly delighting in Morris's prose romances, Mr. Yeats tells us that he does not now set his poetry very high; "yet, if some angel offered me the choice, I would choose to live his life, poetry and all, rather than my own or any other man's." Of Oscar Wilde he thinks that his real nature was that of a man of action. Wilde was not a born writer, nor a born artist; but is he more truly explained as a man of action? It seems to me that, with his address and audacity, he would have had the same kind of brilliance in a life of action as in the life he led, but that we should still have been left thinking that action, after all, was not his true self-expression. Henley, Morris, Wilde, and other less remembered but interesting figures are portrayed in the earlier chapters of the book. But it is Mr. Yeats's autobiography, what he tells us of himself, that fixes our interest most surely. Living partly in London (which he hated) and partly in Sligo, he was collecting Irish stories and legends and writing prose and verse. The subject-matter of his poems was to be Irish. He wished that Shelley had made his "Prometheus" not out of a Greek myth, but of some legendary matter that has grown among Welsh or Scottish hills. He wrote many poems himself "where an always personal emotion was woven into a general pattern of myth and symbol." He thought to create "a sensuous, musical vocabulary, and not for myself only, but that I might leave it to later Irish poets." One sees how early and how consciously and deliberately Mr. Yeats set his aim before him, and with what scrupulous, reflective labour he carried out his work. But while his ideal is to make songs which should be sung by the common people (as Tagore's songs are sung by boatmen and reapers all over Bengal) without the singer's name being known, his instinct leads him to an ever more fastidious usage in his art and to write for the chosen few.

> "I know what wages beauty gives,
> How hard a life her servant lives,
> Yet praise the winters gone:
> There is not a fool can call me friend,
> And I may dine at journey's end
> With Landor and with Donne."

Mr. Yeats was fortunate in having all the rich world of Irish heroic legend to draw upon, and it is primarily to him we owe it that Deirdre and Naisi and Grania and the rest have become familiar names to us in England. The story of the Abbey Theatre is not told in "The Trembling of the Veil"; I hope there will be a sequel which will tell it; but one of Mr. Yeats's dreams, of a national Irish drama, has come true. Mr. Yeats's own dramatic work disappoints perhaps. Has he reflected, theorised, overmuch? He has been a constant lover of the dramatic form, and has thought intensely about dramatic poetry, but he scarcely persuades us that he is a born dramatist. He despises character-acting, and does not aim at delineating character; and some would think this a fatal defect. I do not, but I miss in most of his dialogue that *momentum*, that advance from word to word and speech to speech, that sense of a compelling undercurrent beneath the language spoken, which gives the peculiar thrill of true dramatic poetry. And there is something else. Whitman somewhere praises the Greek above modern tragedy because of its "grand, normal, crashing passions"; and these, I think, are not what interest Mr. Yeats. He wrote for a small theatre and a small audience; and one cannot help wishing sometimes that he had tried a larger scale, and written more exuberantly and less reflectively. Yet what he has done will be read for its beauty, when more effective dramas are long forgotten. And had there been no Yeats, there would have been no Synge. I marvel at what Mr. Yeats has done, through others as well as through his own work; at the creative power which has achieved so much and defeated so many obstacles. Is there not more of the man of action in him than ever was in Wilde? How much energy must have gone out of him in this creative Irish effort! Yet it is not this spending of energy in action which has limited his poetical production, but rather a restless and scrupulous self-criticism, an ever-increasing fastidiousness, and perhaps a haunting distrust of the Irish facility in words. He has lived to see would-be poets imitating the imagery and the music of his earlier poems, and experienced the same irritation and disgust that Ruskin felt when he saw houses built in the Gothic he had advocated.

> "I made my song a coat
> Covered with embroideries
> Out of old mythologies
> From heel to throat;
> But the fools caught it
> Wore it in the world's eyes
> As though they'd wrought it.
> Song, let them take it
> For there's more enterprise
> In walking naked."

It is indeed a "naked" kind of poetry that Mr. Yeats has come to write in these later years. Already in that lovely poem "Baile and Ailinn" he had achieved a style exquisite in simplicity and ease of movement. In "The Folly of Being Comforted" and other poems hardly less beautiful he had seemed to pursue an aim of intimacy and naturalness, as of speech, even more successfully than Shelley in his "Julian and Maddalo." But in his latest verse the style is grown more tenuous and austere, it seems to rely on gesture, so to speak, and tone of voice rather than on the verse itself or what it carries. In old days Mr. Yeats reacted from the Victorians, who he thought mingled in their poetry too many curiosities about public affairs, or science, or

social reform. He was determined that his verse should be pure from such immixtures. And all through the years he has been writing, I think he has been little concerned to absorb new elements, new material, but much concerned to cast out any elements that had become not quite real to him, or that might prove corrupting. He has told us often how hard his art is to him, and lamented sometimes the cost:

> "The fascination of what's difficult
> Has dried the sap out of my veins, and rent
> Spontaneous joy and natural content
> Out of my heart."

Perhaps Mr. Yeats has considered and brooded over his art too much and attenuated the volume of his inspiration thereby. But who can tell? He is one of the great poets; and that suffices.

THE BEST BRITISH AND IRISH SHORT STORIES:

A YEAR'S SURVEY.

BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN AND JOHN COURNOS.

WHEN we agreed to co-operate in choosing each year's best English short stories, one of us did not realise that at the end of the arduous task, which has involved the scanning of hundreds of stories in the English magazines of an entire year, he should find himself asking the simple question: What is a short story?



Mr. Edward J. O'Brien.

We do not suppose that a hundred years ago such a question could have occurred to anyone. Then all that a story was and could be was implied in the simple phrase, "Tell me a story. . . ." We all know what that phrase means. How many stories published to-day would stand this simple if final test of being told by word of mouth? We doubt whether fifty per cent. would. Surely the universality of the printing press and the linotype machine have done something to alter the character of literature, just as the train and the telephone have done not a little to abolish polite correspondence. Most stories of to-day are to be read, not told. Hence great importance must be attached to the manner of writing; in some instances, the whole effect of a modern tale is dependent on the manner of presentation. Henry James is, possibly, an extreme example. Has anyone ever attempted to tell a tale in the Henry James manner by word of mouth, even when the manner pretends to be conversational? We have yet to experience this pleasure, though we have listened to a good many able and experienced tale-tellers in our time.

Now, there is a great connection between the manner or method of a writer and the matter upon which he works his manner or method. Henry James was not an accident. Life, as he found it, was full of trivialities and polite surfaces; and a great deal of manner—style, if you like—is needful to give life and meaning to trivial things. And James was by no means an isolated phenomenon. In Russia Chekhov was creating an artistic significance out of the uneventful lives of the petty bourgeoisie, whose hitherto small numbers had vastly increased with the advent of machinery and the industrialisation of the country; as the villages became towns, the last vestiges of the "romantic" and "heroic" elements seemed to have departed from contemporary Russian literature.



Photo by Maull & Fox. Mr. John Cournos.

As widely divergent as the two writers were in their choice of materials and methods of expression, they met on common ground in their devotion to form, their painstaking perfecting of their expression; and this tense effort alone was often enough the very life and soul of their adventure. They were like magicians creating marvels with the flimsiest of materials; they did not complain of the poverty of life, but as often as not created bricks without straw. Not for them Herman Melville's dictum, to be found in "Moby Dick": "To produce a mighty book you must choose a mighty theme."

Roughly, then, there are two schools of creative literature, and round them there have grown up two schools of criticism. The one maintains that form is everything, that not only is perfect form essential, and interesting material non-essential, but that actually interesting material is a deterrent from perfect expression, inasmuch as material from life, inherently imaginative, fantastic or romantic, is likely to make an author lazy and negligent, and cause him to throw his whole dependence on objective facts rather than on his ingenuity in creating an individual atmosphere and vibrant patterns of his own making. The other school maintains with equal emphasis that form is not enough, that it wants a real and exciting story, that where a man's materials are rich and "big" the necessity for perfection is obviated; indeed, "rough edges" are a virtue. As one English novelist tersely put it to us: "I don't care for the carving of orange pips. All I ask of a writer is that his stuff should be big." Undoubtedly, some people prefer a cultivated garden, others nature in all her wildness. Nature, it is true, may exercise no selection; unfortunately it is too often forgotten that she is all art in the wealth and minuteness of her detail.

It seems to us that both theories are equally fallacious. We do not see how either can be wholly satisfying. There is no reason at all why a story should not contain both form and matter, a form, that is to say, suited to the matter. Among the painters Vermeer is admittedly perfect; has then Rembrandt no art? Among the writers Turgenev is perfect. George Moore has compared his perfection to that of the Greeks; is it then justifiable to call Dostoevsky "journalese," as some have called him? Indeed, it takes a great artist to write about great things, though it is true a great artist is often pardoned for lapses in style, where a minor artist can afford no such lapses. It was in such a light, with the true honesty and humility of a fine artist, that Flaubert, than whom none sought greater perfection, regarded himself before the towering Shakespeare.

This preamble is no digression, but is quite pertinent to any consideration of the contemporary short story, for we must admit that however fallacious is either of the prevalent theories which we have outlined, in practice both work out with an appalling accuracy. Of the many hundreds of stories which we have had to read, the number possessing a sense of form is relatively small, and of these only a few are rich in content; strictly speaking, most of them stick to the facts of everyday life, to the intimate realities of urban and suburban existence. Other stories, and these are more numerous, possibly as a reaction and in response to the human craving for the fairy tale, are concerned with the most impossible adventure and fantastic unreality, Romance with the capital R. They are often attractive in plot, able in construction, happy in invention, and their general tendency may be to fall within the definition of "life's little ironies"; yet, in spite of these admirable qualifications, the majority of these stories are unconvincing, lacking in balance, in plausibility, in that virtue which may be defined as "the writer's imagination," whose lack is something more than careless writing. How often one puts down a story with the feeling that it would take little to make it a "rattling good tale," but, alas, that little is everything! A story-teller's craft depends not only on a sense of style, that is, form and good writing, but also on the creation of an atmosphere, shall we say hypnotic in effect, and capable of persuading the reader that he is a temporary inhabitant of the world the writer is describing, however remote in time or space that world may be from the world of the reader's own experience. And the more enlightened and culturally emotional the reader, the greater the power of seduction is a writer called upon to exercise. For it is obvious that all these hundreds of crude Arabian Nights tales and jungle tales and all sorts of tales of impossible adventure appearing in the pages of our periodicals would not be written if they were not in demand by the large public.

The question arises: Why is it that authors who deal with the intimate realities of our dull, everyday life are, on the whole, so much better as writers than those who attempt to portray the more glamorous existence of the East, of the jungle, of, so to speak, other worlds? We have a theory to offer in explanation, and it is this:

A, let us say, is a writer who has stayed at home. Let us suppose that his experience has been largely limited to London, or, still more precisely, to the East End of London. He has either lived or spent a great deal of time there, and without having actively participated in the lives of the natives and denizens of the district has observed them to good purpose and saturated himself with their atmosphere. He has, in an intimate sense, secured not only his scene, but also, either actually or potentially, his characters. English—of a sort—is the language of his community; and the temper of this community, except in petty externals, is, after all, so little different from his own. He has lost no time in either travelling or in learning another language, he has had a great deal of time for developing his technique. He has, indeed, spent the greater part of his time in working out his form. He is, as you may guess, anything but a superlative genius; certainly, we may venture to assume that he is, at all events, a fine talent, a careful observer, a painstaking worker, possessed of inventive powers within limitations. He knows his genre and his milieu, and he knows his job. He observes his people with an artistic sympathy. He is an etcher, loving his line, rather than a photographer. Vast mural decorations are beyond him.

Then there is *B*. *B* is a traveller, something of an adventurer too. His *wanderlust*, or possibly his occupation as a minor Government official, journalist, or representative for some commercial firm, has taken him East. He has spent some time in Shanghai or Hong Kong, in Calcutta or Rangoon, in Tokyo or Nagasaki. He has lived chiefly in the foreign quarter and occasionally sallied out to seek adventure in the native habitat. He has secured a smattering of the native tongue, and has even taken unto himself a temporary native wife. A bold man, he has, in his way, lived dangerously and intensely. He has, besides, heard men of his own race living in the quarter tell weird tales of a romantic nature, perhaps of a white girl who came out East, or of a native girl who had won the heart of an Englishman, to his undoing. At last *B* has had enough of it, and has come home to the old country, his England, and sits down to his new job—the exploitation of his knowledge and experience of the East. Possibly a few friends who had listened to his tales urged him to set them down on paper, and *B*, who had not thought of it before, thinks it is not such a bad idea, and getting a supply of paper and a typewriter launches forth on a career as a writer. He is intent on turning out a good tale, and does remarkably well for a novice, but his inexperience as a writer, his lack of form and technique and deliberateness will hinder his progress, though now and then he will turn out a tolerable tale by sheer accident. The really great man will of course break through the double barrier, and then you have a Conrad: that is to say, you have a man who has lived abundantly and has been able to apply an abundance of art to his abundance of material. But that is indeed rare nowadays, and the whole moral of the little parable of *A* and *B* is that in our own time it is given to but few men to do both. The one has specialised in writing, the other in living.

And the comparison may be applied of course to the two writers who have stayed at home, even in the same district. *A* hasn't much to say, but what he says he

says well, because writing means to him something as a thing in itself, and there is compensation for him in the quality of his writings for his lack of rich material ; the whole content of his art is in his form, and that, if not wholly satisfying, is surely no mean achievement. *B*, on the other hand, may have a great deal to say, and says it badly. He thinks his material will carry him through. He does not understand that the function of art is to crystallise, synthesise the materials at hand, to distil the essence of life, to formalise natural shapes. There should be no confusing of nature and art. A mountain is nature, a pyramid is art. We have no man in the short story to-day who has synthesised his age, who has thrown a light on the peculiar many-sided adventure of modernity, who has achieved some sense of universality. Maupassant came near to it in his own time. Never before have men had such opportunities for knowing the world, never before has it been so easy to cover space, our means of communication have never been so rapid ; yet there is an almost maddening contradiction in the fact that every man who writes is content in describing but a single facet of the great adventure of life. Our age is an age of specialisation, and many a man spends a life in trying to visualise for us a fragment of existence in multitudinous variations. An empire may be said to stand for a universalising tendency, yet the extraordinary fact about the mass of English stories to-day is that, far from being expressive of any tendency to unity, they are mostly concerned with presenting the specialised atmospheres of so many individual localities and vocations. We have writers who do not go beyond Dartmoor, or Park Lane, or the East End of London ; we have writers of sea stories, jungle stories, detective stories, lost jewel stories, slum stories, and we have writers who seldom stray from the cricket field or the prize ring or Freudian complexes.

Yet, in putting on record these individual tendencies of the short story, we should be overdrawing the picture if we did not call attention to what general tendencies are in the ascendant. The supernatural element is prominent among these, Stories of ghosts, spiritualism and reincarnation are becoming increasingly popular with authors, especially with the type we have described as *A*. This is interesting, since it evinces a healthy desire to get away from the banal facts of one's standardised atmosphere, the atmosphere of suburbia. It may be both a reaction and an escape, and may express a desire for a more spiritual life than is vouchsafed us. The love of adventure and the love of love will of course remain with us as long as men live and love a tale, and nine-tenths of the stories still deal with the favoured hero and the inevitable girl.

This study of ours is to be an annual venture, and its object is the same as that of Mr. O'Brien's annual selection of American stories. It is to select and help to save from obscurity every year those tales by English and Irish authors which are published in English and American periodicals and are worth preserving in permanent form. It is well known that short-story writers in Anglo-Saxon countries have not the same chance of publishing their wares in book form as their more fortunate colleagues, the novelists. This prejudice against the publication of short stories in book form is not to be justified, and it does not exist on the Continent. Most of the fine fiction, for example, published in Russia since Chekhov made the form popular, took precisely the form of the short story. It is a good form and should be encouraged. It is also the object of this annual study to call attention to new writers who show promise and to help to create a demand for their work by chronicling their efforts side by side with those already accepted and established.

A word may be added on the principles which have governed our choice. We have set ourselves the task of disengaging the essential human qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. We are not at all interested in formulæ, and organised criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested us, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh living current which flows through the best British and Irish work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which writers have conferred upon it.



Photo by Henry B. Goodwin. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from July, 1921, to June, 1922, inclusive. During this period we have sought to select from the stories published in British and American periodicals those stories by British and Irish authors which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every act of creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or group of facts in a story only attain substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms them into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is to report upon how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterisation.

The short stories which we have examined in this study have fallen naturally into three groups. The first consists of those stories which fail, in our opinion,

to survive both the test of substance and the test of form. These we have not chronicled.

The second group includes such narratives as may lay convincing claim to a second reading, because each of them has survived both tests—the test of substance and the test of form. Stories included in this group are to be chronicled only in our forthcoming "Year-book of the British and Irish Short Story."*

Finally we have recorded the names of a smaller group of stories which possess, we believe, the distinction of uniting genuine substance and artistic form in a closely-woven pattern with such sincerity that they are worthy of being reprinted. If all of these stories were republished they would not occupy more space than six or seven novels of average length. Our selection of them does not imply the critical belief that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that we have found the equivalent of six or seven volumes worthy of republication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. These stories are listed in the "Roll of Honour" which accompanies this article. In compiling these lists we have permitted no personal preference or prejudice to consciously influence our judgment.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

"A., G. M.":
"Cobbler's Quest." *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 15, 1921.

ALLATINI, R.:
"While There's Life . . ." *Time and Tide*, Sept. 2, 1921.

AUMONIER, STACY:
"Accident of Crime." *Saturday Evening Post*, March 11, 1922.
"Angel of Accomplishment." *Story-Teller*, Feb., 1922.
"Beautiful Merciless One." *Pictorial Review*, Sept., 1921; *London*, March, 1922.
"Face." *Hutchinson's*, Aug., 1921.
"Funny Man's Day." *Strand*, May, 1922.
"Heart-Whole." *Strand*, March, 1922.
"Man of Letters." *Strand*, July, 1921.
"Where was Wych Street?" *Strand*, Nov., 1921.

BARRINGTON, E.:
"Mystery of Stella." *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1922.

BECK, L. ADAMS:
"Interpreter." *Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1921, and Aug., 1921.

BEERBOHM, MAX:
"T. Fenning Dodworth." *London Mercury*, Aug., 1921; *Dial*, Aug., 1921.

BENNETT, ARNOLD:
"Fish." *Nash's*, April, 1922.
"Mysterious Destruction of Mr. Lewis Apple." *Harper's Bazar*, Aug., 1921; *Nash's*, Dec., 1921.
"Nine O'Clock To-morrow." *Nash's*, May, 1922.

BENSON, EDWARD FREDERICK:
"Outcast." *Hutchinson's*, April, 1922.

BERESFORD, JOHN DAVYS:
"Looking-Glass." *Cornhill*, Aug., 1921.
"Sentimentalists." *Cornhill*, Jan., 1922.
"Soul of an Artist." *Broom*, Nov., 1921.

BLACKWOOD, ALGERNON:
"Nephele." *Pears' Annual*, Dec. 25, 1921.
"Olive." *Pearson's* (London), July, 1921.
"Woman's Ghost Story." *Pearson's* (New York), June, 1922.

BLAKE, GEORGE:
"Dun Cow." *Cornhill*, Aug., 1921.

* To be published by Jonathan Cape in the early spring.

BRIGHOUSE, HAROLD:
"Once a Hero." *Pan*, July, 1921.

BRUNDRIT, D. F.:
"In the End." *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 8, 1921.

BURKE, THOMAS:
"Song of a Thousand Years." *Premier*, Feb., 1921.

BUTTS, MARY:
"Change." *Dial*, May, 1922.
"Speed the Plough." *Dial*, Oct., 1921.

CAINE, WILLIAM:
"Doob in Europe." *Strand*, April, 1922.
"Pensioner." *Graphic*, July 2, 1921.
"Spider's Web." *Strand*, Dec., 1921.
"Wise Old Bird." *Graphic*, April, 1922.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH:
"Shadow of the Shark." *Nash's*, Dec., 1921.
"Temple of Silence." *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1922.
"Vengeance of the Statue." *Harper's Magazine*, June, 1922.

COPPARD, ALFRED EDGAR:
"Black Dog." *Metropolitan*, Feb., 1922.
"Broadsheet Ballad." *Dial*, March, 1922.
"Hurly-Burly." *London Mercury*, July, 1921.
"Pomona's Babe." *English Review*, March, 1922.
"Tiger." *Sovereign*, April, 1922.

CORKERY, DANIEL:
"By-Product." *Freeman*, May 3, 1922.
"Colonel MacGillicuddy Goes Home." *Freeman*, April 19, 1922.
"Ember." *Freeman*, May, 24, 1922.
"Price." *Freeman*, April 5, 1922.
"Unfinished Symphony." *Freeman*, March 15, 1922.

"CROMPTON, RICHMAL" (R. C. LAMBURN):
"Christmas Present." *Truth*, Dec., 1921.

DAGNAL, DEVERELL:
"Windows of the Cupola." *Adelphi*, June, 1922.

DAVEY, NORMAN:
"Joyous Adventure of the Lady and the Large Sponge." *Tatler* (Christmas Number).

DE LA MARE, WALTER:
"Seaton's Aunt." *London Mercury*, April, 1922.

EASTON, DOROTHY:
"Afterwards." *Manchester Guardian*, July 6, 1921.
"Inheritors." *Manchester Guardian*, Dec. 2, 1921.
"Reaper." *English Review*, May, 1922.

EDGINTON, MAY:
"Bella Donna." *Cassell's Winter Annual*, 1921.
"House on the Rock." *Premier*, March 7, 1922.
"Mary Gets Married." *Saturday Evening Post* Nov. 5, 1921; *Nash's*, Nov., 1921.
"Song." *Lloyd's*, June, 1922.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN:
"Feud." *Delineator*, Feb. and March, 1922.
"Hedonist." *Century*, July, 1921; *Pears' Annual*, Dec. 25, 1921.
"Man Who Kept His Form." *Delineator*, Oct., 1921; *London*, Jan., 1922.
"Santa Lucia." *Delineator*, April, 1922; *London*, May, 1922.

GIBBON, PERCEVAL:
"Saint Flossie." *Saturday Evening Post*, Dec. 3, 1921; *Strand*, March, 1922.

GOLDING, LOUIS:
"Green Gloom." *Colour*, Nov., 1921.

GRAHAM, ALAN:
"Bat and Belfry Inn." *Story-Teller*, May, 1922.

GREAVES, CHARLES:
"Land of Memories." *Colour*, April, 1922.

HARRINGTON, KATHERINE (MRS. ROLF BENNETT):
"O'Hara's Leg." *Hutchinson's*, July, 1921.

HICHENS, ROBERT:
"Last Time." *Hutchinson's*, July, 1921.

HORN, HOLLOWAY:
"Lie." *Blue Magazine*, May, 1922.

HOWARD, FRANCIS MORTON:
"One Good Turn——" *Premier*, Feb. 21, 1922.

HUXLEY, ALDOUS:
"Fard." *Weekly Westminster Gazette*, May 27, 1922.
"Gioconda Smile." *English Review*, Aug., 1921.

JEROME, JEROME KLAPKA:
"Fiddle that Played of Itself." *Cassell's Winter Annual*, 1921.

JESSE, FRYNIWYD TENNYSON:
"Virtue." *Hutchinson's*, June, 1922.
"Wisdom." *London*, June, 1922.

KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA:
"Mrs. Adis." *Century*, Jan., 1922.
"Mockbeggar." *Royal*, Feb., 1922; *Harper's Magazine*, Feb., 1922.

KENNEY, ROWLAND:
"Girl In It." *New Age*, Dec. 15, 1921.

KEPPEL, FRANCIS:
"Conversation Before Dawn." *Beacon*, Oct., 1921.

KING, MAUDE EGERTON:
"Madman's Metropole." *Country Heart*, April-June, 1922.

KINROSS, ALBERT:
"Traitors." *Smart Set*, April, 1922.

LANGBRIDGE, ROSAMOND:
"Backstairs of the Mind" *Manchester Guardian*, Feb 7, 1922.

LAWRENCE, C. E.:
"Thirteenth Year" *Graphic*, Aug. 6, 1921

LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT:
"Episode." *Dial*, Feb, 1922
"Fanny and Annie" *Hutchinson*, Nov 1921.
"Horse-dealer's Daughter" *English Review*, April 1922.
"Sick Collier" *Pearson's* (New York), Feb., 1922.

LIVEING, EDWARD:
"Storm in the Desert." *Blackwood's*, April, 1922.

LYONS, A. NEIL:
"Marrying Ellen" *Bystander Annual*, 1921.

McFEE, WILLIAM:
"Knights and Turcopoliers" *Atlantic Monthly*, Aug., 1921.

MACKENZIE, COMPTON:
"New Pink Dress" *Story-Teller*, Dec., 1921.
"Sop." *Cassell's Winter Annual*, 1921.

MACMANUS, SEUMAS:
"Mrs. Maguire's Holiday." *Country Heart*, July–Sept., 1921.

"MALET, LUCAS" (MRS. MARY ST. LEGER HARRISON):
"Birth of a Masterpiece" *Story-Teller*, Jan., 1922.
"Fillingers." *Nash's*, Aug., 1921.

MANNING-SANDERS, RUTH:
"Significance." *Voices*, Autumn, 1921.

MANSFIELD, KATHERINE (MRS. J. MIDDLETON MURRY):
"At the Bay." *London Mercury*, Jan., 1922.
"Cup of Tea." *Story-Teller*, May, 1922.
"Doll's House." *Nation*, Feb. 4, 1922.
"Fly." *Nation*, March 18, 1922.
"Garden Party." *Weekly Westminster Gazette*, Feb. 4, 11, 18, 1922.
"Her First Ball." *Sphere*, Nov. 28, 1921.
"Honeymoon." *Nation*, April 29, 1922.
"Ideal Family." *Sphere*, Aug. 20, 1921.
"Sixpence." *Sphere*, Aug. 6, 1921.
"Taking the Veil." *Sketch*, Feb. 22, 1922.

MAXWELL, WILLIAM BABINGTON:
"All to Husband." *Lloyd's*, Jan., 1922.
"Romance of It." *Outlook* (New York), June 21, 1922.

MERRICK, LEONARD:
"Pot of Pansies." *Nash's*, Dec., 1921.

MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N.:
"Life and Letters." *Manchester Guardian*, Feb. 15, 1922.

MONTGOMERY, K. L.:
"Gráineog." *Cornhill*, Nov., 1921.
"Wave Desart." *Cornhill*, March, 1922.

MOORE, GEORGE:
"Peronnik the Fool." *Dial*, Nov., 1921; *London Mercury*, Sept.–Oct., 1921.
"Wilfrid Holmes." *London Mercury*, Feb., 1922.

MORDAUNT, ELINOR:
"Fighting-Cocks." *Hutchinson's*, March, 1922; *Pictorial Review*, May, 1922.
"Ganymede." *Metropolitan*, Aug., 1921; *Pan*, Dec., 1921.
"Genius." *Century*, Nov., 1921; *Hutchinson's*, Feb., 1922.
"Kelly O'Keefe." *Lloyd's*, June, 1922; *Metropolitan*, April, 1922.
"Parrots." *Metropolitan*, June, 1922.
"Rider in the King's Carriage." *Lloyd's*, July, 1921.
"Yellow Cat." *Hutchinson's*, Aug., 1921.

MOULT, THOMAS ("SOUTHGATE, SIDNEY"):
"Dice Thrower." *Colour*, Dec., 1921.

NEWTON, WILFRID DOUGLAS:
"Mai D'Agora." *Blue*, Sept., 1921.

NORRY, M. E.:
"Barge." *Time and Tide*, Sept. 23, 1921.



Photo by Henry F. Goodwin. **Miss May Sinclair,** whose new novel "Ann Severn and the Fieldings" (Hutchinson) is reviewed in this Number.

PEMBERTON, MAX:
"Devil to Pay." *Story-Teller*, March, 1922.

PERROT, F.:
"Mr. Tweedale Changes His Mind." *Manchester Guardian*, Aug. 19, 1921.

PERTWEE, ROLAND:
"Chap Upstairs." *Saturday Evening Post*, May 13; *Strand*, June, 1922.
"Empty Arms." *Ladies' Home Journal*, March, 1922.

RAWLENCE, GUY:
"Return." *Cornhill*, June, 1922.

ROBERTS, CECIL EDRIC MORNINGTON:
"Silver Pool." *Hutchinson*, July, 1921.

"S. R. H.":
"Supplanter." *Manchester Guardian*, Feb. 26, 1922.

SABATINI, RAFAEL:
"Casanova in Madrid." *Premier*, July 15, 1921.

SEWELL, CHRIS:
"Suspension Bridge." *Truth*, Jan. 18, 1922.

SINCLAIR, MAY:
"Heaven." *Pictorial Review*, June, 1922.
"Lena Wrace." *Dial*, July, 1921.
"Token" *Hutchinson's*, March, 1922.
"Villa Désirée." *Hutchinson's*, Dec., 1921.

STEPHENS, JAMES:
"Hunger." *Broom*, Nov., 1921.

"STERN, G. B." (MRS. GEOFFREY LISLE HOLDSWORTH):
"Achille." *Sketch*, Dec. 7, 1921.
"Little Rebel" *Grand*, June, 1922.
"New Whittington." *John o' London's*, Mar. 25, 1922.
"P. L. M." *Sketch*, Dec. 14, 1921.

TORRY, E. NORMAN:
"Gourmand of Marseilles." *John o' London's*, April 1, 1922.

"TRUSCOTT, PARRY" (MRS. BASIL HARGRAVE):
"Hint to Husbands." *Colour*, Jan., 1922.
"Theft." *Colour*, June, 1922.

VAHEY, JOHN HASLETTE:
"Treasure." *Cornhill*, Nov., 1921.

WALPOLE, HUGH SEYMOUR:
"Bombastes Furioso." *Hutchinson's*, July, 1921.
"Conscience Money" *Pictorial Review*, May, 1922.
"Major Wilbraham." *Chicago Tribune*, Nov. 13, 1921.
"Mrs. Comber at Rafiel." *Story-Teller*, Aug., 1921.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT:
"Octagon." *Queen*, Dec. 10 and 17, 1921.

New Books.

THE SECOND CHANCE.*

The publication of this play happens to coincide with a revival of it on the stage. It deserves both print and performance, for it is one of the best of the series. Oddly enough it is much less cruel in the theatre than it is in the volume. You feel at the fall of the curtain that there is hope even for the Dearths; you feel at the close of the volume that there is little hope even for the Coadys. On the stage Margaret is a might-have-been; in the book she is a never-would-be. Possibly the difference of effect is caused by the slight sophistication of the theatre as against the stark veracity of the book; but however caused, the difference is there.

As in the previous volume there is here a wealth of delicate comment added by the author in the shape of stage direction. The very opening is characteristic: "The scene is a darkened room, which the curtain reveals so stealthily that if there was a mouse on the stage it is there still." The description of the mythical Margaret is delightful: "She has as many freckles as there are stars in heaven. She is as lovely as you think she is, and she is aged the moment when you like your daughter best."

The miracle of the play is the tremendous issues that are made to come from such unhopeful characters. The thesis is certainly more than half a truth; but it is less than the whole truth:

> "The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Well, being an underling is not quite the same as being a rotter. Moreover the stars must be reckoned with! Still for most of us, I suppose, it is true that, if we could go back to where we seemed to take a decisively wrong turning, we should find ourselves at last in much the same spot after all. Our dramatist handles his subject with an extraordinary appearance of casualness. The characters are all detrimentals and, with scarcely an exception, futile and unimportant creatures. They drift about aimlessly, talk vaguely, thinly, vacuously. Of action there is practically none throughout the three acts. Nothing in short could be more feeble as material for drama. And yet!—and yet few pieces touch the heart (or wring it) more poignantly. "Oh, what might have been, what might have been"; we mourn sometimes to comfort ourselves. Here we are shown that there is not even a "might have been" for most of us. The doctrine of necessity, spun by the playwright, as thin as a spider's web, nevertheless crushes us like a cope of lead. Surely there is no other play with so great an effect from material so slight!

After all there is a little comfort at the end of this exquisite invention. "A strange experiment, Matey," says Joanna; "does it have any permanent effect?" And Matey (upon whom it has had none) replies, "So far as I know, not often, miss; but, I believe, once in a while." There is hope in this (says the author) for the brave ones. If we could wait long enough we might see the Dearths breasting their way into the light. And over the bright garden, where the mysterious and transforming wood had been, a lark rises. Oddly enough, on the dull black morning of the December day when these lines were written, a blackbird, mounted on a bare tree, was carolling his spring song. So nothing is quite impossible!

GEORGE SAMPSON.

GEORGE MOORE.†

George Moore is a fascinating and difficult subject for criticism and therefore for portraiture (since portraiture involves selection and therefore criticism), for there is an attraction not only in his virtues but also in his shortcomings, a fact which renders unprejudiced discrimination unusually difficult. Such, then, being Mr. Moore's peculiarity, a certain sharpness of antagonism is the more necessary in his portrayer, for, as Mr. John Freeman observes in his Introduction, "resistance is as necessary to light as to heat." Now Mr. Freeman, with all his admiration for his sitter, brings to his task not only a very considerable critical faculty, but also an antagonism, a resistance, just sufficient to give objectivity and character to his portrait. George Moore, more than any other writer now living, provides material for a portrait in a study of his work, for in his work he is endlessly autobiographical and self-revealing, so that even in his most objective work—in novels such as "Esther Waters," "The Lake" and "The Brook Kerith," it is possible, with the help of the rest, to discover certain lines and features which serve to amplify the picture.

It might be objected that since Mr. Moore has given us so full a portrait of himself in his writings, it is supererogatory in Mr. Freeman to produce another; but he has ample justification, even if there were no other, in the fact that Mr. Moore's self-portrait distributes itself over a score of volumes. Mr. Freeman, in fact, synthetises the self-portrait into the frame of a single book. But this is not all, though even if it were—even if by a careful selection of passages Mr. Moore were simply allowed to portray himself—the result might well be a delightful book. But Mr. Freeman has done much more. His conception of George Moore is very far from being Mr. Moore's conception of himself or (what we often detect in Mr. Moore's work) his conception of what he wishes his readers' conception of him to be. Mr. Freeman has devoured and digested his George Moore very thoroughly, and from his considered reading of his subject's character he builds up a convincing study, illustrating the details of it with extraordinary skill by quotations from Mr. Moore's books: indeed Mr. Freeman has lifted quotation to a fine art, for he prefaces his chapters with deftly chosen quotations from Montaigne which in themselves constitute an amusing apposite picture in miniature of our novelist.

Whether we are to call Mr. Moore the perfect artist or the perfect egoist depends upon whether we regard a man's art as the expression of himself or as something of which he himself is the devoted slave, for certainly he is the devoted servant of his art. The world of man and nature he regards as so much forage for that splendid creature, and friends and foes are all pitchforked together into the manger. Mr. Freeman amusingly excuses this relentless sacrifice of friends in the sacred cause: Moore "has not simply torn them to pieces," he pleads, "but also put them together again—making them different, perhaps, but making them certainly whole": and if the friends are not particularly pleased with themselves in their new form—well, what can the devoted servant of art do about it?

Yet even if we choose the alternative that Mr. Moore is the perfect artist, there still remains a strong tincture of egoism, the egoism of the introspective artist. After all, he has said, there is no one who amuses one as much as oneself. He has recorded the fact, and Mr. Freeman reminds us of it, that as a small child "he stole away one morning to St. Stephen's Green, inspired by an unaccountable desire to break the monotony of infancy by stripping himself of his clothes, tossing them out of reach and running naked in front of his nurse or governess, screaming the while with delight": and it seems he found the experience so refreshing that he has periodically done the same ever since, causing delight not only to himself but to the readers of those masterpieces, "Memoirs of My Dead Life" and "Hail and Farewell."

* "The Plays of J. M. Barrie: 'Dear Brutus,' a Comedy in Three Acts." 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

† "A Portrait of George Moore." By John Freeman. 16s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Freeman is extremely illuminating on the subject of George Moore's style. Parallel with, and indeed as a vital part of, the development of the mind of the man he traces the development of the style of the artist in its painful evolution throughout the books, and the effect of his analysis is to renew our interest in the books themselves, even (and though Mr. Freeman may lament this, he cannot lament the testimony to the excellence of his criticism which it implies) in the least successful ones. The criticism is, in fact, searching and not infrequently Mr. Moore, especially but not exclusively the younger Mr. Moore, comes in for some sternly disciplinary treatment. Mr. Freeman is severe—too severe, we think—on "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Teresa," but on the other hand we are glad to find him lavish with praise for "The Lake," a novel which has not yet met with its deserts. In our own opinion it is the most perfect of all the novels, with the single exception of "The Brook Kerith."

Not the least telling part of Mr. Freeman's method is his humour; he has a highly diverting way of poking fun at his sitter—fun which is so light that it would be easy to overlook the importance of its function as criticism. It is laid on without emphasis or comment—a subtle touch of bright colour, sparingly used but telling in effect. Such a method is the cream of analysis: it effects in a few bright and amusing touches what might, in other hands, fill pages of dissection and comment. The book is a very interesting and skilful portrait of one of our most remarkable literary personalities.

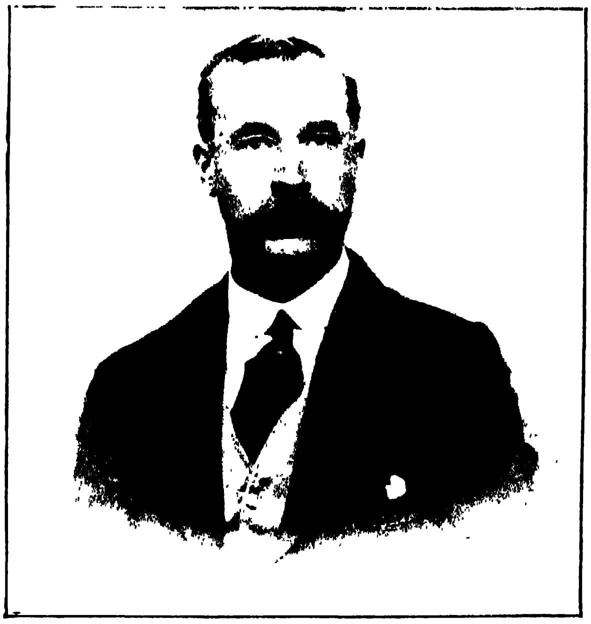
MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

POETS OF TO-DAY.*

There have been times when the living poet had such a very small audience that he found it an exceedingly difficult matter to keep himself alive. Thirty years ago it was commonly agreed that there was no public for poetry and hardly any publisher was brave enough to look for it. Nowadays, poetry interests a very large circle of readers, most of whom do not merely read it because they feel it is the proper thing for a cultured person to do that, but because they enjoy reading it. Mr. Coulson Kernahan's book is intended more for this type of reader than for the ferocious student who is more concerned with the technique and anatomy of poetry than with that beauty and emotion in idea and word and phrase that are the soul of it. Not that Mr. Kernahan is indifferent to the mechanics of the art; but he knows a poem cannot live by technique alone, and that there have been poets, including Blake, who have written magical and immortal things that have been technically faulty. He confesses at the outset that his essays are "rambling, discursive, gossipy"; that is what he meant them to be; he does not pretend they are "criticism in any scholarly or academic sense." His aim has been to write what should serve as introductory studies for the general reader, and as introductory studies to the six poets of his selection the essays are discriminating, informing, helpful, and above all interesting.

They are, in the main appreciative, and this was inevitable, since Mr. Kernahan has not had to work in the spirit of the reviewer who justly handles whatever comes to his net; he has chosen six poets who happen to make some particular appeal to him. Though he is acutely sensitive to the finer qualities of a poem and readier to praise these than to censure its shortcomings, he is too conscientious a critic to leave the latter out of the account. He pays due tribute, for example, to Masefield's lyrics and sonnets, outlines the stories of his narrative poems and, with liberal quotations, drives home to his readers the verbal felicities, the power and pathos and dramatic intensity of them; but he has shrewd doubts whether Masefield's genius "is not sometimes nearly allied to that of great journalism"; notes that his plots are not without the sensational element associated with "shockers"; and lays his finger on a real flaw in "The Everlasting Mercy" when he points out that before his conversion Saul Kane thinks and speaks as an unlettered man, but immediately after as a man of culture, and urges that conversion might give the man a new heart but could not also give him a new intellect.

In the same catholic spirit of appreciation, but never hesitating to leaven his praise with frank and sometimes rather devastating criticism, he handles his other five poets—Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, John Drinkwater, Maurice Baring, and Sir Henry Newbolt. You may not share all his opinions, but he furnishes you with the means of testing them for yourself; he not only summarises vividly the longer poems he discusses, but quotes so copiously that his essay on each poet is also an anthology in little (and not always so little either) of that poet's



Mr. Coulson Kernahan.

writings, and this blend of critical appreciation and anthology gives the book a double value and makes it an introduction, in the fullest sense of the term, to six of the most significant poets of our day. The six portraits that illustrate the volume are admirably reproduced.

A. K.

* "Six Famous Living Poets." By Coulson Kernahan. 12s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

THE HOPE OF IRELAND.*

George Russell, known to lovers of poetry as A. E., is one of the most remarkable figures of modern Ireland. There is evidently something unusual about a man who has kept the respect and affection of men so different as Mr. Yeats and Mr. George Moore; and to those of another race than his, A. E. is remarkable by his combination of an intense interest in affairs and his absorption in a spiritual world whose symbols are generally those of paganism. In this volume A. E. approaches nearer to Christian thought than in his previous works; and when he allows his poet Lavelle to speak of Milton as an example of a poet who lost much through his detachment from the traditional wisdom of the earth, I feel that A. E. knows there is an answer to that: that Catholicism, at its best, gave to poets, as to peasants, a *supra*-national tradition in which the national faiths could the more securely live.

The form of "The Interpreters" is that of the Platonic dialogue. The dialogue takes place at an unspecified time and in an unnamed country. The world-state has come into being, and has roused once more the spirit of nationalism. This spirit has made rebels; and the rebels and the State are fighting. We listen to the arguments of some of the protagonists in the rebel cause who, in prison, are watching the course of the conflict. Leroy, the anarchist; Lavelle, the poet; Rian, the artist; Culain, the

* "The Interpreters." By A. E. 6s. (Macmillan.)

labour leader; Brehan, the old historian, from whose genius they all derive, are there: and with them, by an accident, is Heyt, one of the organisers of the world-state, a great captain of aeronautics who has been captured in error. In the expectation of death the men, instigated by Leroy, discuss their cause, their reasons for rebellion, their hopes and their final philosophy. Among them are lesser men who are inarticulate, men who have rebelled because their betters did; but the chief discussion goes on between the great four representatives of the chief avenues of beauty—the man who loves Freedom, the man who loves Beauty, the man who worships Pity, and the man who seeks eternally for Truth.

A. E. keeps the balance fairly; but I think that he gives his best things, and shows his true mind therein, to the last two, the labour leader and the historian. Culain states his creed in these sentences:

"I am communist and socialist because I believe humanity to be a single being in spite of its myriad forms, faces, and eyes, and there is only in it such seeming separation as we find in our own being when it is dramatically sundered in dream. Whatever makes us clutch at the personal, whatever strengthens the illusion of separateness, whether it be the possession of wealth, or power over the weak, or fear of the strong, all delay the awakening from this pitiful dream of life by fostering a false egoism."

As the men argue together one feels that each is right. It is not the idea in any of them that is wholly wrong, not even in the tyrannical Heyt; but what is wrong is the form which the idea may take. In the government of the world something happens akin to that which happens in the writing of a poem or the painting of a picture. A man captures his idea, fixes his beauty; and in the very moment of being seized it escapes. A beauty, or a truth will remain for others; but to him, though he has done what he could, the best is failure. If the statesmen could learn to be as dissatisfied as the artists, we should have a better world. It is only when a man knows he cannot, that he can; for then he will be able to draw from elsewhere aids to his weakness. The spirit of "The Interpreters" is alive with that wisdom which refuses to exaggerate the might of the powerful, and can find in weakness unexpected and disconcerting merit. A. E. makes Leroy ask "what relation have the politics of time to the politics of eternity?"; it would be too much to say that "The Interpreters" answers the question; but it does this—it makes it impossible for any thoughtful man to deny that there must be a relationship, or to forget that the present problem, not only of Ireland but of the world, is that, as Lavelle puts it, "right should find its appropriate might."

THE POETRY OF EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.*

Two of the four outstanding poets among English-speaking contemporaries are American, but you would never think it if you listened too attentively to what Mr. John Drinkwater, in his introduction to the collected works of one of the quartet, rightly calls "the silly affectations of a rather assertive school of criticism in this country." Unfortunately their silliest affectation has been allowed to creep into the pages of some of our foremost critical journals, and as it directly bears, and in a derogatory spirit, upon the work of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Carl Sandburg, we cannot wonder that on our shores their names are still practically unknown. Mr. Sandburg is young enough to let the future take care of him in that respect, however; but with Mr. Robinson, who has been writing for thirty years and who has reached his fifty-second birthday, the case is somewhat different. Therefore Mr. Cecil Palmer deserves the warm congratulations of those whose love of poetry has scaled the barrier of vulgar insularity. By publishing in one handsome volume Mr. Robinson's output in its entirety he has given us ample opportunity to break away from the egomaniacal influence of reviewers who, as Mr. Robinson ought to know, are speaking less and less as time goes on for anybody except themselves.

It would be a charming commentary on our neglect of Mr. Robinson—this collection is the first of his books to be issued with an English publisher's imprint on the title page—if we were able to point to a wide and enthusiastic appreciation by the poet's own countrymen. But he is hardly more than a name across the Atlantic either, despite that Theodore Roosevelt (then President) showed practical interest in his poetical gift seventeen years ago by offering him a post in the New York Custom House—a sort of sinecure granted on the understanding that it was not to interfere with Mr. Robinson's pursuit of poetry! Previously he had suffered many privations through the general neglect of him. When the collected edition appeared in his own country the volume was voted by the two hundred and sixty members of the American Authors' Club to be of the most enduring value to the national literature of any book published during 1921. The decision must have given the poet himself much ironic satisfaction. For there was no section of the work which had not previously formed one volume or another of Mr. Robinson's series, and nobody (except Roosevelt) showed any particular anxiety to honour him at the first publication. "He has never been a figure for the paragraphists," explains Mr. Drinkwater, and perhaps that is the whole reason.

In any case, such tender irony and lucidity, such formal, austere technique as his does not make poetry likely to achieve popularity except in the most restricted, say, the Browning sense. If we examine the earliest of his writings, included in the section entitled "The Children of the Night" (1890–1897), and compare them with his most recent work, we do not find any marked difference in method. There is an amplification of it, but no new departure. Take, for example, his cynical yet beautifully symbolical "Cliff Klingenhagen." Klingenhagen had invited the poet to dine, and after soup and meat he took the glasses and filled one with wine and the other with wormwood. Without giving his guest any choice he drank the bitter draught himself and passed across the wine:

"And when I asked him what the deuce he meant
By doing that, he only looked at me
And smiled, and said it was a way of his.
And though I know the fellow, I have spent
Long time a-wondering when I shall be
As happy as Cliff Klingenhagen is."

This poem, by no means faultless and not at all a true sonnet, though the sonnet-form is attempted, expressed the same philosophy as a much later example, "Flammonde"—a positive philosophy, that of the baffled, Chestertonian knight, the failure, who sees his dreams all come true for other men and yet never loses his belief that "at the next white corner of the road" his eyes shall look on fulfilment. "I cannot find my way," the poet cries in "Credo," "there is no star in all the shrouded heavens anywhere." But:

"Through it all—above, beyond it all—
I know the far sent message of the years,
I feel the coming glory of the Light."

And yet, if we are to have this philosophy at its mellowest, and most adequately expressed, we turn to the section placed first in the book, "The Man Against the Sky" (1916). Mr. John Gould Fletcher has pointed out with truth and insight that Mr. Robinson is spiritually akin to Mr. Hardy. The American poet, however, is not a landscape painter, nor does he reveal himself anywhere as a lover of nature. His preoccupation is with men and women and his innumerable portraits are worthy of those in "Time's Laughing Stocks." Yet, like many of Mr. Hardy's portraits, his dark impersonal studies move us often as deeply as a Millais painting:

'Between me and the sunset, like a dome
Against the glory of a world on fire,
Now loomed a sudden hill
Bleak, round and high, by flame-lit height made higher,
With nothing on it for the flame to kill
Save one who moved and was alone up there

* "The Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson." With an Introduction by John Drinkwater. 21s. (Cecil Palmer.)

To loom before the chaos and the glare
As if he were the last god going home
Unto his last desire."

As " dark, marvellous and inscrutable " as is the suggestion of that sharply-silhouetted figure are Mr. Robinson's later poems, except for those readers who will take the trouble to give proper attention to this memorable book. One piece, however, which is itself a gesture not the least significant of the author's, may be read with infinite enjoyment by anyone who merely hurries through these six hundred pages of short lyrics and long narrative poems. "Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford " is a glowing, imaginary portrait of one who " will put an ass's head in fairyland as he would add a shilling to more shillings, all most harmonious," one whose

" Miraculous, inviolable increase
Fills Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
Of olden time with timeless Englishmen."

Here is something to appeal directly to the insular Englishman. And we may safely promise that he will rise from its reading with no such sense of outrage as Mr. Frank Harris and his followers appear to cause whenever they attempt Shakespearean portraiture. Nor does Mr. Robinson achieve his ultimate effect by any deliberate clouding of the sincere and noble yet unutterably poignant vision that in its turn has never once failed him during a long and honourable pursuit of his art.

THOMAS MOULT.

MASQUERIER AND HIS CIRCLE.*

This handsome volume (in a limited edition) is a notable addition to the fine library of art books which has emanated, and it is to be hoped will continue to emanate, from the *Connoisseur* offices It is a successful attempt to rescue from semi-eclipse the work of a one-time popular painter, whose talent has largely been obscured by the great school of British painters of which he was one of the last survivors. A Frenchman born, fate cast his future in the spacious English surroundings of Sir Joshua Reynolds and his circle, with the interesting result that we find his work, superficially English in method and manner, " yet permeated," as Mr. Grundy in his introduction excellently remarks, " by French *élan*." Not a painter of the first class he yet, with remarkable talent and adaptability, produced many portraits of great charm and value, curiously reminiscent of the pictures by the great artists with whom he was in close contact, but yet with an individuality which it would not be fair to underrate. The portrait in pastel of Miss Lonsdale here reproduced is a good example of his broader and best method but, to gain a full idea of his various powers, it is essential for the student to go to the book itself, where a lavish range of process blocks proves that he was not only a fine draughtsman but a colourist of exceptional brilliancy. How unequal his work was will also be apparent, but an artist in any medium must be judged by his best. The book is a model of research by M. Meyer Sée, a compatriot of the artist, who has already done much valuable work in the history of British art by rescuing from oblivion the beautiful work of the English pastellists of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. One of the most valuable services rendered by him in the present volume is the identification as Masquerier's of much of his later work which has, either through intentional fraud or by careless judgment, masqueraded in sale catalogues as that of Hoppner, Raeburn, Lawrence or Opie. But this is only one of its merits. M. Sée has explored the artist's career from end to end, " hunted out his works with the perseverance of a sleuth hound," and with a charming enthusiasm, heightened rather than marred by the evident fact that he is writing in a foreign language, produced a charming and valuable monograph. It is to be hoped that this book will find its way into the hands of the French connoisseur as well as the English, for even now the great British school of painting is comparatively little known and appreciated on the other side of the Channel. Were our French friends induced to grasp the fact that so able a painter as this *émigré* held but a moderate place amongst the painters of the country of his adoption, they would assuredly be indirectly stimulated to discovery and appreciation of a school of portrait-painting which can hold its own with any school in the world.

G. S. LAYARD.

* " Masquerier and His Circle." By R. R. M. Sée. With an introduction and a chapter of engravings after Masquerier by C. Reginald Grundy. £4 4s. (*Connoisseur*.)

PRINCIPAL DENNEY'S LETTERS.*

This volume is not only a worthy successor to " Letters of Principal James Denney to W. Robertson Nicoll, 1893-1917 "—the one calls for the other to complete the picture of the man. And the first word is one of praise for the fine editing which first makes the right selection from the available letters, fills up the gaps with just that information which is required to " set " the letter for the reader, and which in every particular observes those high, unwritten laws that should govern the publication of such intimate material.

Also a word of special praise is due to Dr. Moffatt for his brief but, in the best sense, adequate Introduction to the letters. And yet how tantalising. He makes us feel the hopelessness of expecting even these letters to body forth the real man, give us the real flavour of that

* " Letters of Principal James Denney to his Family and Friends " Edited by Dr. James Moffatt. 7s. 6d net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)



Miss Lonsdale.
From " Masquerier and His Circle " (*Connoisseur*).

mind and the peculiar glint and "life" of James Denney. In a way these letters make us feel our loss more keenly. What would we not give for a volume of Table Talk of a man who could say, "The Church's Confession of faith should be sung, not signed." To ministers: "Don't become the pet lamb of your flock; be their shepherd." Or again: "You can't, in preaching, produce at the same time the impression that you are clever and that Christ is wonderful." What a pity that Boswell died without issue!

But such cavil is surely a graceless looking of a gift horse in the mouth. The editor says: "These letters speak for themselves. Better still, they let us hear Dr. Denney speaking himself." and every reader will gratefully agree. We see him as a student in Germany, and indirectly in his letters home we see him as a son. We enter with him into the high hopes and honouring anxieties which are his as he takes up his first charge, and deeply sympathise with him when he finds that committees are no sure and finally certain guarantee of the near millennium. He has to meet fools and wise, and with his keen humour manages to meet not a few of the former with apostolic gladness. I wonder how many out of Scotland (or in, for that matter) know anything about the Rev. J. P. Struthers, who refused all honours and insisted on remaining in a quiet corner, if Greenock could be called such—and yet Dr. Denney had no doubt whatever that he was one of the most remarkable men of his day. Even in the "Life and Letters of J. P. Struthers" (Hodder & Stoughton) it is difficult to get the sense of his real greatness. The letters to him are gathered into a chapter in this volume and everywhere reflect the beauty of a perfect friendship.

As a fragrance and a charm the influence of Mrs. Denney is felt throughout the book, and there is no surer test of the essential manhood of James Denney than the glory of the love he gave and received from her. In life and in death she set the measure of his days. His was a great loneliness after her death in 1907, and all subsequent joys and sorrows were different because of her absence. What a grand old Spartan and glorious Christian was James Denney!

Dr. Denney, in a letter to Dr. Geo. Jackson, says that an illustration in a sermon is his despair. Yet he had a keen eye and a good ear for a story, though probably not such as would be at home in a Scotch pulpit. Here is a true one: A mother has been reading the stories of Genesis to her little girl of five. When she read about the bow in the cloud, after the flood, the little girl said, "*That's* a true story; but all that about the animals was just put in for the children."

A. H.

THE LIGHTS AND DELIGHTS OF LONDON.*

Here is a wholly delightful book. I have got more good reading out of it than out of any book in this kind since Neil Lyons shook the star-dust of London from his heels and betook himself to the fields less fresh and the pastures less new of our over-cultivated country-side.

Thomas Burke's disadvantage is that he knows London. For him there are no mean streets in all its vast congeries. Throughout it is aflame, ablaze, with beauty and romance. Humour sparkles in its dingiest corners. Here and there its myriad lights shine jaggedly with a wistful pathos of unshed tears. There is a note of passion in its roaring voice, an undertone of sympathy born of understanding in its murmurous silence.

He is only unfortunate in his title. It is not merely misleading in the obvious sense; it is misleading because there is nothing of that furtiveness and cunning in his make-up which one associates with the underhand activities of a spy. It is not as one lurking in the shadows, peering and prying, eavesdropping, making assiduous use of a notebook in elaborate cipher, that our author learns London. He comes out boldly into the open ways, with outstretched hands and a frank smile to greet the Cockney at home as a friend and a good comrade—to talk, not about him, but with him.

There are few Londoners who know London as Thomas Burke knows it. London is just a vast agglomeration of towns and villages, differing as widely from one another as Ancoats and Alfriston, Stromness and Mevagissey, Cheapside and Cathay. In London you will find, as in the whole cosmography of East and West, the crimes of Clapham chaste in Pennyfields. There *are* buses running from the Bank to Mandalay.

But the average Londoner is pitifully unaware of this colossal miracle enacting at his very door every hour of the day and night. He isn't interested in any other part of London than the slum or suburb, fashionable quarter or severely residential district, that he happens to inhabit. He is the greatest and the least of the provincials. He takes London as read, having looked into it only as far as the pages of his local directory will let him. He doesn't know or care what happens behind the plate glass in the High Street or even to the people next door. So long as he can get his favourite brand of newspaper and cigarette at the handiest shop, so long as his nearest neighbours keep their doorstep clean, their brasswork well polished and their windows well curtained, he is quite satisfied, thank you. He keeps himself *to* himself, and would much rather not go poking his nose into other people's business, even with Mr. Burke's assistance.

That is why he doesn't read books about London: real books about the real London, anyway.

But I do wish he would read this book. If only he knew it, there is infinitely more romance and adventure to be found in the Pool of London than in all the Blue Lagoons of Oceania put together, more exciting and vivid experiences to be encountered in the Isle of Dogs than in any Island of Unrest, whilst for intrigue and sensation Eastcheap beats the Near East hollow.

This is, above all things, a book for the born traveller, and particularly those happy slaves of the wander-lust who have not yet realised the immense potentialities of their season-tickets. With their season-tickets in their fob-pocket they can travel to the far ends of the earth with no more luggage needed than they can carry in their heads in the form of well-stored memories of "The London Spy."

And for those who prefer the arm-chair to the deck-chair, this is also a book to be bought and cherished. It is finely written, deeply informed, full-blooded and high-spirited. It has moved this present hardened reviewer to many a chuckling laugh, and now and then brought a lump into his throat. There is gaiety and wit and humour in this book, and the best kind of poetry. And there is, of course, a leaven of earnestness, of uncompromising seriousness, which never degenerates into heaviness or dullness or pomposity, in its most gallant championship of the poor, and especially the children of the poor.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "The London Spy." By Thomas Burke. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

ON A CHINESE SCREEN.*

"Do you not know that there are in this country four hundred millions of the most practical and industrious people in the world? . . . And what will become of your superiority when the yellow man can make as good guns as the white and fire them as straight?" asked the Chinese philosopher of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Fortunately for Mr. Maugham, a lucky interruption saved him from the necessity of answering a somewhat embarrassing question. This is one of the heavier strokes in the picture he has painted "On a Chinese Screen"—one of the most charming pictures it has been my lot to look at for a long time. In

* "On a Chinese Screen." By W. Somerset Maugham. 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

the words I have quoted those of my readers who have seen Mr. Maugham's last play will recognise part of a speech made with telling effect by Mr. C. V. France, but I enjoyed even more the book story of the polished, if bitter, gentleman who was not only the greatest authority on Confucius, but who in, so to speak, an idle moment had taken a degree in Berlin and had studied also in England, and who had " more use for American petroleum than for American philosophy."

From beginning to end the book is a joy; a piece of lacquer work, a lapis lazuli vase, a delicate etching—anything you like that suggests to you something as exquisite as it is refreshing.

Mr. Maugham is neither a conscientious recorder of events complete with dates and maps, nor a " gossipy " diarist eager to repeat the clever things his bedroom steward said to him on the voyage and the subtle way in which he drew out the simple coolie whom he met in a cemetery " by the paddy fields "; he is an artist who, realising that his subject is impossibly large for his canvas, has sighed, and contented himself with a series of wonderful studies. There are a hundred characters that come and go in his pages; in half a dozen words they are made your friends. There is a very human consul who takes his duties and himself very seriously indeed, and who is not a man who indulges in profane oaths; but when the Englishwoman he was trying to rescue—she had married in England a Chinese man whom she later found had already a wife waiting to greet them in China—refused to leave her Chinese master on the ground that there was something in the way his hair grew on his forehead that she could not help liking, " he really could not restrain himself, and he said fiercely: 'Women are simply bloody.' "

And that mischievous Dr. Saunders, who plagued the poor missionary so that you are sorry for the latter, but wholly unable to avoid chuckling at the humour of the former.

And the dignified Cabinet Minister, "corrupt, inefficient, and unscrupulous . . . dishonest, cruel, vindictive and venal . . . But when he held in his hand a little vase . . . his fingers seemed to curl about it with a charming tenderness, his melancholy eyes caressed it as they looked, and his lips were slightly parted as though with a sigh of desire." The old rascal!

I could go on for pages and pages telling you of the wonderful things that Mr. Maugham saw in China, and the wonderful way in which he tells you about them, but I will not waste your time—run to your bookseller, obtain a copy, and take it home and read it in a room in which there are rose-leaves lying in a black bowl on a polished table.

F. D. G.

THE PAPACY.*

There are various important histories of the Popes, things of consequence which preceded Ranke and things which came after. Perhaps only one of them all may be termed ready to the hand of the ordinary reader, and this happens to be the work of Ranke himself, which has been available for many years in Bohn's " Historical Library " and is, we think, still available in that series. Mrs. Bell has produced what her publishers term " a general sketch " of the long and chequered chronicle. It has the advantage of all that has gone before it and seems to have made use of all, though it cites few authorities and has no bibliographical list. It is also brightly written and is admirably impartial throughout. Being after all, notwithstanding four hundred closely printed pages, a condensed summary designed for popular use, enough has been said to indicate its scope and aim. In so far as it has original claims they are those of a writer who has reflected well upon the wide reach of her material, and the evidence for this is clear upon most pages. It is a shrewd study of a policy and of the origin and growth of a theory; in a certain broad sense the papal policy has never varied and its theory has been always the same. To say that Mrs. Bell's book is impartial does not mean that it points to no conclusion. One is obviously in the mind of the author, though it does not unfold therefrom, being implied only in two of her concluding points: (1) " The greatest of the political discoveries of the modern world is the separation of the various functions of government "—as, e.g., the spiritual from the temporal power; and (2) " the later history of the Papacy is the gradual rediscovery of the true foundation of spiritual power, and the readjustment of the world to that end." We should say that it was an unwilling discovery, but signs are not wanting that it is now at last beginning to be accepted in the heart. Virtually therefore, as it seems to us, Mrs. Bell's work is an indictment of the Roman claim on the whole historical side, and the side of religion lies beyond her scheme. The Papacy emerges as that which it always was—a political institution which during a certain period of centuries grew up from more to more, bidding openly for supreme power. The Reformation, though it looms so largely, was but a great event in the struggle against this claim. It might have burnt itself out or been crushed but for that which stood behind it—the hostility of kings and princes. And this hostility was not towards points of doctrine, except in a subsidiary and almost casual sense, but towards the Pope as ruling sovereign, king over kings, of the whole Christian world. So also that which broke in the days of Luther was not Latin Christianity but the Papal claim, and behind the hostility of states and rulers it may be that there was " the hand of God in history." The " Kingdom," according to Christ, was not of this world, but Rome set itself to show that it was, and the answers of Luther, of German princes, of " reformed " Europe and of 1870, whatever their individual validity, seem to have been so directed that they emerge as the voice of God. Yet Latin Christianity remains.

A. E. WAITE.

* " A Short History of the Papacy." By Mary I. M. Bell. 21s. (Methuen.)

A SCRAP BOOK.*

This is a very characteristic production. It is full of Professor Saintsbury's big and boisterous personality, and exhibits the very wide range of his interests. Like Praed's Vicar,

> " He slips from politics to puns,
> From Mahomet to Moses."

He just gossips briefly about all sorts of things and books and people, weaving into his talk no inconsiderable amount of autobiography. It is the kind of book that he could continue indefinitely, and I hope that a second series is in the press. But I also hope that he will reconsider some of his attitudes. His posture towards his poorer brethren (they really are his fellow Englishmen!) is unworthy of a humanist. His heart, large to books, is much less large to men. Some of his views on education might with advantage be omitted altogether. For instance he breaks out into italics in condemnation of the theory that all children are equally educable. But no person in this world holds such a crazy doctrine! The most Utopian advocate of University Education for Everybody never supposes that Everybody can get a First in Greats.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. George Saintsbury.**

* " A Scrap Book." By George Saintsbury. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

It is to the humaner parts of the volume that readers will turn with pleasure—to sketches of dead friends (one obituary at least recovered from THE BOOKMAN), to adventures at inns (where all adventures should begin), to caustic remarks on Pussyfoots, to eulogies of food and drink and regrets for the sausages of his youth, to side-lights on the journalism of the eighties and to the occasional fables and apologues. If space allowed I should like to quote "Miracle de Notre Dame d'Amours" in full; but as I cannot quote all I will not spoil it by quoting parts.

Dr. Saintsbury's successor at Edinburgh compared him the other day to Dr. Johnson. Personally I do not think him at all like Dr. Johnson, for more reasons than one (as he might say). I do think, however, that he is like a character out of Peacock; and as one of my eternal regrets is that the rich conversational pages of Peacock are so few, I beg him to supply that unhappy deficiency, and go on talking with any quantity of imagined interlocutors. I would not for a moment have him mitigate his wild whimsies, but I would beg him to remember that humanists are at their best when most humane. Can we not have from him a new "Gryll Grange" and some excursions into Aristophanic comedy? Let him tilt as often as he likes against "the learned friend," but let him tilt in Peacock's genial manner. Even in the common "scraps" we shake hands before we set to.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

ANN SEVERN.*

It is possible, if one cares for such researches, to wonder while one is reading one of Miss May Sinclair's later books what has happened to Miss May Sinclair that wrote "The Divine Fire." And yet one does not need to seek so very far. The two women, Lucia and the little bank clerk of "The Divine Fire," were first sketches of many women who have appeared in Miss Sinclair's books since. The only difference is that she has, so to speak, changed sides. In old days she was on the side of Lucia, retiring and refined. Nowadays she is, with reservations, on the side of Flossie, the plucky little realist. There is still, however, an impatience with the externals of vulgarity. Miss Sinclair's heroines are always perfect ladies.

"Ann Severn and the Fieldings" is the story of a tragic love affair, not made in the least less tragic because there is at the end a prospect of its being regularised. Ann Severn is a little orphan cousin brought into a big family of boys. She is by nature the dependable kind of person into whose lap they all tend to drop themselves and their troubles. The two eldest boys fall in love with her. It would be unfair to call the eldest, Jerrold, who is the love of her life, a weakling. But he has a flaw running right through him. He funks suffering to such a pitch that he shirks reality when it is even remotely associated with it. Eliot, the doctor, is exactly the opposite. The fact of suffering works on him by making him find life unendurable unless he can do something about it in the atmosphere of the hardest and most exacting realities.

Ann is in love with Jerrold. But she gets tainted or flavoured for him by the disastrous circumstances of his father's death. For him she is part of that ghastly and tragic scene, a helpful, tender, magnificent part, but that makes no difference. He himself has not figured in the business at all. It was not that he did badly; he did nothing. So he bolts away from her and tries to forget her with the rest of the misery. Eliot, the formidably sensible brother, gives Ann some sound advice—to go to India and turn up again in Jerrold's neighbourhood on a gay and happy background that will blot out the previous image. But she is still too much of a Victorian for that. Jerrold marries Maisie, because Maisie is in love with him, and comes back to England; to find that nevertheless the only person he has ever been or ever will be in love with is Ann. So they have a *liaison* which brings them both a kind of happiness until Ann meets Maisie, and then the trouble begins.

For Ann is forced to realise that Maisie is as fine a creature as she is herself, a little more delicate and breakable, but as noble in her instincts, as free from petty cowardice and, worst of all, as much in love with Jerrold. Moreover, she likes and trusts Ann. She champions her fiercely against the quacking of the county. The thing simply can't go on. They cannot lie to the invincibly candid and trustful Maisie. They break the affair off so as to have nothing to lie about, and it half kills them both. Finally, they tell her and she abdicates and promises a divorce. This part of the book is frankly a little absurd. For Maisie has a neurosis of false angina, and Ann by taking her husband cures her heart complaint, which may be possible but is beside the mark.

The best points in the book are the portraits of the women. Ann herself, Maisie, Adeline, the incurably, complacently parasitic, beautiful mother, and Queenie, the savage little sensualist who marries one of the brothers. There emerges also a picture of that field hospital which has already appeared in some of Miss Sinclair's works. The picture of this gang of possibly gallant but neurotic and sensation-seeking amateurs leaves the present writer personally a warm advocate of the ordinary professional nurse. She may be, she often is, conventional, school-girlish and with a deplorable taste in literature. But at least she has some sense of duty and self-abnegation, and gives herself only due professional airs to which, after all, she has bought her right by hard training and hard work.

L. MASTERMAN.

* "Ann Severn and the Fieldings." By May Sinclair. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

NICHOLAS II.*

It was an advantage at the start to Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams when, at the outbreak of the Great War, he took up the post of Chief of the British Military Mission in Russia, that an ancestor of his, Sir Charles Hanbury-Williams, had a small niche in the annals of that country as having been Ambassador to Russia in the time of the Empress Catherine. Indeed the General says, "On my arrival I found that there was still around one some of that halo of mystery which was attached to the days when she addressed her letters to him as 'Madame' and he to her as 'Monsieur.'" General Hanbury-Williams set out on his Mission expecting to find secrecy and difficulties and an Imperial family weighed down with care, anxieties and the fear of an anarchist's bomb or an assassin's knife. He found things very different. Every facility was given to him; and the Emperor and Empress were, as regards their own persons, less worried than perhaps ever before, believing that, whatever the future might hold for them, a revolution would undoubtedly be postponed until after the conclusion of the war.

The pictures of the Imperial family as given here are in sharp contradiction to the view that has been generally taken. When the General first saw the Tsar, instead of the "somewhat sad and anxious-looking monarch, with cares of state and other things hanging over him," he found "a bright, keen, happy face, plenty of humour, and a 'fresh-air man,'" tremendously keen about the war, and determined to fight to a finish:

> "He said that the only right [peace] terms would be the conditions of the Allies, i.e. that the naval and military power of Germany should be wiped out, carrying with them, of course, the disappearance from power of the Kaiser, who is the factor that keeps things going as they are."

That was in March, 1915, and seventeen months later he repeated this:

> "We mean to fight this war out to the end with our good Allies. And the only peace we shall agree to will be one that

* "The Emperor Nicholas II as I Knew Him." By Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., C.M.G. 15s. (Humphreys.)

will do us all honour together when once we have achieved victory."

The odds against Russia were too great, for it gradually came to be recognised that, as General Hanbury-Williams put it, " the odds were on corruption against co-operation." The Empress, too, we are told, had even before the outbreak of war decided for herself that the cause of Russia and the Allies was just, and she stood loyally for Russia throughout. The trouble was: " She is so proud of Russia and so anxious that the Allies should win the war, and yet, without being aware of it, carrying out bad advice in the selection of advisers and others." How far it was her influence that persuaded the Emperor to take personal command in the field is a vexed question and one to which probably the answer will never be known.

On the evening of December 30th, 1916, General Hanbury-Williams was rung up at his hotel in Petrograd by *The Times* correspondent in that city: " They have got him at last, General." The General guessed that this meant the assassination of Rasputin, the evil genius of the Empress, and as indirectly of the Empire.

> " His influence over the Empress was undoubted," he writes. " It arose over the history of the birth of her son a son being granted to her, she thought, owing to the prayers of this wicked and wandering monk. The delicate health of the young heir was of great anxiety to her, and she placed all her faith on Rasputin to keep the boy in health. It is possible that he had some of the qualities of a ' nerve specialist.' "

The rest of the story of how he acquired influence over her, and, through her, over the Emperor, is too well known to repeat.

General Hanbury-Williams remained in Russia until April, 1917, and his book presents a bird's-eye view of the country and of the principal personages there with whom the author came into contact. It is a work of undoubted interest and value to students of the period.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

EDWARD THOMAS.*

Generosity perhaps, but no false modesty, was it that prompted W. H. Hudson to admit that in at least one of the things that drew himself and Edward Thomas together - their mutual feeling for poetry—it was the elder man who sat at the feet of one by comparison little more than a boy—" his knowledge so much profounder than mine, his judgment so much more mature." Thomas was in the twenties when the friends first met, his forties he never reached. " Edward Thomas died in 1919," his publishers here allege. An odd slip. His friends have not forgotten that Thomas was killed in 1917 on the Western Front while serving with the battery to which he had insisted on returning, refusing all proffered bait of Staff tabs and " cushy " jobs. " There were so many (speaking of poets) we could have sacrificed too." You will find that in a letter to Hudson of November, 1914, in which Thomas already contemplates enlisting, and says he should have done so already " if I had been in company that had encouraged me." Something of bitterness perhaps in that talk of sacrificing poets, a little unexpected. To each other, people say such things. Than the possibility of their publication, no thought was ever remoter from the mind of Thomas when he sat down to write (usually briefly) these letters to his friends. If it was bitterness the war put it there, just as it gave Thomas something else, a boon, that of exemption from the worries of literary pot-boiling, and aid to the discovery of a new medium in which all his best work was to be done in a short two years.

* " Cloud Castle and Other Papers." By Edward Thomas. With a Foreword by W. H. Hudson. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Perhaps, if there had been no war, English poetry would have been the worse off, though when it came Thomas was already secretly writing verses as a relief from criticising other people's, an ill-paid, soul-destroying job, but his own. It was his wont to make whimsical mockery of the bulk of what he wrote between his precocious boyhood (he published his first book of essays at nineteen) and what seemed the too early autumn of his middle thirties. He always, for instance, went out of his way to describe himself, in writing and talking, as a journalist, laying a wistful emphasis on the fact that literature was his livelihood. That was of course the case. The sordid connotation of the fact was what he hated—the perpetual foraging for commissions, the utter weariness of a task three parts of which was uncongenial. But if he detested his job, he took it seriously. As a critic, as a practical journalist since he would have it so, no one could have been prompter, more competent, more scrupulously and uprightly just. It was good copy, too, though *qua* copy it suffered at times from " my special brand of vagueness." His standards were as high as they could be; even mediocre work seemed somehow to hurt him, yet the pole-axe, or anything like it, was not among the weapons of his armoury. Editors who sent him books counted with reliance on the receipt within a week of the neatest parcel of Hellenic script, scholarly, acute, illuminating stuff, an ornament to any literary page. If a book were very bad there were rare occasions in which it might return like a boomerang with a graceful note of apology—" I have no skill in abuse." And for all his avoidance of the cymbals and the big drum, he came in time to exert a singular authority. He made reputations. The sanity and surety of his judgments are much missed in these days when enthusiasms are wont too easily to transcend the limits of the judicious. Let us consider any vogue, say Flecker's. Thomas made it his business to know all about his contemporaries, for they *were* his business. Among his letters to Hudson (Ed. James Guthrie, *London Mercury*, August, 1920), we find:

> " He (Flecker) was one of the ' artificers in verse ' that I can't quite get on with, the decorators, like Wilde, who carry Keats's style to its logical extreme without genius. But he did it very well indeed. There were passages reminding me of some of the solid French rhetoricians in verse, like Leconte de Lisle. But if you want brass or even gold, why not have it in metal? Words can't be given that character without losing their own, it seems to me."

But this is not to review " Cloud Castle," the posthumous papers of a mystic introduced posthumously by the ghost of a gesture of another mystic, bond number two between E. T. and W. H., the young writer and the old. What the third was we know, the feeling of both for Nature, and here Thomas bowed and did reverence, as you may see in his letters and dedication of " Richard Jefferies " to the older man, to one who had perhaps forgotten more about birds, beasts and flowers than he, diligent and assiduous student as he was, had ever had time to learn.

One may say that mysticism is the outstanding note of this collection, a touch here and there of nature lore, of the " shop " of criticism not a trace. Mr. Hudson had time, if little more, to vouch for the choice being Thomas's own, and made deliberately for publication, otherwise we should perhaps have wondered a little. Thomas never wrote badly, even as a schoolboy, but much here is not of his best. Several sketches are literally juvenilia. " A Man of the Woods " is dated twenty-five years back; " Felix," 1899; " Seven Tramps," 1902; and " Bronwen," 1903—at least a quarter of the bunch before his twenty-fifth birthday, before, in fact, he had thrown off Wilde and Pater (how admirably he bears himself in these embroidered mantles!) and became himself. But most decidedly, however posthumous, are these not " his latest papers." The firm that published " Horæ Solitariæ " twenty years ago should know better.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

FROM GAY TO GRAVE.*

From time to time we are reminded that somebody said that there are, essentially, only so few stories in the world, and that every new attempt at tale-telling is but a variant of one or other of those few. It may be as true as is the implication of a certain parlour game that everything is classifiable under one or other of the heads "animal, vegetable, mineral or abstract." If we take but one of those four, say "vegetable," we find an infinitude of diversity in its nominal unity. Even so is it with the story; we may classify it with botanical exactness and yet in doing so fail to indicate qualities which mark it out from others of the same genus. It would, for instance, be easy to classify the first three of these four novels as all belonging to that genus the characteristic of which is post-matrimonial trouble. In the one we have a rich and beautiful widow all of whose wealth is to be alienated if she fail to remarry within two years of her husband's death. In the next it is the marriage of incompatibles leading to flight and the trials and tribulations consequent upon innocent bigamy. While in the third we have something of seeming incompatibility in marriage (war variety).

Despite the points of general similarity indicated the three stories referred to are as unlike as well could be in manner, style and "atmosphere." Mr. Keble Howard sets off with something of Dickensian jauntiness in his presentation of the lawyer's offices in the Temple, and the old lawyer and his resourceful clerk who are soon in the thick of things for ensuring that a suitor shall be found for the lovely Lady Oxborrow and shall within the term of a single month become her husband. There are interested parties who not only hope that the testamentary condition of the late Lord Oxborrow will not be fulfilled, but who are prepared to take strong measures to prevent its fulfilment. Of course their machinations fail, and equally of course the emergency marriage turns out, despite inauspicious beginnings, to be a happy one. Mr. Keble Howard tells his story in the bright and lively fashion of a recognised raconteur.

In "Manetta's Marriage," Mr. Burgin begins by showing us that eastern Canadian town of Four Corners to which as novelist he has remained faithful for "umpteen" years. He introduces us to a charming young French Canadian inn-keeper and poet, Adonais Millette, who has been jockeyed into marriage with Seraphine, a jealous termagant. The moment comes when Adonais can stand it no longer. He silently steals away, works his passage across the Atlantic in a cattle-boat and duly turns up in the London suburb of Longburn. There he fits into a new niche as unlike that which he had left as well could be—and there he meets the preternaturally cute Manetta! When news comes from Four Corners that his wife is dead, all seems clear for the marriage of the two—but then the deep-laid scheme of Seraphine triumphs for a time and the entangled poet is borne in a poor kind of triumph back to his inn-keeping. It is a full and interesting story displaying its author's gifts of humour and sentiment to capital effect.

If it be true that life is a comedy to those who think and a tragedy to those who feel, then is Time failing of his usual kindly offices in the case of Sir Philip Gibbs, to whom the tragedy of the years following the war appears not less appalling than that of the war itself. That at least is the impression we get from his new novel, "The Middle of the Road"—the hero of which, an ex-officer unable to find work, is married to the daughter of a nobleman. Bertram Pollard is certainly given a trying time by his thoughtless, pleasure-seeking, self-willed young wife. It is, however, less the story of the central two, than the presentation of post-war life, thought and feeling by which we are impressed in this book. In following the fortunes of Bertram we are shown how hard a time of it that man has who cannot "take sides," who is temperamentally driven to the middle of the road in all things. In the form of a story Sir Philip Gibbs affords us glimpses—disquieting glimpses—of post-war things in France, in Germany and in Russia, as well as in England, and the story is written with such literary skill as makes it but the more poignantly impressive.

"Dunslow" is a yarn of mysterious disappearances and their elucidation by the last two of those who should have disappeared and left no trace—had the machinations of the plotters proved wholly successful. Mr. Punshon has certainly devised a goodly succession of melodramatic happenings—though his story seems to have nearer relation to the "life" of the cinema than of actuality.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "King of the Castle: A Novel." By Keble Howard. 7s. 6d. net. (Arrowsmith.)—"Manetta's Marriage." By G. B. Burgin. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"The Middle of the Road: A Novel." By Philip Gibbs. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)—"Dunslow." By E. R. Punshon. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

DIPLOMATIC REVELATIONS.*

Baron Rosen was a Russian diplomatist of high standing in those circles where the international affairs of this unhappy world are settled—and unsettled. If the world will only take the trouble to read this book, in which he tells the story of his official career, then many important facts will be revealed which it is very necessary that ordinary citizens should know. The peculiar value of these volumes is that the author "gives away" his profession with an artless simplicity which makes it so much the more convincing. Baron Rosen writes with the quiet dignity of a seventeenth century memoir. He has none of the vivacity of the Horace Walpole school of the eighteenth century; or the reckless personality—shall we say vulgarity—of the diaries of the twentieth. He has that quality of respectful consideration which a gentleman has for every human being. He refused to increase his royalties by merely dancing on his friends' reputations. He never becomes one of those administrative machines which go on blindly grinding society to powder, as a mill grinds corn; he will often stop the history of the world to say a few words about his little daughter and his search for a home that will suit her health. He is very human, and only a diplomat in his worst moments. Rosen does not strike one as a brilliant man; but one is equally impressed by the fact that he was usually right (and honest), while the more flashy men were usually wrong (or dishonest).

But what is so revealing about this book is that it shows with alarming conclusiveness that the men who govern us are an exceedingly dull lot. Baron Rosen does not insist on this fact; it merely trickles out without ceasing all through his narrative. He tells of one great Foreign Minister of Russia, "to whom the outside world is known only by hearsay." Which is as dangerous as if a ship's pilot only knew of the chart by rumour. This national danger was appointed to his high office because he had kept the still more appalling ignorance of the last minister within the limits of sanity!

What is still more convincingly shown in this invaluable book is that these great Ministers of State have so little real power after all. One scarcely knows whether that is a mercy or a calamity. Baron Rosen, for example, was the Russian Ambassador in Tokio when the Russo-Japanese War broke out. He tells us that he was most anxious to prevent war, and the chief ministers at Petrograd seem to have worked for the same end. But a small group of people (no one seems quite certain who they were) wanted a war; or, more precisely, they wanted a timber concession in Korea. But the timber concession was clearly only a blind, a mere excuse for sending troops to guard it; for Russia had two million square miles of forests of her own! These adventurers are not even clever enough to think of a plausible story. But everybody in official power seemed helpless: and Russia was brought near destruction because her official ministers were too stupid or too careless to avoid the danger.

Again, Baron Rosen tells of the outbreak of the recent Great War. He gives a most precise and detailed history

* "Forty Years of Diplomacy." By Baron Rosen. 2 vols. 25s. (Allen & Unwin.)

of the memorable night on which Russia was ordered to mobilise. The Prime Minister did not want war. The Czar did not want it. But somebody did. Who was it? or who were they? The miserable Czar was made to sign the mobilisation papers; and Baron Rosen went down to his club to tell his friends that the worst had happened. But a great general replied that the Czar had just used a private telephone line to order the War Office to cancel the mobilisation. The victim had apparently escaped from the malignant spirit which was struggling with his soul. But it was a hopeless rush for freedom. By twelve o'clock that night the Czar had been made to withdraw the counter-order, and the Great War was inevitable.

Baron Rosen's book should be made a textbook for intelligent citizens who are anxious to know why the world, every few generations, is turned upside down by a small group of criminals who consider nobody's interests but their own. There has been a general understanding that our ambassadors and statesmen are appointed to guard the welfare of their peoples. After reading this book one can only come to the conclusion that the men we select for this work are a set of incompetent persons who do not know their trade or are too cowardly to express their views. Rosen was at least intelligent and honest, but he does not seem to have got his way in anything that really mattered. Again and again he does not seem even to have known what was going on behind the scenes. He was like an author sitting in the stalls, while unknown hands and tongues performed his own play backwards.

This book grips the reader. It opens with orthodox phrases in an orthodox style; but it gradually becomes clear that this older world manner is one of its greatest charms. It seems the dignified protest of a gentleman against an age that has become vulgar; in the way that cheap furniture is vulgar when placed beside the fine lines and skilful workmanship of a piece of true Jacobean. Rosen has written his life against a dark background of obscure intriguers and reckless adventurers. The Foreign Offices of Europe have never had a great reputation for intellect or scrupulousness. But they are innocent *crèches* compared with those houses of "high finance" which so often intrude into the diplomatic sphere to-day; and make sport of both diplomats and soldiers alike.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS.*

Perhaps the days of the giants are really over, and if in looking at the sixteen names on Mr. Rutter's contents page it occurs to you that no contemporary artist towers so large and familiar in the general mind as Millais or Leighton used to, you have to remember that the same state of things prevails all round. We have no poet, novelist, philosopher, scientist or politician who to the public eye stands so distinctly above his fellows as did Tennyson, Dickens, Carlyle, Darwin, Gladstone or Disraeli. This may mean only that, commerce being rampant, the multitude no longer takes the arts seriously; or that it takes them so much more seriously than ever that its enthusiasm is not so easily aroused. Immediate popularity is of course no proof of greatness; it was not in Leighton's case, but it was not so far wrong in Millais's, and even though "Bubbles" may have helped him he lost nothing when his "Bubbles" reputation burst. Granting that ultimately the verdict is given by time and time alone, Mr. Rutter holds that we "can hazard a guess at the opinion of posterity by listening to what is being said abroad about one of our artists"; for he must influence not only his compatriots but the world "before we can regard him as a star of the first magnitude." This, however, is too large a subject to discuss adequately within the limits of a necessarily short review, and I leave you to go to Mr. Rutter's pages for his views on the extent to which our painters have reversed a state of things that has existed since Constable's and Turner's times, and instead of being influenced by Continental artists are influencing them.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mr. Frank Rutter.**

Rightly deprecating all such complacent assertions as Sir Robert Witt's that nowadays "British art stands second to none in the world," Mr. Rutter devotes himself to a shrewdly critical survey and valuation of the work that is now being done by British painters, particularly by such of them as essentially represent the character and tendencies of the modern world. "Is there," he asks, "a new spirit in art?"—

> "I believe there is, and that it informs chiefly the work of those painters who experienced war not merely as spectators but as combatants. It is a spirit that dislikes 'playing about,' and wants to get to the point at once. It is a spirit that is very tolerant in methods, but is exacting as to results. The world has no use for a painter who is only occupied with his own cleverness and content to exercise his brush in flourishing gestures. It expects an artist like any other man who claims its attention, to have something wise, witty, or beautiful to say, and to say this as clearly and concisely as possible."

The post-war painters he finds, unlike their predecessors, more concerned with conception than with execution: "In the matter of craftsmanship the younger generation has much to learn, and its paint rarely has the 'quality' of surface we find in the best work of their elders, but already it shows signs of possessing far deeper and more intense emotional feeling." He does not pretend to be exhaustive. Sargent, Brangwyn—most of the older artists who have definitely "arrived" do not come within his scheme, which concentrates on the achievements and significance of the younger men in this new movement, and such of the older as have more or less influenced or are in harmony with it.

His best, most suggestive chapters I think, are those on Lucien Pissarro; on James Pryde, to whose still unrecognised power he pays high tribute; on Orpen, Fergusson, Nevinson, Henry Lamb, Wyndham Lewis and Paul and John Nash. Mr. Rutter is one of the ablest and most courageously independent of living art critics; he is not afraid to admire what others do not, nor to decry what others admire; but there is knowledge behind his convictions and he does not fail to give reason for the faith or lack of it that is in him. His book covers a wide field with commendable conciseness; its criticisms are well considered, temperate, illuminating, and not the least of its merits is that it does not attempt to dazzle with any pretentious technicalities but is written in the lucid human language that everybody understands without difficulty. As an exposition of latter-day art and the purpose, ideals, and virtues underlying all its unorthodoxies, I have read nothing more interesting or more informing than "Some Contemporary Artists."

R. H.

* "Some Contemporary Artists." By Frank Rutter. 6s. (Leonard Parsons.)

GOYA.*

The fact that this beautiful volume, in respect of format, printing and picture-reproduction, does the greatest credit alike to the taste of the publishers and the Chiswick Press, exaggerates the disappointment which its literary contents will prove to those who know how great a portent Francisco Goya was, not only in the History of Painting but also in

* "Goya as Portrait Painter." By A. de Bernete y Moret. Translated from the Spanish by Selwyn Brinton. 52s. 6d. (Constable.)

the world upheaval of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Since this translation was put in hand the author, Señor de Bernete, the Director of the Prado Museum, is untimely dead, and it is therefore with some compunction that I find myself compelled to condemn as inadequate a work whichs shows every sign of painstaking and devoted labour. With the catalogue-like accuracy of the artist's output in portrait-painting, and this of course, together with the well-selected and beautifully-reproduced paintings, makes this book valuable as a work of reference, I find no fault, but for a poorer and more colourless display of an immense and outstanding world-figure I should find myself hard put to it to find a parallel. Nor will this be the full measure of the English reader's disappointment, for as a translator Mr. Selwyn Brinton shows distressing incapacity. It is only necessary to give an example or two of his part in the work taken quite at random.

" Zapater published . . . a series of notes written with sympathetic enthusiasm as an honourable tribute to the family of Goya, *whose good memory had been touched on by other writers a little previously.*" The italics are mine.

Now, however literally Mr. Brinton may have translated this passage, he certainly fails to convey the Spanish writer's meaning. What Señor de Bernete intended to convey was that Zapater desired by these sympathetic notes to redress the balance in favour of the family of Goya " on whose good name reflections had been cast by previous writers."

That is the author's meaning, and it is hard on the reader to be put to its discovery. And before we have recovered we are pulled up by such a dreadful *bêtise* as— " the surroundings which Goya encountered in Spain "— and so on and so on continually as we turn these disappointing pages. That is not translation. It is not even English. It is an outstanding example of the old Italian gibe " *traduttori traditori.*"

I had written so far in my review of this book, and had in my mind to say what shall be said later, when I took up a contemporary, which exercises an Olympian and anonymous judgment on literary matters, a judgment which I confess is in general justified, when I read these words—and rubbed my eyes as I read them. " Mr. Selwyn Brinton's English version of this volume has the primary excellence of not reading like a translation." Well, all I can say of that is, that either the Olympian editor has, by shouldering such an opinion, proved a great loyalty to his contributor or his contributor has badly let down his Olympian editor.

Another great defect in this volume is that it contains no index.

So much for this English version. Now to justify what I have said above as to the late Señor de Bernete's shortcomings. " The surroundings which I encounter " (to use Mr. Brinton's delightful phrase) contain so many debatable points that it is impossible to deal with more than one in the space at my disposal, but that will serve to show the tendency of the writer. I will take the question of Goya's amatory relationship with the Duchess of Alba. De Bernete's argument is that, since she was just past her thirtieth, Goya just past his fiftieth, year, he was not likely to be " the bold and terrible gallant which the story relates to us " (another example of Mr. Brinton's gifts as a translator). But is a gallant of fifty so rare a bird as all that? A gallant, mind you, whose abounding vitality was such that, as an octogenarian, he was painting portraits as well as ever, etching, painting on ivory, and producing the magnificent series of the *Taureux de Bordeaux!* Here, surely, was not a man whose virility would have been wanting thirty years before. To use such reasoning argues a curious ignorance of physiology. Not that it much matters now whether the poor creatures fell victims to their passions, but what does matter is that flimsy arguments like these are used to whitewash into colourlessness the etcher of " Saturn devouring His Son," the peasant-born whipper-in-chief of the corrupt age in which he lived, and of which he was an outstanding representative. True, he was using his etching needle on the " Caprichos " at the period when he was daily in company of the Duchess, to pour his contempt upon the wantonness, cruelty, hypocrisy of the day, but the man who could spill his genius on the representation of a woman stealing the teeth from a fellow hanging from a gibbet was not one to be insensible to the blandishments of a shameless and beautiful woman.

This whitewashing business is worse than useless. It forces the lover of truth to expose once again what had best be forgotten. What should be remembered is the legacy of beauty that so great a genius has left to the world, his Marchionesses of Pontejos and of Solana, his Portrait of Himself, of Franciso Bayeu, of The Beautiful Bookseller of Calle de Careras, of our own possessions in the National Gallery, the Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel, and the Don Peral, and a hundred others. Fifty-eight of these masterpieces are to be found beautifully reproduced in this handsome volume, which, whatever its literary shortcomings, renders it a picture book worthy of a place on the shelves of every library of representative art. For, after all, it does not much matter what is written about a man. What matters is the sublimation of his powers that permanently remains.

G. S. LAYARD.

LADY BATTERSEA'S RECOLLECTIONS.*

In her preface the writer of this interesting book states that it " will have neither political nor historical value " : that is a modest but very considerable under-estimate of its merits, for Lady Battersea's memoirs contribute very useful, if not valuable, sidelights upon the political and social life of her time, and therefore possess some historical value.

At the outset, the usual genealogical chapters offer material different from what is usually found in the pedigree of an English lady of title. For Lady Battersea was born a Jewess of German descent, a member of the wealthy and influential Rothschild family. She is a daughter of the late Sir Anthony de Rothschild, her mother being Louisa Montefiore, a niece of Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to the great age of one hundred and one his years ranging from 1784 to 1885. These semitic families seem to inherit the patriarchal longevity of their biblical ancestors, for Lady Battersea's great-grandmother, Gudule, widow of Mayer Amschel Rothschild (the founder of the fortunes of his family and who died in 1812), survived to the age of ninety-six. She died in 1849, and shortly before the end she was seen by her little great-granddaughter, then a child of six years, who recalls " a couch on which reposed the tiny form of a little old lady wearing a big cap that framed her face and hid her hair. She raised herself a little and said some words to me in German. I shrank back alarmed." Only in later years did Lady Battersea realise she had spoken with one who had lived through half of the eighteenth century and known the period of the French Revolution as an adult.

Lady Battersea is fortunate in her tangible links with the great past. As a child she saw the Duke of Wellington riding in the Park : " I noticed his somewhat stern expression, his rather narrow face, his hooked nose, his white beaver top-hat, also that he returned the many salutes that greeted him without a smile." The Duke was well aware of the fickleness of public gratitude and acclamation. It is recorded elsewhere that sometimes when he was cheered by the crowd as he entered Apsley House he would point sardonically to the bars which still remained over his windows—a souvenir of the Reform Riots of 1831, when the windows of the victor of Waterloo were smashed by the mob. These iron blinds remained at Apsley House until after the Duke's death in 1852.

Lady Battersea's friendship with Thackeray commenced on a Rhine steamboat, when as a child of six she was poised

* " Reminiscences." By Constance Battersea. 21s. net. (Macmillan.)

on his shoulder and told fairy legends of the Rhine; and there is an allusion to her mother, Lady de Rothschild, in "Pendennis," which book Thackeray was writing at that date. A few years later Lady Battersea saw the Empress Eugénie in the meridian of her beauty at a Court ball in the Tuileries, and on another occasion skating.

As is well known, in addition to their great houses in Piccadilly, various branches of the Rothschild family acquired estates in Buckinghamshire. Lady Battersea's father was at Aston Clinton; her first cousins, Nathaniel (Lord Rothschild), Alfred, and Leopold respectively, at Tring, Halton, and Ascott; another first cousin, Hannah (only daughter of Mayer Rothschild), carried Mentmore to the Earl of Rosebery on her marriage in 1878; and other cousins, Ferdinand and Alice, were at Waddesdon.

Miss Constance Rothschild married Cyril Flower in 1877; he, after acting as Liberal Whip, was created Lord Battersea in 1892. He was a man of artistic tastes, and consequently Cyril Flower and his wife entertained a huge circle of friends, both political and artistic, at Aston Clinton, Overstrand in Norfolk, and Surrey House, Marble Arch. Lady Battersea has much of interest to relate of Disraeli and of his devotion to his wife; of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, both as hosts and visitors; of Tennyson; of the ex-Kaiser as host on his yacht the *Hohenzollern*. I have only space to quote one story. On an evening occasion at Hawarden Lady Battersea was talking with Gladstone in his library. The subjects (the Scriptures and the Apocrypha) were engrossing. At 10.15 p.m. Mrs. Drew ventured to look in and say it was late. "Very late, my dear," said the G.O.M. "Call the household for evening prayers. Where is Mamma?" When Mrs. Drew explained that her mother had sent the servants to bed and had herself retired upstairs, and then tentatively suggested, "I am afraid it was wrong," Mr. Gladstone pronounced in his most portentous tones: "Wrong! my dear, it was *base*!"

S. M. ELLIS.

Novel Notes.

CLAIR DE LUNE. By the Author of "Jenny Essenden," etc 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

An exceedingly clever study of courage and cowardice, clear-seeing, oblique twisted vision and blindness, all mixed up as often is the case in life—such is Clair de Lune. When the story opens Charles Evelyn is of the type of aristocracy which has run merely to artistic sensibilities, which manifests itself in musical ability, polished manners, a lovable personality and sensitive finger-tips. In many respects a man, and a good one at that, so far as this is possible in a world where men (and women) have bodies, and debts have usually to be paid—by some one. Evelyn thinks he loves Kitty Dent, or at least would think so if all his thinking was not more or less vague feeling—whereas Kitty knows she loves him with all the passion of a woman, fine in body as in soul. They marry and—fine manners do not suffice for such a woman in lieu of full married life. She leaves him, and others will neither leave her nor him alone, with the usual complications and bedevilments. Then he goes out to the Pyrenees to finish writing his opera, and in that clean air and silence finds his soul at what time he wins back physical health and strength and gets command of his artistic faculties. Then comes the clash of wills, or rather of elemental hungers, and Charles and Kitty find each other by being made to realise that each needs the other. If a reader should find this suggestion of the plot somewhat tame and hackneyed, well—life is not prodigal of her plots neither for novelist or living souls who have to "dree their weird"; nevertheless, life manages to prove sufficiently individual and thrilling for the taste of most of us; she rings the changes on the old notes to a measure and rhythm of her own; and the author of "Clair de Lune" knows how to pour new wine into old wine-skins.

PIRACY. By Michael Arlen. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

For a young writer such as we take him to be Mr. Arlen's work is distinguished by unusual ease, polish and wit. If his characters are not usually very pleasant people we presume it is because the unpleasant kind are the sort of people Mr. Arlen knows best. But the atmosphere (a little mephitic) in which his puppets make love to each other's husbands and wives is well evoked, and much of his dialogue is equally adroit and amusing. "Piracy" deals with the seamier side of London life in the war period, not perhaps a very cheerful subject, but in Mr. Arlen's manner of dealing with it he frequently raises a laugh and not seldom starts a vaguely disconcerting train of thought, for he writes about ideas as well as about people. We don't think his hero will be popular; people who steal wine and cigars at school because they are bored and (later on) the wives of their friends because *they* are bored, are apt to go somehow a little against our insular grain. But Mr. Arlen not being, as is reported, of English extraction, would perhaps not know this, or knowing it would perhaps not greatly care. Certainly he is an artist, and his work is interesting enough in its cynical way to ensure him the attention of a critical if not a very extensive band of English admirers.

THE LIFE OF ISOBEL ERNE. By Peggy Webling. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

There is the delicacy and charm of a silverpoint in this faithful study of three London sisters, with the youngest, Isobel, as the central figure. Miss Webling tells her story simply yet with a close attention to detail that brings into sharp contrast the glory of Lulwater that haunts Isobel's dreams for thirty years, and the commonplace home of the Erne family—"one of those high, narrow houses that the women who live in them describe as 'all stairs.'" Isobel's early friendship with a man, a famous writer, many years her senior, sheds on the whole of her life the soft glamour of romance; she never forgets the brief holiday at his house, and her one longing is to return again to the scene of her girlhood's happiness. But destiny chains her to town and that longing is but a wistful background to less exalted things. The characters are admirably drawn, in particular the three sisters themselves; and the drama of Cissie's love and of Isobel's loyalty, the comedy and tragedy of the whispered scandal concerning Edward and Althea Roseglade, and all the clever little touches which make that middle-class household so real and so typical are characteristic of the author's tender sympathy and whimsical humour. The story has high literary qualities and blends with them very deftly qualities which should ensure its popularity.

ON THE BORDERLAND. By F. Britten Austin. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

What a difficult thing it is to write a really good short story! The editor of any popular magazine will tell you that he receives literally thousands of manuscripts in a year, nine-tenths of which are hopeless from the point of view of publication. The fact is, short story writing requires, among other things, a natural gift, and that gift must be developed by long and arduous effort. Such a gift Mr. F. Britten Austin undoubtedly possesses, and although it is only in the last half-dozen years that he has taken his place in the front rank of modern authors, his popularity is the reward of patience and hard work. In 1913 he published a little volume called "In Action," sketches descriptive of war as it must inevitably appear if and when it next came. It was a remarkable effort of prevision; the shambles of France and Belgium from 1914 to 1918 presented just such scenes as Mr. Austin had drawn and coloured with extraordinary vividness. He was not slow to take his part in the struggle when, in 1914, it came, and found time in the midst of alarms to write war stories (collected and published from time to time in such books as "According to Orders," "Battlewrack" and so on) that were as remarkable for their military accuracy as for their descriptive power. The war concluded, Mr. Austin paid visits to various countries and

wrote ably of their political and social problems, but he did not neglect the short story. "On the Borderland" is a collection of psychological studies. With his customary attention to detail, the author seems to have studied his subject with considerable care before venturing to write on what is one of the most debatable topics of the day. All the stories bear the impress of his skill; if we had to select those we enjoyed most we would pick out "A Problem in Reprisals," "The Strange Case of Mr. Todmorden" and "The White Dog"; it is not too much to say that they recall that thrill of shuddering interest with which one first dipped into the amazing pages of Edgar Allan Poe. The secret, we think, of Mr. Austin's success is that he never wastes a word; his stories are like mosaics in which one fragment more or less would spoil the harmony of the whole.

THE ENCHANTED APRIL. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The eye of Mrs. Wilkins lighted on a notice in the Agony Column of *The Times* advertising "to be let furnished" for the month of April a very desirable Italian castle. Mrs. Wilkins led a somewhat drab existence at Hampstead, and the idea grew in her mind that here was her chance of romance. Fate played up to her by bringing her in touch with a fellow-member of her club who was fired by the same announcement. The two ladies promptly rented the castle and induced two others to accompany them and share the expenses. The subject of this very entertaining book is the wonderful month spent by the four ladies at San Salvatore and the astonishing influence of the new environment on their respective characters. There is much admirable comedy in the details of their settling down, and the author has many excellent opportunities for the display of her shrewd and witty characterisation. The fun becomes fast and furious when two of the ladies awaken to a sense of selfishness and proceed to invite their husbands to join the party. The husbands find a little difficulty at first in realising what is required of them, but in the end the atmosphere of San Salvatore works its magic and the courses of true love again run smoothly. The author is not afraid to make free use of coincidence, and the churlish reader may cavil at improbabilities. But this is to take a joyous extravagance too seriously. It is enough to enjoy the humour and the shrewdness and the good writing, and there seems no lack of moral for those who would find it.

TRACKING TRANTER. By George Chater. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

A burlesque detective story in which Mr. Chater unfolds with a good deal of lively humour riotous adventures of Spearman and his friend Hirst, who set up as private inquiry agents, and are soon involved in clearing up a mystery that gives them a good run for their money.

NOBODY'S MAN. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In "Nobody's Man" Mr. Oppenheim gives us a political novel of great topical interest, and one that will be read with particular interest and approval by those of the professional and middle classes who attribute the bitterness of their post-war circumstances to a wrong-headed financial policy on the part of the Government. After the thrill of a mysterious disappearance in the opening chapters, the novel settles down into a story of political intrigue revolving round the person of Andrew Tallente, the destined leader of the Democrats, and very soon we are behind the scenes at the party game, among the pitfalls and perils, the triumphs and disasters that bestrew the path of the budding statesman. Women play an important part in Tallente's career, and the characters of Nora Miall and Lady Jane Partington are drawn with uncommon delicacy and skill. "Nora Miall had provoked his curiosity, had reawakened a dormant sense of sex without attracting it to herself. Jane brought to him again, from the first moment he had seen her, that half-wistful recrudescence of the sentiment of his earlier days. He was amazed to find how once more in her presence the sentiment had taken to itself fire and life; how different a thing it was from those first dreams of her, which had seemed like an echo from the period of his poetry-reading youth. Of all women in the world she seemed to him now the most desirable." While it is not so prolific of excitement as most of his novels, "Nobody's Man" is admirably written, and reveals Mr. Oppenheim in a more reflective and subtle mood than usual.

EXTRA TURNS. By F. W. Thomas. Cheap Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

Real humorists are rarer than real poets and usually find it harder to win serious recognition. For whereas very few of us will confess to lacking a sense of humour, there are many who boast with an air of good-humoured tolerance that they don't understand poetry. Thus the accepted humorists of any generation may be counted on the fingers of one hand. And yet there is never any dearth of humorists. The trouble is that they are usually so shy and sensitive as to be so easily discouraged by want of appreciation. That is why when a humorist of the calibre of Mr. Thomas comes along we rejoice exceedingly. But it has taken even him over five years to achieve the distinction of a cheap edition. That his popularity is unbounded readers of the *Star* and the *Daily News* will bear enthusiastic witness. And his fecundity is truly extraordinary. That is because his humour is rooted in a gentle kindness towards all things animate and inanimate, and never degenerates into mere flippancy or buffoonery. If this reissue of his book does not establish him as one of our few authentic humorists the fault is emphatically not with the author but with an undiscerning public.

The Bookman's Table.

THE BONADVENTURE. By Edmund Blunden. 6s. (R. Cobden-Sanderson.)

Hitherto we have known Mr. Edmund Blunden as a poet of the land. Now he makes his appearance as a proseman of the sea. Not that the poet is altogether absent from this "random journal of an Atlantic holiday"—almost inevitably some effect of wind or weather brings him to light—but, as indeed might have been expected from the austerity of his poetry itself, Mr. Blunden rigidly eschews fine writing. For reasons of health in the autumn of last year he signed on as purser (the post was a sinecure) on a tramp steamer, of which the real name was not the *Bonadventure*, and made the voyage to South America and back; and his book is a plain narrative of what happened on that voyage. As a matter of fact nothing very much did happen, nothing that is which was not a commonplace of such journeys. This Mr. Blunden admits. "I am sorry myself," he says, "that there are no adventures of the blood-curdling sort in it; but I could not go out of my way, nor do tramps find time, it seems, for propitiating cannibals." But what was commonplace to the accustomed mariner was adventure to Mr. Blunden. Before this trip, it seems, he had had little experience of the sea and ships, and he describes his experiences with the candid pen of innocence. Being, if an innocent seaman, an experienced man of letters, he does not scruple to exploit his *naïveté*, but he does so in a perfectly legitimate way. For it is clear that every detail which he sets down, however trivial, has genuinely interested him; and he interests us in it too. It is not for nothing that Mr. Blunden has studied the eighteenth century writers. They have cleared his mind of cant—if that wholesome process was ever needed—and he writes with the unassuming clarity, the catholic humanism, of a Defoe.

THE CHARM OF TEACHING CHILDREN. By William Robb. 5s. net. (Gay & Hancock.)

The title of this volume is a sign of the times. Not very long ago teaching was painful both to teacher and taught; but now we are beginning to understand that pleasure in knowledge is the beginning of wisdom. Mr. Robb takes up a tale that has already been told by several. What he says is excellent, and none the worse for having been said before. Each teacher who writes can add from experience some personal touch missed by the others, and Mr. Robb has his own little way. We think, however, he should be more generous in his references to those who have obviously taught him a great deal. Thus, he barely mentions " a little book . . . containing a most interesting account of an attempt to give real music a chance among the children of one of the poorest quarters of London." Wouldn't it have been more graceful (and grateful) to have named Mr. Smith's remarkable " Music of Life " ? We commend the book to the notice of parents and teachers. It will inspire some and encourage more.

G. K. CHESTERTON. By Patrick Braybrooke. 7s. 6d. (Chelsea Publishing Co.)

Mr. Braybrooke (whom we erroneously described last month as Mrs. Braybrooke) is a kinsman of Mr. Chesterton, and having had special opportunities of knowing his subject, has essayed a popular study of G. K. C. as essayist, poet, novelist, playwright, journalist, historian; and perhaps his best chapter is on Chesterton at home. The book has an introduction by Arthur F. Thorn.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS. By William Stanford. 6s. (Allenson.)

It is pleasant to turn to these quiet essays of Mr. Stanford's. They breathe a deep reverence for beauty, a keen sense of the grandeur of the eternal hills, and of the magic of sunrise and sundown. Rivers and hills, flowers and hedgerows—for those atune with the simple, great things of life these are sermons, and ever inspire fresh trains of thought, new-old philosophy. Mr. Stanford describes the places he loves, the scenes he loves, and the glowing word-pictures are mingled with the reflections of a devout and earnest mind. Fourteen very excellent photographs illustrate the book.

UNDER THE ACROCERAUNIAN MOUNTAINS. By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Leonard Parsons.)

Not everybody who conned the story of Alpheus and Arethusa as schoolboys learning Greek, or abandoned themselves later on to the exquisite cadences of Shelley's tale of their loves, will recognise the land of Elis, the Acroceraunian mountains in fact, by the term Sandjahs of Argyrocastro and Korytza. This however is a corner of the Balkans with which Mr. Baerlein has lately been making himself familiar, has thrown himself into its politics, and now discusses these very vigorously. In doing so he falls foul of several people whom we have come to look upon as Balkan experts without perhaps examining their credentials very closely. However, it were better to leave Miss Edith Durham and Mr. Aubrey Herbert to defend themselves, as they will doubtless proceed to do when Mr. Baerlein's animadversions have been brought to their notice. We will confine ourselves here to stating that Mr. Baerlein is stoutly Grecophile, and his side is of course at this moment a little under a cloud. But that is all the more reason why his evidence, gathered only yesterday so to speak, in parts so little known as Southern Albania (or Northern Epirus, call it what you will), should now be found valuable.

OLD TIME AND THE BOY, OR PREHISTORIC WONDERLAND. By Lady Bray. 5s. (Allenson.)

Quite an oddity in fiction for children is this quaint tale with its mingling of fancy and science. The pictures show extinct monsters, but the story is in a light vein, telling how Paul met Old Time and the wonders that were revealed to him. Lady Bray is the author of several

fascinating books for young people, and she certainly understands her public and administers information in a most delightful manner. Mrs. O'Connor Morris is responsible for the quaint drawings.

SAILING ALONE ROUND THE WORLD. By Joshua Slocum. 6s. (Sampson Low.)

A retelling of this famous voyage, which took place not more than thirty years ago, is welcome. It is a record of hardy pluck and wholesome endurance. Not only did Captain Slocum sail alone; he also built with his own two hands the boat in which he sailed, and defended his sleep with tintacks! It sounds incredible, but when he was in savage neighbourhoods, he spread the tacks over his deck, and then calmly went to sleep. One night he was awakened by terrified yells from savages who, having invaded the *Spray* in the dark, had trodden on the tacks and no doubt supposed they were being bitten by serpents kept by the Wizard Captain to defend him. At any rate they fled, to come again no more.

CATALOGUE OF ENGRAVED BRITISH PORTRAITS PRESERVED IN THE DEPARTMENT OF PRINTS AND DRAWINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. By Freeman O'Donoghue, F.S.A., formerly Assistant Keeper, and Henry M. Hake, B.A., Assistant in the Department of Prints and Drawings. Vol. V (Groups). 15s. (Printed by Order of the Trustees.)

All print collectors and more especially those who have joined the Print Collectors' Club, whose membership already numbers 280 in its short existence of two years, will welcome with acclamation this the fifth volume of Mr. O'Donoghue's monumental Catalogue of Engraved British Portraits in the British Museum. Originally it was intended that this volume should contain, in addition to the portrait groups, a supplement describing the numerous single portraits acquired during the preparation of Vols. I–IV, but the war made this impossible. It has therefore been quite properly decided to publish the section of groups as a short separate volume and to reserve for a sixth, now in active preparation, the supplementary single portraits, together with the index to artists and engravers. Begun by Mr. O'Donoghue, this volume has been completed by Mr. Henry Hake, and proves a most praiseworthy addition to a work which is essential to the bookshelves of every print-lover. Nor is it only to print-lovers as such that this volume will make a strong appeal. The historian will eagerly turn its pages to discover where are to be found in bulk the tell-tale features of his heroes, his rascals and his humbugs, the sportsman for the paladins of cricket, golf, racing, hunting and shooting, the criminologist for jail-birds, the artist for his predecessors in the academic fold, even the beggar for the most celebrated mendicants of his ancient profession. For here are to be found recorded the counterfeit presentments of the most amazing concatenation of human beings (British) that it is possible to imagine, a democracy which (to mention only a few of its contrasts) sets in equally important type kings check by jowl with regicides, saintly women with courtesans, law-makers with law-breakers, murderers with their victims. Merely to glance through its pages, as Dr. Johnson said of the Countess, "excites the imagination."

THE A B C OF ENGLISH SALT-GLAZE STONEWARE. By J. F. Blacker. 15s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Although in this series a volume on Old Pottery has already been published, Salt Glaze Stoneware is sufficiently distinct in itself, and sufficiently rich in its own exclusive history, to warrant a book entirely devoted to the subject. Mr. J. F. Blacker in a comprehensive manner tells the romance of the stoneware, from the time John Dwight originated it at the "pretty village" of Fulham, two hundred and fifty years ago, to its artistic developments in Doulton's modern factories. Collectors of old pottery, and all concerned in the fascinating study of it, will find this A B C not only a very helpful guide, but packed with interest. The two hundred odd illustrations in line and half-tone represent various types of the ware throughout its long and famous career.

PHILLIPS' PAPER TRADE DIRECTORY OF THE WORLD. 21s. (London: S. C. Phillips.)

For all who have any sort of concern with the paper trade, Messrs. Phillips' admirable "Directory" has become an indispensable book of reference. In addition to full lists of paper mills and manufacturers, chemical manufacturers, cutting-machine makers and firms engaged in all allied industries in Great Britain and the Colonies, France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Sweden, Holland, Italy, America and the rest of the world, it furnishes a detailed list of water-marks and trade names, a glossary of trade terms in half a dozen languages, and all varieties of information useful to paper buyers, sellers, manufacturers and such as have business with them.

Music.

A BIRMINGHAM MUSICIAN: JULIUS HARRISON.

By A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.



Daily Mail Copyright.

Mr. Julius Harrison.

ALTHOUGH Julius Harrison was born at Stourport, in Worcestershire, I have preferred to call him a Birmingham musician; for his formative period was spent in that great manufacturing centre, which somehow manages to supply exceptional educational facilities for painters, poets and musicians. It is men, however, who make these opportunities, and not cities. For music in Birmingham, it is one man, and one only, who has been the fount and origin of so much of the Midland musical activity—Professor Granville Bantock, who is at the head of the Midland Institute of Music, and is the inspiring force of the great Competitive Festival.

It means much, almost everything, for a city to have a progressive and fertile creative composer at the head of its musical life. The only other city which approaches anywhere near to Birmingham in this respect is Edinburgh, with Professor Tovey. But in Edinburgh, University music does not mingle with civic life as it does at Birmingham. Bantock is the great, silent man who does things. He is something of an enigma, even to his most intimate friends; also unconventional, and,

therewithal, full of kindness. Small wonder that he has played a great part in the lives of so many of our composers—Holbrooke, Anderton, Boughton, Fogg, Fenney, Harrison, and many others.

It was only fitting that Julius Harrison, having been regularly lulled to sleep as a babe, by his mother, to the great tune from Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," should easily gain a Worcester County Council scholarship, and with it, he equally naturally went to study music at the Birmingham Midland Institute. His better-known works come close upon this period: the String Quartet in 1909; the Sonnet for violin and the orchestral variations on "Down amongst the dead men" in 1911; the eight-part chorus, "In the forest," and the Harp Quintet in 1912; the "Boccaccio Sonnets," for solo voice, in 1914; the "Humoresque," for string quartet, "Widdicombe Fair," and the eight-part "Blows the wind to-day," in 1915; the orchestral sketch, "Rapunzel," and the four Chinese Songs in 1916; the "Worcestershire Suite" in 1918; the "Requiem of Archangels for the World" in 1919; and since then, the setting of Herbert Trench's "She comes not," the four-part chorus, "In Celia's face," some Rossetti songs, a choral "Pastoral," some children's piano pieces, and the Five English Songs, published in the Enoch Art Song Library. The last-named publications constitute a laudable effort on the part of these well-known publishers, to raise the tone of the ballad concert platform.

Harrison could not have been through a Birmingham training without coming under the folk-song influence in some form or other; for there the movement has been at its strongest. Fortunately he was content to let the folk-spirit "soak in" and colour the musical texture of his thought naturally. He never forgets for an instant that the true business of a composer is invention. He has endeavoured to render sincerely in musical sounds the feeling of his own country-side, of Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and his most successful orchestral piece is his "Worcestershire Suite," dealing with such delightful subjects as "Pershore Plums" and the racy "Ledbury Parson." His other remarkably successful piece for orchestra, "Rapunzel," also deals with fairy-lore, which, by the way, is only one remove further back than folk-lore.

Seeking his subject-matter where he does, and depending on it for his creative impulses, it is natural to find in Harrison an emotionalist and not a formalist. Perhaps the finest of all his works is his "Requiem of Archangels" for chorus and orchestra. It will certainly ere long claim wide and deep attention, when we have wrenched our minds sufficiently away from the massive architectonics of Brahms's "German Requiem" to perceive the heavy-handed touch and rather grey optimism of his text. Why is it, I wonder, so much easier for musicians to brood than to exult?

Harrison has not altogether escaped the Brahmsian gloom. There is indeed a thick patch of it in his first chorus to the Requiem; but his bold yet natural adoption of quintuple time lightens the atmosphere wonderfully. The difficulties of Herbert Trench's text—such lines as these,

> "Across your passes, Alps and plains
> A planetary vapour flows,
> A last invader, and enchains
> The vine, the woman, and the rose"

—the composer has surmounted very successfully ; and he reaches some fine climaxes ; notably the one at

" And bid with chanting to the rite
The torches of thy train of stars ! "

Some of the composer's best music may be found in the " Five English Songs," just published by Enoch's. In No. 1, to Andrew Lang's flawless translation from Meleager, " Heliodore," Harrison has supplied a thoroughly worthy tonal counterpart of the poem. In No. 2, " Merciless Beauty," a Rondel of Chaucer, he has successfully revived for us, not only the mediæval harmony, but also the mediæval feeling—uncanny and intriguing work, this. Harrison is not afraid of fun (one of his many assets) and so he couples with the plaint, the jolly " Escape from Love " by the same poet :

" Since I fro' Love escapèd, am so fat,
I never thenk to ben in his prison lene."

He has realised very accurately too the feeling of William Morris's " In Prison," although I do not much fancy it as a song. He does even better in No. 5, " I heard a music sweet to-day," to a couple of stanzas by Thomas MacDonagh.

That is what I like most about the music of Julius Harrison, its combination of cheerfulness with abiding interest. His music has considerable lasting power and is always governed by a high standard of taste. If he can dispense with his literary props in his instrumental pieces, he will succeed as well in absolute music as he has done in his songs.

SONGS GOOD AND—LESS GOOD.*

From Mr. Alec Rowley and Mr. Peter Warlock come five songs to which can be unhesitatingly applied the adjective " English." The words smack of English men and tastes and pleasantries, and the music fits the words. Mr. Rowley has chosen poems from Mr. Drinkwater's " Tides " and " Olton Pools," and set them pleasantly and aptly for medium voices of either sex. The first, " Cotswold Love," which tells of the pleasant season

" When April comes to Amberley
With skies of April blue,
And Cotswold girls are briding
With slyly tilted shoe,"

has humour and quiet gaiety and is most suitable for baritone (compass D-E). " Old Oliver " (compass D-F) will please any baritone or tenor or mezzo-soprano who has the humour to sing about this impecunious old gentleman who went scattering poppy-seeds for good man's will from Cotsall Hill to Clent. The piano part is neat and dexterous with happy touches of wit which never lapse into the foolishly illustrative.

Mr. Warlock is by way of becoming an institution upon which English singers may congratulate themselves. He has a *flair* for unearthing poems which are as worth while as they are unusual, and, at his best, a genius for giving them settings so just that their rightness hides their extreme cleverness. In these cases the tunes seem as if they must have been dashed off by a happy fluke. " Good Ale " is as welcome as its title. In its two keys (D mi., C to F and F mi.) it is suitable to either baritone or tenor. The four verses of this anonymous sixteenth century poem rollick through with great pace and gusto to the last frantic request, marked " (Hey) Prestissimo " (Mr. Warlock !) to " bring us in good ale for our blessed lady's sake." A fine song to sing very loudly indeed.

* Mr. Rowley's songs are published by Winthrop Rogers, Mr. Warlock's by Augener, and Mr. Leoni's by Larway.

" Piggësnie " is the odd title of another anonymous poem of the same period. Probably it would have been set before with demure sentimentality and in three-four time but for that odd word occurring in the fourth verse. Far from objecting, Mr. Warlock obviously rejoices in it, and takes his cue from it to attend to the light-hearted funning of the thing instead of its superficial sweetness. The air prances up from D to G and then down again, and that is a verse. It is like a gay figure in a dance, and hardly the most sentimental tenor could commit a final rallentando. The words and compass (D-G) confine the song to that voice, but sopranos will probably want to sing it for the fun of the thing. And for once such poaching will be pardonable. " Hey, Troly Loly lo," again for tenor or light baritone (C-F), seems to me less good. The first two phrases promise well, but then a certain excess in the piano part and some unconvincing phrases produce a lack of directness. Mr. Warlock seems a little obsessed by his scale. But the words are good, the song has pleasant touches and a singer of considerable aplomb might carry the thing through. Finally, it is good to note that Mr. Warlock has here escaped a fault noted in his two songs last reviewed here. He has written well for a typical voice and so made his work practicable for numerous singers. They will be foolish to neglect so merry a chance.

In " Four Songs from the Chinese " Mr. James Lyon has added to the already large number of settings of Mr. Cranmer-Byng's translations from the Chinese in " A Lute of Jade." Whether it is worth while for Western writers to attempt to give musical expression to such essentially exotic words is a point open to discussion ; but it can be said at once that, whether the attempt was or was not worth while, Mr. Lyon's settings are consistent and entirely escape the futility into which some of his predecesors, have lapsed. Whether his music has any analogy to the Chinese I do not know. Rather, I suspect, he has pitched his tent in a kind of musical neutral zone like the Ruritania of romance. In his first song, " The Island of Pines," he keeps to the far side of it. In the second, " Sadness," of which the words might conceivably have been written by an English lover, he comes nearer home. The third song, " Trysting Time," neatly orchestrated, might figure as an exceptionally good " musical number " in the usual Eastern scene in a revue whose producer had plumped for something artistic. The fourth, " Thoughts in a Tranquil Night," is the least elaborate. Throughout Mr. Lyon achieves gracefulness and a flowing continuity, and is entirely guiltless of the usual " effects." His plane may be artificial, but he moves on it, and his foot does not occasionally plunge through into the sloughs of Western balladry.

Mr. Warlock and Mr. Rowley achieve a simplicity for which spontaneity is a good enough synonym. In " Long Time Ago Songs " Mr. Franco Leoni unfortunately falls into a simplicity that demands another synonym which politeness forbids. It is not that the words are not worth setting. The first, " Poor Robin," is well known. For the second, " The Little Bird," the name of Mr. de la Mare is sufficient guarantee. The third, " Long Time Ago," is rather coy and deliberately childlike, but it will pass. The fourth is called " Wishing." They would please children, and that is enough to make them worth music. Mr. Leoni has often shown that he can be delicate and vivacious. Here, however, he is playful. The spectacle of a mature composer being studiously kittenish, and the idea of a famous contralto, according to a cover-note, performing the results, affects one with the physical sensations produced by ripe elocutionists who will lisp, " What does little birdie say ? " In " The Skylark " the same composer has given James Hogg's famous lyric a twittering accompaniment with trills and interpolated "Ahs " enough to astonish the Ettrick Shepherd, without maiming his metre by omitting a word in the eighth line of the first verse and causelessly destroying his alliteration in the last. These efforts are commended by the publisher as unusual. One hopes they may remain so.

RODNEY BENNETT.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. (Selection.) By Alfred Moffat. (Schott.)

For violin and piano. This selection should bring much pleasure to all "Beggar's Opera" lovers.

BERCEUSE. } By Leonard { The Steller Publishers, Leeds.
AT TWILIGHT. } Hudson. { Stainer & Bell.

"Berceuse" is a beautiful setting of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, "Sleep on, baby, on the floor, Tir'd of all the playing! . . ." Full of a tender, haunting wistfulness, it is a song that should make a strong appeal to lovers of the uncommon. "At Twilight" has a dignity and simplicity about it which makes it stand out from the ordinary run of good songs. The melody is rich and smooth and arrests the ear. It is a joy to come upon work like Mr. Leonard Hudson's.

IMPROMPTUS. (For Piano.) By Francis Poulenc. (Chester.)

Only the very advanced player would be able to play these "Impromptus" at sight. They are stiff work for the average player, but well worth tackling.

WANDER-THIRST. } By Vivian Hickey. (Augener.)
THIRD MATE. }

Those who want songs of character and atmosphere cannot do better than secure these two new songs by Mr. Vivian Hickey. In "Wander-Thirst" he has caught exactly the spirit of the words, and his setting is full of an insistent urge and restlessness, which rises to a note of exultant surrender. A wonderfully fine piece of work. "Third Mate," which ranges from the fierce and turbulent to the poignant and gentle, is a very clever and sensitive setting of Mr. John Masefield's poem, and should prove a fine "show" song for singers who seek depth and variety.

MY LADY'S MOODS. By H. G. Gibson Butler. (Paxton.)

Five dainty and pleasing impressions for the pianoforte.

The Drama.

ZANGWILL'S NEW DRAMA.*

Considering that he is probably the least acted among our modern distinguished dramatists, Mr. Zangwill exercises great restraint in his summing up of the anomalies in the theatre to-day. "I find a certain farcical futility," he says, in a preface to the third play of a noteworthy trilogy, "in writing of the philosophic aspects of the theatre, when the main factor of that institution is economic." With characteristic lucidity, he lays the blame for the scarcity of serious plays, not upon the new type of actor-manager, but upon the financier who backs him. The theatre, in fact, has fallen out of the frying pan and into the fire; for the vanity of the old actor-manager, who had money of his own to spend, often tempted him to a hazardous enterprise, while the magnate gambles only with his purse.

The theme of "The Forcing House" is the rise, temporary success and final eclipse of the extreme revolutionary party in the imaginary state of Valdania. The Bolshevik parallel is not insisted upon; indeed Mr. Zangwill declares that he would have so expressed his view of Karl Marxian socialism, if Lenin and Trotsky had never strutted their hour. To compass this spectacle of the eternal process of revolutions, without relying upon modern instances, and within four acts, was a tremendous task; but Mr. Zangwill successfully realises his Valdania as bearing some resemblances to Paris in 1790, Russia in 1917, or London and Berlin to-day. The vices of politicians, the tragi-comedy of monarchies, the eternal sansculotism of the people, are suggested with masterly skill in this picture of an imaginary state. In the first act we are shown the last phases of an effete bureaucracy, rotting through the double process of intrigue and the rapid, fungus-like growth of extreme socialistic doctrine. Baron Gripstein, a Jewish financier, is entertaining

* "The Forcing House": a tragi-comedy, in four acts. By Israel Zangwill. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

the Queen at his house in Scarlatta, the capital town. Riffoni Vittori, the destined leader of the republic, calls in the guise of a journalist, ostensibly to obtain copy, but really in order to plead for his spiritual master, Professor Salaret, a socialist writer, who has been deprived by Gripstein of the editorship of *Sera*, a paper advocating wise internal reform. Count Cazotti, the prime minister, joins in the bullying of Riffoni, who is plainly told that free speech will no longer be tolerated. Riffoni, asserting that the only alternative is force, succeeds in resisting ejection from the *salon* until he has come face to face with the Queen; but the alert politicians prevent him from voicing his petition—and the revolution is born.

Extreme doctrines force the human character to acts which betray the falseness within. That is the dramatic content of "The Forcing House," expressed in terms of grim tragi-comedy by Mr. Zangwill. The course of the revolution, complicated by the craft of Cazotti, who worms his way into the republic in wolf's clothing, slowly reveal Salaret as a secret voluptuary who acquires gold from the capitalists and a yacht for the entertainment of his mistresses. Riffoni, closing his eyes and ears to ugly rumours, clings desperately to his idealism; but his will totters, and in a weak moment he confesses his passion for the gentle, Christian-like Queen whom he should logically commit to the guillotine. Salaret, completely disillusioned by the discovery of the "poor breed" that we are, acquiesces in the murder of Riffoni, who is replaced by Cazotti as "king" of the republic.

Mr. Zangwill is far too experienced a dramatist to pander to the shibboleths of modern stage production. His scenic setting is simple, his directions to the actors limited and precise, his understanding of fundamental dramatic craftsmanship profound. Here is no pettifogging artifice designed to tickle the fancy of the pea-splitting producer thirsting for subtleties of *mise en scène*; but solid workmanship and mastery of prose. The dialogue alone should make the mouth of every actor in London water. The situations are skilfully manœuvred; the interest is culminative and gripping, the characterisation brilliant, the exposition faultless. It is, in fact, a masterpiece which will probably go begging so far as the theatre is concerned through lack of money on the part of one camp, and through mistaken idealism on the part of the other; for "The Forcing House" could be inexpensively mounted, without either the lavish realism of the old school or the extravagant artistry of the new. Nothing is more certain about the theatre to-day than the fact that if a play is worth producing at all, it is worth producing in the humblest fashion and with the simplest possible material. The actors will do what is necessary.

EDWIN V. ODLE.

THE LAUGHING LADY. (Globe Theatre.)

Miss Marie Löhr appears to have a partiality for plays whose plots centre round the whims of a captivating though somewhat pampered woman. Therefore it is not surprising to find that her latest choice—Mr. Sutro's play "The Laughing Lady"—is of this type. Some might object that Lady Marjorie Colladine, having just been divorced (though innocent) when the play opens, can hardly be called a pampered woman. Nevertheless that is the impression she gives us—everything hanging on her moods. How, out of revenge, she makes Daniel Farr, K.C., counsel for her husband in the divorce proceedings, fall in love with her; and how, in so doing, she punishes herself, gives Mr. Sutro an opportunity for many interesting situations; and of these opportunities he takes full advantage. Perhaps the best of all is the strange interview between Lady Marjorie and Farr's wife—excellently played by Miss Löhr and Miss Violet Vanbrugh. In that scene Mr. Sutro raises his play to a very high level and, sweeping aside all petty gossip and scandal and smart society talk, gives us clear sincerity and an unusual point of view. It is a finely written scene, finely acted. The ending of the play is on the same plane, and should ensure for "The Laughing Lady" a long and successful career.

M. W.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

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A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

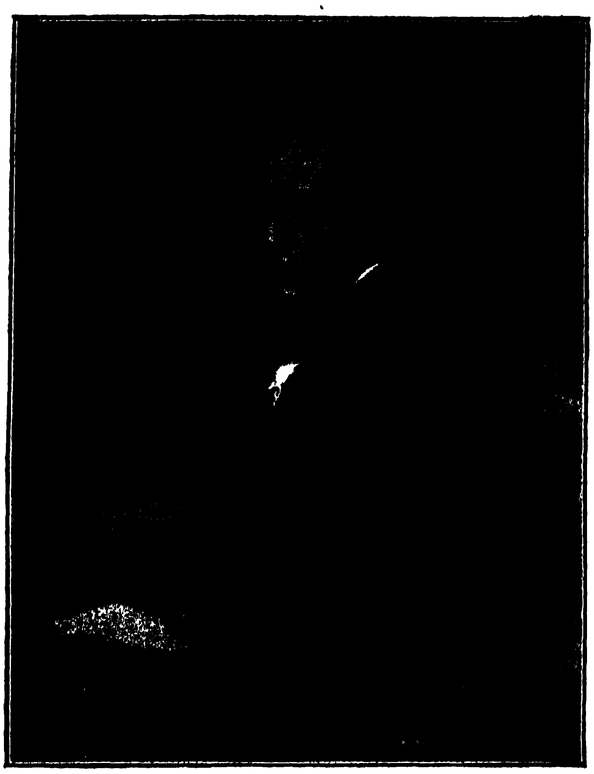
News Notes.

Anybody can keep a Diary, but not one in a million can do it so magically that the world in general is glad to start keeping it when he has finished. Without thinking twice, you would say no sort of literary work could be easier; it seems so easy that though experts have written handbooks on "How to Write Short Stories," "How to Write Novels," "How to Write Poetry," "How to Write Essays," none has thought the beginner could require instruction in "How to Keep a Diary." Yet if you add up the number of Diaries that have made their writers famous you will be surprised to find how few they are.

The fact is of course there is not and never will be any recipe for keeping a great Diary. Fanny Burney had considerable literary gifts, and her lively Diary is a joy for ever, but I do not find it more fascinating than the Diaries of Macready, the actor. William Allingham was something of an artist in literature, but his interesting Diary pales to insignificance, is as moonlight unto the sunlight, as water unto the wine of Pepys, and Pepys was artless even as a man of letters. There are Diaries whose interest is mainly historical; Diaries whose interest is mainly personal; but no great Diary in which the personal element does not predominate. A little while ago I heard of an old Diarist who lived in the manor house near a country village; she had started keeping a Diary in her girlhood, and was still diligently adding to it at the age of eighty. It was estimated to run to more than a million words, and covered the intimate life of the village for well over a century, for it opened by recording village stories the writer had gathered from her parents, grandparents and nurses, and so went back to days when the ducking-stool was reserved for scolding wives, when the stocks were in common use, and witches were feared and sometimes punished barbarously. As a minute record of the everyday life of that district I was assured it had real value, but it was so conventionally correct in style, so dull and verbose that it could not be read with pleasure, and was of use only as a reservoir from which the patient social historian

might dredge up facts about local manners, customs and ways of domestic life over a long period. It has never been published, and probably never will be. If the secrets of all households were known, there must be numerous Diaries of that kind being compiled to-day but, so far as the majority of us are concerned, they are written in vain, because their writers, having no personality of their own to impart to them, cannot make them vital for us.

We should be poorer if Scott or Emerson or Crabb Robinson had kept no Diary; but we should be much richer had Lamb and Henley and Stevenson kept Diaries, for it is impossible they could have withheld their personalities from them. If you could drain the personal element out of Pepys's it would not rank above the better written, more decorous Diary of Evelyn. An incorrigible egoist, Pepys allowed all his pride, vanity, meannesses, generosities, virtues, sins, to speak freely through his pen; nothing interested him more than himself and everything relating to himself; he was as insatiably curious about the private affairs of his obscure neighbours as about those of his most important contemporaries and the public affairs of the nation. He put his naked self into his Diary; betrayed his own secrets as unreservedly as he betrayed as many secrets concerning others as he could discover. He was a born gossip, a scandal-monger, and loved being that; he could keep nothing to himself, and stamped all his disclosures with his own eager, quaint, sagacious, foolish, vividly distinctive, perversely likeable personality. Having these qualifications, he did not merely embalm himself, his friends, acquaintance, and his times in his Diary, but has preserved them there wonderfully alive, with all the colour and pulse and warmth of life still glowing in them and in whatever they said or did.



Joseph Farington, R.A.

From a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In his Introduction to "The Farington Diary" (Hutchinson; 21s.), Mr. James Greig suggests that "Farington will in future rank with Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn," but I think he falls short of Pepys, though he may take his place with Evelyn. He had not the irrepressible individuality of the egregious Samuel; he was much more reticent, more mentally and morally respectable. When he tells you now and then of little scandals about this or that person he does not do it with any gusto, but coldly as a doctor might chronicle regrettable details of an interesting case; and he never tells you any scandals about himself. Probably there were none to tell, but his general tone and manner are impersonal, even when he is recording his own share in any transaction of business or seemly pleasure. There is no need to compare him with others; it is enough that his Diary is a valuable discovery, is full of fresh and entertaining gossip and stories of famous people, or people who were famous towards the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and adds not a little to our knowledge of them and their times. Farington is fortunate in having so able and careful an editor as Mr. James Greig, whose arrangement of the Diary is admirable, and whose frequent foot-notes about persons it refers to are always interesting, and often more so than the Diary entries they supplement.

Dr. Johnson was dead before Farington began his record, but Boswell and Burke still lived and figure in his pages; and he is able to relate new anecdotes of Johnson, of Dr. Taylor, Beauclerc, and other of his circle. If you have formed an impression of Topham Beauclerc not only as a wit but as something of a dandy, it is rather disillusioning to read that Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) told Farington, "He was the worst tempered man he ever knew. Lady Di passed a most miserable life with him. Lord O——, out of regard to her, invited them to pass a few days at Strawberry Hill. They slept in separate beds. . . . Beauclerc was remarkably filthy in his person, which generated vermin. He took laudanum regularly in vast quantities. He seldom rose before one or two o'clock. His principal delight was in disputing on subjects that occurred; this he did acutely. Before he died he asked pardon of Lady Di, for his ill-usage of her."

Farington was a landscape painter and an R.A., and his Diary is naturally richer in art lore, in

intimate jottings about great and small artists and the doings and vicissitudes of the Royal Academy (in whose affairs he exercised extraordinary authority) than in stories of authors and politicians and the rest of the outer world. But his interests and his range of acquaintance were wide, and he can pass from private information about Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hoppner, Raeburn, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Romney, Opie, Turner, Constable, and many another, to excellent talk of Fox, Pitt, Napoleon, Nelson and Lady Hamilton, George III and IV, Blake, Wordsworth, Rogers, Scott, Burns, Gibbon, Fanny Burney, Beckford—much that one is sorely tempted to quote, but space forbids.

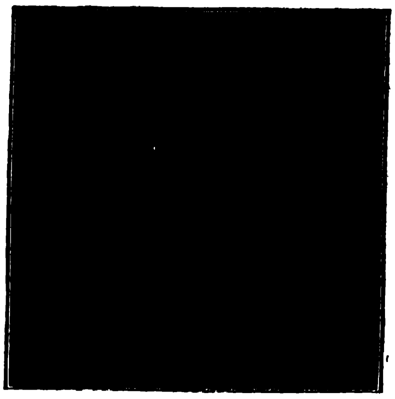


Photo by Henry B. Goodwin. **Mr. Stacy Aumonier.**

"The Best Short Stories of 1922," edited by Edward O'Brien and John Cournos (Jonathan Cape), is dedicated to Mr. Aumonier, and eight of his are included in their list of the year's best stories.

There are all manner of sidelights on customs of the time; significant notes on the democratising influence in this country of the recent French Revolution, and grim reports of what happened during its darkest days in Paris. No theatre manager now pays an annuity of £100 to our leading journal "that His Play House may be well recommended in that paper"; and J. Taylor, dramatic critic of the *Morning Post*, would not have found a publisher to give him £40 for his volume of poems nowadays: nobody would now suggest that all R.A.'s should wear a uniform, but there is a quite familiar ring in the lament of the Marquess Themond, in 1801, when "He said He could not but think that England had seen her best days." The most poignant entries are those which picture Burke's terrible grief on the death of his son, though Burke's general character, as drawn by Farington, is not attractive. In conversation he was intolerant of other speakers, and "disregarding their remarks urges on whatever rises in his mind with an ardour peculiar to himself." Lord Inchiquin described him as "insolent, impatient of contradiction—will hear no argument." Which emphasises what we learn of him elsewhere and helps to explain why he had hosts of admirers but no friends.

Some have a notion that this aggressive self-assertiveness, this noisy, overbearing intolerance indicates that the blusterer has a tremendous personality; but it seems likelier that his personality does not really amount to much or he would not feel impelled to adopt those methods to make it apparent. Borrow insisted on himself in an uproarious fashion, but he had not half the personality of Lamb. Lamb's greater personality needed no bush, but if Borrow had not adopted his bullying pose I fancy we might have recognised he was just a raw human being whose conceit and studious eccentricities made him appear extraordinary, who happened to be fond of tramping and the gipsy life, and able to write of them picturesquely with something of creative power. A sense of humour would have moved him to laugh at his own absurdities and impertinences of conduct and behave more sensibly. If all the stories of him are true, life under the same roof with such a man must have been miserable and exasperating; there can have been no ease, no comfort in his society; he must have been a riotous nuisance to his friends and all who had anything to do with him. I will confess to a long suspicion that his apparently big personality was too largely a matter of sound and fury, and that we should find him no giant among giants if we could deprive him of all his noise. I still suspect that, after reading Mr. Thurston Hopkins's "George Borrow: Lord of the Open Road" (12s. 6d.; Jarrolds), and do not agree with him that Borrow was greater than his work. The undeniable thing about him personally is that he was provocative, odd, interestingly ridiculous, and these you will find him in Mr. Hopkins's book, which gives you a vivid study of his characteristics, a good, brief biography, a discussion of his books and their characters, and some capital new stories and reminiscences, amusing in their fresh revelation of his eccentricities but confirming the conviction that his real personality was less portentous than pretentious. Mr. Hopkins is a hero-worshipper, but not a blind one; he recognises that at least some of the warts on his idol are no beauty-spots, and his book, illustrated with a portrait and three etchings, is a well informed, attractively written introduction to Borrow and his works.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. F. Britten Austin,**

whose successful book of short stories, "On the Borderland" (Hurst & Blackett), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN

A book that is likely to create discussion, as disclosing something of the secret political history of the last century, is "The Vindication of Sir Bartle Frere," by Basil Worsfold, which will be published next month by Mr. Thornton Butterworth. It clears Frere's name as an administrator by printing for the first time a series of letters from Sir Michael

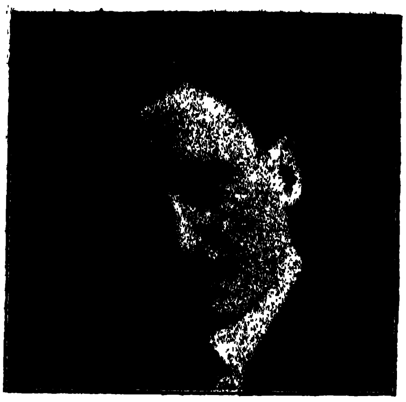


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Wilfrid Ewart.**

Hicks Beach, who was then Colonial Secretary.

"The Wrong Shadow," the romantic comedy of a successful chemist, by Harold Brighouse, will be published this month by Messrs. Chapman & Dodd.

In "Ships of the Royal Navy" (6s.; Sampson Low), Mr. Oscar Parkes has compiled a full list of the ships that make up the British Navy of to-day, and gives an account of their tonnage, speed, dimensions, armament, etc., and describes their characters and qualities lucidly and with expert knowledge. The book is a most complete work of reference on its subject, and is admirably illustrated with a hundred photographs.

The tragic death of Mr. Wilfrid Ewart in Mexico City, on New Year's Eve, ended what had promised to be a brilliant career. He was standing in a balcony looking down on a wild carnival procession when he was struck by a stray shot from a revolver. His two books, "The Way of Revelation" and "A Journey in Ireland" (both published by Messrs. Putnams), have won wide recognition from critics and the public, here and in America, the second as a wonderfully acute and impartial interpretation of latter-day Ireland, and "The Way of Revelation" as one of the most poignant and revealing of all the novels of the war.

Death has taken heavy toll in the world of letters these last few weeks, and we record with regret the passing of Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose life and work we hope to review at an early date; of Katherine Mansfield (Mrs. Middleton Murry), who is the subject of an article on another page; and of Mr. Ranger Gull, who had become better known by his pseudonym of "Guy Thorne." Perhaps his ablest novel was "The Serf," published some years ago in his own name; his most popular was "When It Was Dark," which created an extraordinary sensation in its time, and sold about half a million copies. We are asked to say that some of his friends are getting up a subscription which they wish to present to his wife, and that any who would care to add to this should communicate with Mr. Bohun Lynch, at the Savage Club, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C.



Mr. E. Charles Vivian,
whose new novel, "City of Wonder," has just been published by Messrs. Hutchinson.



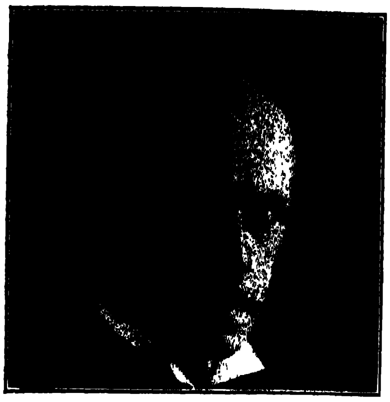
Photo by Advance Photo Co. **Mr. Hutton Mitchell.**

Having made two reputations—as a painter and as a black-and-white artist in the magazines — Mr. Hutton Mitchell is now setting out to make another as a novelist. His first novel, "The Deviations of Diana," which will be published early in the spring by Messrs. Philpot, is a realistic story of to-day, most of its scenes and characters being drawn from the literary and artistic life of London's picturesque Bohemia. Mr. Mitchell has drawn an unusual and striking design for the wrapper of his own book.

"An Outline of Literature and Art," under the joint editorship of Mr. John Drinkwater and Sir William Orpen, is to be issued in fortnightly parts by Messrs. Newnes, beginning on the second of this month. Starting with classical myths and legends, the "Outline" will give vivid studies of every great writer from Homer to Hardy and, in outline, an account of the literature of every country; a separate section being devoted to art, in which the same method will be followed and as many as possible of the greatest pictures of the world reproduced.

Mr. Cecil Roberts is better known as poet than as novelist, but he has at least one good novel to his credit and has written another, "Scissors," which Messrs. Heinemann are publishing next month. It deals with the changes that have come over social conditions in the last ten years, and not a few of its characters are drawn from living models. Mr. Roberts is at present engaged on a new novel, for which he gathered material during a recent visit to Italy.

To say nothing of the public, editors will bless the name of Mr. Low Warren. Henceforth, when they receive letters asking, How am I, or How is my son to set about becoming a journalist? they can, in the briefest note, refer applicants to Mr. Warren's "Journalism," which has just been published by Cecil Palmer (21s.), with an Introduction by Alan Pitt Robins. Nothing could be ampler or more practical. Mr. Warren writes out of over thirty years' experience as journalist and

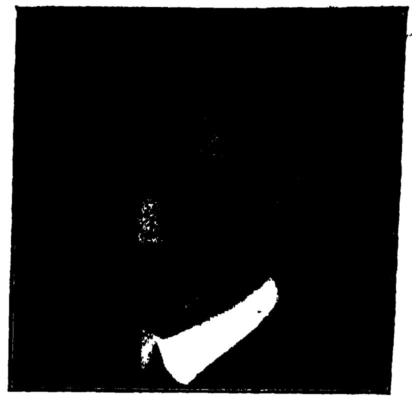


Mr. Cecil Roberts.

editor, and from telling you the best way to begin, the essential qualifications to success, he gives you details of all that is to be known about every branch of journalism, from the duties of the apprentice and junior reporter to those of the editor and manager. There are chapters on free-lancing, on press photography, on women journalists, technical journalism—the whole ground is fully covered and incidentally you have a history of journalism, thoughts on its future and, scattered here and there all through, interesting and amusing anecdotes of great journalists of yesterday and to-day. An excellent book, whether you read it for information or solely for the good entertainment it affords.

THE BOOKMAN.

Every year *Who's Who* gets bigger and bigger and becomes, if that be possible, a more and more indispensable reference book in every well-equipped office. The 1923 edition (42s.; A. & C. Black) contains over thirty thousand biographies of men and women of distinction in every walk of public life. Its information, carefully brought up to date again, is concise but ample; both as a directory of celebrities and a dictionary of national contemporary biography it remains without a rival.



Mr. L. H. Myers, whose remarkable novel, "The Orissers," is published by Messrs. Putnams. Mr. Myers is the son of F. W. Myers, the author of "Human Personality."

We have received from the Burke Publishing Company *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage* for 1923 (£6 6s.), a stout, handsomely produced volume, which claims to be the only one in the world that publishes a full and complete genealogy of every British family that now bears an hereditary title, and in addition accounts of all who bear titles that are not hereditary. The careful building up of this colossal work has been going on for so long that in five years Burke's will be celebrating its centenary. It is impossible here to summarise the immense variety of information it also furnishes concerning questions of precedence, Privy Councillors and collateral matters; it is enough to say that all its details are well and clearly arranged and the work maintains its high traditional standard of accuracy.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD.

THEY knew nothing of her, they who assembled in the market-place. Nothing at all: a circumstance neither melancholy nor surprising, seeing how little the name Katherine Mansfield has signified to the larger proportion of readers themselves, some, moreover, suspected of individualism and discrimination. Since the autumn of 1920 her two best books have had publication, and in the corresponding period eight awards were made by adjudicators connected with this or that recognised body of people anxious to give emphasis in a practical manner to the worthiest imaginative literature by young English contemporaries. Katherine Mansfield's contribution, one might have thought, made her a likely candidate. "The *Genius* of Katherine Mansfield," was actually the title of an essay by Miss Storm Jameson printed in *Voices* two years ago. And a critic of *The Times* directed attention to a quality in her writing which has peculiar claims to immortality," and we know of none amongst Miss Mansfield's contemporaries whose claims are as good." The quality he spoke of was perfection. "There are stories by her which are not only perfect in themselves, but perfect in their genre." Alas, neither Miss Jameson nor *The Times* critic figured with the adjudicators! And as Katherine Mansfield was apparently unfortunate enough to have written and published during a time singularly rich in volumes of imaginative literature possessing that same quality of perfection, her work was passed over, so far as the premier prize was concerned, on every single occasion of those eight awards.

Well, the author of "Bliss, and Other Stories" and "The Garden Party, and Other Stories" will bring no further volumes to the judgment table of whimsical connoisseurs. The work which, in heroic conditions, she has been able to accomplish is now set aside as a whole to await the ultimate judgment, for the news of her sudden death came from Fontainebleau on January 9th. The mortality among literary personages has been disproportionate of late and sadly heavy, but while authors such as Mrs. Meynell and Frederic Harrison died in the fullness of years, Katherine Mansfield had counted no more than thirty-three. For some six of these her health was undermined by phthisis, and she has been obliged to live abroad since 1920.

Probably her share in the renaissance of the short story in England has been greater than that of any of her contemporaries, although in the old days, before her life was darkened by suffering, she showed evidence of artistic vitality in many directions, *Rhythm* and *The New Age* being the chief medium of her expression in verse, criticism and the essay, as well as the short story. The first-named of these two periodicals was conducted by Mr. John Middleton Murry, who founded it with Mr. Michael Sadleir and a group of enthusiasts in the summer of 1911. The venture proved so successful that from a quarterly (in a grey wrapper), *Rhythm* was changed within a year to a monthly which, in its blue cover, is still remembered and sought after. Miss Mansfield's first contribution to *Rhythm* was a short story, "The Woman at the Store," which I remember now as I write, concluded at the top of a page which was filled in with my own first contribution, some lines of verse. Her early prose was hard, heavily detailed, and ruthless enough to be almost entirely devoid of the qualities that have enriched the work of her maturity. In 1911 she collected into volume-form a series of sketches which, appearing in the *New Age*, had caustically portrayed a German *pension* from the inside. Lately I read somewhere a disclaimer that Katherine Mansfield had been influenced by the Russian masters, an attempt being made at the same time to show that Jane Austen was her ancestress. Apart from the fact that there is no discredit in acknowledging an indebtedness during one's formative period to anyone except Mrs. Henry Wood, even a casual study of "In a German Pension" will reveal the extent to which Miss Mansfield worked under the spell of those Far Eastern giants. It is apparent also in the nature of her other *Rhythm* contributions. She made translations of the poetry of Boris Petrovsky:

> "Heavens above! here's an old tie of yours——
> Sea-green dragons stamped on a golden ground.
> Ha! Ha! Ha! What children we were in those days."

She wrote bizarre poems of her own, and more short stories, with curiously Russian settings. Her initials began to appear in the critical section of the magazine, and there she eventually spoke with authority, for she became associate editor with Mr. Murry, to whom later she was married. For her, as for her husband, *Rhythm* had been a rare literary training ground: when Mr. Murry became editor of the *Athenæum* in 1919, the reviews of fiction which appeared week by week over the signature "K.M." attracted wide attention for their wit understanding and honesty. Some day those criticisms will be reprinted. I remember their author once dallying a little with the idea of volume-publication for a selection of them, but she eventually put it aside. And no wonder: the preparation of "Bliss, and Other Stories" was taking all her energy, and its success must have encouraged her greatly in the writing of the tales gathered last year into the volume entitled "The Garden Party."



Katherine Mansfield
(Mrs. Middleton Murry).

In certain obituary notices great literary promise has been attributed to these two books. But each of them contains much of definite achievement also. The second collection, indeed, is mainly achievement, every story being as self-contained and self-complete as are the indefinite moods and deeds of human beings when considered from a certain artistic angle. Only one or two pieces in "Bliss" can be ranked with them: "The Pictures" is certainly one of these; "Je Ne Parle Pas Francais" is another, especially memorable to those few who had read it in the very limited edition printed at Mr. Murry's private printing press at Hampstead. "Prelude," in the same volume, was magnificently outdone by "At the Bay" in "The Garden Party."

How deceptive and fluctuating was the state of Katherine Mansfield's health during that later phase of her literary activities may be understood from the fact that while "Bliss" took two painful years to complete, "The Garden Party" was finished in six months. At one time she seemed to be making so much headway against the further advance of her illness that she returned to England. That was during September last, and in London and down at her new home in East Grinstead her friends made, unknowingly, their last farewells, for she grew alarmingly ill again in our treacherous climate and was driven back to the continent; and now, away hence, out of the reach of suffering and harsh circumstance, to other, viewless continents where for a brief while no mortal among us may follow. To her friends she has bequeathed a treasure most noble: not simply her books, and the letters written in exile, and the recollection of countless hospitable and affectionate hearthside meetings, but an exalted sense that they have been privileged to sojourn awhile in the presence of one who was among the saintliest of women. What she contributed to the art of the short story; what lovely and loving things she did for others; what lovableness, simplicity, tenderness and reverence were showing more and more in her work—all these matters will doubtless be spoken of some day, and, one hopes, befittingly.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE READER.

ERNEST RENAN.

By Anthony Clyne.

ON February 27th, a century ago, Ernest Renan was born in the sleepy town of Tréguier, on the coast of Brittany. George Sand did not care for Brittany because it was "all Celtic ruins and Catholicism," a distaste typical of the age. Renan was in temperament a genuine Breton, a dreamy, unworldly and serene Celt. His charm consists in the mingling of the gentle mysticism of the Celt with the sober accuracy of the French rationalist. He was a sentimental realist, a romantic sceptic. All through his life and character and writings runs this dualism, not as a confused discord or ineffectual neutrality, but as a complex harmony deepening and widening his understanding. He who insisted upon the employment of Reason, with unfaltering honesty and infinitely scrupulous care, for the discovery of the truth, was always speaking with tender admiration of Faith. It was his favourite word.



Ernest Renan.
From a painting by A. Scheffer, 1860.
In the collection of Madame Psichari (Renan's daughter).

Renan's father, descendant of fisherfolk, was a poor mariner, "mild and melancholy," without much capacity for business, so that the family's affairs were not prosperous. Renan's mother was by blood half Breton, half Gascon, and in her temperament the Gascon element predominated—joyous, richly endowed with common sense. The Breton father was an ardent Republican, the Gascon mother a firm Royalist. As all through his life Renan was divided between the political principles of his father and those of his mother, so he inherited both his father's contemplative idealism and his mother's serene common sense. Everywhere in his life we perceive this dualism. "I am of two-fold nature," he said. "One part of me laughs, while the other weeps." As his father's son he listened eagerly to the grotesque yet gracious legends of Breton saints, and as his mother's son he discriminated between the possibly true and the certainly fictitious. When Ernest was five his father was drowned, returning one dark night in his coasting vessel from the quay of St. Malo. Then his fifteen-year-old sister, Henriette, a soul of sublime courage, assumed liability for her father's debts and became the real head of the family. For twenty years she worked for them. Between Ernest and Henriette existed infinite affection and perfect confidence. She paid his school fees until he won a scholarship, and to her he turned always as a young man for sympathy and guidance.

All this and much more we learn from that fascinating fragment of autobiography, "Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse." We can see that there occurred no revolutionary changes in his nature, but evolution in the strict sense of the word, an unfolding of what had always been present, if hidden and in germ. The venerable priests of the seminary might describe him in their reports as "docile, patient, diligent"; but beneath the surface he had an uneasy doubt of the sufficiency of their instruction and was entirely aware of the inefficiency of their methods. Winning all the prizes of his class when he was fifteen, he was sent for by the director of a Paris ecclesiastical college, recruiting youths of promise destined for the priesthood. At fifteen, then, this provincial lad goes to Paris, as if "suddenly flung into France from Tahiti or Timbuctoo." He passes through the commonest suburbs as a sort of legendary Holy Land. As one commentator points out, he does not see the convict prison at Poissy, ignores the asylum at unsavoury Nanterre, but exclaims passionately, "*Nanterre, la Patrie de Ste. Geneviève! Poissy, le Pays de St. Louis!*" Everything was radiant with magic glamour, or else painfully incomprehensible. Everything was different, even religion. Of Brittany his last memory was "the pious chimes of the evening Angelus, spreading from parish to parish, infusing into the atmosphere something of calmness, of sweetness, of melancholy." But the glittering, superficial, ingenious Catholicism of the capital alienated him—"a religion of calico-print, a piety scented with musk, decked out with ribbons." From an impulse we can well understand, a desperate resolution to preserve the austere faith of his childhood, his personal piety became more fervent and he tried to become absorbed in devout observances. It was vain. During the seven years of his training his uneasiness increased. A terrible conflict raged within the young man's heart, between devotion to the Church and the changed opinions he had formed of its doctrines, between fear of grieving his mother and all his friends and complete honesty, a conflict that is revealed by flashes of vehement perplexity in his letters, though he never lost the appearance of serene peace. His sister encouraged him to obey his conscience, and when the decision was taken she sent him out of her hoarded savings 1,200 francs, for he was left without means of support.

Renan, twenty-two years old, found a modest post as usher in a school, was paid no salary, taking his meals with the scholars, his duties occupying scarcely two hours in the evening. Among the scholars was Berthelot, the famous chemist, already passionately devoted to science. A friendship of the closest intimacy sprang up between the two, to endure all their lives. Renan talked to Berthelot of his Semitic studies, to which his days were given up. Berthelot revealed to Renan a new world, the world of natural science. Renan seized upon its certitudes, its principles founded upon

data derived from experiment and direct observation, with avidity. Philology, literature, history he had studied; learning he possessed. This was the knowledge for which he had unconsciously craved. But always we perceive the dualism of his nature. For he welcomed the scientific revelation with unscientific enthusiasm. Ever afterwards he was filled with wonder of the world, but the wonder of a mystic. Meanwhile his studies brought him distinction. In 1847 he won the Prix Volney for a philological essay with a paper, expanded seven years later into his great "General History and Comparative System of the Semitic Languages." The same year he passed brilliantly the examination which made him Fellow of the University of Paris.

But 1848 was the year of revolution. Events in France and throughout Europe profoundly impressed him. Again he was confronted by a new revelation, a world of which his seminary studies, his philology, his eager absorption of scientific principles had taught him nothing—the world of politics. The ideal of Democracy he ardently embraced, and he composed a huge treatise, "The Future of Science," not published until forty years later, setting forth with eloquence his scheme for remaking society. Rejecting the panacea of the equalisation of wealth, he would have it considered of secondary importance and culture of supreme value. How to reconcile an aristocracy of culture with the rights of the mass of men—that was a problem which perplexed him ever afterwards. By this time his contributions to periodicals were attracting attention. The Government sent him on a mission of exploration among all the libraries of Italy. But all his time was not spent in libraries. Again a new revelation came to him, a world opened out before him of which he had hitherto learned nothing—the world of art.



Ernest Renan (1823-1892).

Returning to Paris, he and his sister Henriette took a little house, living upon his small salary from the National Library and her savings, devoting their evenings to literature. She assisted him by copying his manuscripts, compiling materials, criticising—and wisely —his style. For the journals he wrote those charming essays, later collected in "Studies of Religious History" and "Ethical and Critical Essays," and in 1852 was published the book that first brought him fame as a philosopher, "Averroès and Averroïsm." In 1856 he was in a position to marry. Henriette sadly submitted to sharing him with another, and remained with the pair. She accompanied him to Syria in 1861, and there she died of a fever. He too was struck down, and was taken back to France to recover slowly.

Henriette had bidden him write the "Life of Jesus." They had commenced it together in the Holy Land. In 1863 it appeared. It perfectly displays that vivifying vision without any surrender of scrupulous science which is the peculiar quality of his writings. It is the product of a poet and an artist as much as of a diligent and profound scholar. To his vast knowledge of manuscripts and authorities was added a sense of the landscape of the story, derived from personal knowledge of the scenery of the Holy Land, and a wonderful understanding of the life of the people—the life of the synagogue, the village, the fields, the olive groves, the fishing-boats on the lake, and the Jerusalem of the Herods. There followed "The Apostles" and "St. Paul." The theological implications of Renan's writings are not for discussion here. Indeed it is not for them, not for his contributions to Biblical theories, that he is to be accounted among the greatest in French literature, but for the delicate skill, the combination of profound learning and human sympathy, of scrupulous accuracy and true romance, of science and poetry, with which he illuminates the past. Nothing could excel the ingenuity with which he supplies the gaps in the records of the age of which he wrote, to furnish a coherent, consistent and graphic panorama of an ancient and alien land. The persons who appear in his pages are neither mere mouthpieces arranged dexterously to utter the set Biblical speeches, nor the conventional figures of a church window. They are flesh and blood realities, living and breathing men.

Of his later writings there is no space to speak, except briefly. The war of 1870, and especially the Commune, converted his Liberalism into a gospel of monarchy, of conscription and thorough internal reform, of a patriotic aristocracy controlling an obedient multitude. He was disillusioned. The sceptic triumphed over the romantic, the enthusiast. One can perceive the process of disenchantment in his writings, though there is no diminution in their consummate skill, their literary art. Flashes of mordant irony were more frequent. There was no Henriette to check, as she used to do, the satire that wounds and is meant to wound. But from this temporary overclouding he emerged again, and in the last sections of his "Origins of Christianity" he is again serene and confident, again, as Taine said, "the sceptic who stuffs the empty spaces of his scepticism with something mystic." At sixty he published that account of his childhood and youth which in France, at any rate, is next in popularity to his "Life of Jesus." Having completed the immense "Origins of Christianity," he commenced with unabated industry a great "History of Israel," the last volumes appearing after his death.

SOME PLAYS OF ALFRED SUTRO.

By Graham Sutton.

I HEARD great things of Mr. Sutro's double-event: I read congratulatory notices: I received announcements and tickets for "The Laughing Lady," and almost immediately afterwards for "The Great Well": I was enthusiastic in anticipation. And then my conscience, hanging like Launcelot Gobbo's about the neck of my heart, reproached me that I had regarded Mr. Sutro as a pre-war dramatist; and before visiting "The Laughing Lady" I took down a few of his old successes from their top shelf to secure a perspective.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Alfred Sutro.**

To read a dramatist *en masse* is always interesting and often instructive; it brings out his private tastes and public method; in Mr. Sutro's case it throws much light on the concensus of critical opinion about his two latest plays. "Well made," "construction," "technical skill"- these are the critical chorus: as they well may be. For Mr. Sutro served his apprenticeship in a strict school. Twenty odd years ago, when he began play-making, the first requisite of drama was that it should be well constructed, as Sardou had defined construction. Young Sutro took the lesson to heart; technique came first with him, and the rest nowhere. Read "Women in Love," a volume of one-act plays first published in 1902, if you would see the manner of his apprenticeship—cold, clockwork little things they are, constructed quite obviously as a mere exercise in making the wheels go round; then turn to a later volume of one-acters—"Little Plays," 1912—and note the development. "Aren't we just now on the rim of the world?" says Lady Torminster. "Aren't we a little more than ourselves—aren't we almost on the other side of things?" This is as true of the book generally as of these characters in particular. No one in "Women in Love" could possibly have talked like that. But now the mechanical apprenticeship is over; the foundation has been truly laid; the dry bones begin to live.

Meanwhile "The Walls of Jericho" in 1904 had scored a big success. Revived in the provinces a few years ago, it had a curiously old-fashioned flavour; "but of course, it is old stuff," one told oneself—and then remembered other plays of the same age that still seem dateless; the trouble being, I fancy, that when Mr. Sutro wrote "The Walls of Jericho" he was still thinking more in stage-technique than in human emotions. But he was also on the verge of a more dangerous pitfall—that very death-trap to all witty English dramatists, the comedy of manners. And here I must digress to Congreve, and to the spell which he has laid on certain comedy writers of our own age. Congreve drew Mirabel and Millamant for a specialised audience; while he wrote, the English theatre was run by and for a highly cultured clique, who were content to take wit like snuff, as an end in itself without moral associations; thus nurtured, comedy sparkled into a perfection that has been the ideal of all later wits—and their despair. For the English audience is no longer responsive to this kind of comedy: it is no longer capable of separating wit from morality: its imagination is like the villas it lives in—only semi-detached: it must have righteousness dragged in by the ears, or the play is damned. So that the modern playwright with an admiration for comedy of manners is like a man boxing with a broken thumb, he can't put his heart into the job—or rather, he has to put too much "heart" into it, at the expense of head. He may retain his wit to please himself, but he must ballast with romantic sentiment to placate his audience; and in the comedy which springs from this monstrous misalliance of Hermes and Mrs. Grundy, the prizes go only to such playwrights as can make the best of two irreconcilable worlds. Wilde wrestled with this task in "An Ideal Husband"; Somerset Maugham in "Landed Gentry"; and Mr. Sutro, as early as "The Walls of Jericho," shows signs of falling under the same fatal spell. By fits and starts the play reads like comedy of manners. "Rubbish, sir, rubbish!" protests Lord Steventon, when Jack Frobisher points out that the young blood who has got the governess into trouble has only one course open to him "as an honest man." "Pestilent and pernicious rubbish! An honest man must consider what he owes to his name and his rank——" But this will never do! An English playwright must consider what he owes to his pit and his gallery. So the honest man prevails heroically: the cynical marquess is snubbed with a suitable reference to the Almighty: and the situation is made safe for democracy, which goes home content.

But the old lure of comedy of manners had not done with Mr. Sutro yet. He embarked presently upon a comedy period, in which he seemed to be tending quite definitely to the more frivolous mode. After solemn Jack Frobisher, Mr. Vanderveldt was both fascinating and full of promise; yet there was heavy artillery even here—to be precise, our old friend the honest man, who should have stopped in Jericho rather than turn up to balk Mr. Vanderveldt of the heroine, and the whole play of fulfilling its proper function. Mr. Vanderveldt, with his delightfully tinsel wickedness and preposterous tons of granite, cried out for comedy-of-manners treatment. You may object that the honest man's solemn virtue threw Mr. Vanderveldt into higher relief; so it did, of course; but that did not justify its intrusion, still less its ultimate triumph. "Honest man!" cries Shakespeare's Frenchman indignantly. "What shall ze honest man do in my closet?" And a French critic of our stage might ask with equal point, what shall the honest man do in this all-but-comedy-of-manners where his presence is no less questionable?

Even so, the breeze of Mr. Vanderveldt blew through the play disinfecting its stuffiness. There had been no such breeze in Jericho—no breeze at all, save the prolonged blast of sentiment's trumpet; and it still seemed that Mr. Sutro might find his way out of the maze into pure comedy of manners, as Wilde had emerged finally into "The Importance of Being Ernest," and as Somerset Maugham was to emerge, temporarily, into "The Circle." But it was not to be. Just as Mr. Maugham, repentant, cast back to romantic drama and wrote "East of Suez," so at the end of this comic period Mr. Sutro, whether from personal inclination or because he feared to scare away his growing public, turned his back on comedy of manners for good and all. True, he retained all his wit, and even increased it, "John Glayde's Honour" (1907) and "The Builder of Bridges" (1909) being wittier than either of the two predecessors to which I have referred. But wit had ceased to be an end in itself; and a good deal of it was bent to the task of tickling a public taste which liked to be amused and edified at the same time. For these two (like "The Walls of Jericho") were "plays" again—*anglicè*, light-comedy with a romantic-moralistic background: or what the French critic would call light-comedy spoiled. Perhaps not even light-comedy: light-drama, one would rather say. Wit became subservient to strong situations and carefully planned effects. Yet in that comedy period Mr. Sutro had kicked up his heels to some purpose, and had worked off the stiffness induced by too much devotion to technique. Just as, in his one-act plays, a series of technical exercises was followed by a series of living folk, so in "John Glayde" and "The Builder of Bridges" did the cold artifice of "Jericho" come to life. Dialogue grew more natural; more intricate plots moved swiftly and easily; type-characters blossomed into individuals. Here again, the time of apprenticeship was over, and the craftsman arrived.

His two last plays follow the same line of development.

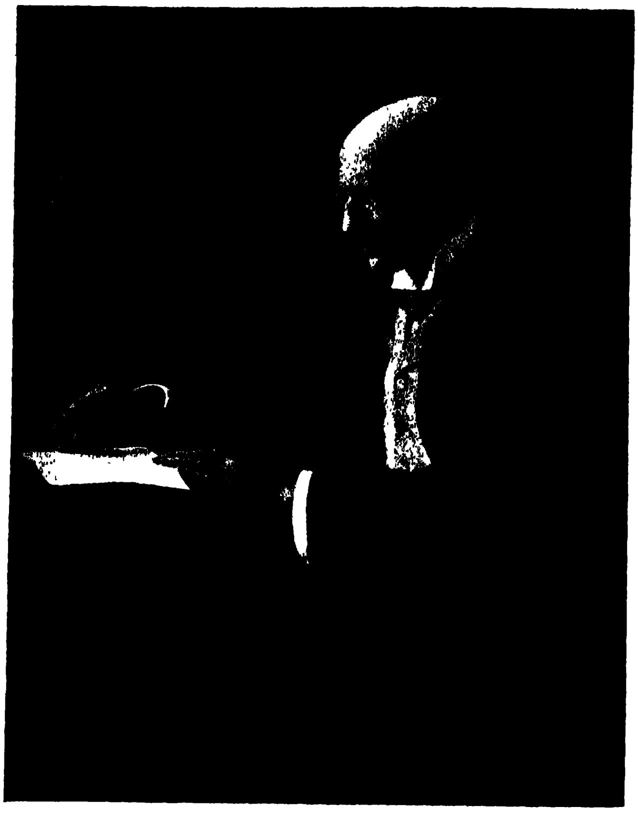


Photo by Ernest H. Mills. **Mr. Alfred Sutro.**

"The Great Well" is the more "theatrical" (none the worse for that: I will confess an actor's partiality for the "theatrical" play, and protest against the degradation of that adjective into a term of abuse). If the producers had suffered it to stand on its own legs, and had suppressed a tendency to over-acting, it would be even more effective than the present company make it. As it is, Mr. Matheson Lang does excellent work, and strikes just that mean between ruggedness and volubility which his quiet-strong-man rôle requires. "The Laughing Lady" is in lighter vein, and its first act betrays Mr. Sutro's old affection for comedy of manners. But in each case the plot twists and gleams in Mr. Sutro's practised hands like a silk hat in those of a conjurer; like a good conjurer, he extracts from it an inexhaustible variety of effects, comic and sensational; like a good conjurer again, he takes care that each trick shall be more exciting than the one before. Not till next morning, when the playhouse glamour has paled into the light of day, does one begin to wonder whether these bright, glancing, nimble-witted folk were ever quite so alive as they seemed at the moment: whether they live on in the imagination as they lived in the scene: whether the soul of them, if their body had jigged less nimbly, would not have betrayed itself as unreal and theatrical as its tinselled shell. But these are cold-blooded, matutinal reflections. Such plays aim rather to provide an evening's entertainment than to draw from life; and this Mr. Sutro has twice more done admirably. For their brief three hours' traffic his marionettes are kept alive and kicking; and although at curtain-fall, tucked up in the marriage-bed as puppets into a box, they relapse into nothingness, yet they have served their turn. For the prime need of a successful piece is that it should act at night, not that it should grip next morning. Let the superior stallite (if he still survives) deplore this Philistinism: pit and gallery know it to be true. So do the business managers. So, above all, does Mr. Sutro.

GIOVANNI PAPINI—A NEW APOSTLE.

By Henry James Forman.

WHO is Giovanni Papini?

There is a thrill in the thought that to-day, virtually unknown to English-speaking people, his name to-morrow perhaps will be a household word. By a single book, his "Life of Christ," he seems destined to become one of the world's great figures. In Italy the book has already created what is virtually a sensation, and all Europe and America will soon be in possession of it. Edition after edition is coming from the presses in Florence, and translations are being made all over

the world. The publication of a book like that is undeniably an arresting event.

For a writer to awaken of a morning and find himself famous, Byron's classic experience, that is undoubtedly the most satisfying of all our conceptions of an author's career. That seems to be the dramatic way for an author to arrive within the circle of our attention. Fame in ourselves or in others is relished in proportion to its suddenness.

Once a man is brightened by fame, however, we desire, oddly enough, to peer into all the shadows of his days of obscurity. Who is he? we ask. Where does he come from? What are his antecedents? Why and under what circumstances did he happen to produce this particular work, write this particular book? Why had he not produced it before? What does he mean by remaining merely a name and a private individual, when we desire to know his life, his views, his environment, his innermost thoughts, all the secrets of his existence?

In the case of Papini, the answers to these queries assume a peculiar twist of novelty. For not only had he not always been devout or even religious, but actually, according to rumour, he was a scoffing atheist, an anarchist, a grim and bitter satirist of all things the human race generally affects, and of religion most of all. And rumour in this instance is strikingly veracious.

So far from being obscure in his own country, however, he was only too well known for the hostility of his criticism of others, for the bitterness of his abuse, for the harsh sardonic terms and epithets he fastened upon things, people, other writers. For, unlike Byron, he had published some twenty-three volumes in Italy before his "Life of Christ," and every one of them, almost, has a dash of vitriol in it. He was, in a manner, like Dante and Pietro Aretino in one. He had no hesitation in stigmatising people with the bitterest opprobrium. In his writing, as in his life, he bristled with acerbity and hostility.

"If there was an unpleasant truth to tell anyone to his face," he confesses, "I was the first to blurt it out, without beating about the bush or any circumlocution. If only I knew a man's hidden weakness, I was the one to announce it openly to him before everybody."

He was a hater, rather than a lover of his kind, a master of invective. Anarchist, atheist, nihilist, his one firm belief for a time, at least, was that suicide for the entire human race was the only salvation!

And now, within the past few years, the past few months, virtually, he has written a book that is already translated, or being translated, into a dozen languages, that turns its back upon all criticism or analysis, that has for its one aim and goal the calling back of the human race, or rather of calling it anew to the religion of love!

What is the secret? How did it happen? Was it a sudden conversion, or a growth? What manner of man is this Papini?

I wish I could paint him as he is, this new Evangelist of the study. This new Hound of Heaven, with his gaunt frame, his great shock of curling, dark hair, like a popular pianist, his thin, pallid, olive-tinted face, like an ascetic's. The deep sunken eyes of the student scrutinise you myopically from behind large, round spectacles that gleam somewhat coldly, with a chill aloofness. Yet there is an appealing weariness about the eyes, as of one who has laboured much in profound thought, and kept long vigils over books.

There is a sense of struggle about the man, of hope long deferred, of terrific energy expended in that chilly book-lined study in the modest Florentine flat. And yet, too, you have a feeling that the struggle is only beginning. His writing table is clean, like a city man's. There is no litter of papers, only a blotter and an ash-tray.

His little daughter, Gioconda, who had opened the door for me, called out blithely:

"*Babbo, un signore* daddy, here's a man to see you," and went on about her own affairs.

"And what," demanded Signor Papini, peering closely, "do England and America wish to know about me?"

"They wish to know something of your life and history," I told him. "But first of all they wish to know how you came to write the '*Storia di Cristo*.'"

"It was the war," he broke out rapidly, as though this speech had been long pent up in him. "When the war came, and nation after nation plunged in almost without thought or care, offering up holocausts of its men, destroying, burning, killing—then I laughed with all the joyless bitterness of having one's saddest convictions confirmed. That is precisely what I believed and thought about the human race; that it was criminal and imbecile, that it was incapable of good and turned only to evil, that its dominant desire was only to destroy and to kill, to kill and to destroy. Yes, I laughed, and I was glad that my deep-rooted conviction was so amply justified.

"In time, however, this mood of scoffing and bitterness passed by. I was tormented by the question, why should this be? Why all this killing and maiming and destruction?"

Signor Papini smoked rapidly as he talked, and his eyes behind his spectacles assumed the distant speculative look of abstract thought that was evidently more normal to him than the dwelling upon objects near by.

"I began to read history," he went on, "and more and more history. I went back to the earliest historical times, as far back as 2500 B.C. And always it was the same, the development of peoples and nations led to war. It led to war owing to the failure of religion, of religion actually based upon the true spirit of love. War and destruction seemed to be the natural climax.

"I began to examine the history of capitalism and industrialism, the development of Italy, of Europe, since the fifteenth century, and the upshot, I found, had been always the same: war and destruction.

"Was there any way to avoid this horrible tragedy, to do away with it permanently?

"The only solution," he continued solemnly and more slowly, "*was to change the spirit of mankind—to turn it towards religion.*"

Signor Papini laid a clear emphasis upon every one of these words, as though to point the enormity of this conclusion *for him*.

He still looked the consternation he felt at that appallingly logical conclusion.

Always a clear thinker, trained in all the processes of

reasoning and thinking, he examined his thought process coldly, searchingly, feverishly, by turns. Was that the only way? He peered down the vista of his reasoning as one might look down the barrel of a gun suddenly pointed at one's eyes. Was it a change of heart, or of mind? Not improbably it was something of both, intimately mingled.

"Toward the spirit of religion"—he repeated with the force of finality in his words. "That was the only way."

He saw clearly all the consequences of such a conclusion for him—Papini. For him to believe in an idea was to embrace it without reservation, with all the energy at his command. He saw all his past suddenly swept away, and all the future of attack, and ridicule, and abuse, by foes of the past, by friends of the past—a new existence of struggle and combat. But the way already lay clear before him. As a man of courage he could not choose but follow it. He was on the march—into a new life.

"That was about five years ago," he went on more rapidly. "Then I re-read Tolstoy and Dostoievsky. I spent many months of soul-searching thought. And constantly I kept returning to the same inescapable conclusion: Against the fever for destruction, against the rapacity and the evil that are in us, the only countervailing force was the spirit of religion as set forth in the Bible—in the Gospels—the spirit of true Christianity."

Then it was that the idea came to him to write the "Life of Christ," a story, neither scientific nor critical, for laymen by a modern layman, based singly upon the story of the Four Gospels—to make Christ live again for present-day humanity. And that is the book he believes he has written.

You cannot conceive how strangely all that sounded, not only from Papini, but from any modern Italian. Italy, to-day, is largely either socialistic, or materialistic, or frankly frivolous. The popular books are the light Gallic novels of Guido da Verona, or the plays of Sem Bennelli, author of "The Jest," or the writings of D'Annunzio. But Giovanni Papini is the antithesis of these writers. He has abused them roughly in his criticisms, without gloves. The author of "The Jest" is to him merely a dealer in old clothes and discarded trappings. D'Annunzio is an insincere buffoon. There is a deadly seriousness of force behind these blows that Papini strikes at his contemporaries. He is no D'Annunzio, to make an epigram, pay a compliment and kiss a lady's hand. He despises all that. His type is that of Savonarola, rather than of Petrarch. He is much more of the Fra Girolamo than of the Fra Angelico. A friend of his has declared: so ugly is Papini in appearance that portraits of him and caricatures show no appreciable difference, and he is certainly far from handsome.

His has been the lonely way of the unfavoured. From childhood, from infancy, he has been unfavoured in every respect, excepting only in his genius, and even in that he has been described as being at times a genius, at times merely ingenious. But that is a trifling epigram. No man is a genius all the time, and even the greatest minds have fallen to hack work when their stomachs craved for bread. Poverty has been Papini's lot from birth. He was no Cavalier that turned his back upon riches like another St. Francis. Poverty and he have been a sort of Siamese twins all the days of his existence.

"I believe in poverty for the artist," he said simply when we talked of it. "Not in misery, mind you [the Italian *miseria*, which means destitution], for then no thought or creative work is possible. But wholesome poverty is good for the thinker and the writer. To be brought up in luxury——" and he shook his head forbiddingly, deprecatingly.

Well, Papini encountered no such deadly peril on his arrival in the world. Gradually, in the hours and days I passed with him in his Florentine apartment, the while his young daughters Viola and Gioconda were laughing and chattering in a neighbouring room, there came out his story, bleak and austere as few, full of suffering and longing and disappointment, reminiscent of some of those cosmically sad figures that Michael Angelo loved to portray. His autobiographic novel, "*Un Uomo Finito*," begins with the words:

> "I have never been a child. I have never had a childhood."

And that, I discovered, was literally true. He was born in Florence on January 9th, 1881, the son of poor parents and of a family numerous in relations. His father was a furniture maker in a small way, and to-day you can still see the name of Papini upon doors and windows of shops dealing in furniture and carpets in the heart of Florence. The elder Papini was a man of a certain energy of thought, a Garibaldista, something of a radical and revolutionary, a free-thinker, very much of a modern Italian. Whatever there may have been in the dark rooms of the modest, laborious Italian household, behind the shop, there was certainly no piety there. His mother had the boy baptised by stealth, because of her inborn instinct, but fearful lest the father should cry out in wrath against such antiquated bigotry and superstition.

From the moment he could read, however, young Papini discovered this small twilight world of his shot through at times with a strange and fearful splendour—the light of the printed word, the printed page. Into those narrow streets of old Florence, into those cramped rooms, there broke through the dazzle that has made and altered so many young lives, the world of books. There was a box of books, soiled and neglected in a dark closet—we need not dwell upon that. That story is old and familiar to many of us in our own experience.

"My passion became to know—to know—to know everything, all that had ever been printed, or written, or known. Nothing short of omniscience became my goal."

He still recalled that boyish fever for knowledge without a smile. It was still so intense and so real to him, that boyish encyclopædism. And encyclopædism naturally led to the encyclopædia—that exhaustless magazine of knowledge that answered all questions and appeased all curiosity. It was not long before he began to dream of writing an encyclopædia himself—but a far more ambitious work than any existing one; indeed, the fullest of existing ones were to be but as outlines to his own completed task. Infinite reading followed and infinitely painstaking note-gathering and filing away of information.

"Pennies was what I needed," he elucidated sadly, "pennies for paper, ink and pens, and pennies, *soldi*, were scarce."

His mother, by marvels of economy in her household allowance, managed to provide some of the *soldi*. But always he kept roaming the streets of Florence, gazing hungrily into book and stationers' shops—usually in vain.

The encyclopædia nevertheless progressed with tireless zeal. The article on "Achilles," oddly, proved to be the stumbling rock. At "Achilles" the encyclopædia abruptly halted, never to be resumed.



Giovanni Papini.

There had already been a tragedy upon the life of Christopher Columbus, composed at the age of eleven, and then, after the failure of the encyclopædia, now that the Florentine National Library was open to him, by the simple device of giving a false age, it occurred to him that a universal history from the earliest period of the existence of the Cosmos to the present day was much needed by a benighted mankind. Then presented itself the puzzle of the Biblical creation in six days and it became obvious that a rationalist and truly scientific commentary upon the Bible was the one indispensable undertaking for a ripe and serious scholar of fifteen, or thereabout. But the Bible without Hebrew—bricks without straw! He proceeded at once to learn the rudiments of the Hebrew tongue, and to toil at his commentary. By the time the commentary reached the third verse of Genesis, it was so voluminous that the mere contemplation of the completed work upon the entire Bible gave him vertigo. The commentary gave way to an exhaustive work on comparative literature—equally abortive.

"For the next four or five years," he said, "I read and wrote about fifteen hours in every day—until my health gave way."

With the fiery idealism, with the parching thirst for knowledge, there grew in his soul a profound and cavernous pessimism over what seemed the absolutely futile life of mankind. The pessimism of Schopenhauer, of Buddha with his Nirvâna, seemed half-measures to Papini—mere child's play. The only remedy for a suffering humanity was universal suicide. It gave him a grim kind of pleasure to contemplate a depopulated earth spinning deserted through infinite space, and, so far as mankind was concerned, the universe would then have ceased to exist. To be the Apostle of Suicide seemed to him then a glorious mission, and, paradoxically, he went on living, he told himself, only that he might persuade the rest of the world to die. Then, suddenly realising the grotesque absurdity of his position, he became furious with all the philosophies he had studied, principally German, that had brought him to this pitch, and he attacked them violently in a series of studies, which were subsequently published in a book entitled, "The Twilight of the Philosophers."

"The publishers had found you out early," I put in, "since you were but little over twenty when that book was published."

"The publishers!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Very far from it, it was years before they printed anything of mine at their own risk. The publication of that, as of a number of my subsequent books, was paid for—by me, by friends who subscribed 50 lire, 100 lire—what they could. There were few such friends, but they believed in me.

"It was in that way that the review *Leonardo* was founded in Florence. We came together, those intellectual friends and myself—a group of diverse tastes enough, painters, students, young idealists of varying shades who knew only that they were discontented with the thought and literature of Italy as it was. We decided that this state of affairs must be changed and improved at once. We gathered in a room by candle light, terribly aroused, terribly in earnest. There were speeches, I read a long speech myself; it was like a call to battle. Every one there pledged himself to give fifty lire a month. They elected me the editor and the review, philosophical, literary and artistic, became a fact."

It was in that review that the philosophy of Pragmatism, of which the great exponent was Professor William James of Harvard, was first made known in Italy. Pragmatism for Papini meant the bringing of our spiritual powers into use, into the business of making the world over, instead of merely standing by and looking on. And when this young Italian philosopher was barely twenty-five, James was writing articles about him, patting him on the head in the *Psychological Review* and approving his theory that a Divine omniscience is the legitimate goal of mankind.

"I met William James about that time," said Papini, laughing reminiscently. "I went to see him at the Hotel de Russie in Rome upon his invitation. To me he was an object of veneration, a hero. He was in his shirt sleeves, washing his face as I came in, but he was not in the least disturbed by that. He went right on washing himself and talking philosophy rapidly as he splashed in the basin."

Leonardo was so successful that the entire group of young men contributing to it, and supporting it, became more or less known, and Papini most of all. They were invited to write for other periodicals. So successful

was *Leonardo* that it perished utterly in 1907, after about three years of valiant struggle. There followed other periodicals, in which Papini had a share, *La Voce, L'Anima, Lacerba*—of which none is now surviving.

Numerous volumes from Papini's pen kept appearing, critical essays, slashing studies, " Twenty-four Brains," " Testimonies," " Executions," and the like. His mind was brimming with ideas; he was always in a new movement, freighting new argosies of thought. There are three volumes of poetry among his works, and even some books of short stories, though not of the kind that editors of popular magazines usually print.

" The Blind Pilot," for instance, is the story of a mariner who invites people to sail with him, but once they have come aboard his craft, he knows not whither to take them. There is the tale of a diver who has spent so much time among the gardens and beautiful pleasaunces under the sea, that when he comes back to his home in the modern city he turns with horror and revulsion from the sights that assail his eyes and he can no longer live there.

" In other words," I remarked, " you had struggled out of the early days and were now in the full tide of authorship, living by literature."

" By literature ! " he recoiled visibly. " Never—not until the last year or two. I was still as poor almost as in my boyhood. I worked in the library of the Museum of Anthropology but that yielded me nothing. I worked there for the sake of the books that came under my hands. My honorarium was sixty lire every New Year's Day, about four shillings a month. Then and subsequently I gave lessons, I wrote reviews for newspapers, I made translations. I translated all the works of the English philosopher Berkeley for the sum of two hundred lire—about eight pounds sterling. Less than two years ago I was still giving lessons, among others, to an American student in Italian philology."

When one recalls that Papini left the public schools of Florence when he was under fifteen, and never attended a college or a university, his knowledge and erudition seem truly amazing.

" Were your parents able to help you at all ? " I asked him.

" My parents," he answered, " desired me to enter the family furniture business. When I declined there were quarrels, scenes, and I left the house before I was nineteen."

But the atheistic strain imbibed at home persisted late and one of his books that he has recently withdrawn from circulation is entitled " Memoirs of God," an essay in which conditions are reversed, and the Diety is praying to mankind, asking that all turn atheist, so that He might cease to be. Altogether it is as blasphemous a little volume as one may well expect to light upon.

Yet there was always in his temperament the curious affinity for religious thought, religious subjects. When he was not scoffing at religion, he was feverishly dreaming of founding a new one. Theosophy preoccupied him at one time, occultism, yogi-ism, sainthood. And he even subjected himself to the ascetic discipline of some of the cults, because a saint, the founder of a new religion, must be able to work miracles.

One of his dreams was to write a vast religious epic, a sort of cross between Dante's " Divine Comedy " and Goethe's " Faust," to be entitled "*Dies Irae*." The subject of "*Dies Irae*" was to be the Last Judgment, and its aim the salvation and renewal of mankind. Always his thought ran not in terms merely sectional or national, but in terms of all humanity. Small themes were hateful to him. Mere cleverness he despised.

" I lived in an atmosphere of grandeur," he writes of those days, " thinking of great subjects. A cosmic poem, a universal drama—a vast scene—that was what I wanted to write."

He wanted to write of that day of days—the last dreadful day when the sun was become pallid as the moon, when the heavens darkened, when the earth had shrivelled and cracked like a dried kernel. And the remnant of mankind had fled with the beasts into the caves and recesses against the night of eternal winter descending. Then the valley of Jehoshaphat, vast as the world, from sea to sea, opened wide, and all the myriad companies of the dead stood forth and awaited the Judgment. The Babel of tongues precluded understanding. But in the end, after this Titanic review of all mankind, a Voice speaks and decrees to each person that which in life he had hoped for. Paradise for those who had longed for eternal life, and dust and ashes for those who had believed only in death. Then at last and for eternity mankind was at rest.

That epic was never written, and I merely mention it to show that in a way Papini had never quite known or quite understood himself : the religion which he in a manner despised seemed his one constant temptation. The "*Storia di Cristo*," outwardly a complete reversal of his former attitude and beliefs, seems in reality a kind of natural development of his confused and constant groping towards idealism.

To his friends, however, to many of his radical, modernist, futurist followers and old associates of the earlier days, the publication of that book was nothing short of a supreme and unspeakable apostasy. Papini was always doing the unexpected. But among all the impossible things he might have done, a book like this Story of the Christ was the one thing they never dreamed of his doing. Some still think it was mere journalism, a " stunt " to make money, but most, and those who know him best, know that the man is in deadly earnest, and to them his offence is capital, irreparable. Of course there are plenty of new friends to praise him. A book like the *Storia*, thick and comparatively expensive, selling 75,000 copies in Italy alone within a few months, must have an army of enthusiastic readers. But the former admirers of the bold thinker, the irreverent speculative philosopher, the lashing, dashing critic and journalist, all these see in his turning to God only a bowing in the Temple of Mammon. At this, however, Papini merely smiles.

" I am old enough to know," he says, " that to be merely consistent for the sake of consistency is, for the writer, death—the end of all development. Courage is the secret, and the whole secret. One cannot live without the courage of one's convictions."

Yes—to his old admirers Papini is dead—a man who is done for. But in his austere study in Florence he seemed to me very much alive. He is working constantly and is full of plans and projects. At this

moment he is planning and working upon four different books at once.

There is an apology for Christianity, a sort of Second Coming that is occupying his attention. Also there is a new novel, not religious, but with a spiritual background. Then there is a study of mankind in its relations to life, a serious work that must take time. And, finally, there is a survey of Italian history, a sort of philosophy of history—not history as taught in the schools.

With the vast energy and capacity for work that Papini has at command, those books will probably proceed very rapidly from his pen. He is what might be described as a ready writer. William James has declared him to be possessed of a "real genius for cutting and untechnical phraseology," and all his work shows an amazing facility in language, be it descriptive, polemical, or expository. He holds himself entitled to this gift by virtue of being a Tuscan, a Florentine, a spiritual descendant of Dante and Savonarola and Machiavelli.

"The '*Storia di Cristo*,'" he said, "was written in two years, but counting out interruptions and time lost, it actually took only about five or six months." And now he believes his energy will be much greater, for having died to the old life, he feels embarked upon a new. This book, as he announces in the preface to the *Storia*, is dedicated to the enterprise of "Remaking Souls."

In a city like Florence, with its long and tense history, four or five hundred years is a comparatively short period. And the Papini of to-day can speak with perfect composure and without affectation or strain of continuing the work of Girolamo Savonarola, begun in 1495. In those days Christ was elected King of Florence by a large majority. The election, says Papini, was never repudiated. Upon the Palazzo Vecchio a marble tablet still records it. After four hundred years of usurpation, he declares, the writer of the *Storia* is "proud to identify himself as a subject and soldier of Christ the King."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE. *Competitors must please keep copies of their verses: the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I. A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best short passage from English literature, in prose or verse, in which pathos and humour are mingled. No extract to exceed two hundred words.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

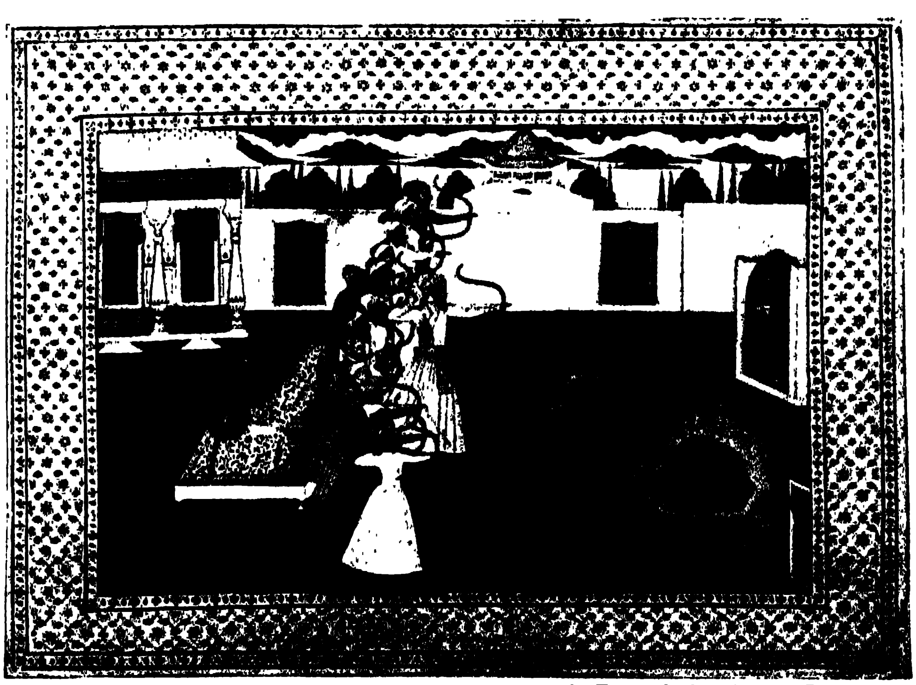
V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to M. D. Baynes, of 72, Warwick Street, London, S.W.1, for the following:

TO A GARDEN, ON LEAVING IT.

If you a woman were, your voice would be
Like song upon the mountains, heard in sleep
From fairy lips; and if beloved by me,
And thus by me deserted, you would weep



A Royal Archery Contest.
A Mogul Prince with thirteen companions shooting at a target in the palace courtyard—*c* 1800.
From "The A B C of Indian Art," by J. F. Blacker (Stanley Paul).

No angry tears as lovely woman spurned,
But near the fire would draw my empty chair
With hands I loved, and think I had returned,
Nor know that ghosts went up and down the stair.

But you're a garden, watched by ancient eaves,
A garden sweet with birds from dawn till dark;
Where other feet than mine shall stir the leaves,
And eyes that haply love thee not shall mark

How soft young boughs have broken in the gale,
And bindweed, rooting surely in the sod,
With sickly flowers, poisonous and pale,
Has strangled all my slender golden-rod.

I loved you in your flaming noonday pride,
Or cold beneath the midnight stars, and yet
It haunts my heart to think the world is wide,
And you'll be lovely still, and I forget.

For other gardens stand in other fields,
Unnumbered paths are white when blossom falls
In sudden wind, and honeysuckle yields
Its ecstasy upon a thousand walls.

And not this garden only hums with bees
On afternoons when lovely shadows lie
On quiet earth from dear familiar trees—
For men have many homes before they die.

We also select for printing:

REVELATION.

With love-skilled hands you have unrolled
My cloudy cere-cloths, fold on fold,
That over-long have stopped my breath,
And shrouded me in semblant death.
Now in your brilliant, burning eyes
I see new worlds, new suns, new skies;
I reach up eager hands to take
The drift of stars that, flake by flake,
Like your white dreams about me fall.
And like a leaf when wild winds call,
Far off on unseen wings is hurled
From me the shadow of the world.

(Pamela Marsh, Room 127, 133, Moorgate, E.C.)

THE OLD LOVER.

I, who have found love simple,
Yet found it hard to keep,
And wayward as the April light
Above the hills of sheep—
More swiftly lost than ripple-rings
On pools remote and deep.

And I have found it lovely
As any late-lit star,
And distant as the watching eyes
That know where sunsets are—
More haunting than the moon's pale face
Through curtained clouds afar.

But I have found love homely,
And very, very kind,
A tended fire, a sheltered hearth,
Against the world's keen wind.
All this was in the perfect love
That I praised God to find.

(Vera I. Arlett, 5, Forest Road, Broadwater, Worthing.)

YOUTH.

Let us ride out with the great king, the little king of dreams,
And wander the wide world over till we find the land of content;
For the Court is much too old for us, and all is not what it seems,
So saddle your horse and the king's horse, we will ride e'er the light is spent.

Do you not feel that the Court is slow, that it cannot understand
Why the wind calls, and the stars call; why the moon itself is a gem?
Do you not feel you are fettered down and shut away from the world
When you hear the pine-woods calling, and cannot answer them?

Oh! saddle your horse and the king's horse, and let us get away
From the stifling air of the closed rooms, from the Court so full of sin,
And let us ride at the king's side to find the joys of the world,
And only stop our journey when Death shall rein us in!

(Deric Harris, "The Willows," Westbourne Avenue, Hull.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Edward H. Wilson (Carlisle), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), Dorothy Cook (Aberdeen), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Dora A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Elsie M. Roberts (East Croydon), Mildred Taylor (Manchester), Ann H. D. Brown (London, S.W.), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Arch. H. Newman, Jnr. (Montreal), Molly Young (Cropton), Will A. Jary (Blackpool), Thomas Edmund Kinns (Port Elizabeth), Una Malleson (London, W.), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Marshall Louis Mertins (Kansas City), Dorothy Slade (Birmingham), Lucy Richardson (Scarborough), Ada Harrison (Rome), Teresa Bellamy Noble (London, E.), Mrs. E. D. Holtinsall (Chili), E. M. Wills (Almora, N. India), J. R. Clemens (Missouri, U.S.A.), "Evergreen" (South Tottenham), Mabel Witt (San Francisco), I. M. Old (Saltburn-by-the-Sea), Dorothy Slatford (Manchester), F. N. J. (London, S.W.), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Ruby Baughman (Los Angeles), N. Langton (Muswell Hill), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Margaret Aldridge (St. John's Wood), Sibyl Webster (Hadley Wood), Sadie C. Clay (Wakefield), H. H. Johnson (St. Boniface), Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), D. Winder (Scarborough), John Heffner (Natal), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Donald Stewart (Sutton, Surrey), W. O'Handlen (Oxford), W. Maxfield Rogers (Wimbledon), Constance Pendlebury (Chapel-en-le-Frith), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Florence Borradaile (Leamington), Eleanor Hepplethwaite (Wimbledon), Roslyn (Auckland, N.Z.), G. C. Grant (Aberdeen).

II.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best quotation is awarded to Vere Russell, of 22, Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh, for the following:

THE VOICE FROM THE VOID. By William le Queux. (Cassell.)

"I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;
I care not what so it be wholesome food."
Shakespeare, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV, Sc. 3.



Mr. Michael Arlen,
whose new novel, "Piracy" (Collins), was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

We also select for printing:

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

(Cassell.)

"Hold thy peace, thou Knave."

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night.*

(Constance Stephens, 145, Revidge Road, Blackburn, Lancs.)

ON THE BORDERLAND. BY F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

(Hurst & Blackett.)

"He thought he saw an elephant
That practised on a fife;
He looked again and found it was
A letter from his wife."

LEWIS CARROLL.

(J. Pearson, 50, Savile Park Road, Halifax, Yorks.)

NOBODY'S MAN. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

(1) "A bachelor of three score."

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act I, Sc. 1.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

(2) "I might be hashed to death, or smashed
By Mr. Pickford's van
Without, I fear, a single tear."

HOOD, *I'm Not a Single Man.*

(W. L. Dudley, Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.)

III. The PRIZE for the best valentine to any well-known man or woman is divided, and Two BOOKS each awarded to B. Ionides, of 25, First Avenue, Hove, Sussex, and William Sutherland, of 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

A VALENTINE TO MR. BONAR LAW.

All greetings to you, man of peace,
May Bolsheviks withdraw,
And Labour's opposition cease;
O give us, Bonar, Law.

B. IONIDES.

TO MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

To see you passing people crane their necks;
From you the autograph collector begs;
I wonder, now, if people's necks are stretched
Because you "pull their legs"?

WILLIAM SUTHERLAND.

We specially commend the Valentines sent by E. A Pearson (Seaton Carew), Ethel Sweatman (Caversham), Margaret McIntyre (Oxford), Miss V. Huish (Bournemouth), Winifred M. Simmons (Parkstone), Richard Tucker (Tavistock), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Marcus Hyman (Clapton), H. W. Longbottom (Birmingham), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), William Donald (Ayr).



Miss Stella Benson,
whose successful novel, "The Poor Man" (Macmillan), is reviewed in this Number.

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to H. M. Creswell Payne, Finnart Boys' School, Newquay, Cornwall, for the following:

PUBLIC SCHOOL LIFE. BY ALEC WAUGH. (Collins.)

There is a wonderful freshness and charm about Alec Waugh. This book may be characterised by some as egotistical and presumptuous; it is certainly marked by a delightful frankness and enthusiasm. Bearing the marks of undoubted authenticity, it can hardly fail to do what its author intended—describe our public school life from inside knowledge and not from the teachers' point of view. We believe that it will refresh and enlighten many a tired professor and puzzled pedagogue. Above all—if they read it—it will prove a source of wise illumination to parents of boys.

We also select for printing:

THE LIFE OF ISOBEL EARNE.

BY PEGGY WEBLING. (Hutchinson.)

"Isobel Erne" has a suggestion of power, lacking in Miss Webling's earlier books. Instead of being a collection of isolated studies, her characters are moulded into a convincing background, thereby adding greatly to their value. From the time when, a sensitive and imaginative child, Isobel sees her ideal in Godfrey Strang, the middle-aged author, her life holds something of tragedy. Her marriage with Joe Hesketh seems a happy one, contrasting favourably with that of her sister Cecilia. Only her aunt, Althea Roseglade—after Isobel the best-drawn character in the book—realises that Isobel has missed the greatest thing in life.

(Sybil G. Dean, 16, Ryll Grove, Exmouth, Devon.)

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. BY A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

(Selwyn & Blount.)

The manner of Christ's reception if He came to London is an old question that has exercised many imaginations, but Mr. Adcock has given it new life in this noble-spirited poem. An irregular-rhymed verse reminiscent of Dryden admirably suits this moving picture of Christ in Bethnal Green, His lionising by West End society, and their ultimate rejection of His passionate doctrine of love and brotherhood. The gulf that yawns between our professed Christianity and the true spirit of Jesus is trenchantly treated by a satirical and biting pen, but withal, a tender and rich-blooded humanity glows on every page.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

THE CUCKOO'S NEST. BY CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE.

(Nisbet.)

This is a delightful book for an idle hour, and is lifted from the commonplace by Miss Jope-Slade's rare wit

and happy characterisation. One grows to love Poppy Whistler, the comfortable little middle-class woman who is forced by her daughter's ambition into such different society. The author writes with a humorous understanding of the foibles of human nature, and has the gift of sketching a character in a few words—" Queer fellow, all his thoughts nicely hemmed and all that." " The Cuckoo's Nest," though merely a " light novel," deserves a wide public.

(A. Wunderby, Mount Barker, South Australia.)

We select for special commendation the reviews sent by W. L. Dudley (Bridge of Weir), Ethel E. Mannin (Morton Park), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), G. Ralton Barnard (York), James A. Richards (Tenby), Hilton Brown (Wimereux,), Reginald May (Chelsea), David Duncan (Liverpool), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), V. B. Fox (London, W.), Eleanor Freeman (Harrogate), Arbel M. Aldous (Colchester), J. Kilmeny Keith (London, W.), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), Miss S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Miss Emily Edis (Bristol), Elsa Gellert (Harrogate), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Miss A. M. Hillier (London, N.)

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to J. Kilmeny Keith, of 25, Auriol Road, London, W.14.

HENRY AND THOMAS VAUGHAN.

BY A. E. WAITE.

IN the year 1622 there were born into the world those twin brothers Henry and Thomas Vaughan, Thomas being senior to the extent of some minutes. The event took place at Newton-St.-Bridget, on the banks of the Usk in Brecknockshire. Their branch of the Vaughan family had its original home in south-east Wales, the land of the Silures, and so it came about that when the younger son, in his vocation as a poet, began publishing little books of verse he styled himself the Silurist. The elder wrote also, as we shall see, but it was always under an assumed name or some veil of this kind. Yet he was Silurist also and might have adopted the designation. Both became known to fame, though in widely different ways of thought and expression.

Henry Vaughan's titles to remembrance were determined long since. If he stands among the heirs of immortality below his kinsman George Herbert the titles are beyond challenge. Unlike Richard Lovelace, he has not become " familiar in our mouths as household words " in virtue of two imperishable verses, and unlike William Chamberlayne of " Pharronida " repute, he has not left us a romantic poem which a few can yet read because of its story. Yet he ranks above Chamberlayne and Lovelace, as Crashaw at his best is above all, including Herbert. He who invoked Santa Teresa as " undaunted daughter of desire " made for real greatness in certain moments, though at his worst he descended far beneath the least of any. Herbert himself carries the palm of grace and lucidity of even thought. He was Henry Vaughan's master as well as kinsman, and the debt was one of spiritual religious influence exercised on the man himself and his life, as well as on his art in verse. Now, it is a gift of the spirit which Vaughan has bequeathed to the English generations after him, a gift of understanding in the spirit, and its particular quality is that it is rooted in realisation of the Divine Presence, so that wind cannot stir, " Or beam pass by," but he feels God's hand therein, and thus always and everywhere does " the Spirit lead his mind."

It is all a little overlaid with the accidents of official doctrine and revelation, derived from Jewish Scriptures and—if a mystic may so far venture—it is overlaid also by the official side of Christian doctrine—physical resurrection, general judgment and matters of this kind, as also with the externals of that Divine Life in Palestine which only delivers its plenary message when it is received by the soul within into the inmost heart of the soul. Yet the spirit of which I have spoken shines through in Vaughan's poems, even if intermittently. I do not intend to suggest that he presented intimations of experience in mystic union, even when most uplifted and most inspired. " I see them walking in an air of glory," he says of those his friends who have " gone into the world of light," and there is no Eckehart speaking, or even a Tauler. But as he testified of others, so is it true of him that " some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes," and they look not only into the glory but cast its bright reflection on our own minds. " Remove me hence unto that hill, Where I shall need no glass " foresees that light which is all light in the spirit and belongs to " the vision which is He." It may come about in the secret office of such suggestions that something will awaken within us, as it awakened once in him, and we also within our own measures and from our own angle may look on True Beauty. This is his kind of gift to those who have an inward eye which can be raised from sleep, and it does not signify that the images which have stirred in him the faculty of such vision are not precisely those which will minister best to us, for we shall find that which we need by keeping the vigil of the eye, while we follow his gentle leading. Some of us also, like him, are in search of a " hidden treasure," and if it is not altogether that which was bodied forth to his own mind, his zeal can kindle ours, so that we in our path of life may find that which we are seeking, as he found before us.

The voice of Vaughan is most often a voice of very peace, and to us, " in this busy street " of which he tells, his message comes like a word whispered in the heart of a stillness. If I may speak for a brief moment of my own case, it is by no means a voice which is native to those states or places, for tidings of which I have been looking through long days, and yet it is something like an echo in another manner of language. He who asked to be " winged and free," to be " quite undressed " with God was asking in his own strange tongue for that which Donne was praying in another manner of language, and one not less strange, namely, to be ravished by God, and for that which Ruysbroeck reached over the vast ocean of Divinity, *in Portu Tranquillitatis*, which is the port of rapture. It lies beyond the world of images and beyond that

> " holy, happy, healthy Heaven,
> Where all is pure, where all is even,
> Plain, harmless, faithful, fair and bright."

But this paradise of Vaughan is its threshold, and when we contemplate it with him as our companion, beyond his " living fountains " and his " everlasting, spicy mountains," it does not seem long to the coming of that true voice which shall draw the seeker on and so in fine " take home."

There is nothing to be said about the life of Henry Vaughan ; the little that is on record lies within the compass of sentences and is known to every one who knows anything of English literature in the seventeenth century. From the tuition of Matthew Herbert at Llangattock we are aware that he proceeded to Oxford, though there is no official record. About 1640 he was in London, studying law ; he took up arms, like his brother, in the Royalist cause, returned to his native Wales during the Commonwealth, saw that interregnum end, outlived the Restoration, and died in the days of William and Mary, 1695. This is almost the sum of our knowledge, rather than its heads recited ; it may be said, for us at least, that his poems are his life. There were five volumes published between 1646 and 1678.

Thomas Vaughan wrote occasional verses and was not without signs of vocation, but his record in literature is that of a mystic alchemist, in which capacity he issued a number of little books—e.g. *Lumen de Lumine*—which are highly prized by the few and are read sometimes by those who make no pretence of understanding them, because the English there and here is not less than beautiful. They were written under the pseudonym of Eugenius Philalethes and once under the terminal letters of his names, S. N. He has been confused frequently with a not less famous alchemist who wrote as Eirenæus Philalethes and whose identity has never transpired. They divide between them the honours of Hermetic adeptship in the days of Cromwell and Charles II. Thomas Vaughan is reported to have died tragically as the result of a chemical experiment in 1665, but several elements of uncertainty surround this story. In any case his brother survived him, and wrote his elegy under the title of " Daphnis." It must be added that Thomas Vaughan as a mystic is comparable to his brother as a poet : both are lights upon the path, but beyond that point where the lamps they uplifted reach is the realm where those who are called must pursue their quest, if somehow they would reach its end.

New Books.

FOUR ESSAYISTS.*

First place to the lady—by courtesy and by merit, for her volume has the kind of grace that is distinguished, elegant and aloof. She has indeed the gift that Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson discerned in Sir Willoughby Patterne and called by a name that we should blush to use on the present occasion. Whatever her subject she seems to find precisely the word that touches her point to perfection, and she never adds the touch too much. Without ceasing for a moment to be English, her prose has just a hint of something caught from the tongue that has given us the razor-edged smoothness of Voltaire and the infinite delicacy of Anatole France. Indeed the first part of her volume actually deals with the land that English people try so hard to like. There are memories of a childhood in Boulogne, the wane of summer in the same city, this odd man, that odd woman, those remote children at play, a vision of Sainte Jeanne—all caught and rendered with perfect art. The second half of the volume brings us to England, and mainly to London, Chelsea coming in specially as the background of some fine figure studies. The longest sketch in the book—it is called " Shore "—is specially admirable, not only for its " interior " and its rendering of the woman who is the presiding spirit, but also for its achievement in presenting to us a man who never appears and is never even described. At its best, the book is an example of the art that we call exquisite, and connoisseurs will linger over it with appreciation.

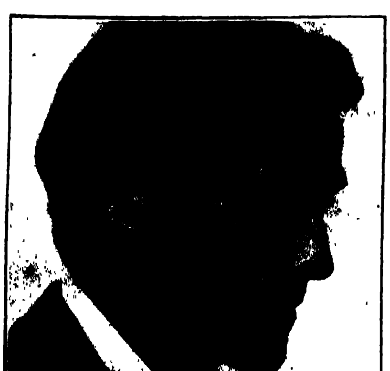


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Robert Lynd.**

Mr. Robert Lynd's volume is equally good in the other direction of " essayism." Just as Mrs. Garvin's pages are full of beautiful silences, Mr. Lynd's are full of cheerful talk. He runs on ; he has the right essayist garrulity and the right essayist spirit, for his papers, varied as they are, all run together in the mind and produce a single effect, the effect of a single personality. Now, though heathen young men (and a few old ones) furiously rage together in their attempts to decide what is an essay, they will never get very far until they recognise that, whatever its size, shape, subject or purpose, an essay must proceed from a full mind and coherent personality able to take a view of things and to express that view with

* " As You See It." By " V." (Mrs. J. L. Garvin). 6s. (Methuen.)—" Solomon in All His Glory." By Robert Lynd. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—" Occasions." By Holbrook Jackson. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)—" Oh To Be In England." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

individual force or charm or even oddity, and certainly with individual consistency. You have only to think for a moment of such classic essayists as Montaigne, Bacon, Addison and Lamb to see how this description or definition applies. Among contemporaries, Belloc, Chesterton, Milne and Arnold Bennett (in his "Jacob Tonson" papers) will offer further examples. In short an essay must always be "in character," and that character a genuine, noticeable personality. In the present volume Mr. Lynd shows himself clearly possessed of these requirements. He runs on, as we have said; but he runs on with perfect ease, and runs all the way as truly himself as a river. I doubt if he has ever written so delightfully, and I am sure he has never written so humorously. His subjects vary from birds to beavers (var. *hirsutus*), and he doesn't make a miss at any. If I like the first (the titular) essay best, the subject being kingfishers, it is because I am reminded first of a lovely spring day last year when we saw four of these incredible beauties skimming the water near Old Windsor Lock, and then of a sadder day last autumn when we found one dying in a hedge near Mortlake. Any kingfisher might reasonably die near Mortlake; but what was it doing so far down the river?

Mr. Holbrook Jackson's volume is less good, because it is not so much a book as a collection of articles. Some of the papers (I hasten to say) are very enjoyable and thoroughly worth inclusion: others are less attractive and not in harmony with the rest. The essays, in short, do not run together and become one thing, with an effect of personal and literary unity. They fall roughly into two classes, the matterful and the mannerful. I am pretty sure the author himself prefers the mannerful; but I am equally sure the matterful ones are better. Let him compare the essay called "The Pathos of Profanity" (one of the best) with that called "On Losing Oneself." The first is full of matter charmingly put together, shaped and rounded off. You want to mark things in it, and you resolve to turn back and reread it. But observe in the other paper such a sentence as this:

> "Mark some infant voyager among the domestic archipelagos of the larger furniture. How gingerly he takes his compassless way—surprised at his successful doubling of the vast Chesterfield reef, and tearful though undaunted by his collision with the coal-scuttle, until at length the still lagoon beneath the shade of the dining-room table is reached, where he may map out the journey in comparative safety."

What is the matter with it all? The matter is that there is no matter, but only manner, and (as Malvolio might say) a very ill manner. Mr. Holbrook Jackson will probably hate me for ever when I tell him that his sentence *isn't true*; it isn't artistically sincere and doesn't cohere with any sort of personality. It is the sort of thing one tolerates in a college magazine from the ingenious undergraduate who has acquired a number of manners that haven't yet coalesced into personality. But surely Mr. Holbrook Jackson doesn't want to be called a clever young man at this time of day! I beg him therefore to glance with critical eye through his volume as if it were another's and see if he doesn't find the "objective," matterful papers the best part of it. I am sure they are the best of himself, for they are the most likeable.

Our fourth volume, that by Mr. Mais, has specifically one subject. It is called in the sub-title "A Book of the Open Air," yet it is not really a book at all, but an unabashed collection of articles on different planes, in different moods and, I should think, of widely different dates. That is to say they do not cohere. Mr. Mais is, we know, a vigorous and breezy person, but he isn't the same person all through this book. Journalism sometimes requires us to be what we are not; literature demands that we shall be ourselves. Here on one page we find that the best short holiday we can take as a complete change is to hang the expense, go to Brighton in a Pullman and stay for a week-end, and at the best hotel; it is thoroughly worth the money. But a few pages later on, lo! this identical experience is described as a melancholy and ghastly failure. On many pages we find Mr. Mais beagling and doing other vigorous things which, he assures us, will make us robust, hard and fit for anything; and we enjoy the illusion till we reach other pages and find Mr. Mais fearfully knocking at doors in Harley Street and being ordered off north, south, east and west because he is a physical wreck! I think it is a pity he didn't cut the three hundred odd pages of his book down to half and confine it to his purely descriptive holiday experiences on foot in various parts of these beloved islands. He can do that sort of thing very well, and he will do it even better if he will do it more leisurely and "study to be quiet."

George Sampson.

J. C. SQUIRE'S ESSAYS.*

It is to be hoped that the publication of Mr. Eagle's book simultaneously with that of Mr. Squire will not affect the popularity of "Books Reviewed." These authors are two of the best friends which the modern reader possesses, and it would be a world of pities if anything should make them fall out. Solomon Eagle, in spite of his vaticinatory cognomen, is the livelier fellow of the two. We see him more often—not precisely in undress, but on his way home, in his private moods; J. C. Squire, while himself a man of humour and wit, takes himself and his books rather more seriously than does his friend Eagle. It would perhaps be fitting to deal first with J. C. Squire's volume.

The essays in his book were contributed week by week to the *Observer*. Critics of literature have recently begun to notice the change which conditions have forced on our essayists and critics. Although the quarterlies still continue, there is no doubt that a larger and larger number of our critics earn their living by writing for the daily or weekly press. This means that a man who would, in the old days, have carefully and ingeniously flayed Mrs. de Burgh Balansey's fashionable novel, "The Vapours," in some fifteen to twenty thousand words, now performs his task in, at the most, a thousand. No one in this case loses anything except Mrs. de Burgh Balansey, who misses several pages of exquisite torture. Unfortunately, however, the poor thousand words also have to do service for the most important of modern books; and there comes the test of the critic.

Of living critics who have adapted themselves triumphantly to the changed conditions, the best are Mr. Clutton-Brock, Mr. Lynd, Mr. Middleton Murry and Mr. Squire. None of them is always successful—in this volume, for instance, Mr. Squire is evidently cramped in writing of Miss Katherine Mansfield, whose stories present a problem in letters not easily soluble in one or two thousand words. On the whole, however, Mr. Squire is, with Mr. Lynd, the most successful in his adaptation to the new circumstances. There are several essays here—on Baudelaire, on Marvell, on Mark Akenside, on the Laureates—which could not be improved. There is no article which has not its good things: the only general criticism I have to make is that Mr. Squire is apt, occasionally, to key his praise too high. For instance, to say of Mr. Strachey's "Queen Victoria":

> "There is no such short biography in English; thinking of its analogues, one finds oneself inevitably comparing it not with records of fact, but with fictions. He is really one of the post-Flaubert novelists. . . . Such closeness and evenness of texture, such clarity and terseness of phrase, can be found nowhere in biography"—

is to exaggerate. Leaving aside such books as Carlyle's "Sterling" or Morley's "Voltaire," I think Mr. Chesterton's "Browning" would easily compare with Mr. Strachey's ironical and over-praised study of Queen Victoria. I find it, too, difficult to believe that Mr. Squire really means what he says when he writes, "I do not believe that there

* "Books Reviewed." By J. C. Squire. "Essays at Large." By Solomon Eagle. 7s. 6d. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

exists a greater work of prose fiction in English than 'Moby Dick.'"

Solomon Eagle has never published a better book than this latest one of his. Throughout he is in excellent fettle—I wish he would write an article and say what "fettle" is; but I gather from his essay on "Press Cuttings" that he does not have his reviews sent to him; so I shall have to send him this copy of THE BOOKMAN—if I can get one. Well, he is in good form here, whether he writes on the Bodleian, or Lewis Carroll's notes on "In Memoriam," or "Prose Poems," or collectors, or Shakespeare, or Disraeli, or Chinese verse, or Reading in Bed.

If you want to sample Solomon Eagle at his best I should advise you to begin with the essay called "A Trick of Memory." It is the most ingenious fooling in the highest spirits:

"I do not know that I ever heard a story about a cuckoo, a story in which the word 'cuckoo' occurred, the point of which was not some ridiculous blunder. There is, for example, the story (there always is) about the curate. He was invited to an immense house party at a duchess's. At tea in the afternoon of his arrival he did not speak; his nervousness was painfully evident. Nor did he speak during the interval between tea and dinner. Nor during dinner could the assistance of two charming neighbours and the auxiliary resources of his anxious hostess produce from him anything but blushes and nervous tremblings. When the meal was over the ladies prolonged their stay for the sake of helping him to start. At last hope was given up; but just as the hostess was rising, his mouth was observed to be shaping itself towards some end, and there was a hasty resettlement. All listened anxiously, endeavouring to mask their painfully solicitous concentration. At last he broke the silence. 'The c-c-cuckoo,' he said, 'is a m-much larger bird than you would s-s suppose.' There is also the story of the child who brought back the cuckoo clock with the bitter complaint that it oo'ed before it cuck'ed"

The papers of Eagle are full, too, of information. He does our reading for us—not our æsthetic reading, but the reading of old calendars, of old reviews, of old catalogues and obscure contemporary papers. In his essay on "Reading in Bed" he discusses what books are useful for that honourable purpose: I have no hesitation in telling any reader in bed to add to his bed-bookshelves this and the other volumes of Solomon Eagle and J. C. Squire.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

HUDSON'S LAST WORD.*

We must be thankful that W. H. Hudson's very last book, which in fact needed the sympathetic skill of Mr. Morley Roberts to attain completion, is a sort of compendium of the enduring and endearing qualities which appear in varying degrees in his other books. The naturalist, with a store of first-hand information which could put many scientists to the blush, the boyish adventurer through life and the poet with ever-receptive senses, the worldly-wise and the humorous philosopher—they are all to be seen here, alert as ever. Notwithstanding its speed of thought, pictorial vividness and deft vivacity of allusion, the book is a unity, well welded by the writer's unfaltering imagination. In Hudson there is all the happy curiosity and caprice of a boy as he sits under a tree in Richmond Park watching that hind eat acorns, and trying his whistling experiment to see what the hind's ears will do. The apparent irresponsibility with which his mind sets off from Richmond Park and travels across eighteen chapters packed with beautiful or strange sights, sounds, smells, reminiscences, speculations, is however but a delicate veil upon the naturalist's artistic purpose. His unsleeping sense of beauty and a sly lurking spirit of fun play deft sleight-of-hand tricks before our slow gaze. Hence the rapid succession of themes leaves the sense of continuity intact. Breathless but delighted, we rush after him across the subjects—habits of deer, senses in dog and deer, instinct, wild and domestic animals, the beautiful trumpet ear of the hind, the ear trumpet and "Strange case of a deaf lady listening through an ear trumpet to a sermon!" Lots more about ears, and the imperfection of human ears, which are deafened by wind. Hence about wind, women's unsuitable clothing, "Light from the dark ages," a Saint's biography, Ellen in "News from Nowhere," wind in poetical literature. After this it is the most natural process imaginable to come to flying, flying thoughts, telepathy, character-reading, sense of smell, smells, flowers, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Chaucer! Soon however you will return with Hudson to Mother Earth before springing off into another entrancing journey of speculation.

One side of his genius places Hudson in the company of Sir Thomas Browne—he is a twentieth century Browne, not at all a nineteenth century Browne—like the authors of "Guesses at Truth." Browne had a penchant for skulls and apocryphal science, Hudson for birds and animism; Browne's prose is artful and Hudson's naïve, yet each is the vehicle of an attractive personality in which poetry and humour, wisdom and a touch of the cynic commingle. Certainly they both had the eye and the ear of a poet, although in the seventeenth century magistrate who could condemn a "witch" to death the sense of wonder ran into weird channels of superstition, while the scientific as well as loving observation of our modern naturalist leads to a perpetually fruitful triumph of the imagination over science. Triumphant intuition will be Hudson's outstanding distinction. See how weighty are his criticisms, *en passant* as it were, of Darwin and Spencer, when he is discussing the origins of music and speech. See how challenging is this last section of his last book, the "Conclusions" which Mr. Morley Roberts laboriously pieced together after Hudson's death. "The Sense of Beauty," Santayana's beautifully written piece of sophistry, is exposed by Hudson at its weakest place, where Professor Santayana treats art and the sense of beauty as a decorative growth on the rocky surface of life, and where he traces its efflorescence to the sex-impulse. With regard to this the present writer, being much impressed by Hudson's consistent emphasis of the universality of the sense of beauty, decided to seek the opinion of one who, if any, ought to be able to judge between Santayana and Hudson—Mr. Havelock Ellis.

"I certainly agree with Hudson," said Mr. Ellis, "that the sense of beauty is not always a growth of the sex-impulse, and that it is a fundamental thing. But when Hudson describes birds on the bough leaping into the air on a spring morning for sheer joy of life, as he does, I think he is going beyond what is justifiable. Certainly all the authorities are against him in ascribing such a thing to the sex-impulse." Well, begging Mr. Havelock Ellis's pardon, there is at least one reader of Hudson who, although long an admirer of Mr. Havelock Ellis's own genius, yet prefers to follow Hudson the whole way, notwithstanding all "the authorities," for Hudson was a poet who understood science well enough to know when the poet's intuition becomes the one safe guide.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

* "A Hind in Richmond Park." By W. H. Hudson. 16s. (Dent.)

MEMORIES.*

"Let us talk a little of lighter things" is the motto inscribed at the beginning of the volume before us. "The following pages of adventures should be looked upon and read as though one had chanced to meet the author at a country-house party," goes the foreword.

We hasten to say we should like very much to meet the writer at a country house! We see revealed in his sparkling pages a rich capability for appreciation and enjoyment and a friendly attitude towards all men.

Mr. Ainslie gives us a sketch of his early life, from his birth in Paris, where his father was secretary to Lord Cowley's Embassy, through Eton, through Oxford, to a diplomatic career. At the close of a graphic description of a costume ball at Rome we find the comment: "An unforgettable evening and morning this. It has made me incurious of all other costume balls, past, present and to

* "Adventures, Social and Literary." By Douglas Ainslie. 21s. (Unwin.)

come . . . the present writer feels he has been to all the parties that have ever been given in London, Paris or Rome, and met all the interesting people ! "

It is quite evident that Mr. Ainslie has been lucky as regards this world's goods and this world's opportunities. How especially admirable, then, is it to reflect that it was he who, no doubt a little satiated by the fullness of material life, discovered and revealed to England the treasures of Croce's teaching. " Hundreds of professors and students had passed through Croce's city for years without apparently being struck in any way by the splendour of the new thought, upon which our literary critics have since based themselves, from Mr. Clutton Brock and Mr. Walkley downwards."

There is not much of Croce in these pages. But, says Mr. Ainslie in one passage : " I may legitimately refer to the excellent quality of the talk that I have enjoyed at his house." Conversation began out of doors and was carried on in the open by a round dozen of friends accustomed to dodge the traffic. We hear of Croce's fine, white, delicate hands, and wonderful, piercing grey eyes.

These chapters fairly scintillate with famous names, such as Henry James, Lord Charles Beresford, Marcel Proust. There are many capital tales, and Mr. Ainslie, who is obviously inclined to believe in visions, gives the following little ghost story, supposed to be the shortest in the world. It was told him by a Jesuit priest :

" A lady awoke from sleep, feeling frightened ; it was pitch dark ; she was about to reach out for the matches, but before she could do so *the box was placed in her hand* ! "

Had we space we should like to quote the anecdote of Paderewski and his forecast of the Great War, also the impressions of Swinburne : " He always gave me the impression of two things : a great red-plumed eagle, pinioned and unable to rise from the ground more than a few feet." We should like to quote as well the lion story with its truly British heroine. But we counsel the reader to scan for himself this exceedingly spirited survey of a life lived vigorously.

C. M.

REALISM AND REALITY.*

These four novels group themselves in seemly accordance by virtue of their unlikeness. There is more realism than reality in two of them ; the other two just tell us about life, and have this in common that, though one of them takes us back into the fourteenth century and to a country and among people far away, whilst the other belongs to to-day and the homely people of our own country-side, they join in expressing just the same emotions, the same concerns of everyday, the same needs and aspirations, moods and passions of humanity all the world over, as it was in the beginning and ever shall be even unto the end of the world.

I began by disliking the title of Mrs. Mary Webb's book. I couldn't, as we say, fix it—until I had read the little old rhyme right in the forefront of her enterprise, and then it seemed the only possible title. So you must get the book and first of all memorise that little old rhyme. As a matter of fact it will memorise itself, and you won't want to memorise the book, anyway : that will also memorise itself. It is just as real as life. The people in it are the people we know, the people we are, the people we love or hate or make the best of, but in any case have to put up with. On the whole, a most lovable crowd ! Yes, even the villain of the piece compels that pity which is at least akin to love. He is the sort of scoundrel we can none of us help liking, until he is found out. And then, despite his wildness and wickedness, his brutal cruelty and mean unscrupulousness, we are somehow sorry for him, because he might have played a man's part if only he had faced life instead of funking it.

* " Seven for a Secret." By Mary Webb. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—" The Garland." By Sigrid Undset. 7s. 6d. (Gyldendal.)—" The Briary Bush." By Floyd Dell. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—" Quest Sinister." By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

This is one of the best novels by a woman—and I don't mean merely a latter-day woman novelist—that I have ever read. To begin with—and end with—there is a man in it : a real, live, average, decent, sinful man. There are other men in it too, of course, and they are none the less alive ; but this man I have never before met in any woman's book : the kind of man that men know and like. That is, first and last, Mary Webb's great achievement : this ploughman-poet, corduroy-clad farm-labourer, Robert Rideout. Even his poetry is real poetry. And the story about him and Gillian Lovekin, and her magnificent windbag of a father, and that poor tool Jonathan, and the splendid Mrs. Makepeace, and . . . in fine, there is not one lay figure in this gallery of authentic studies from life. " Seven for a Secret " is a novel that will thrill and enchain alike the most and the least sophisticated of readers. It is replete with beauty, wit and humour, strong meat and yet dainty fare, garnished with sweetest sprigs of fancy and altogether satisfying. Not just a promising book but a finished performance : a fine book, finely planned and finely done.

" The Garland," beautifully translated from the beautiful Norwegian of Sigrid Undset, is of the same substance as " Seven for a Secret," if not in the same key. It is a simple tale of the simple lives and loves of the farm-folk of Scandinavia, six or seven hundred years ago. And yet it is with difficulty we realise that it is not about familiar things of to-day. It is all so human and real. Well, of course it is, because human nature is always the same fruit everywhere and everywhen, though it grows on such a big tree.

The last two books on my list, " The Briary Bush " and " Quest Sinister," are both what is called, I believe, *ultra*-modern. They are both concerned with that peculiar type of young man and young woman who somehow remind me of the small boy with his first watch : only it is their hearts they are for ever taking out and examining and passing round and talking about There is some real good stuff in them, and especially in " The Briary Bush," which indeed only just misses being first-class by its undue insistence on things that don't really matter much. But perhaps if I had read this author's previous book, " Moon-Calf," to which this present book is a sequel, I should understand the drift of it better. As it is, I don't quite get to grips with young Felix Fay, and it doesn't help much that the author himself is inclined to give up the riddle of his women's inconsistencies, and leave it at that. This is not in any way to deny the power of the book. It held me and kept me interested from the first word to the last. It has given me some very fascinating glimpses into the soul of youth—the same old-young, egotistical, introspective, egregious youth on the other side as well as on this side of the Atlantic. Its cleverness is unbounded. Its style is neat and crisp. Mr. Floyd Dell only wants something a little more elemental in the way of a theme to do something really notable. As it is, he has undoubtedly done a novel that was well worth doing, if only for its originality of concept and sureness of touch.

Every now and then I was on the point of shutting up Mr. Mais's latest novel, sending it back to my editor and asking him to get somebody else to review it. It gave me intermittent headache. The general tone of it has the effect of a lot of priggish, underbred people talking in a shrill falsetto at the top of their voices in a stuffy room. To quote from Mr. Floyd Dell's book : " Quest Sinister " is frankly boring because of its inane preoccupation with " stupid women, foolish men, mechanical noise and laughter, boozy humour and the touch of stale, jaded, weary flesh. . . ." All that mere incidence our author might have packed into six pages—Kipling would have dismissed it in six words—and so got it out of the way of the real story which only begins in the last chapter, when Mr. Mais does suddenly pass from sham realism to stark reality and shows that he has the root of the matter in him, if only he would leave off being so frightfully clever, and start observing and thinking for himself.

EDWIN PUGH.

MELLONEY HOLTSPUR.*

In all that Mr. Masefield writes, even though it be the vivacious narrative of a fox-hunt or a steeplechase, there is, implicit or explicit, a sort of brooding, questing idealism. Always he is passionate for that "one beauty," in search of which, as he long ago said, he has "wandered far": the beauty which shall prevail over those base and ugly elements in life to which he is sensitive to the point of agony. Of this idealism his new play, "Melloney Holtspur," is a more than usually elaborate expression. Its motto, I know not where found—"The consecrated things are wiser than our virtue"—is a key whereby we may interpret, if not quite certainly, its rather obscure symbolism. For the "consecrated things" include, if they are not co-extensive with, Mr. Masefield's "beauty," which again would seem to be synonymous with St Paul's "charity." "Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail: whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. . . . When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." In the house of Holtspur there was knowledge of the evil done and tongues to speak of it, and prophecies of evil to come, but they were all stultified and silenced by the charity which is another name for love. That consecrated thing proved wiser, and stronger, than the merely human virtue which humanly seeks vengeance on its opposite.

That, at any rate, is my reading of this play, in which the dead and the living mingle in a manner which, were it to be put on the stage, would one cannot help feeling be confusing, if not a little ludicrous, to the audience. For Lonny Copshrews, brilliant artist and unscrupulous libertine, and Melloney Holtspur, his victim, have been dead some twenty years when Bunny Mento, son of Melloney's sister and present lord of Holtspur, meets and falls in love with Lenda Copshrews, Lonny's daughter. But their ghosts walk in and out of their portraits (Lonny's work) which hang on either side of the armour of Sir Tirrold, the founder of the house, in the hall at Holtspur; and their old tragedy is re-enacted before our eyes. When Lenda arrives at Holtspur, and she and Bunny have declared their mutual passion, Melloney, desiring vengeance, is determined to thwart them, and she is helped by the death-bed confession of a woman who had been Lonny's mistress and tells Lady Mento, Bunny's mother, of a theft, perpetrated by her and her lover, of certain Holtspur jewels. Lonny pleads for his daughter, but Melloney is pitiless, and the Man in Armour (Sir Tirrold), who has a habit of oracular utterance, refuses him comfort. Only by atonement can Lonny escape the consequences of his ill-doing, the visitation of his sin upon his child. Of how this atonement is to be made the Man in Armour does not vouchsafe an explanation. It is, indeed, not to be made by Lonny, bereft of all powers but the "power to suffer"; but it is comprised in the love of Bunny and Lenda, against which the old curse and Lady Mento's hostility are of no avail. The stolen jewels, moreover, are found to have been restored to their secret hiding-place by Lonny himself—he had only pawned them for relief in a temporary embarrassment. Melloney, herself enlightened by the sight of the lovers' constancy, enlightens her sister in a dream; and not only are Bunny and Lenda to have their desire, but Lonny and Melloney also find reconciliation and happiness on their ghostly plane.

MELLONEY: We were made for each other, from of old, we two, and have been through a dark time apart. But the night is over now, Lonny. Won't you come into the light with me?

LONNY: My sin was against the spirit that makes the light.

MELLONEY: It is forgiven, by that spirit.

LONNY: Then I think all suffering must be at an end throughout the world.

MELLONEY: For ever, and for ever, and for ever.

[*They draw together and become transfigured as they kiss.*]

THE MAN IN ARMOUR: Another death is dead!"

* "Melloney Holtspur." By John Masefield. 6s. (Heinemann.)

So ends a play of which, though there are certain things in it which strike one, on a superficial reading, as rather absurd, one cannot but acknowledge the fine purpose. It is written in the nervous economical prose which Mr. Masefield long ago fashioned for his dramatic dialogue and uses now with a surer, less staccato, touch than in the days of Nan and Pompey.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF COUNTRY LIFE.*

At a period when "the Union" signifies something very different from the meaning attached to the dread words half a century ago, and when even agricultural labourers and field-workers belong to it, it is permissible to wonder whether the countryman as a type is dying out. A thousand



Woodcut by Stephen Bone.
From "A Farmer's Life" (Jonathan Cape).

pities if the kind of worker so clearly pictured, so thoroughly comprehended by Mr. George Bourne in his books should ever disappear. Plain John Smith, farmer, is the fine old stock. "Though he had been brought up as a potter, his family on the father's side—provincials in the best sense—had been of yeoman breed; pious, industrious nobodies. They belonged to that element of quiet strength in England which furnished no subjects for novels, no excitements for lawyer or judge or politician, no romance for poets, but kept the country orderly and industrious . . . the rustic English, the able nobodies who had dwelt in their villages and mowed their hay and thatched their barns for centuries."

No other author, expressing the varied phases of the English country-side, seems to possess Mr. Bourne's genial penetration. The chapter entitled "Two Harvesters" is a perfect impression in its way—even an idyll—though with its creator we must regret the touch of "railways" at its finish, railways being rather out of place in an idyll of harvest time.

It pleases the reader to realise that the people in this story—for it is a story, told with side-chats and delightfully

* "A Farmer's Life." By George Bourne. With woodcuts by Stephen Bone. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

illuminating comments—were real people, with names and dates given; and we are grateful to Mr. Bourne for his preface, which sets the note and gives the district life and actuality. The southern counties of England have no finer exponent, and the conjunction of Mr. Stephen Bone's woodcuts with a series of sketches in prose such as this is a happy idea.

W. L. R.

PAPINI'S ESSAYS.*

The author's name and works have been until now almost unknown in English-speaking countries. The late Professor Wm. James refers to Papini in his volume on "Pragmatism" in 1907, and I have recently noticed two or three other references. But there can be no doubt that in the course of the next few years Papini's name will be as well known amongst us as the names of Eucken, Bergson and Croce. He has remarkable qualities which cannot be designated as anything less than brilliant. He has read widely, not only in the fields of Literature, but also in those of Art and Philosophy. As a stylist he ranks with the highest of the moderns, differing from most literary writers by his penetrating psychological and metaphysical insight—an insight which handles the most difficult and abstruse subject in the lightest possible manner.

The material presented in this volume comprises a kind of microcosm of "Four and Twenty Minds," past and present. In the course of the few pages given to each writer, Papini is able to get at the nucleus of the writer's message, disregarding the peripheral elements, and plunging at once into the very heart of the problem. He may be said to present here the writer's message (and most of these writers have a message) as consisting in seeing the universal in the particular, and in depicting individual life as carrying within itself essential elements of the whole drama of the cosmos. The "Four and Twenty Minds" are very different in their outlook upon the universe and life, yet Papini manages, I think rightly, to find in their writings a few of the great problems turned over and viewed from various standpoints, all which standpoints are, after all, wonderfully similar.

The essay on "The Unknown Man" shows how men whose very names are unknown succeeded in making the most remarkable contributions the world has received: "those who remain anonymous and unknown have done far more for us than all the men whose fame fills biographical dictionaries. The fairest fancies, the simplest melodies, the most enduring phrases, the fundamental inventions, are the works of the Unknown Man, to whom historians and panegyrists give no heed."

In the short chapter on Dante, the writer points out that the "Divine Comedy" was conceived in order to present God as the Being "who not only enlightens and saves mankind, but who, on a terrible distant day, will judge the quick and the dead." This idea of God as Judge rather than as Teacher had been neglected by the Catholics of Dante's day and for a long period previous to that. "Dante felt that his genius was a divine investiture which gave him the right to judge those who had lived before his time."

Papini has a very warm corner in his heart for Leonardo da Vinci. He does not care for Leonardo's science. It is Leonardo's canvas that interests Papini; Leonardo the scientist is dead and forgotten, but Leonardo the artist "is still living, and very much alive; he is a part of myself a precious fragment of my spirit."

Space forbids me dealing with these four and twenty minds in detail, but every chapter illumines some fundamental problem of life and existence in a new kind of way. Berkeley (contrary to the opinion of historians of Philosophy) is presented as making all Philosophy subsidiary to a defence of the Christian religion. Papini has translated Berkeley's works into Italian. Spencer is viewed unsympathetically, and Papini's opinion of him resembles the opinion of James and Ward: "Spencer, a middle-class spirit without courage and without audacity, remains dangling in the limbo of antinomies, wavering between the necessity of government and the lamentation of the oppressed. He was the pedantic Hamlet of a half-intelligent and compromising *bourgeoisie*."

Many readers will be glad of the sympathetic and clear chapter on the teaching of Dr. F. C. S. Schiller of Oxford. A lucid account is given of Schiller's books. He is shown as standing for some great ideas which need recovery in our day and generation: "The origin of those concepts which we tend to regard as the eternal armour of reason is purely practical and utilitarian. That which has proved most serviceable has asserted itself and has survived. Everything else has been thrown into the enormous waste-basket of the insignificant and the erroneous." There is no doubt that Schiller's writings are exercising an enormous influence on many young minds to-day, and all this influence is to the good.

Nietzsche is viewed sympathetically, and rightly, I think. Walt Whitman, as the poet of the universal, has exercised such a deep influence upon Papini, that he finds himself unable to criticise him. The chapter on Croce comes to the same conclusion as that on Hegel: "Croce offers nothing save a string of identities which, in the last analysis, mean that art is art and is nothing else."

English readers will be surprised to read Papini's remarks about "the passing" of Shakespeare, in the chapter on Hamlet. Remy de Gourmont is regarded as one of the greatest soldiers and heroes of pure thought. Dean Swift is looked on as one of the very greatest figures of literature. There are two long chapters on Oriani and "Don Quixote," both of which are fresh and important. The short chapter on "William Tell" is interesting. One of the most important of the essays is that on the Chinese philosopher, Kwang-tze. The chapter on Maeterlinck is more scathing than any other in the book: "He is a parlour occultist, a moralist for old ladies, a syrupy philosopher, a friar without faith, a scientist without cleverness, a poet without imagination, a casuist for idle consciences, a fakir of facile marvels. To read him after reading a great philosopher is like smoking opium after climbing a mountain. To read him after reading a great poet is like drinking a cup of camomile after a goblet of old wine."

The final chapter is that of the author on himself as he is depicted by his enemies. The whole book is of extreme importance, and Professor Wilkins's translation is excellent. He has preserved a vast amount of the Italian "relish."

W. Tudor Jones.

* "Four and Twenty Minds." By Giovanni Papini. $2.50 net. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.)

THE '45.

The reconstruction of historical episodes by means of contemporary materials possesses qualities of considerable attraction and importance. The danger lies in the limited horizon of individual experience and the natural frailty of human observation and human conclusions. In other words, the production of volumes like these* is invaluable in the hands of an expert like Professor Terry, but a veritable two-edged sword in ordinary practice.

The four periods he covers in the narratives of contemporaries are the Jacobite risings of 1708, 1715, 1719 and 1745. Of these the '45 was the final and imperishable epic in the fortunes of the House of Stuart, but it is remarkable considering the unfading romance of that rebellion how vague is the general understanding of the close connection between one Highland insurrection and another, the ebbing of the Jacobite hope and the causes of its final debacle. The '45 has indeed attained to that almost inaccessible height of glamour where, like the wonder of Joan of Arc, all the disillusionment, the dubious aspirations and ultimate denials of its protagonists have been forgotten.

* "The Jacobites and the Union." Edited by C. S. Terry. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)—"The Forty-five." Edited by C. S. Terry. 8s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Professor Terry in these two volumes achieves at least one admirable purpose. He makes it possible to follow contemporary thought not simply over one campaign, but over the successive and unsuccessful attempts to regain Great Britain for the Stuarts. He reveals, in other words, the astonishing spirit of determination and the acceptance of disaster and exile which lend to all forlorn endeavour a sense of pathos and beauty. In these records the amazing temperamental inadequacy of the Stuarts strikes one anew. So steeped were they in a blind faith in the divine right of their cause that practical counsels seemed only practical so long as they hastened towards a crown, and points of generalship were criticised unless they aimed at St. James's. The Stuarts could never quite believe that their English subjects, i.e. the irreverent British Army, would fire a shot once the battle commenced. Their successes for that peculiar reason never elated them, but their defeats were positively paralysing. In their philosophy was no real spirit of adventure or hazard, but a kind of religious intolerance sweeping aside the more dubious reflections of persons pledged to bring ruin to their heads and lands and dependents at the arbitrary summons of a discomfited royal line.

The chronicle of these risings, as it is so neatly and judiciously linked together by Professor Terry, illustrates the persistence of the Jacobites, but it hardly explains the romance that has obscured the futility of it all and only left us the fragrance. To be frank, the early risings in support of that melancholy and belated person, James Francis Edward, come upon occasions very near the ludicrous. His tardy arrivals to lead his forces, and the depressing effect of his presence upon his most ardent supporters have precious little glamour. If he strikes us to-day as somewhat bleak, how very much more realistic must his countenance have seemed then! "I must not conceal," says one writer, "that when we saw the Person who we called our King, we found ourselves not at all animated by his Presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more so in him. . . . Our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak; his Countenance look'd extremely heavy. . . . I am sure the Figure he made dejected us, and had he sent us but 5,000 Men of good Troops and never come among us, we had done other Things than we have now done."

Prince Charles Edward was admittedly very different stuff to his poor father. He was of good appearance, hardy, and young. Moreover, he threw himself with more spirit than decency upon the mercies of an adventurous race. Here were all the sinews of romantic fortune. What then was the secret of the '45? Professor Terry is perfectly impartial in his records. He makes it beyond dispute that there was inspired an initial and tragic impulse of duty just as later on succeeded a deepening shadow of controversy, ingratitude, suspicion, and royal stupidity. And once more at the crisis of his fate a Stuart overwhelmed (at Culloden) by a disaster so unsuspected as to seem the stroke of God, threw everything to the winds, bade his faithful followers disperse to await the scaffold, and set out upon a flight that will be sung and remembered long after great campaigns and epochs have passed into the silence.

The explanation is still wanting. Princes like Monmouth have taken to their heels and no one has shed a tear an hour, much less a century, after. Princes have been killed and their dust is no quieter than their memory. Whereas Prince Charlie lived on for forty years, a disappointed, grumpy old man, forgotten and unvisited, and when his death came the flutter was very small and rather musty and old-world. Long before the vast number of his followers had died in obscurity or neglect, or had returned to muse upon it all over the candles and the wine. By the end of the eighteenth century the '45 was like enough to go down as a minor episode in English history and linger in a handful of legends and old wives' tales. But suddenly there rose a solitary spiral of melody that, gathering in beauty and undiminished pathos, made of Jacobitism a thing of immortality and wonder. It meant that the literary revival was an infinitely more lasting movement than any rising of the '45, because it never ventured further than the hearts of men. It was not by claymores but by such songs as those of Carolina Nairne, daughter of the Jacobite laird of "the auld hoose" of Gask, and by the novels of Sir Walter Scott that Prince Charlie was at last to enter his kingdom.

FREDERICK WATSON.

BUCHAN'S HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

There are many noble works of history in our English tongue: among the masterpieces future generations will surely number that "History of the Great War" which Mr. Buchan has now completed with his fourth volume. It may stand, without too much humility, near to Gibbon. It will rank assuredly with the classics, with Napier, Kinglake, Macaulay and Trevelyan, and none of them could claim pre-eminence. None of them brought so immense a subject into so magnificently adequate a synthesis, at once magistrally clear in its grand outline and vividly pictured in its essential detail. Only "The Dynasts" is a pertinent comparison, in theme and treatment; and "The Dynasts" did not pretend to be exact history. From the myriad historians in every language who for the past seven years have been pouring out more or less competent studies of that immense world-conflict which transcends our imaginations, participants in it though we were, Mr. Buchan stands apart. He is without a rival. Not in any language has any history appeared which can for a moment dare comparison with his. None has his lofty vision, eagle-like above that mighty turmoil of humanity at clash on three continents and every ocean, at once wide-ranging and narrowly acute. No other historian has yet related the stupendous drama in a style so adequate to the complexity and the majesty of the theme, now vivid with a highly realised presentment of action in almost every variety of setting that the world can offer, now passionlessly clear in its analysis of the forces that moved multitudes of men to corporate deeds of heroism or suicidal madness, now penetratingly sympathetic in its portraits of the individuals tossed into prominence on the storm they had to endeavour to direct, now philosophically calm in its estimate of the transcendent causes at issue, rising when the occasion demands it to a vibrant eloquence that has nothing of the speciousness of rhetoric, held always in a dignified restraint. It is almost great poetry. It is certainly great literature.

This fourth volume deals with that last crisis of the war which shaped itself in 1917 and came to final climax in the ebb and flow of 1918. Its head-line, "From Caporetto to the Armistice," states the theme whose broad outlines are familiar to the world. But one reads its analysis in these pages with a new freshness of accurately adjusted perception. The last act of the colossal drama is made, despite the turmoil of its closing scenes, vividly comprehensible. Never was the debacle in Russia, that fourth-act *peripeteia* which threw the fortunes of the Allies into suspense to a breathlessly watching world, so clearly and at the same time so dispassionately presented for our understanding. Caporetto, its first sequel, is described with an unbiased exactitude where the entire episode falls into correct perspective.

For Englishmen the chief interest of the volume must be in its presentment of the last year in France, that year which commenced with Cambrai and finished with the Armistice at Mons. Beside the final struggle which opened on March 21st, 1918, and produced at last that unity of command which gave us victory, every other episode of the war falls into second place.

Of all those vicissitudes, in which the tragedy of the Fifth Army is the most dramatic, Mr. Buchan gives a conspicuously clear, frank and unbiased account. A tendency to be unduly gentle with the British High Command, which was a blemish on his third volume, has here

* "A History of the Great War." By John Buchan. In four volumes. Each 25s. net. Vol. IV. (Nelson.)

no place. For many years yet, protagonists of one personality or other involved in that disaster will come forward with plausible versions exculpating their own client and inculpating some other; for years yet the military and the civilians will quarrel over the respective apportionment of responsibility, but it does not seem probable that future historians will have much to add either to Mr. Buchan's description of the event or his criticism of the causes.

Unique in the literature of the war is the clarity of his study of the final campaign by which Foch shattered the German armies. We all accept the fact that Foch won the war for us. Mr. Buchan shows precisely, with a sympathetic insight into the great commander's mind only possible to a writer permeated with the essential principles of war, how he won it. It is impossible to quote adequately. A few lines may show something of the clear temper of mind in which he reviews the immense conflict of the climax:

"But self-discipline and discretion would have been of no value unless the plan for the *coup de grâce* had been found. Such a plan Foch had prepared, and it is on this plan that his claim to pre-eminence as a leader depends. Since he became Allied Commander-in Chief he had made many mistakes; by his slowness in reinforcing Haig he had invited a disaster on the Lys; he had been completely surprised by the German attack on the Aisne heights. in the disposition of his forces, as in the way he mixed up the British and the French armies, he had often been clumsy. But in the major business of war he did not err. He had that first quality of the superior mind, the power to select amid a welter of confused alternatives, the capacity to make a simple syllogism, which, once it is made, seems easy and inevitable, but which, before it is made, is in the power only of the greatest. No epoch-making step in history, whether in war or in statecraft, seems otherwise than inevitable in the retrospect. It is like great poetry, compounded into something immortal out of the simplest ingredients by the alchemy of genius."

No review so brief as this can do justice to this great history. But those will be few who, when they come to the end of those moving and finely-imagined pages which conclude a summary of the whole, do not feel that something of the lines above-quoted applies to the book in which they find themselves. It is written with "the alchemy of genius."

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN.

CRABB ROBINSON'S REMINISCENCES.*

In 1869 there was published in three volumes the "Diary, Reminiscences and Correspondence of Henry Crabb Robinson," selected and edited by Thomas Sadler, Ph.D. A second edition followed, and in 1872 there appeared a third edition, with corrections and additions, in two volumes. The work is now out of print, and though obtainable from second-hand booksellers, it is not to be bought cheaply. The MSS. from which it was compiled consist of: (1) Brief journals reaching as far as 1810, inclusive; (2) a regular and full home Diary begun in 1811, and continued till within five days of Robinson's death (he died February 5th, 1867, in his ninety-third year), forming thirty-five closely-written volumes; (3) about thirty volumes of journals of tours; (4) reminiscences reaching down to the year 1843, inclusive; (5) miscellaneous papers; (6) a large number of letters. This extensive material is now lodged in University Hall, Gordon Square, London, forming one of the many attractions of the valuable "Dr. Williams's library." Dr. Sadler stated that his selections did not, "as a rough guess," amount to more than a twenty-fifth or thirtieth part of the whole.

The "Diary," as stated above, was begun in 1811, and continued daily practically up to Robinson's death. The "Reminiscences" were not begun till the writer had nearly reached his seventieth year, and, as Sadler remarks, "Even if they had been written in the freshness of his memory and in the fullness of his mental vigour, they would still hardly have had equal value with the daily record, which breathes the air of the scenes and incidents to which it relates." When engaged on these reminiscences and having written his record up to 1810 it occurred to him that it would be more convenient if he combined in one continuous article all his reminiscences of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb.

It is these reminiscences of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb, together with extracts from the "Diary" and "Reminiscences" of Robinson's frequent interviews with the poet-artist, William Blake, that Professor Edith Morley has transcribed.

In compiling his record, Robinson had recourse to his diary, copying the extracts and in many instances adding to those from memory. On one occasion he is stated to have said he never had any memory, but in the "Reminiscences," he writes: "I have a very distinct recollection of more than I put in my journal, as is often the case." The latter statement appears to contradict the former, but even if true the daily record would have more value as to facts. The new work, however, is of much interest, and it is certainly convenient to have such a publication in its very handy form, even though there may not be much that is actually new for those to whom Sadler's work is a familiar friend. In addition to the "Reminiscences" and the Blake extracts from the "Diary," Miss Morley claims to have published for the first time a complete account of the quarrel between Wordsworth and Coleridge from the "Diary" and letters. This is, perhaps, the most interesting contribution, though much of it appears to have been printed before, if reliance may be placed on a statement of the late E. H. Coleridge in his edition of the "Letters of S. T. Coleridge" that the extracts from H. C. Robinson's Diary (May 3rd-10th, 1812) were published in Professor Knight's "Life of W. Wordsworth," a reference to which work cannot at present be made by the present writer.

Crabb Robinson's acquaintance with Coleridge, Wordsworth and Lamb was of long standing. He states it was through his friend, Mrs. Clarkson (wife of the Abolitionist) that he was introduced to them. He appears to have known Charles Lamb about 1800, Wordsworth two years later and Coleridge in the latter part of 1810. With all three he remained on terms of intimacy, especially with Wordsworth and Lamb, whose memories he ever held in affectionate remembrance. He was attracted to Coleridge less on account of his character than his genius, but he played a good friend's part in his zealous endeavours to bring about a reconciliation between Wordsworth and Coleridge, which he would probably not have attempted if he had not had a certain amount of affection for the latter. His labours were successful in uniting the two friends. One incident in the "Reminiscences" is, we think, new. On October 20th, 1811, Coleridge was asked to repeat from "Christabel," but was unable to recollect the words. "This," Robinson says, "I had witnessed once before"; and in the margin of the "Diary" there is a note in shorthand: "Both times he was affected by liquor." A further note adds: "I heard C. say 'I have been ill with liquor, but I was never intoxicated. Liquor affects my stomach, not my head.'"

Miss Morley might, we think, have usefully added to her notes, which are not very extensive. She passes over misstatements made by Robinson, and also one or two misprints made by the diarist. On page 138 a sentence from a letter from Coleridge to Robinson runs thus: "Charles or Mary Lamb can inform you of the infamous manner in which I have been swindled by the Reverend Curtis and his accomplices." In a foot-note Miss Morley states she is unable to explain this sentence. A reference to the "Letters of Coleridge" and Dykes Campbell's "Life of Coleridge" would have enabled her to do so, and a careful study of the same authorities would have prevented such a statement (page 93) as: "Coleridge's movements for the next year or two [1808-10] are not very certain."

There is a satisfactory index for which we are grateful, and a most delightful character sketch of old "Crabby."

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, etc.; being Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson." Edited by Edith J. Morley. 7s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

FROM THREE ANGLES.*

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON.

It would not be surprising if "The Three Lovers" proved the most popular novel Mr Swinnerton has written. Nor would it be surprising to learn that when he sat writing it he meant it to be that. It carries the charming Patricia safely through adventures, that so easily might have been disastrous, with two of her lovers, and leaves her happy at last in the arms of the third She was all in love with the bright, dashing young Harry Greenlees and keen to marry him, but was repelled as soon as he made it clear to her that he wanted only a temporary union. She was strangely attracted to the loathsome, "sublimely and ruthlessly selfish" Monty Rosenberg, till, after getting her to dine alone at his house with him, he outrageously and forcibly embraced her and, resentful and disgusted, she fell back on the staid, reticent, reliable Edgar Mayne, and all her troubles were apparently over The characters, even the minor figures in Monty's motley circle, are brilliantly realised ; they are made human and alive, yet at times they act more as you might expect them to on a stage to please an audience than as you would expect them to in actual life. The characterisation, descriptions, dialogue are wholly admirable, and the story is the kind of story that has never failed to appeal to all sorts of readers since Pamela, sorely tried but never yielding, achieved, at length, the reward of virtue There is no denying that "The Three Lovers" captures your interest and keeps it, and there are not too many story tellers nowadays who have mastered the art of doing that.

MRS. M LEONORA EYLES.

There is a deep knowledge of human suffering in Mrs Eyles's novels, and a burning desire to remedy the social and other evils from which such suffering results, that give impressiveness and power to them, even when they mar the art of them a little It is difficult to believe that any mining town could be so completely squalid, and the poor of it so steeped in uncleanness and immorality as was the miserable Lower Shellpit she pictures in "Hidden Lives." One suspects she has gathered into one place horrors of human existence she has seen in many, and this, though it drives home sociological facts to which the comfortable majority prefer to shut their eyes, overloads a particular picture with more blackness than of right belongs to it. Then, Helen Clevion, the heroine, is a lady doctor, and you are asked to see life too much from her medical point of view ; she is, moreover, a psycho analyst, and her interpretations of her patients' dreams, the general pathological reading of life, does not seem quite convincing. This is particularly so in the case of that contemptible creature, the curate, Francis Reay, and his lapse with Dr. Helen after he has become irresponsible. But there are fine things in this book ; Mrs. Eyles is so evidently in earnest, so profoundly sincere, that she grips and moves you by the very intensity of her passionate pity for human weaknesses. If she will abandon the pathological study of mankind (and the next generation will probably discover that our pathology is all wrong) and turn to the novelist's proper business of telling a merely human story of merely human beings, I believe she will write a novel that shall be great as well as impressive.

JOHN D. FITZGERALD.

In "The Ring Valley" you have a story that is at once realistic and romantic, and the romance, being the vivid, violent, picturesque romance of earlier days in Australia, is merely part of its realism. It neither shirks unpleasant sides of life nor over-emphasises them. Born in Australia, Mr. Fitzgerald was over here in the eighties, and worked with Mr. John Burns in the great Dock Strike. Thereafter, he played a prominent part in Australian politics and was for many years a member of the Sydney House of Representatives. But there are no politics in "The Ring Valley," though it is to some extent autobiographical—he has put into it much of his younger experiences and woven a true romance of the bush, the gold fields, settlement life and circus life that, for freshness and originality of character and the vigorous stir of events, is only equalled by the best stories of Australia's greatest novelist, Rolf Boldrewood.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

* "The Three Lovers." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"Hidden Lives." By M. Leonora Eyles. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Ring Valley." By John D. Fitzgerald. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A NEW STATE.*

Some time ago we had the pleasure of giving a short notice of Mr. Henry Baerlein's book, "A Difficult Frontier," in which some of the problems connected with the little-known group of countries situated on and near the Adriatic Sea were elucidated. The present volumes are concerned with the same quarter of the Near East, and we do not know of any writer who could deal with so complex a subject in so thoroughly competent a manner. Even a critic possessing no first hand knowledge of it is convinced, by abundant internal evidence, that Mr. Baerlein's exposition has force of character behind it to support and interpret the results of keen and continuous personal observation. For this reason we shall not so much criticise this very full book as give an indication, for the sake of readers who desire to extend their knowledge of the people and lands within these very difficult frontiers, of its general content and method.

A certain amount of early history is given in the first volume, in order that the entangled relations between Italy, Hungary, Serbia and the other nations and races may be explained. Without this the atmosphere of continuous intrigue which seems inseparable from the Balkans would not be appreciated ; and even after reading the author's intensely interesting story of kings and religions, of Turkish, Russian, Magyar influences, of politics compared with which our British affairs appear clear as noonday, we remain to some extent bewildered This is not Mr. Baerlein's fault, however. He does his best to straighten things out for us so that we may follow the subsequent portion—and by far the larger one—of his two volumes, which is devoted to events of more recent years. With Chapter V the European War is reached ; the Austrians invade Serbia, to be flung back across the northern bank of the Save on August 24th, 1914, "after twelve terrible days." Then, for those who like excitement, personal glimpses of historic rulers, and illuminating comment, the best part of the long, involved story begins. Take, for an example, this note on King Alexander of Serbia :

> "All through the war, Alexander, the Prince Regent—for King Peter felt himself, on account of his age and his rheumatism, unequal to anything save the personal encouragement of his soldiers in the trenches—throughout the war Alexander was with his army. In his eloquent proclamations one sees the student ; on the battle field he conquered his shyness. And now he is a truly democratic King, at whose table very often is some non-commissioned officer or private whose acquaintance he made in the war. . . . The men are well aware that their own peasant costume, with the sandals, is admissible at Court even at a ball you see some fine old peasant, who is perhaps a deputy, in his thick brown homespun with black braiding, breeches very baggy at the seat and closely fitting round the legs ; as he comes in he knocks the snow from his sandals, and strides, perfectly at ease, across the Turkish carpets. . . ."

Many official documents throwing strong light on the conflict are reproduced—an aspect of the book which we can merely mention. Phenomena of communism are described, and the "lessons of the Montenegrin Elections," and a hundred other matters, often with much vivacity ; and with Chapter VIII of the second volume begins a detailed consideration of "Yugo-Slavia's Frontiers," certain needed rectifications being pointed out—such as the case of three German villages which have their fields in Yugo-Slavia whereas they are themselves in Rumania. Opponents of Mr. Baerlein who have written in various

* "The Birth of Yugo-Slavia." By Henry Baerlein. 2 vols. 42s. (Leonard Parsons.)

journals and reviews are vigorously treated, and will probably not remain silent after reading his replies.

With this quite inadequate summary of a valuable contribution to history we must leave the book, quoting in conclusion a word or two. " Month follows month," says Mr. Baerlein ; " the reading public and some of the statesmen of the world begin to recognise that whatever may be the case on other portions of the new map, there is nothing unreal or impossible or artificial about Yugo-Slavia. This State is the result of a national movement, having its origins within and not without the peoples whose destiny it affects." And this, after all, is the only sound basis upon which any map can be revised.

W. L. R.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.*

However much the phrase may have been over-used, there is no other that so accurately describes the seven sketches in this book, therefore in the interests of truth one dares to be shamelessly conventional and say they are human documents. For human documents they are in the most literal, most emphatic sense of the words. They are nakedly, vividly realised records of life as it has been lived by four men and three women, chosen from among the poor in London and in the country—a pedlar, a charwoman, a cabman, a toiling village housewife—average working folk, with the exception of the alien, Franz, who was born in Hungary and had been about the world and so is touched with romance, but a drab and squalid romance too harsh and grim to be anyway alluring. Whether Mr. Beresford's graphically, minutely realistic narratives of these people were written to illustrate Mr. Hoppé's seven fine photographic character studies, or whether the photographs were taken to illustrate the narratives, is of no moment ; what matters is that the same story is told in these remarkable photographs as in Mr. Beresford's subdued, explicit prose. He uses no coloured inks ; eschews melodrama and extravagances of sentiment ; touches in his facts with a quiet irony sometimes, sometimes with a wry, genial humour, and always with a sympathy that is more latent than expressed. It is a book of unimportant biographies, a presentation, as he says, " of certain little pieces of human history " ; and they are really only unimportant in the sense that their subjects are so. There is a larger sense in which they are of profound importance, for they represent the lives not of one or two but of millions of our fellow-creatures, and there is the question of our responsibility for the social conditions that produce such lives and make it impossible for them to be better or happier.

Mr. Beresford turns to this question in a concluding essay on " Relatives," which grows naturally out of his character studies, and he sees that the remedy for much that is wrong lies in a readjustment of our social values and the ways in which we train up our children :

> " Most of the evils in our great towns to-day," he says, " have arisen as the direct consequence of our adoration of wealth. We have made a god of the rich man, and the tenets of our idol-worshipping religion are being inculcated in every school of the kingdom, day by day."

And he has faith that the younger generation, taught by the war, is moving toward reform in these things. He tells you at the outset that you may skip the final essay, but if you do you will miss something of the significance of a deeply interesting and significant book.

R. H.

CHRISTIANITY AND PROGRESS.†

Dr. Fosdick has broken away from the form in which he has hitherto cast his message, as in " The Meaning of Prayer " and " The Manhood of the Master," but here is the same orderly thought, clean grasp of essential points in a problem, and leaping illustration which has made him one of the most popular of our religious writers. Whatever be the outcome of the heresy charge now pending against the doctor, it is certain that the conception of the world, of history, of religion and of God here given is in principle the only possible conception for those who in all their other attitudes to life and dealings with the world accept and use the thought forms in use amongst intelligent men born later than 1880. The core of the situation may be thus stated : Are we living in a static or a dynamic world ? Are we part of a mechanical or spiritual universe, one that not only *moves* but *lives* ? In Bergsonian phrase (the idea, mercifully, did not wait for Bergson though he has made it current coin for us) are we to interpret the world in terms of *becoming* or of *being* ? And if it is *becoming*, what is the process and what the goal ?

The idea of progress is part of the working alphabet of our day. What is this idea, and is it an automatic progress, and if so, what kind of progress in a world of men and women with developed and developing spiritual values could be automatic ? He discusses when and how the idea of progress arose ; whether, in a world that is always progressing (if such be granted for the sake of the argument) we shall continue to need religion. He answers that we shall, yea, need more than ever an adequate spiritual interpretation of nature and life and of the entire scheme of things, unless our progress is to be a progress backward. Then he shows that any religion capable of dealing with the issues at stake in such a mobile universe must itself be progressive, dynamic and not static ; that Christianity, and the Scriptures themselves, bear witness to a principle of development not only in their history but in their very nature. In a subsequent chapter he deals with the perils inevitably associated with loose thinking about progress and in our judgment splendidly proves that Christianity is manifestly not only capable of dealing with the issues of such progressive life and thought, but has been and is itself the prime cause of such faith. The concluding chapter of this virile statement of the Christian faith is an analysis of the history of the idea of God and an explanation of the inevitable anthropomorphism in the early stages, closing with a statement of the idea of God which is at once true to Christ and acceptable to the mind trained to use the scientific categories of thought in other realms. It is one of the best books we have for the mind which feels it cannot at the same time be scientific and religious, and yet feels it must to be true to itself and the facts of life.

Arthur Hird.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF WALTER H. PAGE.*

" Whatever famous book, whatever ' book of the season,' you miss, do not miss this one." That would be sound advice from any critic, and it is the sincere advice of the present critic. The letters of the great American Ambassador are an education ; they portray, incidentally, some aspects of American life and thought, but their enthralling interest comes from the picture of ourselves—of England and English ways—painted by one who came over with few prepossessions, and who, seeing our faults, fell in love with us, and when the time of trial came threw all the weight of his splendid, strong personality into the scale with us. Dozens of these letters contain quotable, tempting " bits " ; we have room for only one :

> " Yes, they are dull, *in a way*—not dull so much as steady ; and yet they have more solid sense than any other people. It's an interesting study—the most interesting in the world. The genuineness of the courtesy, the real kindness and the hospitality of the English are beyond praise and without limit. In this they show a strange contradiction to their dickering habits in trade and their ' unctuous rectitude ' in stealing continents. I know a place in the world now where they are steadily moving their boundary line into other people's territory. I guess they really believe that the earth belongs to them."

Page's energy, his anxiety to get something done to render Europe more stable in the year preceding the war,

* " Taken From Life." By J. D. Beresford and E. O. Hoppé. 10s. 6d. (Collins.)

† " Christianity and Progress." By H. E. Fosdick, D.D. 6s. (Nisbet.)

* " The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." By Burton . Hendrick. 2 vols. 36s. (Heinemann.)

his hammer-stroke letters to Colonel House, were all amazing; and whatever theme he touched he gave it raciness and life. He was a born letter-writter. And it is in his terrific war-letters that we see the man at his best and finest; his confidential letters and cablegrams to the President, which stand the test of the light of our broadest day; his delightful letters to his family; the letters, also, which exhibit his increasing restlessness at America's attitude; all tend to form a portrait of one whom we can but admire and sympathise with in his exceedingly difficult position. "The sight of an England which he loved bleeding to death in defence of the things in which he most believed was a grief that seemed to be sapping his very life," wrote Mr. Irwin Laughlin, his chief assistant; and the letters corroborate this. The story of his illness and forced retirement is a moving one, and few people will read without a sense of sadness the account of his homecoming, when the *Olympic* raced westward for his life, and he was taken to the South which he loved, only to die—worn out by the heavy work of the war. It is a great story of a great man—and greatly told by one who knew him.

R.

Novel Notes.

THE LUCK OF THE KID. By Ridgwell Cullum. 7s. 6d. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

This Mr. Cullum's twenty-first novel explains as well as any of the previous twenty why his popularity with the public is assured and why his books run into four million copies. He always has a story to tell, full of bustling adventure and breathless incident. He puts into it characters that succeed in being men and women. The easy, indefinite outlines that are usually the lot of the gold-trail Alaskan hero have tightened up in Mr. Cullum's grasp. Bill Wilder is real, so is Felice, the attractive heroine, and there is a graphic picture of Usak, the Indian who, having lost his squaw, Pri-loo, in a night raid, lives only to avenge her death. We find no difficulty in following the trail. There is no talk among us of giving up and going home. Indeed the story after the thrilling beginning grows in interest to the close. Mr. Cullum is a craftsman and we admire the art he has expended in constructing his plot. Even the most marvellous of the incidents fits smoothly into its place. His world is one in which chance and coincidence are the ruling factors, and it is wonderful how easily we accept the convention.

THE GREAT GRANDMOTHER. By George A. Birmingham. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

The conviction gradually forms in the mind of the reader of George A. Birmingham's latest story, "The Great Grandmother," that the author is amusing himself at the expense of that romantic tendency which some of his readers entirely lack A presentable Englishman journeys into the wilds of Connaught to find there a beautiful but unsophisticated maiden, another Armorel of Lyonesse, a Sheila of Stornaway, who is surrounded by enemies, greedy and unscrupulous. Our romantic feelings are aroused, only to be damped by a series of petty indignities and fiascos inflicted on the unfortunate man. If he makes a valiant but unavailing attempt to get the heroine through the ring of enemies, the two are tamely caught by a local Dogberry. A really stirring account of another flight through the perils of seas and rocks ends in an explosion of laughter; it is all a "put-up job." At the very moment of pressing his suit the would-be hero falls into a puddle. Our expectations of humour are similarly scorned. A long-bearded, fur-coated, foreign picture-dealer is surely brought into Connaught to provide ludicrous scenes? Nothing of the sort. A most unprofessional solicitor arouses hopes; his chatter is charming, but in chatter it ends. Abandon all thoughts of romance; yield yourself a willing captive to the author's ironical treatment, and enjoyment will follow, for the fooling is vastly clever.

ENVIRONMENT. By Phyllis E. Bentley. 7s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

There is a queer distinction about "Environment" which to the hasty reader might appear to be merely a tame and infantile study of a feeble character. But Miss Bentley dissects well; she shows us the different layers of character composing the character of Marjorie Johnson with a steady patience. Marjorie is not very brilliant, she is childish for her years, but she is natural. There is no straining in the tale after smartness or after action; we have constant mild interludes beginning in this sort of way—we quote at random: "Hullo, Marj," she said wearily. "How do you like your new school?" "Very much, thanks," replied Marjorie. "Let's get a cab. How tired you look!" Simple people still exist, girls who have none of the cinema qualities; and we believe they will thoroughly enjoy this tale, especially the account of Marjorie's struggle to keep order in her class; which is rendered very faithfully.

THE POOR MAN. By Stella Benson. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

One always opens a new Stella Benson book with eager expectation. Here we shall find something fresh, is the thought; here we shall find wit and sympathy and a refreshing outlook on life. And one finds even more than this—a fascinating individuality lives between the covers of the book; one has the feeling of having been in the company of a new and delightful friend, as one closes the book—and this, when one is an entire stranger to Miss Benson, as the present writer is. In other hands the set of characters chosen by Miss Benson in "The Poor Man" would have been unbearable; Edward Williams, the "hero" of the story, is such a despicable character, or would have been, had not Miss Benson's genius gained some sympathy for him. The scenes of the story are laid in America and China, and it is in her word pictures of the various places where Edward goes in his efforts to find Emily, the girl he has fallen in love with, that Miss Benson displays another branch of her skill. Fast on each other's heels follow these vivid word pictures, and faster still darts Miss Benson's scintillating wit—so that, at times, we are almost breathless. But it is all so good, and we close the book with regret that it is finished, although we have not grown to love the characters as we did in "This is the End." Only five short books stand to Miss Benson's credit so far; but these claim for her a place amongst the foremost women writers of the present day.

THE JUST STEWARD. By Richard Dehan. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This popular writer has given us again a story of real intrinsic interest. Throughout there is most careful workmanship, but the canvas is too crowded and is stretched to fit a frame very much larger than the subject naturally demands. The theme is an exaggerated case of "What's bred in the bone"—heredity holding through sixteen centuries without a break is a serious matter to contemplate. You can have too much of a good thing—which is what happens with the treatment as well as the theme in this case.

THE BANK OF YOUTH. By A. E. Carey. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. A. E. Carey has given us a quiet, restrained study of a young Englishman. His book does not attempt to appeal to the lover of sensational novels, although Dick Whiteman's experiences would lend themselves to dramatic writing in the hands of an author less fearful of melodrama. Mr. Carey instinctively shuns "scenes"; he prefers to tell his story in smooth, narrative style and does not play on the reader's emotion; yet his account of young Dick's struggles against a ruthless destiny, the boy's disappointments, temptations, adventures in Mexico, and finally in the Great War, make more than interesting reading for those who do not thirst after thrills and have not been bitten by the psycho-analytical germ.

GLADYS. By J. Morgan de Groot. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

At constructing intriguing matrimonial situations Mr. Morgan de Groot is a practised hand. Gladys, betrothed to one man and in love with another—a doctor whom she has met only once—does not suspect that Castlewell, her fiancé, had already had an "affair" with the doctor's wife. When she has been married but a few hours she learns the truth, and learns too that the doctor has been left a widower, free to find in her his soul's mate. The positions are reversed; instead of Castlewell making love to Onthorpe's wife, Onthorpe makes love to Castlewell's, though Gladys is of different calibre to the dead Mrs. Onthorpe and quickly decides that her duty is towards her husband. Doctor Onthorpe's subsequent behaviour somewhat strains our credulity, nevertheless all who want a good tale and are not too scrupulous as to its likelihood will enjoy the tangle Mr. Morgan de Groot sets himself to unravel.

THE POISONED PARADISE. By Robert W. Service. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

"The Poisoned Paradise" is Monte Carlo. "The spot of which people talk and dream, that masterpiece of nature and art, which never disenchants, which is adorable even in its cruelty." This is a purely sensational tale, introducing us to a young, lovely and friendless girl, who is driven from home and enticed to Paris. Thence she drifts to the Riviera, and is now in possession of a small sum of money left her by a grateful old woman. Here the plot thickens. Margot adopts a "system," and there are many boldly etched scenes in the Casino: "Her nights became haunted. Roulette wheels whirled before her closed eyes, and she often dreamed of a mighty one, that turned into a great whirlpool, in which she and all the other players were spinning around helplessly." Margot loses all; and is going on the streets, when she meets Hugh Kildair, who takes her to be his housekeeper. ("We will be brother and sister.") Then there are adventures, thrilling and tremendous, all the way to a peaceful domestic close. Melodramatic, interesting and written in a terse, clever way.

MURDER DISQUALIFIES. By Alan Graham. 7s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

There is a class of novel which demands that the reader should close his eyes determinedly on probabilities, and ask no questions. Once this act of faith is accomplished, we can settle down to enjoy the adventures of a group of civilised desperadoes recounted in this book. One division of the group is sworn to the service of the half-Scottish, half-Italian Signorina who drinks stout, sings divinely, and carries a stiletto in her garter, and who regards herself as the rightful claimant to a Scottish estate. The other division is equally set against this claim and there is a third factor in the formidable Rufus Rintoul, who defies everybody in turn and is a genial kind of villain. Needless to say a young man of one group falls in love with a girl of the other, and there are extraordinary complications to which only a "film" could do adequate justice. The plot, obviously, is poor; but the manner of telling is humorous, and, in its sphere, "Murder Disqualifies" is good, while some of the characters are so well described that we feel a sense of regret at finding an author with a high degree of talent content to do this modern "shocker" or "thriller." He should write, next time, a first class detective story; this, we feel sure, would "go."

HORNET'S NEST. By Andrew Soutar. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

There are some books which are quite improbable but which one still reads because of their telling. That is very much the case with Mr. Soutar's latest novel. We feel that it is a combination of wholly unlikely happenings, but we read it from the first page to the last simply to see what will be the next development, and also because here

and there in his descriptions the author touches quite a high level. We wish Mr. Soutar would settle down to a really big theme; he could make a great book if he would give himself a little more time to work out the plot, and did not overload it with too many characters. In "Hornet's Nest" there are one or two rather hoary jests which might have been left out, and a great mystery is hinted at but never explained. "Oh, the little more, and how much it is. . . ."

THE WOMAN AND THE PRIEST. By Grazia Deledda. 6s. (Cape.)

It is a pity that this translation of Signora Deledda's beautiful story, "La Madre," should have been given this misleading and catchpenny title: it gives quite a wrong emphasis to the motive and purpose of the story, which is an astonishing study in the power of a mother's love. The scene is a little Sardinian hill-town, where Paul is the parish priest, living with his mother. Suddenly, violently he falls in love with the orphan lady of the place, Agnes. "La Madre" is the story of the struggle between his vows and his passion. The whole fight is over almost as quickly as it begins, and Signora Deledda gives us a few days in the priest's life, showing him at his duties while he is torn with doubt and grief. The most memorable characters in the book are his mother and little Antiochus, the acolyte: there is a scene when Paul and Antiochus take the holy oils to an old mountaineer, which is as full of beauty as something in an early Hardy. Or again how bright and natural, simple with that peculiar Latin simplicity, is the scene when Paul talks with Antiochus's mother about her son's vocation. These clear and everyday incidents form an amazing foil to the great final chapter where Paul, saying Mass, is all the time afraid that Agnes will fulfil her threat of denouncing him publicly. Mrs. Steegman's translation is good, except that, like so many English authors, she is insufficiently acquainted with ecclesiastical terms, for instance, acolytes preceding the holy oils do not wear "copes," but a "cassock."

MIND YOU. By Rowland Johns. 6s. (Methuen.)

These tales of Lewys Lad and his friend Shadrach bear the hall-mark of the genuine humorist, and although Mr. Johns does not by any means depend solely on "Welshisms" to coin laughter, "Welshisms" add considerably to the whimsical spirit of a book which, from first to last, is full of that gay spontaneity so seldom met with, so wholesome and refreshing when found. Lewys Lad, who recounts his adventures with such droll gravity, is a creation that should rank alongside "Wee Macgreegor" and kindred lords of laughter. It is difficult to give by quotation an adequate idea of the quiet comedy that pervades the whole book, and we shall content ourselves with strongly recommending it to all and sundry. Humorists are rare, and when one of unquestionable merit crops up he should be encouraged. For which reason we should urge every one in need of a mental tonic or wanting only to be amused to make the acquaintance of Mr. Johns's delightful Welsh characters at the earliest possible moment.

HELEN VARDON'S CONFESSION. By Austin Freeman. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This story will need no recommending to those who are already acquainted with the famous "John Thorndyke" detective stories. To say that "Helen Vardon's Confession" is another story in which John Thorndyke appears will be sufficient. But for those who have not yet had the good fortune to meet John Thorndyke we would strongly advise them to do so at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Freeman's detective stories are not at all the usual kind, for not only does he give us a good plot with plenty of mystery and romance in it, but he gives us also a series of uncommonly clever character studies. His people are not mere puppets made to fit into the plots as people usually are in detective stories; the plot develops in a realistic manner, according to the characters round which it is weaved. Lewis Otway, who is really the

"villain" of the piece, is made quite a natural, rather pathetic, figure, despite his villainy in getting Helen Vardon to marry him by a trick. From the moment Otway crosses Helen's path there is little peace or happiness for her. Strange happenings occur which result in the appearance of John Thorndyke, and the unfolding of a mysterious and thrilling tragedy. Mr. Freeman's latest book is a "find" in detective stories.

TEMPERAMENTAL HENRY. By Samuel Merwin. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Few remember with any clearness the fierce misery and wild happiness of youth; we climb with time to superior heights from which the crude glory is dimmed, the mountains levelled to molehills. As you read "Temperamental Henry" all those bewildering, untamed emotions come rushing back. It is one of the most poignant studies of a boy that we have read in recent years, full of the romance and wonder of eighteen, amusing and pathetic by turns. We become Henry Calverley and he becomes us, as we read of his exploits, sentimental and commercial, of his eager dreams, his fickleness, his wistfulness, his vanity, his delicious rawness. It is all so real, so tense, so thrilled with youth. Those who have already made his acquaintance in "The Passionate Pilgrim" will not need to be advised to read this continuation of his history; but to others we give the solemn assurance that Henry will be found more rejuvenating than a whole course of monkey-gland.

The Bookman's Table.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER. 5s. (Heinemann.)

In this volume Mr. Schauffler has given a selection from his three books of verse issued in America; thus it may be accepted as representative of his work and as indicating what he considers its best features. The critic, after careful reading, is ready to admit that practically the whole content of the book is on a high level of technical accomplishment, but that very few of the poems carry a sense of inspiration, of fire, of splendid momentary vision fixed in irresistible words. The sonnets, for example, contain lines that seem manufactured, such as

> "The movements or the policies of the time,"

or

> "Brooks brawling past my knees, precipitate,
> Have brawled their verve into the marrow of me"—

a most awkward and unfortunate association. It is in the irregular verse and the lyrical forms that we feel nearest to the spirit of poetry; the two opening poems, "Magic Fire" and "Tabula Rasa," having a charming play of fancy over two pictures of a child, and "Etchings," a simple memory-record in couplets of childhood's impressions, achieving its effect in a masterly manner. In quite another vein, "The White Comrade"—the title-poem of one of the three volumes mentioned—is a vivid note of war, with a climax well judged and clean, coming as near to inspiration as anything in the book. The three or four poems dealing with childhood and the mind of the child are the most successful, and the finest; here Mr. Schauffler, we feel, is really happy. Two of these we have mentioned; another, "Paradise Revised," recaptures exactly the right mood. Youth, childhood, memories of early years—these are the chords which Mr. Schauffler strikes most surely and from which we obtain that satisfying impression that he wrote because he must, not because he merely wanted to write. All his poems are good; but these are his best and, drawing a bow at a venture, we should not wonder if they are also his own favourites.

HUMANE HORSE-TRAINING. By Percy F. Thorn. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

A book on this subject that is warmly and discriminatingly recommended in a foreword by Lord Lonsdale needs no other recommendation. Mr. Thorn writes from long years of practical experience—the humane methods he advocates are those he has practised, and he tells how even the most refractory and difficult horses may be subdued to various uses and trained efficiently by patience and kindness. An interesting as well as an informing book, and should be of great value to all concerned with the care of horses and with their training for sport, farm-work, riding or driving.



Mr. Percy Thorn.

LIFE ON LONELY TRAILS. By Zane Grey. 15s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The really impressive book of this sort invariably displays a reverence for the mysterious and the unknown. There could not be a more practical person than Mr. Zane Grey, with his coolness in emergency, his resource and dash: but all the while he is on the trail, his eyes are open to the beauty and wonder of the world. Lying out in the starlight, he is conscious of the spirit in things. Gazing at a view of a lonely cañon, he thought: "How desolate and grand. The far-away and terrible places of the earth are the most beautiful. Life's little day seems so easy to understand; so pitiful." The photographs, which are many, give a helpful idea of the places reached by our author. There are a good many sporting pictures; three of treed lions. A study of the Flattop Mountain in the chapter on "Colorado Trails" is especially beautiful. The many episodes are told with the exuberance characteristic of the writer. We commend the book particularly to the wistful, but persevering fireside traveller.

APOLLO TO CHRIST. By E. M. Martin. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall)

The author, who is known by several volumes of prose essays, is a lover of the country and the country town; but beauty for him is constantly tinged with sorrow and regret. Though his rhythms are always strong and easy, his songs never change from the minor key. They are, however, sincere, robust and moving; and not infrequently there is in them a hint of Thomas Hardy, as in this "Song of Ten":

> "It took ten men to do the mowing
> About the moors that rock and river part;
> It took ten men to do the mowing—
> But it only took one to break a heart.
>
> "It took ten men to do the reaping
> (The corn grows tall where rock and river part).
> It took ten men to do the reaping—
> But it only took one to break a heart.
>
> "It took ten men to do the building
> That set the wall hard-strong to tame the wave;
> It took ten men to do the building—
> But it only took one to dig a grave."

LADY PALMERSTON AND HER TIMES. By Mabell Countess of Airlie. In two volumes. 30s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Lady Airlie has provided a very welcome continuation of her former book, "In Whig Society," by the publication of these two further volumes, which are concerned mainly with the correspondence of her great-grandmother,

Emily Countess Cowper, who married as her second husband Lord Palmerston, the Premier. As the daughter of Lady Melbourne, Byron's intimate correspondent, and as the sister of the second Lord Melbourne, Queen Victoria's favourite Minister and husband of Lady Caroline Lamb, it will be realised at once how wide is the sweep of political and social interests contained in even Lady Cowper's family circle, to say nothing of her friendships with such personalities as Madame de Lieven and the Duke of Wellington, and her genius as a great political hostess during the period of her second marriage. Further, much of Lady Cowper's correspondence was with her third brother, Frederick Lamb (created Lord Beauvale in 1839), who was in the Diplomatic Service at Vienna and Munich during the early years of the nineteenth century, and subsequently British Ambassador at Lisbon in 1828, and Vienna in 1831. Consequently foreign interests come into this book also, and domestic interests concerned with the marriages of Lady Cowper's two daughters with, respectively, the philanthropic Earl of Shaftesbury and Viscount Jocelyn (uncle of Roden Noel, the poet). It is pleasant to turn back to the records of those spacious days when the eighteenth century was merging into the nineteenth, and Lady Cowper's letters, with Lady Airlie's illuminating notes, throw many valuable sidelights on the notable events and personalities of the time.

THE COMPLETE OPERA BOOK. By Gustav Kobbe. 25s. (Putnams.)

Nine hundred packed pages explain the word "complete" in the title. In addition to crisp introductions on the different schools of opera and discussions of such general topics as "Why some operas are rarely given," we have an analysis of the stories of the operas, together with 400 leading airs and motives in musical notation. A swift glance at this book before going to the opera ought to considerably enhance one's enjoyment. With its sixty-four portraits of world favourites in famous scenes help to link the years together and recall many a bright hour and vivid joy

Music.

ANCESTRAL VOICES.*

By May Byron.

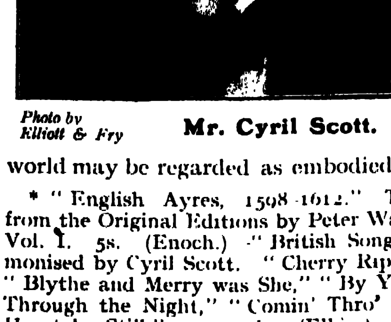


Photo by Elliott & Fry **Mr. Cyril Scott.**

When one reflects upon the tenacity of life exhibited by vocal melodies upon the survival (not always of the fittest) displayed by some of the most venerable compositions—and upon the recent extraordinary recrudescence of interest in Tudor music, one is half inclined towards Schopenhauer's theory that the world may be regarded as embodied music. For assuredly

* "English Ayres, 1598-1612." Transcribed and Edited from the Original Editions by Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson. Vol. I. 5s. (Enoch.)—"British Songs." Arranged and Harmonised by Cyril Scott. "Cherry Ripe," "The Minstrel Boy," "Blythe and Merry was She," "By Yon Bonnie Banks," "All Through the Night," "Comin' Thro' the Rye," "I'll Bid my Heart be Still." 2s. each. (Elkin.)—"When That I was and a Tiny Little Boy." (Short Encore Songs.) Words by Shakespeare. Music by Gerrard Williams. 1s. 6d. (Paxton.)—Songs by Reginald C. Robbins: "Ode to the West Wind." Words by P. B. Shelley. 3s. "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." Words by John Keats. 2s. (Paris: Maurice Senart.)

there is something in the fabric of life, in the mind of man, that preserves these melodies alive. It is as though Space and Time were phonographic discs, which retain and record, practically for ever, these archaic ancestral voices.

I am unable to account for the prevalent popularity of the great Elizabethans: unless it be a subconscious revolt against the over-elaboration and vehemently restless harmonisation of to-day's most advanced composers. To me, the magnificent vocal phrases of Byrd, Dowland, Rosseter—all that glorious company—are adorable in their sweeping curve, their breadth begotten of those "spacious times," their perfect adequacy for the singer's needs, their lovely tunefulness and balance. But when their contrapuntal or harmonic treatment is superadded—then, I confess, an effect is produced on me as of biting green apples, or munching green gooseberries. There is a sense of crudity and rawness—and the inevitable major chord concluding a work in a minor key, grates upon one's (probably too sophisticated) ear.

Yet nobody can afford to be without knowledge of these mighty men: and an excellent introduction to some of their most characteristic work may be obtained from "English Ayres," Vol. I, in which Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson have collaborated with admirable result. Here we encounter a number of celebrated names which adorned the period 1598–1612. The lute notation is transcribed, in all its native simplicity, for the pianoforte, and no alteration whatever has been made save in the barring which has been made more even and regular than the original. This, for amateur purposes, is a distinct improvement. Where each "Ayre" has its own peculiar and individual charm, it is not easy to differentiate these songs as regards intrinsic beauty. A special fascination exhales from Campian's "Love me or not"; Rosseter's "When Laura smiles" and "What then is love, but mourning?"; Dowland's "Lady, if you so spite me"; Robert Jones's "My love is neither young nor old"; and the better-known anonymous "Willow, Willow." But if ever there were amplitude of device, it is here: and further volumes may be awaited with pleasant expectation.

The series entitled "British Songs," for whose arrangement and harmonisation Cyril Scott is responsible, is not only an admirable idea in itself, but quite startling in its re-presentment of old friends. Profound as is my appreciation of Cyril Scott, I was hardly prepared for the amazing originality and dexterity here displayed. He has taken such familiar "ancestral voices" as "Cherry Ripe," "The Minstrel Boy," "Blythe, Blythe, and Merry was She," and transmuted them into a new timbre—infused them with a fresh vitality. They glow, prismatic, many-facceted, where before they only emitted a single monochrome light. Or, to vary the metaphor, the melody, in all its native candour, floats and hovers like a seabird above wonderful waves of intricate harmony. Sometimes one is given pause by this harmony—one doesn't quite agree with it. "Come!" one thinks, "this is carrying things *too* far! The air, pure and simple, is being over-dressed with gorgeous garments." Yet, a minute later, the brilliancy, the essential rightness, the audacious skill of the thing, overcome all one's scruples. I should like to comment on these songs at large and at leisure: space, unfortunately, prohibits. But I know of nothing like them. One small omission may be amended, perhaps, in future editions. The *original name* of the air should be given somewhere. "Through the Long Night," for instance, is "Ar hyd y nos" to all Welshmen: "The Minstrel Boy" is "Moreen" in Ireland: and many familiar Scottish airs bear quite different titles from those supplied by Burns when he wrote fresh words for them. This is, of course, a matter of small moment to the singer: but it is important to the student of folk-song.

It was a happy thought to provide a set of "Short Encore Songs," and the one in hand, by Gerrard Williams, is a favourable specimen of just what is wanted. Here the "ancestral voice" is that of the poet: and Mr. Williams has fashioned Shakespeare's words into a daintily delightful ditty. "When that I was and a tiny little boy" ("Twelfth Night"), a bright, gay little morsel, may be warranted to find favour with any audience if taken *presto con fuoco* as indicated. The "twangy" style of the accompaniment, suggestive of a lute, is particularly effective.

The last songs on our list are also the most ambitious: it goes hard to classify them, for Keats and Shelley are scarcely yet to be termed "ancestral" when a mere century divides them from us. "He that aims the sky," says Herbert, "shoots higher far than he that means a tree," and Browning parallels the thought—"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's heaven for?" So praise is due to Mr. Reginald Robbins for his valorous attempts, even if they should not be wholly unqualified successes. Both are for bass or baritone; both demand vast skill and sympathy from the interpreter; each is furnished with a difficult and elaborate pianoforte part, which in at least one song implies that it was initially written for the orchestra. An ordinary vocalist, an average accompanist, will quail before Mr. Robbins's frenzied vagaries of notation, which involve, more than once, changes of key-signature (wholly unnecessary to my mind) in the course of a single bar. The flats and sharps perform a sort of witch-dance before one's bewildered eyes. Yet I believe that, could one hear these pieces rendered by finely competent executants, one would be enormously impressed by them. The setting of Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is really a scena rather than a song. The accent jars upon one often. That a long vowel with two sound-carrying consonants, such as "Wind" in bar 3, should be allotted a miserable semiquaver, after the foregoing prolonged syllables, is all but ridiculous. It can be pardoned for the sake of the strong poetic feeling which pervades the whole: yet I wonder if Mr. Robbins meant to pronounce the word "wĭnd," short, in bar 3, and "wīnd," to rhyme with "behind," in the finale? His other composition, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," is much more austere in character; the force and passion of the West Wind are replaced by a stagnant forlorn chilliness, which well reflects the spirit of Keats's immortal lyric. Nevertheless, the magic of the latter has somewhat evaporated in the course of setting it: and the one-syllable-to-one-note method, though probably intentional, becomes wearisome by reiteration. The text is that of the earlier version, known to few: such variations as "knight-at-arms" and "kisses four" strike one strangely: and "gloam" is a misprint for "gloom." To conclude and reiterate, it is not every baritone who will be able to tackle Mr. Robbins's voice-part, nor every pianist who will care to cope with his pianoforte score. But those who dare essay the adventure will be undoubtedly astonished and rewarded.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

SIX PIANOFORTE STUDIES FOR THE LEFT HAND. By M. Moszkowski. (Enoch.)

Excellent and essential studies for all pianists with ambitions.

THERE'S A RAY OF SUNSHINE HIDING. By Cecil Harrington. **OFT IN THE TWILIGHT.** By Arthur F. Tate. (Cary.)

These two songs are bracketed together because, although by different composers, they are so much of the same type that they remind one irresistibly of twins. Songs of sentiment, the words and music of both are on somewhat hackneyed lines.

HIAWATHA'S MELODY OF LOVE. By Geo. W. Meyer. (Feldman.)

A "catchy" though not very original waltz.

ALBUM FOR THE YOUNG. Morning Song. March. By C. Gurlitt. (Augener.)

Very short, full of character and easy to play, these two pieces should appeal to young players.

EAST OF SUEZ. Music by Eugene Goossens. (Chester.)

This fascinating suite from "East of Suez" comprises "the Overture, the incidental music to Scene 1 and three out of the six entr'actes specially written for the production." Many who have been to see the play will be anxious to get this suite; to them it needs no recommending; but to those who have not yet heard Mr. Goossens's wonderful and characteristic Chinese music we would say, Do not miss this book. The themes of the music are based on old Chinese melodies.

SOUTHERN REFRAINS. By Percy Elliott. (Schott.)

One is always sure of something tuneful when Mr. Percy Elliott's name is on the cover. "Southern Refrains" contains four "episodes"—a delightful quartet.

HOW TO USE A PLAYER-PIANO. By Harry Ellingham. 6s. net. (Grant Richards.)

Pianolas are less common than gramophones; but they are sufficiently numerous. Unfortunately many of them are mistaken for sewing-machines. The player sits down, pumps monotonously at the pedals, and the machine does the rest. It is a minority of players who may be said to play. And yet a pianola can be played as exquisitely as a piano, if it is rightly used. Mr. Ellingham's volume—small enough to be really useful and unintimidating—will teach the reader how to get the best out of his instrument. Some of it is historical (and instructive), but the major part is practical, and the reader who takes the trouble to carry out the excellent lessons here given will be soon on the road to real artistic playing. The secret of pianola-playing is simply the secret of good singing—breath-control. The pianola is a piano with lungs and tubes. Learn how to control its breathing, and it will sing very wonderfully. Plough away rigidly at its pedals, and you might as well try to get music out of a foot-pump. Read Mr. Ellingham's volume and your neighbours will love you.

MINIATURE ESSAYS. Granville Bantock; Joseph Jongen. 6d. each. (Chester.)

These are excellent critical studies, printed in English and French, containing an estimate of each composer with a list of his writings, together with a portrait and facsimile page of score. The note of criticism is quite modern, and if the praise seems at time excessive, we pardon it as a good fault. Praise is real food and refreshment to the living man, and we should not reserve it solely for the dead. Messrs. Chester should produce many more of these delightful booklets.

A RUSSIAN SINGER.

In setting out to captivate an audience of which the majority are ignorant of the language used, a singer is handicapped unless the voice is of phenomenal appeal. Either the listener must watch the book of words to the exclusion of the singer, or scan the translations for an outline and leave the performance to fill in the colours. Mme. Valetina Aksarova, in her second evening of Russian songs at the Æolian Hall, sang chiefly in Russian, and I, preferring the outline method, was left at the end of the first group with no very definite impression. The effect was rather of monochrome. Mme. Aksarova has a graceful and a soprano voice uniformly pleasing in its lower three-quarters. The top quarter is less dependable. There was an occasional lack of ease and sure intonation; possibly, since she improved in both respects, the result of a slight cold. Her technique, apart from a rather shallow method of breathing which results in the more strenuous passages in a noisy intake and a legato which is adequate but not distinguished, is good. The latter groups came off better and showed that Mme. Aksarova is at her best in songs either quietly reflective or vivacious. In more strongly sustained or dramatic passages she is less convincing.

She was happiest in Rachmaninoff's " Loneliness," Rimsky Korsakoff's " Sur les collines de Georgie," and, particularly, in the peasant girl's folk-song-like tune in a duet from that composer's " Snowflakes," in which she was joined by M. Adolph Riabim. Another success was Vassilenko's " Tarr," which was repeated. Her other songs occasionally lacked climax and left the listener feeling that something had been missed, the something that is the difference between a pleasant rendering and the sort of real interpretation which makes of the oldest song a new thing, an inspired improvisation.

In brief, on a first hearing Mme. Aksarova seems to be a singer well equipped; good, if not exciting, to hear; with distinct graces and a less distinct versatility in projecting herself into various types of songs. Her next concert could be strengthened by cutting out unpunctuality and waits, and by closing the doors during the first group. Impossible to build an atmosphere which is dissipated at the end of each song by late-comers apparently bent on gentle exercise. The accompaniments were played by M. Roger Jalowicz.

R. B.

The Drama.

JAMES AGATE AND DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

By Graham Sutton.



Photo by Schmidt, Manchester **Mr. James Agate.**

Dramatic criticism is a perilous game. We live on a kind of double-barrelled volcano which breaks out from time to time in simple or compound eruption. The cry goes up: " What should such fellows do crawling between earth and heaven ? " —more accurately between " gods " and " stars "; for both these delight to attack us. Our position down there in the stalls is curiously symbolic. We are between two fires, and withering volleys of anti-critical criticism rake us from front and rear.

The result is painfully obvious. Instead of resolving to live dangerously, modern criticism takes for its inglorious motto " Safety First," and at once falls into two classes—the erudite-indifferent and the news-report. The erudite-indifferent man safeguards himself by brilliant irrelevance, using the play as a clothes-line to hang out his own extraneous learning. The news-reporter, equally indifferent but of less brilliant parts, lacks even the courage of irrelevance. Protesting feebly that he must write for the man in the street (that half-educated fellow who has long been notorious for knowing as much as the experts) he cuts his coat according to the threadbare mode; he confines himself to a few vague generalities; he writes out (O last resort of pusillanimity !) a summary of the story and concludes with four barren lines of actors' names. He is a plot-retailer, an actors' reference book; a barmecide host by whom the menu is set forth in detail and the guests sent empty away. Nor even so does he 'scape whipping. The actors taunt him with incompetence, with not daring to commit himself to individual analysis whether in praise or blame; he cannot discriminate, they say, between good lines and good acting, nor distinguish the error of some poor devil of a mummer from that of the producer who compels him to misread his part. Meanwhile the public, despairing of genuine dramatic criticism in either case, turn back to his erudite-indifferent colleague as being at any rate the more entertaining. And thus that old whirligig of *The Times* brings in his revenges.

A sad state of things, but fortunately not universal. One paper at least, the *Saturday Review*, has a tradition of dramatic criticism which a bold writer alone would care to challenge. Eighteen months ago the challenger arrived—James Agate, ex-critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, now swelling magnificently into the old Shavian and Beerbohmian chair. At the time of his appointment he had three books to his credit: " L. of C." (Lines of Communication), his own favourite; " Buzz Buzz ! " dramatic essays; and " Responsibility," a novel embracing a wider world than that of Manchester (though hung on that city), and written during a long sojourn in southern France. This year " Alarums and Excursions " followed; dramatic essays again, with two short canters on his other hobbies—ponies and pugilists. News of a volume of reprinted " Saturday " articles, to be published in February by Jonathan Cape, saves one the pleasant trouble of hoarding the originals from week to week.

Mr. Agate has made full confession of his creed; explicitly in " Alarums and Excursions," implicitly in the most intimate of all his essays—that one entitled " The Actor as Charlatan " in " Buzz Buzz ! " For my own part I like his practice more than his theory. But this is personal bias; and lest it should lead me to misrepresent him, I sallied out to confirm my impression of his critical faith, and to provoke him to an argument in which I foresaw no quarter granted to my own. By the same token I approached the subject on its less controversial side, with some remark about the publicity given nowadays to actors' opinions.

" That which concerns itself with the actor's thoughts," Mr. Agate answered, " is not criticism. Even where the actor's own part is concerned, his mental processes are wholly irrelevant. It is not he who ' interprets,' but the spectator; and the actor is probably always aiming at some effect other than that which the spectator receives. But the effect—the method and mechanics—are all; the aim and theory, nothing ! "

" You mean that the actor's temperament outweighs his brains ? Most honest actors would agree."

"Surely. No man who has been to Oxford is the better able to say 'The carriage waits.' A costermonger who has pushed a barrow with temperament can make a shot at Othello. Said an old farmer to me once, 'Coronations is muck!' Brains on the stage is rubbish. Then let the actor stick to his nightly buskin; let the villa doors be shut upon him, that he may play the interpreter nowhere but in his own house. So with the critic in turn; let *him* stick to his stall——"

"Now for it!" I thought. Aloud I ventured: "But surely the ex-actor is the best judge of plays?" And the storm burst.

"Above all," said Mr. Agate emphatically, "the critic of plays must *never* have been an actor! The actor looks upon a performance not as a representation of life, but as a piece of jugglery with powder and paint——"

MYSELF (*rather dashed*): "You will admit at any rate that the actor is the best judge of acting?"

AGATE: "Yes, there he is on firmer ground; but not firm enough. If a performance is a clever piece of business on the part of the actor, his colleague who looks on will not care if it contradict, impede or thwart the current of the play. Knowledge of the technique of acting is valuable to the critic only in awarding marks to actors and placing them in order of merit. The important thing is the play—what play the critic enjoys and how he enjoys it. To find this, to interpret that *wonder* which is the soul of the theatre, he should refer the play to his susceptibilities with as little intervention of the actor as possible. All else is lumber and handicap."

Well, there it is! I have made Mr. Agate speak out for himself because I am frankly biased, my own past inclining me inevitably to the technical mode. I admire his work, this side idolatry, as much as anyone. And yet his theory, though it is more generous to critic and public respectively than the actor's and critic's arguments which I have already quoted, does not wholly convince me. For I still hold fanatically that the critic is lost without technical equipment; I suspect Mr. Agate, for all his modest protestations of "complete detachment," of thinking likewise; and I find in his argument this serious flaw: that he himself has obviously so much better an equipment than he is ready to advocate. When I suggested something of the kind, he said: "Not at all! One should write simply as a literary artist." Quite so; the theory works in his own case. But like all artists' working theories, it fits one case only. Mere artistry is too vague a critical outfit; it smacks too much of Arnold's "beautiful but ineffectual angel, beating in the void its luminous wings in vain." The point is that Mr. Agate's artistry, whether he knows it or not, is of a highly specialised kind. Consider his critical godfathers. First, Lamb and the more critical, less rapturous Hazlitt; second, forming a link between these and himself, that great virtuoso, C. E. Montague. Those elder critics had two magical virtues—a general love of the theatre and a particular susceptibility to the individual artist. So Mr. Montague; so Mr. Agate in turn. Lamb's gusto for the individual needs no comment here; but if you pass from Munden or Dicky Suett, via the "Good Acting" chapter of Montague's "Dramatic Values,"

down to the Agate portrait-gallery, the succession is obvious. The Lamb type of critic *is* a technical specialist. He has not trodden the boards himself—that's the empirical way; but however rigorously he keeps himself aloof, his heart goes out to the actor; intuition, sympathy, sense of the theatre give him more understanding of the actors' craft than he is aware of; and what they have learned from bitter experience in the workshop, he will assimilate unawares by many subtle analyses of their work done in the public eye. All he need bring (if he be artist indeed) is his innate love of the theatre; and Lamb proved in every line that this zest, this fine flowering of the amateur spirit, can in time serve the artist-critic as surely as stage experience. Mr. Agate proves it again; and he works out a fictional thesis on the subject—"Mr. Cleever goes to the Theatre," a short story which serves as epilogue to his "Buzz Buzz!" I did not ask if Mr. Cleever were autobiography; all creative work is that, and the modern craze for literal "human documents" is overworked and impertinent. But it is clear enough that the author's own critical development, as revealed here and there between the lines of his other work, had a great deal in common with that of his hero. "Mr. Cleever" is a study of the predestined critic; it gives the boy's mind, trained in an atmosphere of comparison and stage reminiscence; the youthful enthusiasms, prejudices and disputations; the simultaneous study of French and English stages; the appeal of criticism as a vocation; the spurs won at last as critic to a great provincial daily. These tell their tale of Mr. Agate's youth. And in the maturity of his critical work, no less than in his study of Cleever, the real weakness of modern criticism stands revealed. The old-fashioned enthusiasm, not the new-fangled knowledge, is what modern critics lack. Their crime is indifference. They may have some sluggish liking for the theatre (it has been quaintly pleaded for them that if they had not they could not endure it so often!) but the divine flame of it is not in them; they do not hallo its name to the reverberate suburbs; like the good lady in the late Bennett play, they have an official duty to per-form, and they per-form it. Not so with Agate. He has the theatre in his blood; he is more stage-struck than the callowest moon-calf; the playhouse atmosphere, the happy distortion of workaday values of which "Elia" speaks—these are his breath of life. He and those for whom he writes are your true pilgrims of mummery; they will cushion flintiest gallery seats with their enthusiasm, or on a country holiday walk five miles to see the barnstormers play.

* * * * *

And so, after all, I hate him less than I should wish. On that one point of prejudice we fought to a standstill; and I am richer for our fray, because he has knocked into me a piece of knowledge which, had I had the wit, I might have learned long ago from Lamb himself—that your born playgoer absorbs, willy-nilly, all the technique that he is likely to need. But for all critics save the born enthusiast the Agate doctrine is damnable, as he would be the first to admit. I can sum up the gist of him no better than in his own inevitable tag: "I hate a lukewarm artist!"

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S "JUST-SO STORIES" PAINTING BOOKS COMPETITIONS.

The following are the awards made in these Competitions :—

Class I.

For children between 10 *and* 12 *years of age.*

For the best paintings in Two Books, the PRIZE of £[illegible] 5s. is awarded to SYLVIA WATERFALL (age 11), of S[illegible]rken Hill, Worksop.

For the best painting in One Book, the PRIZE of £3 3s. is awarded to JEAN KIRK (age 12), of 123, Promenade, Bridlington.

A PRIZE of £1 1s. is awarded to KITTY KIRK (age 10), of 123, Promenade, Bridlington.

Class II.

For children between 8 *and* 10 *years of age.*

For the best paintings in Three Books, the PRIZE of £6 6s. is awarded to GERALD CROZIER (age 7), of The New City, near Bognor.

For the best painting in One Book, the PRIZE of £2 2s. is awarded to JANET WATERFALL (age 9), of Sparken Hill, Worksop, Notts.

A PRIZE of £1 1s. is awarded to DAVID MACDONALD PATON (age 9½), of Trantlbeg, Worley Road, St. Albans.

A PRIZE of 15s. is awarded to KENNETH TOWLE (age 7½), of Glenn Road, Oadby, Leicester.

Every age has been agitated about "new" poetry of some sort. There have always been rebellious poets who, because they could not use the accepted technique effectively, or felt the time had come for a change, have broken the old laws of verse and tried to introduce others, or to do without any. Their vagaries have roused the wrath of the orthodox, but they have never really done any harm; sometimes they have done good by suggesting an innovation that was ineffectual in their hands but

has been adapted and developed successfully by men of more authentic if less unaccommodating genius. The curious thing is that (Whitman excepted) these iconoclasts have never proved themselves great poets. They have made a noise; provoked excitement and discussion; posed for a while as something extraordinary, and then dwindled out of notice in a quite ordinary manner.

In the early days of the seventeenth century the chief of the "new" poets bent on upsetting the existing order of verse was Gabriel Harvey. He poured scorn on the use of rhyme and preached the superiority of the Latin hexameter over all English metres. His own hexameters did not justify his doctrine, but that did not prevent the law-abiding from wanting to denounce it, and the latest addition to the "World's Classics" series ("English Critical Essays: 16th, 17th and 18th Centuries." Selected and edited by Edmund D. Jones. 2s. Humphrey Milford) includes Samuel Daniel's "A Defence of Rhyme," which was, I believe, directly aimed at the intractable Harvey. Daniel was not opposed to progress; but since the poet writes to be understood and to give pleasure, he had the common sense to see that poetry is more likely to achieve those objects if it conforms to harmonious and adequate modes of expression that custom and tradition have familiarised than if the poet fantastically devotes himself to finding, not new things to say, but new ways of saying old things. That is all Gabriel Harvey was doing, and, writes Daniel, "when he hath all done, he hath but found other clothes to the same body, and peradventure not so fitting as the former. . . . As good still to use rhyme and a little reason as neither rhyme nor reason."

There is more in the same essay that applies as neatly to certain of our "new" poets as it did to certain of his. But the best summary of his literary faith is in the passage where, having protested against taking pride in verbal extravagances, and the folly of exaggerating the importance of superficial variations of form, he goes to the heart of the matter with, "Suffer then the world to enjoy that which it knows, and what it likes: seeing that whatsoever force of words doth move delight and sway the affections of men, in what Scythian sort soever it be disposed or uttered, that is true number, measure, eloquence, and the perfection of speech." Which, after all, opens the door to every conceivable literary mode, and does not reject the new poetry so long as it can answer to that touchstone and give pleasure, not merely to a self-centred clique, but to the general heart of man. Our new poets seem to think their eccentricities can do that. But Gabriel Harvey thought the same about his, and posterity has preferred Daniel.



Mr. Thomas Seccombe.
From a drawing, made in Canada, by Mr. Allan Barr.
Lent by Mr. Roger Ingpen.
Mr. Thomas Seccombe, one of the BOOKMAN'S oldest contributors, is now in Canada, Professor of English Literature at Kingston University.

Younger writers (and some who are not so young) may get profit as well as pleasure from a reading of Vernon Lee's "The Handling of Words" (8s. 6d.; John Lane). They will find shrewd and useful hints in the chapters on Style, on Literary Construction, on "Can Writing be Taught?" and "What Writers Might Learn"; and that Vernon Lee has written so many books herself, and written them so ably, gives weight to her opinions on these matters. In one chapter she studies acutely the handling of words by Meredith, Kipling, Stevenson, Hardy, Henry James and Maurice Hewlett, and in another certain qualities in the writing of De Quincey, Landor and Carlyle. Her views on "Aesthetics of the Novel" and "The Nature of the Writer" raise debatable questions. She is convinced that the great writer must himself be a great man, and that he must be endowed with "sensitiveness, passion, activities, and experience far surpassing that of other men"; but she rightly adds that experience is really "an inner phenomenon." Those who have lived most and longest, as she says, often accumulate very little experience—they remember nothing. "To be more interested in the world, unselfishly, platonically, passionately; to understand more, and more quickly; to feel things into their farthest ramifications, this is, indeed, the characteristic of the great writer, but 'tis his human superiority, believe me, not his literary talent." She is no believer in art for art's sake, and finds in Swinburne, Baudelaire, d'Annunzio, and others "the wearisome hollowness of magnificent artists in words." The



Miss Mazo de la Roche,
whose new book, "Explorers of the Dawn," is published by Messrs. Cassell.

greatest, "Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, Browning, are all philosophers of life." And she suggests that the great author is never a poseur.

That, perhaps, is not so certain. The world, at all events, does not recognise the great author so readily when he is not. In his brilliant and often soundly critical "First Essays on Literature" (12s. 6d.; Collins) Mr. Edward Shanks is sometimes a little condescending toward H. G. Wells. Our younger critics have a way of falling into that attitude. And I think Wells brings it on himself by being a very natural, unassuming, sociable, thoroughly human personality. If he practised a portentous aloofness of manner, were pontifical, unapproachable, forbidding, after the Carlyle fashion,,many would more easily realise that his place is with the greatest men of our time. We laugh at the dignified and pompous person, but his self-assertions influence even the wisest of us in our immediate judgment of him. Mr. Shanks may to some extent be right in thinking that Mr. Wells's future reputation will "resemble very closely one of those eighteenth century reputations which have not many books to show in justification of themselves. Mr. Wells will seem to have been a great figure in the intellectual life of his time; but his books will be ruthlessly winnowed." He selects for possible survival "The Island of Doctor Moreau," "The Food of the Gods," "The Invisible Man," and "perhaps," "The Time Machine," "Tono-Bungay" and "Mr. Polly," and "possibly," all the short stories in "The Country of the Blind." To these most of us would add, at least, "Kipps" and "The New Machiavelli," and possibly "The Outline of History," and if any other living author arrives in the next century with ten of his books still alive he will be lucky.

Mr. Shanks is at his best, I think, in his essays on Walter de la Mare, Barbellion, Samuel Butler, "Keats and his Critics," in his admirable character study of Goethe, and his "Reflections on the English Novel." All who are growing weary of the fussy pretentiousness of the psychological and psycho-analytical novelist will hope he is right in feeling that "the narrative gift, the faculty of telling a story, is taking with renewed importance its place in the development of the novel." And he says an obviously true thing when he adds that "the inability of a novelist to invent or manage a plot is rather like the inability of a musician to invent a tune. It may be compatible with many great qualities, even with greatness in the absolute sense, but it is a sign of a certain elementary deficiency." From which standpoint he compares Gilbert Cannan and Ethel M. Dell and awards the palm to Miss Dell. Whether you agree with him or not, Mr. Shanks is a suggestive and a stimulating critic; he is always interesting, and his opinions are his own.



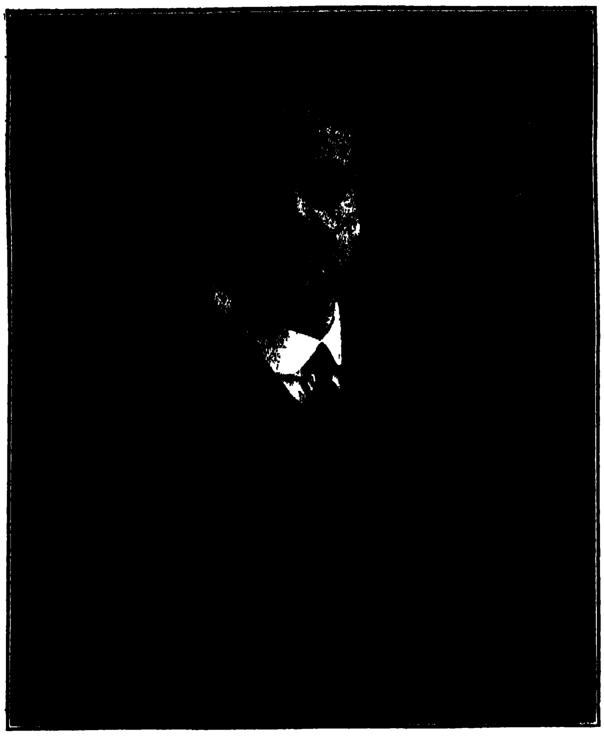
Miss Honoré Willsie,
whose new novel, "Judith of the Godless Valley," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Addington Symonds was a critic of a different, a more academic order, but you read the "Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds" (12s.; John Murray), collected and edited by Horatio F. Brown, less for what he has to say of his own and other books than for his wonderfully vivid personal sketches of people he had known. I know of no more graphically realistic portraits of Tennyson and of Gladstone than those in his earlier pages. He met Stevenson at Davos and found him "really clever, and curious in matters of style," but says in a later letter, "I have apprehensions about his power of intellectual last. The more I see of him, the less I find of solid mental stuff. He wants years of study in tough subjects. After all a University education has some merits. One feels the want of it in men like him." Whether years of study in tough subjects might not have done Stevenson more harm than good is open to argument. Symonds did not greatly like "Virginibus Puerisque," and owns "It is always to me a little forced and flashy"; but before long he says, "He is very nice. I get to like him more"; and when, a few months later, Stevenson eulogised some sonnets of his he valued the praise and was immensely pleased, which was only natural. He has excellent things to say of Walt Whitman, of Clough, and many another, and there is no hesitation in his enthusiasm for Kipling—"a very extraordinary young man. I wish I could have got to know him well. It seems to me that he is going to make a name in England. The



Calvé.
From "My Life," by Madame Calvé, which Messrs. Appleton are publishing.

Savile Club was all on the *qui vive* about him, when I lunched there with Gosse. Rider Haggard appeared really aggrieved at a man with a double-barrelled name, odder than his own, coming up. Literally." Nothing but lack of space enables one to resist the temptation to quote copiously. The book is alive with interest, and adds appreciably to our knowledge of many authors of to-day and yesterday.



Mr. Maurice Drake.

Mr. Maurice Drake, whose new novel, "The Doom Window," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, is a distinguished designer of stained glass and an expert on antiques, as well as a novelist. His knowledge of the former art may be said to be hereditary, as he represents the fourth generation of a famous glass-painting family in Exeter, dating back over a century. He and his ancestors have specialised in mediæval stained glass, and Mr. Maurice Drake is an adviser at South Kensington. His history of the art of glass painting is a standard work, and he is well known as a lecturer on this subject here, in America and on the Continent. He became a novelist from the sheer love of writing, and his first book, "The Salving of a Derelict," carried off the *Daily Mail* prize for a best first novel. The best known of his other stories are "WO^2" and "Wrack." "The Doom Window," which treats of the ways and wiles of dealers in sham antiques, has a strong and original plot and is Mr. Drake's first novel since the war, in which he served from 1914 onward.

"The Man Who Lived Alone," by Miss Almey St. John Adcock, to be published this spring by Messrs. Jarrold, is a novel of modern life which tells the story of a strange deception.

Messrs. Brentano are publishing early this month "The Fool," by Channing Pollock—the story of a man who tried to live a Christlike life. "The Fool" has been produced on the stage in America, where it has been the greatest theatrical success of recent years.

M. Victor Margueritte, whose "La Garconne" led to his expulsion from the French Academy last year, collaborated with his brother Paul in writing "Poum," a charming study of child-life—the story of his own childhood—an illustrated edition of which is published by Messrs. A. M. Philpot. The same firm is shortly publishing a translation by Mr. Hugh Burnaby of "La Garconne" under the title of "The Bachelor Girl."

Not a few critics have named "Search," by Margaret Rivers Larminie (Mrs. R. C. Tragett), as the best first novel published last year, and her new book, "Echo" (7s. 6d.; Chatto & Windus), is an arresting story and clever enough to have won the same praise if it had appeared last year instead of the other. Mrs. Tragett, who began writing very early in life, was born near Kingston, Jamaica. Her father, Colonel Larminie, R.E., was an Irishman; her mother's father was the first Sir Frederick Pollock, Chief Baron of the Exchequer Court. While she was spending two years of her childhood at Heidelberg she started to write stories, and at the age of ten won the prize in a *Little Folks* short story competition. Seven years later she had what she counts as her first real short story accepted by the *Girl's Own Paper*. In the next ten years she had stories published in various magazines and made one or two attempts at a novel, but never got far with them. The plot of "Echo" is one she twice tried to handle without success. For some years after her marriage, in 1911, she wrote practically nothing, but in the early days of the war she collaborated with her sister, Vera Larminie, in a small book of poems that was published in January, 1918, by Mr. Basil Blackwell, of Oxford, in his "Adventurers All" series of unknown authors, most of the verses in the book being by her sister. She continued writing poems, a few of which appeared in the *New Witness*, *Nation* and *Country Life*, until the autumn of 1920, then stopped writing and began to think her talents in that direction had dried up altogether. But at the beginning of 1921 she found herself turning

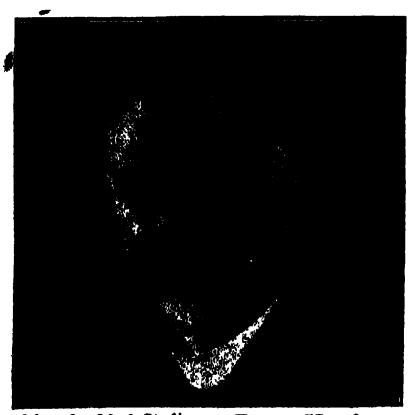


Photo by Ideal Studio. **Rev. Herbert Brown,**
whose new book on bees and bee-keeping, "A Bee Melody," will be published this month by Mr. Andrew Melrose.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Margaret Rivers Larminie (Mrs. Tragett).**

to prose again and wanting to write a novel.

"I have very little inventive imagination," says Mrs. Tragett, "and plots have always been my stumbling-block. But one morning, lying in bed, I began, with unexpected suddenness, trying to invent a situation which should occupy, in action, hardly more than one day, so that my invention need not be too much taxed for incident. I pictured a birth, a marriage, and a death all taking place under the same roof on the same day, and wondered what series of events could lead up to this finale. That day I sat down to write 'Search,' beginning with the birth and not intending to have the long retrospect I eventually found necessary." She discussed the story with a friend, who made helpful suggestions, and worked hard at it for three months, writing chiefly in bed at night, for she was then engaged in an office, as secretary to a school of music, from 11 to 8 daily. Finding it impossible to continue working at this rate, she gave up the office and, after a short holiday, revised and retyped "Search," which had occupied five months in all. The first publisher to whom it was offered rejected it, but the second Messrs. Chatto & Windus, accepted it at once and published it in January last year. She then, with interruptions (for she was busy playing Badminton and editing the *Badminton Gazette*), turned again to the writing of "Echo," which was duly finished six months ago. Long before she succeeded as a novelist Mrs. Tragett was famous as a Badminton player, holding the Ladies' Singles Championship in 1911 and 1912; she also won the Mixed Doubles Championship in 1911, with Sir G. A. Thomas, the Chess Champion, and is the present holder, with Miss Hogarth, of the Ladies' Doubles Championship. These are "All England" titles; and she has been and is the holder of many other championships. She has latterly given up tennis, but is still a keen golfer, and has all her life been devoted to music, "which I regard," she says, "as the highest form of artistic creation."



Miss A. R. Weekes.

A novel by Ianthe Jerrold, "Young Richard Mast," will be published this spring by Mr. Leonard Parsons. It tells the story of Richard's career from boyhood to middle age, and of his marriage to an unusual type of girl whose temperament clashes disturbingly with his own.

The author of "Clair de Lune," which was recently published anonymously by Messrs. Constable, and appeared in America over the signature of John Anthony, is Miss A. R. Weekes. She has several good novels to her name, the most successful being "Clair de Lune" and "Jenny Essenden." Miss Weekes was born in the shadow of Rochester Cathedral, and brought up in a Kentish vicarage. After her father died she took her London M.A. and went to Cambridge as a teacher in one of the oldest and best of the Correspondence Colleges, where she remained till 1921, teaching English Literature to pupils of all sorts, from a Lieutenant-Colonel to a Gold Coast nigger. "We were hard up at first," she confesses, "and I lived on £1 a week. By way of a treat I used to go to the gallery of the New Theatre—I think it was 5d. then—or to a 1s. seat at the Guildhall when Mark Hambourg came to play. But in our family, whenever we had any money, which was not often, we went abroad. What good times we had in our third-class journeys and 4-franc inns! And from a holiday at Lustin on the Meuse in 1890 to one at Majorca and Montserrat in 1922 it is our proud boast that we managed without a guide."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. R. Ellis Roberts,**
whose brilliant book of short stories, "The Other End" (Cecil Palmer), is reviewed in this Number.



Mr. Charles Procter,
whose new novel, "Pools of the Past" (Bale, Sons & Danielsson), is reviewed in this Number.

Starting her literary career at the age of six, with an ode to a new carpet, "I was about twenty," says Miss Weekes, "when I collaborated with my sister (who has now published more novels than I have) and another girl in a tale called 'Prisoners of War,'" and when her father asked scornfully if they ever expected to make money by their writings they were able to produce twenty pounds as the proceeds from this. After that partnership was dissolved, she wrote "Yarborough the Premier," "Faith Unfaithful," and, with her sister, "The Tragic Prince," which is now being reissued in America as "The City of Lilies"; then came a break when she was busy teaching, until all her pupils went to the war and left her free to write "Jenny Essenden."

In "Celebrities: Little Stories About Famous Folk," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing, Mr. Coulson Kernahan has gathered his reminiscences of famous men, including King Edward, Lord Roberts, Tennyson, Swinburne, Austin Dobson, Stephen Phillips, Barrie, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Meredith and many another.

By the way, I see Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has recently paid tribute to Mr. Coulson Kernahan's "Six Famous Living Poets" (Thornton Butterworth) as a book that "fulfils ideally the twofold purpose of making the reader well acquainted with the work of some of our best contemporary poets, and at the same time of stimulating him to seek a closer knowledge of their poetry. As demonstrator, he does the reader the service of quoting generously; as critic he is attentive both to the letter and to the spirit—conveying those subtle mannerisms and minutiæ which contribute to the general effect, and at the same time he never loses sight of the poet's vision and the inspiration of his song. Students of modern poetry have every reason to be grateful to Mr. Kernahan for this book."

Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing immediately, as the first volume in his "New Novel Library," "The Incoming Tide," by Janet Maitland, wife of the well-known actor, Mr. Lauderdale Maitland, and herself well known as a film actress.

Every now and then a book comes out with a title that has been used before. More often the author discovers in time that his title is second-hand and alters it before the book is printed. This has happened with a new novel by Sydney A. Moseley, which Mr. Stanley Paul is shortly publishing. At the eleventh hour it has been renamed "Love's Ordeal."



Miss Dorothy Cosens,
whose new novel, "Whose Law?" Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing this month.

John Gay's good luck was proverbial in his life, and it has not deserted his memory. "The Beggar's Opera" seemed to have finished its stage career and Gay had settled down among the more or less obscure minor poets of two centuries ago, when its revival brought him back into roaring popularity. Now "The Beggar's Opera" is running at one London theatre and its sequel, "Polly," at another; new editions of both have been published—"Polly," as adapted for the present production by Clifford Bax (2s. 6d; Chapman & Hall), and Mr. Daniel O'Connor, who last year gave us a sumptuous edition of "Trivia," has just published an equally sumptuous edition of Gay's famous opera, edited with an admirable introduction by Oswald Doughty (£2 2s.) and illustrated with a facsimile of the old title page, nearly thirty other facsimiles, contemporary prints of scenes and characters, and portraits. A most interesting and beautifully produced edition and one that not only collectors but all good book-lovers will know how to value.

As many, misled by its title, have mistakenly assumed that "Ermytage and the Curate," by A. M. Cogswell (7s. 6d.; Edward Arnold), is a sort of farcical story, it should perhaps be said emphatically that it is a poignant, realistic narrative of personal experiences at the Labour base in Boulogne. Mr. Wells has described it as "one of the best rank-and-file stories about the realities of the war I have ever come upon," and that, and not the title, is its true description.

We are asked to say that the National Book Trade Provident Society is appealing to the public in general, and in particular to authors and others concerned in the production and distribution of books, for funds to help them in their beneficent work for the aged or necessitous, and for the widows and children of deceased members. The Society, of which Mr. W. M. Meredith is President, hopes to raise a special fund of £10,000. THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Zion," by D. L. Adler (6s.; Jarrolds), is a story of the Jewish return to Palestine. David Brentano, a young Jew, an idealist, with a strong sense of racial affinities, is keen to go back to the land of his fathers and recreate their ancient nation. Ethel Cohen, the girl he loves, has become too Englished to have any such leanings; she, like himself, works in a London office and, unlike himself, prefers to remain there. But after a while he succeeds in inspiring her with something of his own enthusiasm. They marry and go out to Palestine together. His passionate desire to realise his dream increases; hers wanes. She is disillusioned; detests most of the Jews with whom she comes in contact, finds life in somewhat primitive surroundings unendurable, yearns for London and its social amenities, and determines at all costs to go back. The struggle between their wills and temperaments is very cleverly portrayed; her love is not strong enough for self-sacrifice, and great as his love is for her, his sense of duty to his own people will not let him return to England with her and desert them. It is a strong and poignant story; ably written, and the characters well and convincingly drawn. The end is the only end possible, but the reader feels there must be another story; for two such intensely human persons as David and his wife, it could not finish for good as it does here.

Mr. Thomas Lyell's "Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia" (7s. 6d.; Philpot) is not only of real importance in its bearings upon the question of whether the British occupation of that country should be continued—it is intensely interesting, apart from political considerations, as a sympathetic study of the people, their religion, traditions, habits and customs. Mr. Lyell was political officer in one of the Holy Cities, and District Magistrate at Bagdad. His pictures of native life and character are extraordinarily vivid, and he exemplifies native virtues and vices in some capital anecdotes. It is a book of broad-minded and impartial views, no less entertaining than it is historically valuable.

Mr. W. Kean Seymour has followed up his 1919 Miscellany with "A Miscellany of Poetry: 1920-21" (6s.; London: J. G. Wilson), and is to be congratulated on having gathered from the publications of two years so good a harvest as the hundred and more poems by sixty-two poets that make up his new anthology. It might, it is true, have been a little smaller without losing any of its riches, but, to mix the metaphor, what are a few lame ducks among so many true singers? There are things here by Lascelles Abercrombie, A. E., Gerald Gould, Martin Armstrong, Sylvia Lynd, Edmund Blunden, Muriel Stuart, Francis Brett-Young, R. L. Mégroz, Alice Meynell, and others, that would make any such collection memorable. The wonder is not that there should here and there be quacks instead of full-throated singing, but that two years should yield so much that was so well worth garnering.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ALDOUS HUXLEY.

A VERY long, very slim young man in a blue ulster, a pallid young man with black, rather literary hat and black, rather unruly hair, his delicate Puckish features crinkled into a smile, bent in admiration before a pantomime poster. The lady who was going to be Robinson Crusoe at the Something Empire was clearly charming enough, in her chic little cuirass of white pussy-cat fur, ears tucked under a pussy-cat bonnet behind blobs of golden kiss-curl, to arrest Mr. Aldous Huxley on his way to lunch down Chancery Lane.

He excused himself. "I love that kind of dramatic performance. More perhaps than any other." For one so young he had seen so many. It used to be, before it became quite insupportable, his job. That and art, and literary and music criticism, which were jollier, and though exhausting enough not quite so wearing. These latter things engage him still, for even artists in their twenties have to keep a pot boiling somewhere, and there are worse ways of doing that than by the jolly though exhausting task of examining the artistic products of others.

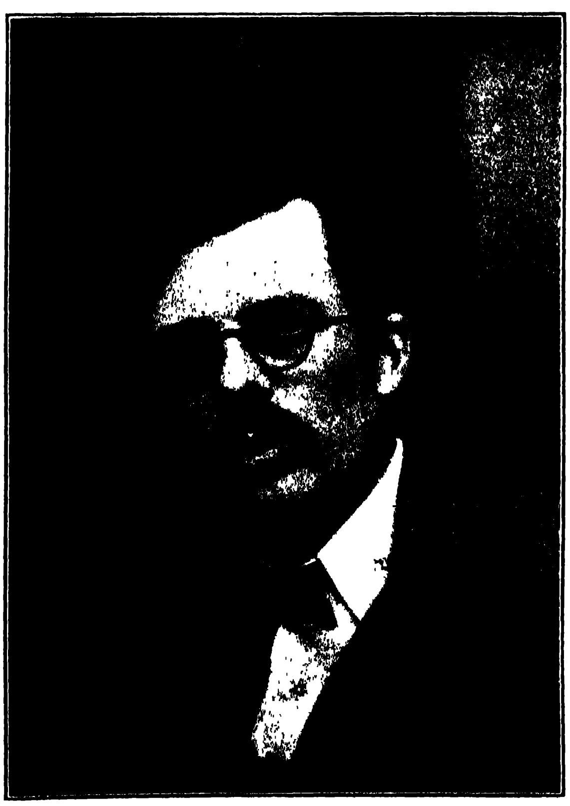


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Aldous Huxley.**

For the Aldous Huxley who signs some of the oddest poems in *Wheels* is not the dilettante trickster that some of his colleagues thereupon, male and female, may be suspected of being, but a serious person supporting a family upon the profits of literature. One suspected his seriousness even when he was younger than he is now. We were accustomed to mild galvanic shocks from Miss Sitwell's coterie, but here was a freebooter of verse who had something more serious than snap-crackers in his locker. I think the first thing that impressed me with that fact was "Frascati's":

"Bubble-breasted swells the dome
Of this my spiritual home,
From whose nave the chandelier
Schaffhausen frozen, tumbles sheer.
We in the round balcony sit,
Lean o'er and look into the pit,
Where feed the human bears beneath
Champing with their gilded teeth.
What negroid holiday makes free
With such priapic revelry?
What songs? What gongs? What nameless rites?
What gods like wooden stalagmites?
What steam of blood or kidney pie?
What blasts of Bantu melody?
Ragtime . . . but when the wearied band
Swoons to a waltz, I take her hand,
And there we sit in blissful calm
Quietly sweating, palm to palm."

There you are. It seems quite impossible to remain shocked, looking straight down one's nose. You may not like it, but you cannot affirm that this particular trifle is negligible. If you want to repeat the treatment you can extract the same stimulus, only more so, from "Jonah," which fantastic fragment follows the uneven but often very beautiful "Leda" in the book of verses under that title (Chatto & Windus, 1920), or from "Minoan Porcelain."

"Her eyes of bright unwinking glaze,"

which figured first in "Eupompus gave Splendour to Art by Numbers," itself in my judgment one of the not particularly worthy items in "Limbo," Mr. Huxley's first real book, opening with the long, strange, rambling "Richard Greenow" which declines from the brilliant and delicious absurdities of Mrs. Cravister and others (promise here of the rare flavour of the later "Crome Yellow") to a rather perplexing tedium in which Mr. Huxley yet contrives to throw lights from a new and thought-compelling angle of criticism upon the over-threshed problem of the conscientious objector.

"Happy Families" seems to me the only other thing in "Limbo" that matters very much. The art that shines in this diabolically clever dialogue is more French than English, but it is Mr. Huxley's own, his boyish predilection for the work of such poets, read widely in youth, as Larforgue and Rimbaud notwithstanding. It is particularly interesting to gather from its author that he has now on the way a whole volume of such dialogues in which his own critical theories, literary and otherwise, are to be embodied.

"Leda" and certain earlier poems garnered into a booklet, "The Defeat of Youth" (Blackwell, 1918), had been good enough and sufficiently individual to justify the crystallising of a small but ardent cult of Huxley devotees. But they were mostly of his own place, which was Oxford, and generation, which was that of the practically unfledged. It was "Limbo" that satisfied the established critics that Mr. Huxley was a person to be taken seriously, and that judgment "Crome Yellow" more than confirmed. This delightful piece of rococo burlesque is probably as near being a novel as Mr. Huxley is ever likely to get, and made for him, as no book of verses would or could have done, that kind of reputation which is more estimable than a best-seller's, but is yet not without its own material concomitants, spelled in this instance by a progressive vogue among first edition mongers and an encouraging stir of interest in America.

"Crome Yellow" has that much-to-be desired quality in a work of fiction which is only comparable to the bouquet of an old wine or the aroma of a super-excellent cigar, a special savour only to be discerned by the cultivated literary palate. Caviare, no doubt, to the general, and bound to be wasted on the groundlings, who are either chilled or repelled. Certainly it boasts excrescences which one could bear to see whittled away, a certain rather wanton habit of coarseness that is not always comic enough in its implications to justify itself. One rather hopes that Mr. Huxley may grow out of this, as of his bondage to certain words of which the assonance or some other peculiar virtue bewitched him at the first discovery, and which stick thereafter to the fabric of his writing like burrs—"quotidian" for one, which is all very well for a time but palls after the second or third introduction. For Mr. Huxley is a great one for the savouring and treasuring of words of power or unhackneyed, unexpected beauty, and uses them with singular effect.

"Look over the parapet of the Acropolis. The bridges go dizzily down on their swaying catenaries, the gull's flight chained fast."

Splendid that about the gulls. And "catenaries." Yes, excellent. Refer also to the most amusing interlude in which Denis of "Crome Yellow" entangles himself with "carminative."

We are promised another "Crome Yellow," or something like it, which is any way a joy to look forward to, meanwhile one can keep a sharp look-out in the literary reviews and elsewhere for those too occasional short stories of genius the like of which, "The Gioconda Smile," "The Tillotson Banquet" and "Nuns at Luncheon," made "Mortal Coils" (Chatto & Windus, 1922) so immeasurable an advance upon the immature excellences of "Limbo." For one of the most satisfactory things about this author is the fact of his still surprising youth. He is twenty-eight, and when the war started had scarcely left Eton for Balliol, after being stricken in boyhood with a catastrophic affliction which at the time threatened blindness, knocked a budding scientific career endways and perhaps thus saved us a writer (in those days he learned Braille and typed a novel—since burned—in the dark).

No one can surmise how far or how long Mr. Huxley's extremely personal and interesting talent will go on developing. He seems to be figured as putting earnestly before himself the ideal of a literary alchemist, the fusion of the comic with the beautiful, which has never really been done, as he will have it, since the Elizabethans took comedy seriously enough to make poetry out of it. Something he owes perhaps to heredity. The grandson of two such eminent Victorians as Huxley and Matthew Arnold ought surely to achieve something considerable in the writing line. If you ask me, he has done it already.

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I

THERE are many tests by which you can tell literature which is great from literature which, though it may be clever, full of matter, exquisite in style, admirable in philosophy, is still second-rate. In considering creative literature—drama, fiction or narrative poetry there is one test I would sooner trust than any other. Is the life, the reality of the characters bounded by the book? It is easiest to apply this test when a play or a novel deals only with a brief moment in the lives of the people presented. For instance, among the many other things which distinguishes "Ghosts" and "Rosmersholm" from "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" or "Letty" this is the most obvious that the people in Ibsen's plays have lived for years before the play opens, and when it ends we leave not a spectacle but a company whose reality makes our own lives seem unconvincing; while the people of Pinero's plays only exist for the brief time they are on the stage, set there to illustrate the dramatist's theme. As in the play, so in the novel. Nowhere does the modern novelist compare so badly with his predecessors as in this power to release his characters, to make us know that they have not been galvanised into activity for our brief amusement, but are living creatures whom he has watched, whom he has known, whose lives he has intimately studied, and whose spirit, he can persuade us, is a part of his own. The absence of this power makes many modern novels thin, impracticable affairs, without the bustle of life, not rising to tragedy or comedy, nor broadening into farce, but flat and unatmospheric, with vague figures patterned neatly against a grey, disconsolate background. It is the lack of this power which makes many of our minor masters, competent craftsmen, skilled or even brilliant in style, seem dull and dead beside the minor Victorian novelists—Trollope, or Charles Reade, Charlotte Yonge or Wilkie Collins.



Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.
Taken when she was writing "The Tramping Methodist."

It is the presence of this power which makes one claim the epithet "great" for the novels of Sheila Kaye-Smith. It is not always present—is there any author except Ibsen of whom we can predicate the continual presence of this power?—but it is present, especially in the work done in the last twelve years or so, in a very high degree of frequency. I have not space here to discuss that very fascinating question of how an artist acquires and uses this power; but I do not think we shall go far wrong if we say that the qualities chiefly needed are sympathy, imagination and humility—spiritual humility, not intellectual. The greatest bar to the possession of this power is certainly pride or egotism, the vice which will not suffer its victim to pay enough attention to the opinions and characters of his fellows. It is noteworthy that Miss Kaye-Smith, in her earlier immature work, when her own attitude to life is more explicit than it is allowed to be in later novels, shows plainly enough that she regards sympathy and a certain modesty of the soul as two of the most important elements in the spiritual life of man. That is evident in "The Tramping Methodist" and in "Starbrace."

II

Most of us have visited Hastings or St. Leonards; we have rejoiced, or been distracted, according to temperament, at these towns' attractions to visitors—and those who have no appetite for piers, parades, pierrots and perambulators, generally seek comfort in the spaces behind the town. Miss Kaye-Smith belongs to the town which so many Londoners regard only as a holiday place, and I have no idea whether she sought the country in any displeasure with the town, or whether it called to her as the natural origin of the older Hastings so few visitors find, as the mother of the town which was the proudest of the Cinque Ports, and which every schoolboy associated with the Great William until Freeman tried to teach us to speak of the Battle of Senlac.

In our day Sussex has found many lovers. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Belloc have sung the county's praise; Mr. Lucas has discoursed amiably on it, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's old squire is a Sussex squire; and novelists—Henry James, Stephen Crane (who lived in Brede Place) and E. F. Benson—have found inspiration in Sussex or have put their stories in her towns or about her downs. Yet all of these, except Wilfrid Blunt, I think of as visitors—lovers, no doubt, but too apt to praise Sussex for the virtues a visitor looks for and appreciates, not to find in her and her children the life and genius which is in every county and every hamlet, waiting for the artist to discover it. In Sheila Kaye-Smith Sussex has found its artist, a novelist who has shown extraordinary skill in exhibiting the reactions between people and county; who never, not even in "Sussex Gorse," allows her sense of the gravid strength of the soil to overcome her sense of the quickening

spirit in men ; an artist whose work is, I believe, largely responsible for that instinctive movement against urbanisation which has to-day so many devoted, though possibly reticent, followers. And because she has kept to Sussex, because she has devoted herself to understanding the lives and the work of working men and women, Miss Kaye-Smith's novels have a weight, an importance which is necessarily lacking from the records of the suburban life, or the smart life, or the life of the artistic clique. All great imaginative art is of the soul or the soil—and it is an odd thing how soon the soul suffers oblivion or other fatal change, if the soil is forsaken.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**

III

Miss Kaye-Smith's first novel—"The Tramping Methodist"—was published in 1908. It is an ambitious failure, from which a discerning critic would have predicted great things of the author. It is autobiographical in form, and the story-teller is the Methodist. It and its successor, "Starbrace," are both stories of the eighteenth century. They need not detain us here, except that they both show Miss Kaye-Smith's virtue in one particular. In each of these books the men are as convincing, as well-seen, as carefully studied as the women. Indeed, Miles Starbrace is a great deal more lifelike than any of the women in this book : his character, with its sweetness and its sullenness, its desperate pathos and desolate unamiability, is a very remarkable piece of work. If you would know how remarkable, you have only to think of some famous masculine novelists—say Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett or Mr. Galsworthy—and ask yourself whether the young women in their early novels have anything like the verisimilitude of young Miles. While Miles is masterly, the highwaymen and their carefully accurate cant seem to me rather laboured ; they are, however, quite as good as the best in this manner, and Michael Daunt has something about him which lifts him out of the suspicion of being merely intelligently constructed. Already in these books we have Sussex. Miss Kaye-Smith is not of those who cover their ignorance of human psychology by long-winded descriptions of the country. Her men and women are always the protagonists of her books—not the downs, nor anything inhuman ; for when, as in "Tamarisk Town," the town becomes greater and more vehement than the men, it is only because Monypenny's passion allows it to become so.

There are some who think "Sussex Gorse"—published in 1916, after "Spell Land," "Isle of Thorns" and "Three Against the World"—is the best of Miss Kaye-Smith's novels. It is certainly the one in which her genius first finds its full scope. I hope she is not going to remove "Isle of Thorns" and "Three Against the World" from her "collected" edition, for, in spite of weaknesses, there are beauties in each which I should be sorry to miss ; but these novels are the work of one who has not yet quite found herself, while "Sussex Gorse" is as admirable in execution as in plan, and its plan is on a scale only comparable to one of Zola's deeply-dug books, "La Bête Humaine" or "La Terre," and yet does not suffer from his grave fault of allowing the thesis to control the characters.

Reuben Backfield's great fight with Boarzell is presented with a passion and a sympathy of which no English novelist since Mr. Hardy has been capable. That is a strong statement, but "Sussex Gorse" is no book to mince words over. It had in it all the seeds of a magnificent failure ; and it is difficult to know whether Miss Kaye-Smith is to be admired more for her courage in propounding herself such a task as this drama of conflict, or for her skill in achievement. It would have been easy to show us Reuben as a mere brute, sacrificing wife, children, comfort, religion, pleasure to his insane passion for adding acre to acre. It would have been possible, but harder, to make him one of those insane idealists, of which "Brand" is the great type, whose hardness wins our hearts, though our head condemn him. It might have seemed impossible to do what Miss Kaye-Smith has done—show us Reuben not only as he seemed to himself, but as he seemed to others, and to show us his family—justified, rebellious, subservient, indifferent—as they are in their own eyes and in his. The book is written with a reserve of Gothic power, with bold, free handling of the people, and with an imaginative wisdom which is the most precious quality in the author's best work.

If you would know how deep is Miss Kaye-Smith's understanding of the country people, I think it may best be shown by a passage in "Little England." Tom Beatup has died in France :

"Proud"—that was the word they were all throwing at her now : Mus' Archie, the curate, even the minister. They said, "You must be very proud of Tom," just as if all the age-long instincts of her breed did not generate a feeling of shame for one who died out of his bed. Good yeomen died between their sheets, and her son had died in the mud, like a sheep or a dog—and yet she must be proud of him ! Thyrza was proud—she said as much between her tears. She said that Tom had died like a hero, fighting for his wife and child.

"He died for England," said Mr. Boullett-Smith.

"He died for Sunday Street," said the Rev. Mr. Sumptson.

"I reckon that as his eyestrings cracked he saw the corner by the Forge and the oasts of Egypt Farm."

It appeared that Tom had died for a great many things, but in her heart Mrs. Beatup guessed that it was really a very little thing that he had died for "Reckon all he saw then wur our faaces," she said to herself.

Miss Kaye-Smith fortunately was not tempted to treat the war directly, but some of the most remarkable pages of that very remarkable book, "The Challenge to Sirius," reconstructed for us, with an amazing truth to history and to art, the battles of another the Civil War in the United States. I have no space to discuss that book in any detail, nor "Tamarisk Town," which has a certain translucent charm in its tragedy, especially in the love passages; nor the powerful and truthful "Joanna Godden," a worthy pendant to "Sussex Gorse," and the book which proves that Miss Kaye-Smith can paint a full-length of a woman to equal her full-length portrait of Reuben. Nor is there space to illustrate the shy, shy as essentially country, humour which she indulges in rather too infrequently, nor the poetical spirit which, implicit in all her works, has given us a few lovely lyrics. I cannot close this article, however, without referring to one characteristic of Sheila Kaye-Smith's work. Many of her novels treat of the conflicts and misunderstandings of parents and children, especially of fathers and sons: I think she deserves especial thanks in that she never yields to the cheap temptation of making the parents intolerable, the children invariably right. Here, in a question where authors of more obvious talents have grossly erred or earned a pinchbeck notoriety, she has been conspicuous for that wise impartiality which is aware that in every conflict each protagonist is wrong—and right.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH: A PERSONAL NOTE.

By Walter Haydon.

Every reader of the novels of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith must have observed what appears to be her extraordinary knowledge of Sussex farm life. In "Joanna Godden" Joanna is herself a farmer, her father having bequeathed to her "the free-hold farm of Little Ansdore, in the parish of Pedlinge, Sussex, with all lands and live and dead stock pertaining thereto." The story reeks of the farm throughout; you cannot get away from its atmosphere or its inhabitants — human and animal.



Photo by Reginald Haines. **Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.**

"Sussex Gorse," an epic of farm life, is among the greatest novels of this class in our language. Its Reuben Backfield is one of those characters in fiction which cannot be effaced from the memory, and his determination to conquer Boarzell is the story of a struggle with Nature which only a master hand could have told.

Other of her novels might of course be cited which possess the same wonderful and apparently intimate knowledge of every detail of the farm, and the reader is justified in drawing the conclusion that Miss Kaye-Smith's experience in this direction must have been exceptionally wide and her study of the subject exceedingly close. But with a modesty which is as sincere as her art Miss Kaye-Smith absolutely disclaims any "intimate" knowledge of farming, and she declared to me that she could not pass the simplest examination in either practical or theoretical agriculture. If she could do so, these huge living stretches of canvas would probably never have been painted!

Those who love her work will not, however, be surprised to learn that this knowledge has not been acquired through deliberate study; it has come to her because of the genius of the woman, because of her intense love of the country and of Nature, because she has lived on farms, and because of her marvellously retentive memory. It is of the things she has seen that these stories are made, and it is precisely because they are rooted in reality that they are so intensely alive. One important point should not, however, be overlooked. When Miss Kaye-Smith has been in any doubt upon technical matters connected with farming she has not hesitated to refer to an expert, and that is why no one, so far as I am aware, has ever challenged her accuracy.

Although she now ranks with the greatest women novelists of the day, Miss Kaye-Smith has come through the usual struggles of the new author. Her first novel, "The Tramping Methodist," was rejected no less than six or seven times before it was finally accepted and published in 1908 by Messrs. George Bell & Sons. Since then she has steadily advanced; no "interesting adversities"—to use her own picturesque expression—have come to her, though she had no real prosperity until Cassells issued her "Tamarisk Town" in 1919.

All her life she has loved the country; the topography of Sussex and its fascinating history she learned from her late father who, for some years, was the doctor at Battle. Born and educated in St. Leonards, where she now resides, it is natural she should be passionately fond of the county she has made her own. Miss Kaye-Smith confesses that tennis, golf and other sports are a bore to her, but motoring (she drives her own little car), riding, walking, cycling—anything, in fact, that takes her about the country gives her the greatest pleasure.

Of her childhood Miss Kaye-Smith recalls nothing of outstanding interest beyond the fact that she began to write as soon as she could use her pen. But as she

never retained any of this early work, Miss Daisy Ashford may be said to have escaped a formidable rival, especially as Miss Kaye-Smith embellished her works with her own illustrations.

It will doubtless interest those who are curious on the point to know the origin of her uncommon surname. The fact is that " Kaye " (her father's mother's name) was tacked on to " Smith " to distinguish the family from the Smiths who actually lived next door! However, the author of " Joanna Godden " must not be held responsible for the acts of her parents, and this particular " Smith " would have been just as great and as interesting—for she is a very interesting woman—with any other prefix or with none at all.

Miss Kaye-Smith has no long line of ancestors stretching back into the dim history of her beloved Sussex; she has in fact no connection with the county except by domicile, for her father was born in India and her mother was a De La Condamine, a Huguenot family that settled in the Channel Islands in the eighteenth century. It may be noted that Sir John Kaye, her father's uncle, was the historian of the Indian Mutiny and the author of several other histories, as well as novels. Mr. Robert Farquharson, the Count Cenci of the famous Shelley revival, is her first cousin.

As to her personal preferences in fiction, Miss Kaye-Smith never tires of Fielding, Thackeray, Mark Twain (in " Huckleberry Finn "), and above all, Jane Austen, of the " ancients " ; of the moderns Hardy comes first, then Wells, Galsworthy, Compton Mackenzie—and P. G. Wodehouse. Of her own books she has a great affection for " Green Apple Harvest," though in many ways she does not regard it as so satisfactory as " Sussex Gorse " and " Joanna Godden," which are her favourites.

If she were asked about her experiences during the war it is quite likely that she would endeavour to shelve the question by replying that she helped to add to the errors and misprints in the Army List. What she did for English literature during the war period was to enrich it by the production of " Sussex Gorse " in 1916, " The Challenge to Sirius " in 1917 and " Little England " in 1918.

THOMAS D'URFEY (1653-1723).

By Montague Summers.

" TOM DURFEY. Dyed Feb y^{e} 26 1723." This simple inscription is cut upon a stone in the church wall that once stood facing the open but has been enclosed since 1899, when it was found necessary to add a small room to the fabric, for which purpose the builders took in a portion of the graveyard of St. James's, Piccadilly.

Tom D'Urfey! There are perhaps in the whole history of English literature few if any writers of equal output and such high contemporary fame, who have fallen into completer oblivion than " that ancient Lyric," friend Tom. Throughout his own long day he was in great social request, and, furthermore, he enjoyed very considerable popularity as an author, and although from time to time he met with theatrical failure and literary rebuffs, although the wits lampooned his songs and the critics laughed at his scenes, yet on the other hand he often attained remarkable and outstanding successes upon the stage, whilst his ballads and catches were trolled with delight by the Merry Monarch himself, no mean judge of the lilt of a pretty verse or the swing of a rousing refrain. D'Urfey's talents, indeed, made him a figure in royal circles at Windsor and Whitehall, and in 1719 we find him boasting that during his career he had performed some of his " Things " before Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Queen Anne and Prince George, " with happy and commendable Approbation." Tom was a staunch Tory withal, and on several occasions at her concerts of music Queen Anne expressed herself as immensely diverted by his loyal and witty songs. Once in particular, when he sang some satiric lines which commence:

" The Crown is too weighty
For shoulders of eighty " ;

a rondel made in ridicule of the old Princess Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, whom the Queen heartily detested, Her Majesty ordered him a handsel of fifty guineas to mark her appreciation.

Amongst D'Urfey's other patrons occur many distinguished names: the Dukes of Richmond, Albemarle, Ormond, Bedford, Argyll; the Duchess of Chandos; the Earls of Dorset, Berkeley, Carlisle; Lord Lansdowne; Lord Morpeth; Speaker Bromley, and a score besides. How then are we to account for the exceptional forgetfulness which covers his name—nay, more, for the contempt with which he is regarded by modern writers—and they are few enow—who speak of him? The question is an interesting one, and it admits, I think, of an answer. In the first place we must recognise that perhaps no Restoration author (save, it may be, Pepys) reflects so nearly and so closely his period with all its minutest intimacies as does Thomas D'Urfey. His work throughout is intensely topical, and not merely topical in references and allusions, but topical in presentment, spirit, and character. He mirrors and echoes not only the changing fashions in dress and in speech, but even captures the shortest-lived vogues and vagaries which have escaped all other record save his comedies—to be read solely in the original quartos—and a sheaf of unknown pasquils, of which many are not yet printed. An example of D'Urfey's evaporated humour may be seen in the First Act of " The Richmond Heiress," a comedy produced in 1693, when Sir Quibble Quere (acted by Bright) questions the young town-sparks, Frederick and Quickwit (Joseph Williams and Dogget) about the London playhouses and the favourite performers. " Does Mr. Sanford act the Villain still, prithee? " he prattles. " And Mr. Powell, what's he doing, prithee, ha? What new Part is he studying? . . . And then, I'll say't, there's Mr. Bowman, and Mr. Bright, and

Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hains." To a contemporary audience this would have been full of force and fun. The later reader can but grasp the point through the medium of explanatory notes, and if he thereby gains one half of the meaning he loses the whole of the jest. D'Urfey offers a mass of valuable detail to those who are studying the Restoration era, but it is useless to come to D'Urfey for information without already possessing a fairly intimate knowledge of the later decades of the seventeenth century.

Another fact which must be frankly confessed is that with regard to our author not a few of the specialists themselves have gone astray. They have read the famous letter which speaks of "The Three Dukes of Dunstable"—one of D'Urfey's feeblest farces, being in truth a perversion of Fletcher's rococo "The Noble Gentleman"—where "gentle George" Etherege from his Ratisbon exile jeers at the play as "monstrous and insipid," and cries, "I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly interred to the tune of catcalls." They remember again the gossip concerning Dryden, who when the curtain had fallen upon a new comedy by D'Urfey, on being accosted by a critic with the words: "Even Tom, sir, can't write us a worse play than this," smartly rejoined, "If you knew my friend Tom as well as I do you would know that he will write us many a worse play than the one we have just seen." In any case the story is doubtful, and we may not impertinently recall that the Great Man was very distant, and even severe to Crowne upon the success of "The Country Wit," whilst when, owing to the sudden illness of Mrs. Barry, "Darius" lamentably failed, he comforted Crowne with a pinch from his snuff-box and a gracious commendation of the exploded tragedy. Modern literary historians have relied too implicitly upon such anecdotes which, as they deem, are notably reinforced by Buckingham's "Sing-song D'Urfey placed beneath abuses," or Pope's "Another D'Urfey—Ward! shall sing in thee." They have unhappily turned to "The Siege of Memphis" or "The Famous History of Massaniello" and all too easily cited some bouncing fustian, whence D'Urfey is promptly damned. But so sweeping a verdict is manifestly unjust. That D'Urfey's sins are great cannot be denied. "The Siege of Memphis" is writ in "Ercles' vein." "Massaniello," with its ridiculous Surrey-side villain, "Julio Genovino, a Jesuit," is bombastic and bad. Fletcher's charming "Sea Voyage" has suffered sadly in its gawky alteration, "A Commonwealth of Women." The distortion of "Cymbeline" as "The Injured Princess; or, The Fatal Wager," is even more unpardonable. On the other hand we should consider that of his one-and-thirty dramatic pieces twenty-two are comedies, and it is by these and by his lively songs that D'Urfey's worth must fairly be estimated.



Thomas D'Urfey.

From a sketch taken at Knoll, by C. Page.

Of the comedies Erskine Baker writes: "They are very far from being totally devoid of merit. The plots are in general busy, intricate and entertaining; the characters not ill-drawn, although rather too farcical; and the language, if not perfectly correct, is yet easy and well adapted for the dialogue of comedy." In his own day Gildon, a Draco among the critics, commended D'Urfey as "a master of farce." To us he seems something more. If our standard is to be that of Terence, Molière, Congreve and Etherege, then D'Urfey has seldom accomplished anything save busy and entertaining farces. But surely this is over-nice, and Thalia's realm boasts a wider latitude. If we allow that the "Mostellaria," the "Relapse," "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte," "Le Mariage de Figaro" are comedies, by no right can we deny that name to "Madam Fickle," "Love for Money," "The Marriage Hater Match'd" and "Intrigues at Versailles." The difference, albeit considerable, is not of kind, but of degree.

Not the least interesting amongst D'Urfey's pieces is a dramatisation in three parts of "Don Quixote." This is excellently done, and is of itself a notable achievement, for there are few romances more difficult to adapt to the stage than the great work of Cervantes. If we except the lost "Cardenio," ascribed to Shakespeare and Fletcher, which (I would suggest) might have dealt with the loves of Cardenio and Lucinda and the adventures of Dorothea in the Sierra Morena, D'Urfey's is the first of some fourteen English plays founded upon "Don Quixote," and it is infinitely the best. Macfarren's libretto; W. G. Wills's "one act incident" (in which, as it may be remembered, the late Sir Henry Irving played the Knight); George Almar's ambitious drama—all seem very thin by the side of D'Urfey's clever scenes and well filled stage. Part I opens with Don Quixote tilting at the windmills. There are various episodes at the wayside inn, and a scene with the galley-slaves. Part II is chiefly concerned with Sanchó Panza's governorship and the elaborate tricks played upon Don Quixote at the Court of the Duke and Duchess. Part III gives us the "Marriage of Mary the Buxom" and the puppet-show. The puppets were "designed to be acted by children." Sancho Panza's wife figures largely in the comedy, together with his daughter, Mary the Buxom, "a rude, laughing, clownish Hoyden; incomparably acted by Mrs. Verbruggen." Although

they are D'Urfey's best-known lines it cannot be amiss once more to quote the beautiful dirge sung at the funeral of Chrysostom. It has been admirably compared by Addington Symonds with the exquisite elegies of the Greek Anthology, and even were it his sole claim to memory, the author of the following poem could assuredly never be forgotten :

> " Sleep, poor Youth, sleep in Peace,
> Reliev'd from Love and Mortal Care ;
> Whilst we that pine in Life's Disease,
> Uncertain Bless'd, less happy are.
>
> Couch'd in the dark and silent Grave,
> No ills of Fate thou now canst fear ;
> In vain wou'd Tyrant Pow'r enslave,
> Or scornful Beauty be severe.
>
> " Wars, that do fatal Storms disperse,
> Far from thy happy Mansion keep ;
> Earthquakes that shake the Universe,
> Can't rock thee into sounder Sleep.
> With all the Charms of Peace possest,
> Secure from Life's Torment or Pain,
> Sleep and indulge thy self with Rest,
> Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again."

THE GOTHIC BACKGROUND OF MICHAEL SADLEIR.

By Louis J. McQuilland.

THE author of " Privilege " and of " Desolate Splendour " lays great stress on " background." This is why I saw Mr. Michael Sadleir in his house off the Old Brompton Road, and in a sombre room picked out by a large gilded bookcase. He threw himself into a deep lounge-chair there, and expressed views about his own work and literature in general.

While his cigar was under weigh, he deprecated the idea of a development of " Who's Who," modestly remarking that he has as yet scarcely completed as much work as would entitle him to a future niche in the " Dictionary of National Biography." Sadleir is a curious composition of utter confidence and of decisive limitations. Before dealing with his work I asked him to give me some impressions of his past life, and he did so :

" I was born in Oxford in 1888, my father being at the time Steward of Christchurch. My parents' friends who used to come to the house were mainly University people, serious or cynical. My father was shy with me as a child, although he took infinite pains to instruct me in his then favourite subject—architecture—and in the literary schools at that time fashionable among the intelligentsia. He and my mother were deeply interested in Robert Browning and George Meredith ; a little later they became enthusiastic readers of Thomas Hardy. If I did not in these early years see very much of my father it was partly because of his shy preoccupation with thoughtful subjects, and partly because his work as organiser of the University Extension Lectures kept him a good deal from home. It seems strange, nevertheless, that although an only child in a house full of books and thoughtful, bookish conversation, I had no serious thoughts of writing until many years later.

" At Balliol I plunged right into the Compton Mackenzie shallows. I also kept tuberoses in delicate vases in my room, burned incense and ran a narrow gamut in letters from Pater to Verlaine. The other lettered group in Balliol was ascetically Shavian.

" About this time I met Middleton Murry, of Brazenose, and we became devout members of the Milton Society. Murry and I went over to Paris and studied the post-Impressionists at first hand. We saw and met many ferocious poets and artists. I changed the decoration of my rooms, swept away the tuberoses, and replaced the old Decadence with the audacity of the New. We ran a magazine called *Rhythm*, but when Middleton Murry married Katherine Mansfield, he carried the concern off to London and edited it from there.

" After college I joined the house of Constable, and found a publishing firm a place of adventure. The discipline of routine is pleasant to me and I am genuinely interested in the economics of book-making."

I asked Mr. Sadleir to get to his own novels, and he dealt exhaustively with what he called the neo-Gothic novel. He has the very sound idea that the Victorian novelists knew their job thoroughly ; but his own present inclination is to experiment with a blend of Victorian solidity and romantic colour, the latter in some sort borrowed from the Gothic romance of Horace Walpole, Mrs. Radcliffe and " Monk " Lewis.

" I hold," he continued, " that the first duty of a novelist is to tell a story, but I hold also that the novelist should be at liberty to distort probability to any extent in the interest of a drama of action, provided sound characterisation is observed, and provided also that there is an affinity, a harmony, between the characters and their background in a period. Not of necessity is it that the people of a novel and their environment should synchronise.

" In old families tradition maintains a certain fitness and familiarity between the vivid life of a generation and the surroundings of the generations before.

" The Gothic romancers allowed conventional mannerism to spoil what was originally a good idea. In their conception of romantic fiction was great potential beauty. They created primarily background, in front of which they staged a story. But the reserves and mannerisms of their period made their stories unreal and tedious, and they grew so hot on the trail of the supernatural that they came to despise the natural, which alone could have given life to the dead bones of an impeccable theory. Wherefore to-day their rhetoric is merely chatter, like the echoes of a street of cinema. But I am sure, none the less, that the theory of the 'Tale of Terror' was sound, and that is why I wrote 'Privilege' on that old model.

" 'Privilege,' with its neo-Gothic setting, was a tale of the grim petulance of a too complex family. I tried to achieve beauty by deliberate interaction of background and personality.

" It has been suggested that the book had a purpose, and that purpose was a defence of aristocracy or a

flaunting of feudal power. I had no such object in view. I detest propaganda in fiction, as something at once unwieldy and impertinent.

"There is contrast and conflict in it between old lands and new ideas. The temporal or permanent decay of the lords of the soil who live on their estates —or fail because of them—and the rise, in the early nineteenth century, of the new lords of industry, is a theme which has the dignity of history. A writer of romance has turned to it—Stanley Weyman has forsaken the colour of costumed intrigue for the fight between ease and utilitarianism in 'Ovington's Bank'; and several of the younger school have taken a similar course.

"In my second novel, 'Desolate Splendour,' I have dealt with lurid incidents and bizarre personalities, but with staging of another kind than that used in 'Privilege.' In my dedicatory sentence I speak of the book as 'flamboyant.' The word was deliberately and carefully chosen. If contrasted techniques of descriptive and narrative prose are successfully to be manipulated in the interests of vigour and beauty, the stylistic influence of both must be a true one. Therefore 'Desolate Splendour' is flamboyant because of its flamboyant theme: therefore 'Privilege' was neo-Gothic because its polished, fretful characters would have it so."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Michael Sadleir.**

People who may be indifferent to, or prejudiced against, Mr. Sadleir's highly-mannered fiction, will turn with pleasure to his "Excursions in Victorian Bibliography," in which a rather desiccated craft is freshened by impressions of the subjects in the volume—Anthony Trollope, Benjamin Disraeli, Captain Marryat, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Whyte Melville, Mrs. Gaskell and Herman Melville. By far the greatest of these, according to Mr. Sadleir's taste, is Anthony Trollope. He considers him one of the greatest of all English novelists. Most of the Trollope idolators pin their innermost faith to the "Barchester Chronicles," beginning with "The Warden." Sadleir is even more enthusiastic about Trollope's unecclesiastical novels, some of them almost forgotten by this generation. He exults in "Phineas Finn: The Irish Member," "The Eustace Diamonds," "The Belton Estate," "Mr. Scarborough's Family," "The Duke's Children," "The Claverings," and others. It is a matter of indifference to Sadleir that the author he acknowledges as Master never had a Gothic background or a flamboyant projection.

It is a little strange, by the way, that this most steady-going and respectable of the major Victorians should have aroused such a flame of worship in the bosom of such a vehement romanticist as Sadleir; but I know that Hugh Walpole, a born idealist, has also an extraordinary penchant for the gaiters of that commonplace Anthony, whose theory of authorship was mainly a theory of industry, and who allowed no mood of idleness to spoil the regularity of his writing life.

Sadleir has paid a necessary but barely adequate tribute to the very best constructor of plots among the Great Victorians, on whom Charles Dickens looked with envy. It is time that Wilkie Collins came into his own again as a king of story-tellers. Collins had no real sense of humour, and was lacking in some other gifts, but he built up a novel as the Norman craftsmen built up a cathedral.

"He does not," says Sadleir, "reveal to us human nature as does Trollope; nor, like Disraeli, pique our interest with satiric brilliance on topics or follies of the day; he has none of Marryat's gay familiarity with the winds that blow and the sun that shines on the cross-roads of life's pilgrimage; he has no fund of rough but genial humanity like Reade; he is not tender like Mrs. Gaskell, nor a mystic visionary like Herman Melville; even Whyte Melville, with his stilted rhetoric and clumsy *naïveté*, has at times an attractive freshness that Collins lacked. But if we rid our minds of all thought of him as seeking to throw on the dark places of existence the light of interpretation, looking to him rather for entertainment and for excitement, for deft mystery and for extraordinary coincidence, he will not disappoint us."

Mr. Sadleir avows himself no critic, and is distinctly unconventional in his views about fiction. He admires Edith Wharton, but is bored by several famous women writers of our own immediate day. I regret to say that he is convinced that no woman has yet done anything supreme in fiction.

Amazingly enough, he questions the technical literary competence of Thomas Hardy, and is not afraid, when speaking of younger contemporary novelists, to praise the style of the author of "This Freedom."

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best quotation from English verse or prose in praise of Music.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to William MacDermott, of 57, Hamilton Street, Govan, Glasgow, for the following:

EXILE.

The fine streets of the city sometimes stir the heart in me
And I see them as I saw them in the morning of my days,
But I think of little boreens that go straggling to the sea,
When stars with lamps are vying in the city's quietened ways.

There are miles and miles of windows here a-blazing thro' the night,
And there's beauty in the long roads when the traffic's ceased to roar,
But I see the cabin windows capture all the rosy light
When veils of mist are creeping up the gaps of Barnesmore.

Oh I walk in little boreens in the tenderness of sleep,
And hills are gay and golden in the fire-clouds of the west,
And I see the foam-white currachs on the dim and distant deep,
Tossing, laughter-filled, and speeding to the Islands of the Blest.

There's singing here and plenty when the weary day is past,
Oh there's singing and there's music tho' the aches may not depart,
But I hear her gentle lilting when the sheep are home at last,
And the old song and the wild song that nestled in my heart.

We also select for printing:

VIA CRUCIS.

The fight is ended, and the long day done;
We sheathe our weary swords again, and smile,
And count our gains beneath the setting sun;
The tide of battle ebbs, so—rest awhile.

What have we won in this fierce fight of ours,
Where all around us lie the happy dead?
A little glory, honour's gaudy flowers—
We bind its chaplets to a careless head!

Then, who are victors in this hard fought fight?
The dead, who die without a smirch or stain,
Or we—who, living—see before us, night,
And then the morrow, when we fight again.

(Helen Gordon, 75, Highbury Avenue, Thornton Heath, S.E.)

CLASS.

The riot of the playgrounds stills
To sunlit emptiness, and then
A flowing tide of childhood fills
The silence of my room again.

Preoccupied with greater things
Than sums, they suck their pens and stare;
And I, because a throstle sings,
Could weep to see them prisoned there.

(L. M. Priest, 71, Gipsy Lane, Norwich.)

We also select for special commendation Anne MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), M. E. Holmes (Kensington), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), V. H. Friedlander (Buckhurst Hill), G. D. (no address), W. Penn Gaskell (Postbridge), F. Pritchard (Holmwood), Barbara Paul (St. John's Wood), Christine Hole (Gainsborough), Mabel Greenwood (London, W.), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Marion Delesmyn (Fulham), L. Pekarsky, B.A. (Johannesburg), H. M. Blakiston (Dannevirke, N.Z.), J. P. (Orkney), Margery H. Sykes (Elmley Castle), K. E. M. Caley (Staplehurst), Clifford Allen (Gravesend), C. H. W. (Edinburgh), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Mariquita Guitierrez (San Sebastian), M. M. (Wimbledon), Una Cheverton (Chatham), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Ella Swaine (Ilkley), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Dorothea Humphreys (Bolton), Joseph Wheeler (Hither Green), May Rowland (Eastbourne), Doris Wibberley (Burton-on-Trent), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), M. Redding (Edinburgh), Audric E. M. Wilks (Sheffield), B. M. Wills (Almora, N. India), Sidney Taylor (Liverpool), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. Brown (North Walsall), H. Ross (Hove), H. I. Strand (Seaton), M. Hayward Potter (Rome), Annie L. Knowles (Manchester), Marion Elizabeth Stark (Wellesley, Mass.), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), Barbara MacIver (Kingussie), Dorothy Winder (Scarborough), F. Waring Naish (Charlbury), Margaret Aldridge (St. John's Wood), John Leekey (St. Leonards-on-Sea), Edgar Sears (Nottingham), E. R. Faraday (Brimfield).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Miss M. M. Youell, of The Mill House, Ufford, Woodbridge, Suffolk, for the following:

THE LUCK OF THE KID. BY RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Cecil Palmer.)

" He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum."

Nursery Rhyme.

We also select for printing:

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH, PART TWO. (Thornton Butterworth.)

" What, hath this thing appeared again. . . ."

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, Act 1, Sc. 1, line 22.

(Dudley Edwards, 14, Dumfries Place, Cardiff.)

THE POOR MAN. BY STELLA BENSON. (Macmillan.)

(1) " Who steals my purse, steals trash."

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello.*

(B. Williams, Penllwyn Park, Carmarthen, and Annie E. White, Kelso, Scotland.)

(2) " And passing rich on forty pounds a year."

O. GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*

(Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate.)

MARY OF MANY LOVES. BY AMY J. BAKER. (John Long.)

" One that loved not wisely but too well."

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello.*

(N. Stuart Shepherd, The Vicarage, Alfrick, Worcester.)

III.—THE PRIZE for the best passage from English literature in which pathos and humour were mingled, is divided and TWO BOOKS each awarded to W. L. Dudley, of Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland, and M. Meta Brady, of 57, St. Charles Square, North Kensington, W.10, both of whom sent the following:

FALSTAFF'S DEATH.

HOST: Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. How now, Sir John! quoth I; what man! be o' good cheer. So a' cried out, God, God, God! three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed and felt them and they were as cold as any stone.

Henry V, Act 2, Scene 3.

We select for special commendation the passages sent by G. W. Turner (Wandsworth Common), George Seth, junr. (Edinburgh), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Beryl Brown (London, N.W.), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), H. C. Dent (Rotherham), W. J. Walker (Dundee), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), D. M. Gibbins (Acton), Wilfred B. Whitaker (Gravesend), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Margery Constance (Yiewsley), S. Davis (Eastbourne), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miles March (Liverpool), Benjamin Brady (London, W.), Kathleen E. M. Drury (Bedford), Miss Capern (East Sheen).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to G. Ralton Barnard, of 6, The Crescent, York, for the following:

SWEET PEPPER. BY GEOFFREY MOSS. (Constable.)

If " Sweet Pepper " is Mr. Moss's first attempt at novel-writing then he is to be congratulated upon so remarkable an achievement. The book is a clever study of a young girl's life, true in every detail. The heroine, Jill, in spite of her unorthodox ideas of sex, is a typical English girl, lovable and fascinating. The descriptions of life in Budapest and Vienna after the war are wonderfully arresting, and the chapter describing the great procession is a literary achievement of no mean order. Undoubtedly this is a book to be read by all who care for real literature.

We also select for printing:

THE OUTLINE OF LITERATURE AND ART (PART I).

BY JOHN DRINKWATER AND SIR WILLIAM ORPEN. (Newnes.)

This " Outline " is a revelation to the thoughtful reader. In this Part I we are taught how small an atom is a whole generation on the face of the world's development. It teaches us that Literature is an immense structure, whereof the geniuses who have flamed out on the road of its history are but cornerstones keeping intact the soul of great thought. The student possessing limited opportunities will be grateful for the " Outline," as showing concisely the relationship between Literature, Art and Religion, to gain which knowledge many years of digging and delving in the dark would have been his only hope.

(Phillis Rees, 116, Newton Street, Macclesfield.)

POUM. BY PAUL AND VICTOR MARGUERITTE. Translated by BÉRENGÈRE DRILLIÉN. (Philpot.)

Lovers of children will welcome this record of childhood memories of these famous French writers. Many will compare similar experiences in their own recollections. Such books which awaken us to unsuspected child mind activities will guide us more accurately in their training and in our own attitude as a revelation to the receptive child. It is too true that the older generation are apt to forget that they were once young, and in this clever translation of candid child revelations, we have a reminder that should prove beneficial to the Pauls and Victors of the younger generation.

(Emily E. Moore, Sulworthy, 22, Broadwater Avenue, Letchworth, Herts.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Sybil G. Dean (Exmouth), N. Johnson (Hull), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), H. C. Scott (London, W.C.), B. Noel Saxelby (Manchester), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Frederick Willmer (Ramsey), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), M. Eayres (London, N.), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), Edith J. Temple (East Sheen), A. P. Pearson (Halifax), Mrs. A. T. Simmons (Parkstone), Mrs. M. Irene Taylor (Stourbridge), W. Herbert Green (Sheffield), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), M. E. Holmes (Kensington), Christian Milne (Fraserburgh), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), I. K. Godfrey (Wimbledon).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Isobel Simpson, of Gowan Bank, Dundee.

THE ART OF SIBYL THORNDIKE.

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

"A MAN'S nature," says Bacon, "is best perceived . . . in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him." And so Miss Thorndike's comedy shows you the obverse of her great tragic conceptions. Wide as it is, her art is curiously consistent. A breath of modernity here, the least touch of latent humour there, keeps her most tragic characters sane and human. Conversely her very farce is potentially passionate; and like Charles Chaplin, she weaves her subtlest comedy-webs with a woof of tragic experience; so that where shallower players would be frivolous merely, these two romantics are at once frivolous and oddly disturbing.

All of which is only another way of saying that the actress has temperament. One cannot live always on the heights. There remain the vamp's off-duty hours —the flamboyant, the fantastic, the high animal spirits —the days when Cleopatra, just because she *is* Cleopatra, must needs hop those forty paces in pyjamas as Miss Thorndike does here. "Advertising April" * is a merry conceit which might have been merrier (but not much) with a more foolish actress. Miss Thorndike can see life, for comic purposes, distortedly; but she still sees it whole. In this comedy one could have wished Hobart, the press-agent husband, to monopolise the brains of the partnership, and April herself to be no more than the flaunting extravagant quean, the fine feather which the publicity-puff bloweth where it listeth. And indeed I think the play was written so; but it asked too much of the actress. Sophistication dallied with innocence in Miss Thorndike's April. The lamp of intelligence shone through the turnip-head too brightly. The player was helplessly greater than the part.

For behind all Miss Thorndike's acting there is life and character, as well as stage-trickery; bitter experience, one guesses, strifes and ambitions and disappointments which give her parts a personality deeper than the paint they wear. Even in tragedy (when she is suitably cast) you have that sense of restraint—of power, greater than visible, leashed in reserve. Variety, too: her friends, and interviewers, tell that she began public life as a professional pianist, and it is curious how she recalls the great pianists in her different moods. Now she is Pachmann, sprawling over a part; fondling it as he fondles the piano, like some great bear with its cub; now Backhaus, still as death, as he sits when playing that rushing F minor study of Chopin, his cold intensity in uncanny contrast to the passion that flows from his fingers. Perhaps it is because she too is trained to the last inch, till she can play upon that wonderful body and voice of hers as a *maestro* plays on his instrument; so that in her playing, as in theirs, there are times when technique is at once perfect and transcended; when the mind's eye sees vistas and the ear catches spiritualities of tone which never were in the written word or score; when mind triumphs over matter, and you hear the "harps in the air."

* Published by Blackwell, Oxford.

The Grand Guignol has been soundly rated for its share in her career. And it had certainly one evil effect, not so much on her art as on her managerial judgment: it gave her a brilliant series of snapshot successes—tragedies so brief that they could be rushed through on the top gear of emotion; five-finger exercises in technique, dazzling indeed, but quite isolated from the rest of the bill. And it is possible that these successes made her believe that full-length parts might be found, in which a similar effect could be spread over the whole evening. Such a part was Charlotte Fériol in "The Scandal"—a neurotic nightmare, long drawn out; such, and worse, that of Beatrice in "The Cenci."

Now in the theatre a little of this sort of intensity goes a long way, and a lot becomes tedious. I protest I am not easily bored by a play; I have never slept in a theatre in my life; yet I could cheerfully have slept through most of "The Cenci," had not the alternate chatter and mastication of two ladies behind me prevented it. What an appallingly bad play! And what an astute publicity agent, a very Hobart, to keep us all so busy discussing the play's immorality that we had no time to notice its badness! Its central theme is not old Cenci's incest in particular but his madness in general; and listen as you will, you find this madness nowhere accounted for. Medea is mad, but we are shown the source of her bitterness; old Cenci is simply a Mad Hatter with the fun left out. So that the whole play, often stupendous in expression, is without foundation in reason and has no point of contact with reality. Shelley, the poet, knew his craft. Shelley the playwright took his construction ready-made from the Dark Age of English melodrama. And a good deal of the result (to speak dramatically and unpoetically) is rubbish unjudgable by any normal standard:

> "We do it wrong, being so nonsensical,
> To offer it the show of sanity."

Mr. Robert Farquharson, one suspects, felt this and went all out for the bizarre, the theatrical, the pyrotechnically impressive; at times reeling like a drunken man, at times mouthing like a parody of Henry Irving, he achieved a kind of distorted success of ingenuity. And Beatrice? What was poor Beatrice to do in that galley? Her noble rage was eclipsed ere it had time to shine. Madness was at a discount; for they were all mad in the Cenci household, from the old man down to the poor-but-honest murderer who tried to escape in an embroidered bed-quilt. Pity and terror were stone dead after the bathotic at-home in the first act. Long before the trial scene, the stunned mind had ceased to wonder or care. Add to this that Miss Thorndike was never the woman for Beatrice—the "most gentle and amiable being" of Shelley's preface; granted that she was "one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another"; but she would have destroyed old Cenci in her cradle. She was too hefty and too formidable. One asked, how did the old man dare to play his

tricks when a breath of hers, one punch from that magnificent shoulder, would have resolved him to his elements — hot air, and a little pile of sawdust ?

"Medea" was admirably cast. Few players could better Lewis Casson's Messenger, a revelation to those who had only seen him as some dry old man; or Rosina Filippi's crone, at once dirgeful and awesomely distinct; or Lawrence Anderson's Jason, a strong, plausible voice with the right brassy ring in it that the part requires; and Medea dominant still. . . . The play taught one, seeing it soon after "The Cenci," to what heights madness treated dramatically and not merely theatrically can rise on the stage. For here again is madness; not raving in the void, but shown with cause and effect inevitably, so that it comes within the potential range of human experience. Medea is Everywoman; and as Everywoman Miss Thorndike played her, taking all human history for her province—the greatness and littleness of womanhood, the pomp of war, the tyranny of princes, the tragedy of too-passionate love burnt down to its ash—not in one legendary case of a demented murderess, but in all true cases; and above these, heaped high in bitter measure, the unheeded sorrow of all women since the world began. And for once, the player equal to the theme. The full sure gestures, the marvellous light and shade of that great deep heroic voice the sneer and the anguish, barbaric insolence and pagan despair; now loud and menacing, now crafty, suppliant, seductive, now deep again with the note of a great bell, the despair of mariners aghast on a lee shore. And always restraint, restraint . . . so much expressed, so much still left to the imagination. There were times when her silence was more terrible than speech; when the proud spirit seemed to flag and wane, and the body to seek support from the doors soon to be closed against it, crouching and husbanding its forces for the last great effort of all. She was Dürer's Melencolia then, as seen by our own poet:

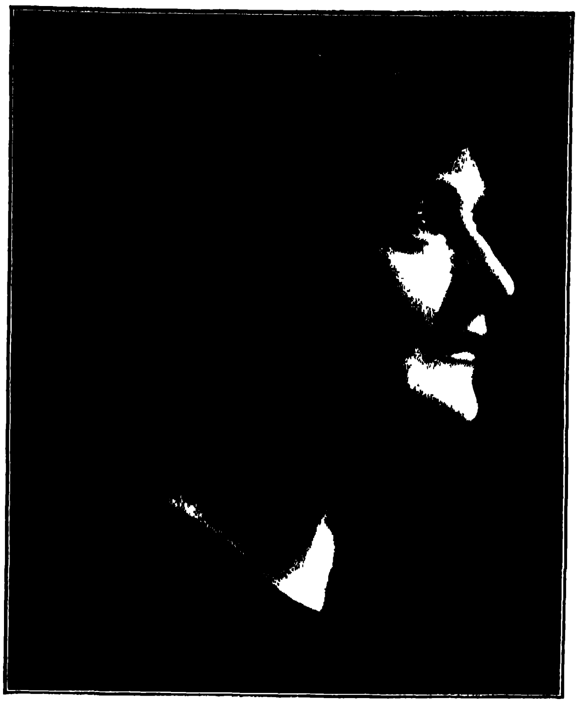


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Sibyl Thorndike.**

> "Her folded wings as of a mighty eagle,
> But all too impotent to lift the regal
> Robustness of her earthborn strength and pride—"

but with barbaric splendour added to the eagle's majesty, a noble pyramid of colour against the pitiless gate. So that here at last, you would say, was the very stuff of Pater's fantasy, the head upon which all the ends of the world were come; and if the eyelids were a little weary, the mouth at least was set firm against the buffets of mischance, "the feet thick-shod to tread all weakness down." A noble portrait—greater than life-size yet of a living woman—wherein the artist's temperament was fused at white heat into the poet's vision; a vision of one who would go down if need be fighting heroically, "sustained by her indomitable will"; beaten, but not afraid.

New Books.

THE HEIR OF RADCLIFFE.*

The admirers of Mr. Sadleir's previous novel, "Privilege," will admire "Desolate Splendour." And conversely, those who attacked "Privilege" may be expected to temper their next broadside. The author has boldly included among his quotations from critical opinion of his past work the savage sentences of our friend Mencken of Baltimore. It seems to the present reviewer that Mr. Mencken went for "Privilege" with such a rush of slapstick and bladder that he had not the time to notice in Mr. Sadleir's equipment quite a number of virtues. It may not be amiss, therefore, if a friendly hint is sent out to Mr. Mencken ere once again he sees red, on this occasion at sight of a truly beautiful dust-cover of soft green, blue and yellow that Mrs. Sadleir has designed and painted, and which I presume is to enclose the American edition, else readers across the Atlantic will miss an essential part of the pleasure that the publication of "Desolate Splendour" promises to provide.

Mr. Sadleir's preoccupation is still with the decay of an aristocratic type, belonging to the good old times which, as an astute Frenchman has put it, have, thank God, gone for ever. But, curiously enough, whereas the principal figures in "Privilege" were mostly objectionable, either as puppies or puppets, here they are attractive and often charmingly human in spite of their creator. The two opening chapters, written statically, with a fine sense of bleak and scowling background, and plainly intended to prepare us for the grim, decadent actions of grim, decadent people, are followed by an exciting, quickly and yet smoothly moving narrative that recalls the Victorian masters with whom Mr. Sadleir's heart is; and hardly one of those grim, decadent people fails to surprise us agreeably. We find even old Mrs. Plethern a pleasant and affable aristocrat, in spite of her weird habit of solitary card-playing at all hours of day and night in her tower, and in spite of the amazing things she does before the end; hardly ever the senile, mordant hag whom the author, by a few brutal and not quite legitimate touches, has led us to expect. What few faults may be found in "Desolate Splendour," the chief of them is surely that Mr. Sadleir's description of his characters does not always tally with

* "Desolate Splendour." By Michael Sadleir. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

the characters themselves as revealed in their talk and actions. And what is more, once we have come face to face with the Plethems, nothing that may afterwards be said in derogation is quite convincing. This is a compliment to Mr. Sadleir's charm of manner.

But the plot of "Desolate Splendour" is unravelled with a skill that diverts us from bothering overmuch about faults, compelling our admiration and breathless attention right to the climax—a climax that Mrs. Radcliffe would have envied for its glorious improbability, although it has none of the Radcliffian crudity. The web that is spun around Charles Plethern and his beautiful young ward, Viola Marvell, by enemies and relatives alike becomes a powerful and terrifying tangle, with those who are the weavers as well as its captives obeying Mr. Sadleir's instructions admirably. Mr. Sadleir has, I think, revealed himself in this novel to be what the reviewer calls a "born story-teller" when he is at a loss for a phrase less unoriginal. I look to him to eschew analytic characterisation henceforward for a better cause: by which I mean that he is splendidly equipped, if he will but let himself go, to take up definitely the mantle of that rare old succession of novelists which was thought to have petered out with the author of "The Woman in White."

That some such purpose is in his own mind seems to be indicated by the fact that his list of books, printed to face the title page of "Desolate Splendour," goes back no further than "Privilege," for in his first two novels plot and action were his concern hardly at all. And yet somehow I feel that he ought not to let us lose sight of "Hyssop," with which he began. For that volume contains what seems the best study, so far, of the busy, eager, and yet half-insincere life of art and letters at one of the great universities, as distinct from its social life, an opinion to which Oxford young men of to-day as well as yesterday will readily subscribe.

THOMAS MOULT.

TWO PROFESSORS.*

Professor Oliver Elton is one of several persons who make me wonder how large the really intelligent reading public is. Among our few million print-consumers, how many are there who know anything about the work of this fine scholar and admirable writer? The northern capitals are wiser than we. Here in the south we seem to be entirely sheepish. We follow the crowd, even when (as the crowd will) it gathers admiringly round some noisy windbag. A solemn young man of considerable disability writes a review in which he observes parenthetically that "Paradise Lost" is unreadable and "Othello" a feeble melodrama. In a short time he prints his review (with some more like it) in a volume, and then other solemn young men (his friends) proceed to write reviews of his reviews, announcing that a new and original critic has arrived. I hate to appear sceptical or cynical, but I ask, how many recent volumes containing reprinted criticism have been worth the expenditure of one shilling in cash and ten minutes in time?

And all the while we have among us, living and writing, real critics and interpreters of a very high order, Oliver Elton being one of the best. He has a large mind and a full mind. He does really know something. He has not only the ability to take a view of things, but he has the things to take a view of. In the present volume, such papers as "The Entente in Literature" and "Poetic Romancers after 1850" could be expanded into books without any transgression of the limits there laid down. He can sum up his man in a phrase, as when he writes of "the singular Godwin, the cool transmitter of hot thoughts." That is Godwin to the life—a volume could not say more. He is so full that his compact sentences sometimes have to be worked out like an equation—this, for example: "We feel that Johnson, whose admiration (what there is of it) is of the more value for being extorted, has a sound sense of all that element in Milton, which, if valid, would annihilate the ideas by which Johnson lived; and we feel that this gives value to Johnson's criticisms."

In those few lines there is compressed a sound critical judgment upon both Johnson and Milton.

But Professor Elton is not always restrained. He can give his sentences colour and feeling when there is fit occasion. Here is an admirable passage in his discussion of William Morris:

> "To my apprehension, there is more sheer humanity, more even of an odd cunning psychology, in the prose tales like those of Birdalone, with all their superficial remoteness, than in the long poems. There the people are like people in an arras—like the tapestried huntsman in Matthew Arnold's 'Tristram and Iseult'—and someone is calling upon them to come down out of it and live, and is lifting his magic pipe to do so; but he has forgotten the call, and they look down at him almost pathetically, in their shining dresses, with their large eyes, and they never come. This is not to unsay our praises of the exquisite pattern, the durable stuff, the fastness of the dye. Both kinds of art are good, though one of them is nearer to life. With all such differences, Morris is a great teller, a true follower of Chaucer, and sits near him in some region where there is time for long stories."

The passage is short, but it leaves little unsaid about Morris, the writer of romances.

Professor Elton's four-volumed survey of the century from the Palæo-Georgians to the Victorians is the most wonderful feat of first-hand literary history accomplished in our time. Indeed, it is the best thing of its kind since Warton's "History of Poetry," and as delightful to read as it is profitable to study. The present volume exhibits Professor Elton's fine qualities to great advantage; and if someone doesn't "discover" him, and "boom" him into popularity, I shall despair of the age. I suggest that he should begin to adopt a violent and truculent manner, gabbling hysterically instead of writing decently, and daring all or any to deny that he knows everything about everybody who has ever put pen to paper. That seems to work sometimes.

The volume here produced by the late Professor Raleigh's son is scarcely intended for general circulation—it can hardly mean anything to those who knew nothing of Sir Walter Raleigh's remarkable personality. It shows us a great man at play, fooling gracefully and delightfully. Here are parodies and imitations, and such feats as successive paragraphs written entirely in words of one syllable, two syllables, and so on up to five. The little plays are excellent and the verses delightful. "The Last Will" touches a deeper note and is singularly moving. Some of the pieces are thin, but the best are likely to have a diuturnity of quotation.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "A Sheaf of Papers." By Oliver Elton, D.Litt., LL.D. 6s. 6d. (University Press of Liverpool and Hodder & Stoughton.) "Laughter from a Cloud." By Walter Raleigh. With a Foreword by Hilary Raleigh. 21s. (Constable.)

SOCIAL DIAGNOSIS.*

There are lurid writers who compose advertisements for drugs so skilfully that we imagine we have in our miserable bodies all the innumerable diseases which the proffered medicine is guaranteed to cure. Raise the idea into the plane of good literature, and that is somewhat the success that Mr. Masterman has attained in his "England After War." He has analysed all our sensations and symptoms until we groan at the disaster that looms before us. But the all-important end of the drug advertisement is not there—Mr. Masterman has no drugs to sell. Nevertheless, the careful reader will find hints of the cure, and even its methods; although Mr. Masterman starts by expressing the hope that he has been so impartial that no one may guess his political party, or whether he has a party of any kind whatever. Between the lines, if not on them, we can see that Mr. Masterman is still the Liberal politician that he was before the deluge of the Great War. And such being his evident faith, one respects the heroic courage

* "England after War: A Study." By the Right Hon. Charles F. G. Masterman, P.C. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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with which he chose the motto on his title page: *Nil nisi Divinum stabile est, caetera fumus.*" As he sits on his lofty philosophical mountain, surveying the ruins below, he must ponder sadly that his beloved Liberal Party is not amongst the divine stabilities of life, but rather (for the moment, at least) with those other things that are smoke.

But since he insists that this is a study in medical diagnosis—and not political propaganda—it is only just to put the main emphasis on the analysis, apart from the remedy. Mr. Masterman has given us a striking dissection of "Richford," a London suburb of which only the name is imaginary. It is a vivid piece of realism, this picture of an ant-hill of clerks and their families. "Richford can make nothing with its hands. It has no capacity for sustained thought . . . Richford hates and despises the working classes . . . partly because it has contempt of them and partly because it has fear of them." It is all very clever; as is likewise his analysis of the aristocrats and the hand-workers. Mr. Masterman has a suppressed admiration for those blue-blooded boys of Eton and Harrow, who died so uncomplainingly; but his summing up of the town labourer is altogether unrestrained: "After all, what great gentlemen they are, the working population of the cities." But then follows one of those strange misjudgments which show the limitations of the "Liberal" mind: "How different from the sullen rural population you sometimes find in other lands." That sentence reeks of a political faith that was born in Manchester and Rochdale, and the land of smoke.

Of like kind is that remarkable error where Mr. Masterman says of the middle-class nonentities of Richford: "This good stock—the best in Europe." That sentence puts the chief problems of to-day in very erroneous proportion. It forgets that the peasant is the basis of society.

In spite of so many confirmations that Mr. Masterman's party politics is essentially a limited social creed, he has written a useful book; for the stimulation of political thought is a very urgent necessity. And it is a very readable book; full of apt stories—and one Cabinet tale about Mr. Asquith which ought to become a classic; it certainly reveals that parliamentarian in a very attractive way. The analysis of Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy and Shaw is interesting, and sound—for Mr. Masterman says of the last "probably the greatest of them all." Though perhaps Mr. G. K. Chesterton should contest for the honour of that place. But Mr. Masterman can scarcely be expected to understand Mr. Chesterton; for the doctrines of Manchester and Liberalism have no touch with Mr. Chesterton's social faith.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

BOATS AND BEAUTY.*

As a maritime nation, asseverating on every possible opportunity that "Britannia rules the waves," we are extraordinarily ignorant of the subject of our pride and our glory. We take this ruling of the waves too much for granted, not pausing to inquire how Britannia has done it and managed to keep on doing it. We are fond of the sea, some of us even enjoy sailing on it, but apart from the handful of amateur sailormen who are to be found in every English city, how many of us have any exact knowledge of the picturesque shipping which while at the seaside we have seen in that mysterious locality known as the "offing"?

We have all been to Brighton, but do we know "Brighton Hoggies" when we see them? Some of us have passed Leigh on the way to Southend and yet returned without any knowledge of a "Leigh Bawley." In other seaports the inhabitants are doubtless more learned, and I suppose any Plymouth man could tell you the difference between a "Hooker" and a "Long Boomer," but London would have to be searched pretty thoroughly before you could find a man able to describe accurately a "Thames Hatch Boat."

Messrs. C. A. Wilkinson and Walter Wood have combined in a very pleasant way to remove our ignorance in these matters. Their book is a fascinating account of the characteristic shipping which may be found in the harbours between the Thames estuary and Land's End. Mr. Wood deals with the fishing-boats of Essex, Kent and the South Coast to Devon and Cornwall, enlivening his account of all these various crafts and the men who work them with entertaining digressions—maybe a yarn of smugglers or all about the oyster industry at Whitstable—but whatever these digressions may be, grave or gay, they all bear directly or indirectly on the author's aim. That aim is "to show something of the human and mechanical means by which the sea is used and conquered in the service of mankind," and in this endeavour he is admirably supported by Mr. Wilkinson, whose woodcuts are not only things of beauty in themselves but careful and faithful records of craft that is fast disappearing.

However convenient and practical steam or motor power may be, we are convinced that neither of them can ever give us objects as beautiful as the "white wings" of our sailing ships. We are grateful to Mr. Wilkinson for showing us in these simple but decorative woodcuts how varied and great is their beauty, how admirably each type is designed and adapted to meet local requirements and becomes itself a work of art by the way in which it expresses its fitness for its purpose. For a young artist, whose career as a wood-engraver has only just begun, Mr. Wilkinson shows a fine sense for the best effects to be got from wood blocks and a considerable knowledge of how to get them. Pictorially the best, I think, is the one he has picked out for his frontispiece, "Cornish Drifters, Looe," in which we see the hill of East Looe rising above the boats in the harbour, while the skilful treatment of the water and sky all adds to our enjoyment of this true and decorative design.

Mr. Wood says "that sail alone is doomed is very probable." If so the world will be the poorer, and artists of the future will realise only by looking at old pictures, prints and drawings that there was a time when a boat seemed a synonym of beauty. But even if sails should disappear from the face of the sea they will live on in their children, because "for the spirit born of sail, which made the British fisherman what he was in the war and what he is to-day"—for this, as Mr. Wood prophetically declares, "there is no death."

In the annals of England there is a word that can never be forgotten, and the children of the future, as those of the present and of the past, will respond to the call of the ages and feel the hereditary thrill whenever a printed page revives the magic of the call, "A sail! a sail!"

FRANK RUTTER.

* "Fishing, Boats and Barges." Twenty woodcuts by C. A. Wilkinson. Text by Walter Wood. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

THE SILVER AGE.*

It is difficult to make literature of a history of literature. Mr. Doughty almost succeeds. Occasionally he reaches real heights of personal expressiveness, while generally he avoids those classified platitudes which announce the gulf unavoidably fixed between Art and Academia. This is not to say that his book is flawless. He is often diffuse both in analysis and appreciation, but his matter is ripe and for the most part justly presented.

His subject is all in his favour. Modern taste is more tolerant of the vices of the eighteenth century than of the virtues of the nineteenth. It is also singularly devoted to the lyric and singularly convinced that the present too is an age of Reason. Mr. Doughty adopts the conventional title for the period of his review. Nevertheless we think it a misleading title and one which is perhaps least applicable of all to the age which assumed it. The term "Reason"

* "English Lyric in the Age of Reason." By Oswald Doughty, M.A., B.Litt. (Daniel O'Connor.)

was as much abused by the Augustans as that of "Freedom" by the Romantics, and yet both answer to realities which can and ought to be distinguished from false formulas. The eighteenth century began in logic (than which nothing can be so unreasonable), matured into cynicism and sentiment, and ended in imagination. This liberation can be most clearly traced through the lyrical output of the century, because the lyric, being at first an outcast among the correct disciples of Dryden, attracted to it all the freer spirits of the time. These men do not boast the magisterial manners of a Pope, and so their humble efforts to loosen the self-conscious fetters which bound the feet of poetry have received less than their due. Mr. Doughty redresses the balance, and very finely he discriminates between those who slowly restored to literature a sense of human values.

The Augustans, then, Mr. Doughty isolates in a "citadel of Reason," and his book is the epic of its siege. The metaphor is scarcely exact, for the attack came also from within. Thomson was often an amiable deserter, and the attachment of Gay or of Young, indeed of Pope himself, to "Reason" seems somewhat remote. The truth is that the Augustans served the brain, not reason. Even Mr. Doughty does not sufficiently mark the distinction, as profound as that which divides science and philosophy. "Reason," we have learnt, is something more than common sense. It is not the foe, as the Augustans thought, but the ally of emotion. They had much excuse for their error. Sentiment had begot many inanities among their immediate predecessors, but their own reflective comment, their complacent cult of a decorous mean, is unworthy of the name of "Reason." Thus we find Sir Joshua Reynolds bidding "Reason" (in the sense of logic) preside over Imagination instead of welcoming it as an integral part. But Imagination does not submit to logic, it transcends it. "Reason" is not nature "methodiz'd," but humanised. Mr. Doughty, however, examines with far more subtlety than most of his predecessors the nature of these men. He shows how that curious entity—the spirit of an age—particularly in a period of unadventurous reaction, may dictate to poets not only their conception of life, but also the forms through which they express it. Yet we are glad to find him combating the assumption that the Augustans had no feelings, because convention demanded they should not display them. Strong-headed as they were, their hearts gave them a deal of trouble. Johnson's tenderness, Swift's bitterness, Gray's melancholy, Shenstone's hypochondria, Smart's madness prove it. Everywhere are the symptoms which dog an arbitrary check upon generous impulse. Their poetry might want human significance and weight, might multiply abstractions and capital letters, but as men they suffered for it. They found a cool indifference a poor substitute for disinterested passion. Prior's famous epitaph scarcely does justice to this hidden *desiderium*:

> "Without Love, Hatred, Joy or Fear,
> They led—a kind of—as it were:
> Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cry'd:
> And so They liv'd: and so They dy'd."

Life, mocking their logic with pain and madness and melancholy, drove them from their citadel, from the coffee-house to the country, from a hard Latinism to Greek, from laboured correctness to simplicity and romance, from porcelain to pensiveness, above all to nature and the gentle moralising which nature provoked. They dare not yet scan the truth of things, but like blind valetudinarians they groped towards sun and air. Cynics gave place to sentimentalists. It was but the turning of the same coin, but it was towards the coming light. Even so late and realistic a poet as Crabbe has only half escaped the darkness. Under the headings of "Disillusion" and "New Ideals" Mr. Doughty traces that lyrical conversion in full detail both critical and biographical. He convinces us of the worth of Parnell, of Shenstone, of Akenside (the admired of Wordsworth) and of the Wartons. Collins' genius is perhaps too slight to bear the weight of his appreciation, but he brings psychology to his study of Gray. There follows the ballad revival, which linked the vernacular to the academic, as in Elizabethan times, and Mr. Doughty rescues those two miracles of forgery, Chatterton's and Macpherson's, from the claws of the philologists and allows us to value them, as how rarely they have been valued, for themselves. The very unreality of these poems taught men to escape from the conventional and accept the strange, so preparing them for the real which is always both strange and familiar. Of Johnson's gloomy and Goldsmith's half-hearted attempt to restore the Augustan dynasty; of Cowper's humanism, that coddled Calvinist in whom Mr. Doughty rather surprisingly finds a latent "man about town"; of Blake's idealism and the sickly sunset of the Silver Age about the Swan of Lichfield, we are given an adequate account. Poetry at last was freed from scholasticism and fashion. Out of the malady of a generation, beauty grew to health and faith unfolded in the hearts of those who created it. Toilsomely man had brought his humanity into harmony with nature; by the end of the century criticism and creation were wed on a higher plane, even though their ideal alliance was fated to be a short one.

Mr. Doughty has given us something more than a reliable textbook. By specialising upon the lyric he has rescued many unassuming poems, such as Thomson's, from the shadow of more monumental works, and if a generous enthusiasm leads him sometimes to exaggerate merit, it is a refreshing quality to find in the writings of a university lecturer.

H. I'A. Fausset.

A NOVELIST POET.*

A happy sight it is to see a writer venturing along fresh ways in the infinite world of literature; and most welcome, therefore, is it to find Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, who has won a place second to none among the practising English novelists, proving herself a poet. Her verse, as presented in this finely produced book, has inspiration, feeling, thought, and an admirable technique, so that, excellent in itself, we may yet look with confidence for future verse from her of the same high character and quality, strengthened. These "Saints in Sussex," although they bear the familiar names of those who walked with Jesus, are not the pale and awkward shadows the historic saints have generally become to the modern world, but, like the jolly little angels climbing among the bells and leaves and blossoms of the title page, have human warmth and a love for the scent of the meadows:

> "Tall tapers are lit for our feast
> In the drooping horse-chestnut boughs;
> And the thrushes serve our Mass
> There in the white thorn hedge,
> Where the bloom is breaking against
> A smudgy, sweet, grey sky
> That shall give us holy water. . . ."

This is nothing more than the love for the Sussex downs, fields, hedges, and waters, which has warmed and animated Miss Kaye-Smith's pen from the beginning, and must indeed have been true of those saints, those agricultural labourers, fishermen and carpenters, who went from their acres and the shallow waters to gather a harvest of souls; pioneers who surely through their ministry had the love of nature as well as of humanity in their hearts:

> "The Saints sup with Thee, there in the dusk and lamplight—
> Mary and Joseph and Peter and all my friends—
> With faces propped on their tired and toil-worn fingers
> And kind eyes full of the peace of the journey's end."

As our poet appeals to the religiousness of the reader, as well as to his love of verse, there will necessarily be differences of opinion as to the quality of the various poems; but I have found those in which Nature is predominant to be the most acceptable. Dare I venture to suggest that it would have been well if in every case Miss Kaye-Smith had used the bell-music of rime? There are, of course, occasions elsewhere when the trammels of like-endings are a hindrance and the poet's emotion or message would only

* "Saints in Sussex." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 21s. (Elkin Mathews.)

be hurt by their jingle and restrictions ; but assuredly the melody of the verse of this book would have been helped by them.

And if for this conservative pronouncement the poets and poetasters who wallow in *vers-libre* generally because it is the one method possible to the incompetent—should empty their tinpots of wrath upon me, I shall merely put up my widest umbrella and re-read this book, which reflects in its pages the freshness and inspiration that encourage and console.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

"ATHENIAN ABERDEEN."*

It is sixty-three years since Lord Aberdeen died, and full justice has not until now been done to his memory and achievements. Many years ago there was a monograph in the "Queen's Prime Ministers" series, which was an abridgment of a Life privately printed but never published ; but now Lady Frances Balfour has written a full-dress biography in which she gives an admirable portrait of the statesman.

Lord Aberdeen was more than a statesman, for he was a many-sided man. In his youth he went to Greece, where he rediscovered and excavated the Pnyx and afterwards founded the Athenian Club. The value of his researches are shown by the fact that he was elected President of the Society of Antiquaries in 1812 and held that office for thirty-four years. When he came of age he went to Haddo Hall to take possession of his estates, and he found his lands in a shocking state. He spent much thought and time and money on their improvement, and it is put on record that in all he expended £60,000 on buildings, roads, draining and planting

"It will make me truly happy to see you," he wrote from Haddo in 1809 to a friend, "but alas ! this is not my Paradaize : this is not the Vall' Ombrosa of which you have heard so much, but a real Siberian waste. Far as the eye can reach no tree is seen. 'Earth clad in russet scorns the lively green' The desolation of the exterior is only equalled by the appalling badness of the house. We will contrive, however, to despise these matters If the storm rages we will sit close in the Old Library. I'll broach ye a pipe of Malvosie and bring pasties of the doe ! In short, do all that is possible to make you forget the frozen latitude in which we are placed. I go to-morrow to visit a brother Kamskatchan"

The severe task of putting his house in order by no means exhausted Lord Aberdeen's energies, and he threw himself zealously into public life. He was a Scotch representative peer from 1806 to 1814, when he was created Viscount Gordon of the United Kingdom and could sit there in his own right. Castlereagh sent him as Ambassador to Vienna in 1813, and in the following year he was one of the British representatives at the Congress of Châtillon. He took office under Wellington as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster early in 1828, and a few months later became Foreign Secretary He served under Peel in 1834 at the Colonial Office, and in Peel's second administration went back to the Foreign Office, where between 1841 and 1846 he did excellent work in improving the relations between France and Great Britain. In 1852 he was invited to form a ministry —the coalition ministry of Whigs and Peelites —and had in his Cabinet Palmerston, Gladstone and Lord John Russell, and it was while he was still in power that the country was plunged into the Crimean War.

This book gives us for the first time an inside view of Lord Aberdeen, and we are shown a man who put his country first, his tenantry second and himself nowhere. A man of strong will and unimpeachable honour in politics, and a charming companion, at once learned and humorous. As Gladstone wrote of him, his principal characteristics were : "mental calmness ; the absence (if for want of better words I may describe it by a negative) of all egotism ; the love of exact justice ; a thorough tolerance of spirit ; and last, and most of all, an entire absence of suspicion."

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "The Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., K.T. By Lady Frances Balfour, LL.D., D.Litt. 2 vols. 42s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

LAST DAYS OF TOLSTOY.*

Anton Tchekhov, speaking during Tolstoy's lifetime to Maxim Gorky of the lack of record that was being kept of the Count's thoughts and sayings, complained : " That, my dear fellow, is intolerably Russian. After his death they will bestir themselves, will begin to write reminiscences and will lie." Vladimir Tchertkoff would agree with Tchekhov. He talks in the preface to the present volume of the " unreliable documents " used in some of the recent biographies, and of the " shameless slander " which depicts Tolstoy's personality " in a totally perverted manner." He then proceeds to give his version of the truth. From his enjoyment of Tolstoy's friendship and confidence he had unequalled opportunities for knowing the facts. In 1910 he was made executor of the will by which the Count left all his writings free to the public. The breach between Tchertkoff and Tolstoy's wife, already much strained, was widened to breaking point by this act. Sofya Andreyevna Tolstoy died in 1919, and with her death Tchertkoff felt that the chief obstacle to revealing the true causes of her husband's going away from Yasnaya Polyana was removed.

From the Count's talk, letters and private diaries Tchertkoff draws his picture of the last days, explaining how the home life that had been a strain for thirty years had become unbearable by 1910. He does not spare Sofya Andreyevna. But whether it is that he protests too much or whether we feel that the truth never lies at one extreme, we set aside the volume with a strong desire to hear the lady's side. Tchertkoff would have made his points the more easily had he been less vehement. This thought influences our opinion of the author ; it does not damage the value of the facts from which he starts. His book is one which cannot be neglected by the future biographer or by the private student of Tolstoy's life.

V. E. W.

VILLAS OF FLORENCE AND TUSCANY.†

Mr. Eberlein has made a wonderful study of Villas of Florence and Tuscany, and has collected much information. His book is illustrated richly by many photographs, all exquisitely produced on smooth paper. The price is three guineas net, and the book is fully worth it ; a thing to rejoice over, to ponder slowly.

" The average visitor to Florence and other parts of Tuscany sees the stock sights, and a few of the surrounding villas that are admittedly show-places," writes Mr. Eberlein. " . . . After viewing these, he goes away, little dreaming of the many delights hidden behind the high walls that line the roads he has traversed in his comings and goings, . . . the other villas, and especially the smaller villas, where a more intimate character has been preserved, afford an invaluable index to the very heart of Tuscany."

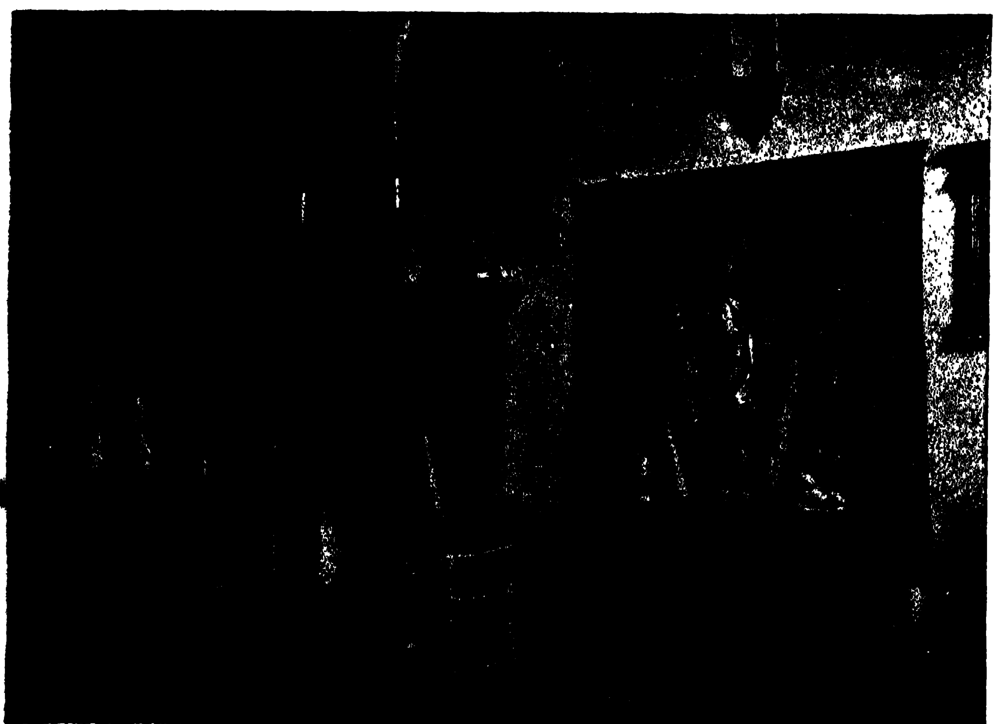
We have here presented a certain number of representative villas, thoroughly considered in all their characteristic details, with a complete illustrative record. Cigliano is an excellent example of the early Renaissance Tuscan villa. It stands near the little town of San Casciano. We are given a very definite impression of its loveliness—the stuccoed walls of the house of that indescribable Tuscan villa colour, as elusive as the hues of the sunset clouds ; the rose-beds, edged with strawberry plants, the fountain in the wall of the lemon house. There is a glowing account of the Villa Pazzi (on the top of the hill, just above Pian de Giullari). " Its utter simplicity is its most alluring trait. To put it in the words of a visiting architect we once took there : ' There is so damned little architecture about it that it is bound to be good.' " The photograph of " South Front and Terrace " is enchanting.

We have careful chapters on the Tuscan Villa before and during the sixteenth century, also during the seventeenth century, and a fine section on decoration and furnishing, in which the author begs us to remember that high and straight-backed arm-chairs are not uncomfortable if used with foostools, as intended. We thank the writer for a supremely beautiful volume. His idea of providing photographs of every aspect of a villa enables us to construct it, till it lives before our eyes.

C. M.

* " The Last Days of Tolstoy." By Vladimir Tchertkoff. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

† " Villas of Florence and Tuscany." By Harold Donaldson Eberlein. £3 3s. (Lippincott.)



Fire-place in Dining-room, La Pietra.
From " Villas of Florence and Tuscany " (Lippincott).

GOOD MEN AND TRUE.*

In his preface to " Men, Maids and Mustard-pot," Gilbert Frankau talks of " the delusion common to publishers, that books of short stories do not interest the public." I suspect that this particular delusion must be yielding, as saith the wise man, to the logic of facts. At any rate, here are several books, each as different from the other as they can possibly be, with the exception that they all consist of short stories.

Moreover, every friend I have that is a writer seems to have had a book of short stories accepted by his publisher, and this season should bring a heavy crop—more shorts than longs—to harvest.

It is only natural that in these days of haste and speeding up, people should prefer a tale they can read in an hour, to one they must continually be putting down while they attend to other business. The magazines have prepared the way, but their stories are too stereotyped for all tastes ; and readers are asking for tales with more

* " The Tale of a Manor." By Selma Lagerlöf. (Werner Laurie.) —" Fiery Particles." By C. E. Montague. (Chatto & Windus.)— " Men, Maids and Mustard-pot." By Gilbert Frankau. (Hutchinson.)—" The Nine of Hearts." By E. Colburn Mayne. (Constable.) —" Little Life Stories." By Sir Harry Johnston. (Chatto & Windus.) 7s. 6d. each.

quality. Demand creates supply, and here is the advance guard of the army of short stories which is on its gallant way to us.

When I began "The Nine of Hearts" I thought, "At last Miss Colburn Mayne is doing herself justice." Hitherto her stories have so often been too thin, too fine-drawn, of too hot-house a variety; but here were stories that had an air of reality. As to the art of Miss Mayne's work, of that there could at no time be any question; but I have often doubted her knowledge of life, her *flair*. The observer cannot but feel that exotic plants would be different if seen in their natural surroundings of torrid swamp and jungle, different from what they appeared when shut into an English conservatory. "The Nine of Hearts," however, is written with insight and simplicity—some of it, most of it. "The Interlude for Death" is a wonderful piece of work, so is "Peacocks," and even "Gold Hair." In a meal of many courses it is foolish to expect each to be of an equal excellence, but it seemed a pity Miss Mayne should have included "Light" in her selected tales. A study of disease is of interest if treated frankly as disease. It loses its value to the psychologist if dealt with in any other way.

It was a relief to turn from the unpleasant sentimentality of "Light" to the more robust work of Sir Harry Johnston. Here was less art, less atmosphere, but an outdoor wholesomeness and simplicity. "Life's Little Stories" were of a comfortable probability. You felt that most of them had happened, that they were, in the main, experiences that have been turned into stories. The abnormal, the unhealthy, does not appeal to Sir Harry's perspicacious mind. Instead he gives us excellent narratives, such as "Frederick's Remorse," "Mrs. Doubleday," "The Rev. D. Macauley." All the tales are not on as high a level, in fact the "Pituitary Gland" and "Good-night, Old Man!" are not superior to the usual magazine tale. Nevertheless, when the chaff has been winnowed away, so much grain remains that we cannot but hope Sir Harry will continue to tell us tales of the things he has seen and experienced, will give us more of "life's little stories."

In "Fiery Particles" is a yarn—that is its author's name for it—which, except for its rather inconclusive end, is the finest I have read for years. The fine paragraphs with their Irish tang come rolling along, catching you with their magic, holding you spellbound:

> "You paid your rent if you could; for the coat that the old colonel had on his back—and he never out of the township—was that worn you'd be sorry. Suppose you hadn't the cash, still you were not 'put out of it.' All that you'd have to suffer was that good man buzzing about your holding wanting to help; he would be all of a fidget trying to call to mind the way some heathen Dane, that he had known when a boy, used to bedevil salt butter back into fresh—that, or how Montenegrins would fatten a pig on any wisp of old trash that would come blowing down the high road. A kind man, though he never got quit of the queer dream he had that he knew how to farm."

Last time a book by Mr. Montague was put into my hands I knew it for clever, but it was filled with a sort of preaching, and I wondered why he must do that when he might just be talking, telling us in stories the things about "the race's old pursuits of love, war and the chase," that we all wanted to know. I need not have troubled about it, for here are the stories I was seeking—a book that flashes all over with its fiery particles, like a field with glow-worms in the mating month. Not that they are all as good as "Another Temple Gone." "My Friend the Swan" is arid stuff, and "Apropos des Bottes" little better. But for what I have received in that one story of an Irish township and its illicit still there is no need for anyone to make me "truly thankful." I will go round the world telling the folks to read, mark, and the young writers to learn from it, for it is a beautiful and a satisfying tale.

The name of Selma Lagerlöf has a sound of magic, but the stories chosen for "The Tale of a Manor" do not represent her fairly. She has to a remarkable degree the power of putting a Scandinavian atmosphere into her books. The landscape, the people, the events are not universal but Swedish. "The Girl of the Marsh Croft,"

he novel of hers which is best known in England, has this quality to perfection; but the same cannot be said for "The Tale of a Manor." A poor story, vaguely told, it has not the fascination of her longer tales. Occupying more than half the book, it is followed by some shorter tales which, on the whole, are more interesting and yet not interesting enough to make them worthy of translation.

Beginning with Gilbert Frankau, we find ourselves back at his book of jolly, rattling tales, "Men, Maids, and Mustard-pot." I see for it the popularity that such a book deserves. Mr. Frankau writes the sort of story that interests us all. We read, not for the art, but for the life in it, just as some years ago we used to read the books of his mother—Frank Danby. Wise in his day as was she in hers, he represents her to the present generation; and it is grateful to him—a gratitude it shows—for surcease of boredom and ennui. His are stories you cannot put down till you have read to the end.

C. A. Dawson-Scott.

KEATS AND A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.*

Mr. Hugh Fausset's study of Keats has the very great merit of provoking discussion; it is as little of a soporific as can be imagined. If his Keats is not the reader's it will only be after a good deal of reflection, and the distinguishing of one aspect from another, that that conclusion is reached; and accordingly his book is to be welcomed even by dissenting voices, since mere traditionalists such as the present reviewer are thrown back on their last resources and compelled to examine anew a familiar position.

"Keats: a Study in Development," is the full title of this volume, which represents an attempt "to trace the steps by which the poet defined and purified his perception both of life and of art." The quotation is from the first sentence of the foreword; the last sentences are (the reference is to the revised "Hyperion"), "It is the story of a soul discovering itself through the senses, of a mind adjusting its powers to balance the energy and greed of the appetites. In that balance Keats realised the central truth of life. He put himself into harmony with the creative mind of the universe, he entered the Kingdom of Heaven; his human soul in its passionate love rose above the elements of force and the frailty of the flesh. In such a balance lies the only hope of the world."

Mr. Fausset regards Keats boldly and all but exclusively as a philosopher, saying that a philosophy of life is the whole concern of a great poet; a hard saying truly, and one which it might seem easy to upset by the simple trick of naming names. But forbearing or deferring that trick, which is hardly conclusive, let us merely say that there is a fundamental error in this position, the error of confusing creation with interpretation. Poetry creates, philosophy interprets, and though it may not be hard to refine away a broad distinction of this kind, it yet corresponds to a common recognition of an original difference. Mr. Fausset holds that without a philosophy of life a great poet can but weave patterns and twitter like a bird; and once again we dissent vehemently. I do not know what Shakespeare's philosophy of life was, or Chaucer's, or even Milton's, though Milton was a good deal concerned with the moral aspect of the world. Shall we ask for stones when they give us bread? A modern poet, Flecker, has told us that the business of poetry is not to save men's souls but to make them worth saving. A purely agnostic attitude upon these profounder questions may seem, and may well be, merely superficial; yet how hard it is to define precisely the business of poetry. Mr. Fausset's assertion of the supremacy of philosophy seems a dangerous assertion; in the shadow of that grim and serious sister, poor poetry can but shrivel, and will die, maybe, before philosophy herself is dead. We all talk and talk endlessly of Mr. Hardy's philosophy; we shall be admiring the poetry when the philosophy is dead. Will the philosophy befriend the poetry? Posterity is a hasty and heedless young person and, to take another example, it may be that she will care less for the darker poems in Mr. de la Mare's "The Veil" than for the thoughtless verses of "Peacock Pie." Our poets are turning philosophers—willy-nilly perhaps; a sick time makes thought sick and imagination falters; from creation they turn to interpretation, and leave us as sad and bewildered as they are themselves. Well may the best of them cry out, "Sweet poesy, why art thou dumb?" and to use another of his phrases, it is poetry that is seen in the clutch of philosophy:

> "Not far from where I stood,
> Dragging the corn by her golden hair
> Into a dark and lonely wood."

Let us return to Keats now, and say that there is an irreconcilable difference between the modern critics, represented so admirably by Mr. Fausset, and the traditionalists who go to poetry for anything and everything except a philosophy of life. And leaving this aside there is still much to consider, for the attitude of our author exposes him to such extravagances as:

> "In 'Hyperion' Keats had discovered and imperfectly voiced one profound truth. He had realised that nature offers a varied spectacle of forces, not merely to be enjoyed or passively reflected by a poet, but to be used by an inspired intelligence for the creation of unadulterated beauty in perpetual harmony with the soul of man, because it satisfies his rational as well as his sensuous perception. Nature he had discovered to be as disinterestedly destructive as creative. He had foreseen the Darwinian hypothesis. But he had denied its application to men."

And elsewhere, in speaking of Saturn, who "is conscious of the evils of sensation, without having the power to set them right," he says:

> "Saturn's dilemma is that of the sensationalist in a world of imperfectly realised intellectual values, of the body in the audit chamber of the mind; he approaches a reflection of Keats himself when on the full stream of his instinct he floated through Endymion."

Brilliant subtleties of this sort abound, and they would be irresistible if their relation to circumstance were even a little more tangible. Grant that Keats was a philosopher, as fully developed in his conscious thought and his grasp upon the mysteries and evils of the world as he was in his apprehension of the beauty of life, grant this and the rest follows; but it is too much to grant. Keats was but twenty-five when he died, and does not show the steady development of thought which the argument asserts or implies. He wrote and rewrote "Hyperion," and it remains marvellous, a joy for ever, at once a problem and a satisfaction; but almost at the same time he was writing also his worst poetry out of wholly undelightful visions. On the other hand, and plainly supporting our author's contention, there are many strange and powerful lines among those "to Fanny" which are in harmony with the finest of the revised "Hyperion." A long series of questions springs from the contrasting verses of the same period, and Mr. Fausset may be able to answer them; his book is too short for his theme. But brevity is an amiable defect, which his readers will at times resent and at times forgive.

John Freeman.

* "Keats: a Study in Development." By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. 6s. (Secker.)

SIR WILLIAM WATSON'S POEMS.*

Poets are commonly believed to be incompetent to adjudge their own poems. The belief is a superstition. For a poem from the moment of its conception is a product of a process of selection and rejection; and a poet Spartan enough—as every true poet must be—to expose his own progeny on Mount Taygetus, must surely be critic enough to select the best of the survivors for Mount Parnassus.

Certainly Sir William Watson's selection gives proof of the impartiality of his paternal pride. We may emphatically dissent from ninety per cent. of his rejections; but with ninety per cent. of his selections we must cordially agree; and that is about as near unanimity as two critics

* "A Hundred Poems." By Sir William Watson. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

are likely to attain. With such a poem as "The Winter Sleep" we might comfortably dispense, and the absence of such a poem as that "To Arthur Christopher Benson" we may deeply deplore; but, taken all in all, the selection seems just and satisfactory, and suffices to show the consistently high quality of the poet's work.

All the poems in the collection are worthy of a great poet: all have dignity: all have distinction. In the poet's singing mantle there are no purple patches; it is purple from "clasp to hem," from head to heel. All his altars are of marble, all his offerings of shining silver and beaten gold. If some of his peaks outsoar Mount Everest there are none lower than Parnassus We can hardly realise the ascension of his art, for it has no declensions; it is not a mountain but a sierra One might indeed complain of a monotony of perfection and of radiance. One might even complain that too many of his peaks are above snow line.

It is perhaps Sir William's unrelenting loftiness and punctilious perfection that have limited his appeal and restricted his audience. He has no contrasts; there is no darkness to make his light visible, there are no depths against which to measure his peaks, no gilt to compare with his gold, no stucco to enhance his marble. "In a naughty world" it is possible to shine too steadily, and a patrician dignity and serenity of deportment and demeanour do not make for popularity in a democratic community. It is an age of heat, and haste, and noise, unfitting most of us for high discourse. Men, tired and dusty, feel out of place in marble temples, and men clad in starched shirts and dinner jackets rather resent a poet in a purple toga; they are apt to mistake pomp for pomposness, stateliness for pose, austerity for frigidity, and magniloquence for grandiloquence.

Grandiloquence is one of the few definite charges brought against him. It is a futile accusation He is not grandiloquent but magniloquent; there is no affectation in his sonorous periods; they are the inevitable utterance, the natural speech of a noble and stately spirit which has had lifelong converse with the great, which has marched in time to the music of the spheres which has taken its accent from the surge of deep emotions, which has known the solitude of mountain-peaks and the "loneliness of wings."

Sir William Watson would be more popular if he were less great; he might be more lovable if he were less marmorean and immaculate, he might have a larger audience if he danced to the tambourine or jazzed to the jazz band; he might win more applause if he mixed some ragtime with his oratorio; but he has never pandered to the mob, he has been true to his high calling as a priest to his vows, and if he has missed some pleasant popularity he has gained a sure and certain immortality.

No lover of poetry can read such a poem as "The Coronation Ode," "Lacrimae Musarum," "The Unknown God," "The Father of the Forest," "The Hope of the World," without feeling that here is a consummate artist —an artist whose art is the sincere and inevitable expression of a life "in splendour clothed of dedicated days" —a life that has been continually spent on high intellectual and spiritual levels.

Like every other great poet, William Watson has his own special audience; but even those who are not attuned to his poetry can hardly fail to recognise that it has emotional force, moral dignity, intellectual lucidity, spiritual radiancy, and æsthetic beauty It is strange that his contemporaries do not yet fully appreciate his greatness.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

THE OTHER END.*

There is said to be joy among authors when a critic writes a novel or a book of short stories. "Now," they say in their hearts, "he will give himself away. It is easy for him to point out the flaws in our art and tell us how to do it, but he will not find it so easy to demonstrate

* "The Other End." By R. Ellis Roberts. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

how it ought to be done." Any such joy will, in this case, be short-lived, for "The Other End" proves that Mr. Ellis Roberts is as well able to write stories of his own as to criticise those of others. Here, moreover, he has set his hand to a kind of story-telling that is not often practised successfully and achieved a mastery, at times, over the grim, the terrible, the eerie, the bizarre, over the fine, elusive mysteries of the spirit, that challenges comparison with Poe and Hawthorne.

For all the uncanny air that enfolds these stories, the supernatural elements in them are so quietly taken for granted, and are blended with so much of everyday circumstance that even their unrealities are made to seem curiously real. Mr. Roberts paints you a conventional, smiling English landscape, then by gradual, subtle wizardries touches it with secret, twilight terrors. He finds the gods of ancient Rome still haunting the English countryside where their altars and temples had stood; finds the altar magically re-erected, the sacred fire burning on the lonely hill in the deep of the night, and a strange worshipper, who had seemed by day an ordinary herd-boy, offering up sacrifice; finds the gods themselves returning to influence mysteriously, tragically, the lives of present-day men and women.

In "The Great Mother," Hugh Flinders asks his friend: "Would it surprise you to know that the old worship goes on? That hills near here are still sacred to Apollo? That groves are still dedicated to Diana, and woods to Pan? I don't mean stupid revivals like old Taylor's: I mean survivals of the old faith among the old people--people to whom Christ and the saints are less direct of access than earth-stained Pan, gross Priapus, or even Jupiter of the storm. For months now I have resisted and I can resist no longer. I am going to the grove to-night; and I should like you to come too, if you will. Will you?" The amazing happenings that night at the grove—the baffling disappearance of Hugh, the rush of frenzied dancers, with nothing to be heard but the swift padding of many feet, and nothing seen but the long, rank grass beaten down as by a storm of hailstones—the whole thing, with its matter-of-fact ending, which leaves the wonder unexplained, is done with an art, an imaginative cunning that is rare in modern fiction.

These occult influences of the ancient world are potent in "The Hill," the piteous tragedy of "The Other End," "The Wind," "Under the Sun," and other of the tales; but it is a different wizardry that is practised by the saintly priest, Lascelles, in "The Narrow Way," another sort of spirit that haunts the high road in "The Cage." Any summary of the stories would misrepresent them; they depend so much for their effectiveness on the atmosphere in which they are steeped, on little details of character and incident that, subtly touched into them, subdue the reader to a belief in their bizarre happenings. Some are edged with a delicate irony, or have charm as well as mystery and terror; the best show a power of fantasy and a deftness of finish which seem to indicate that Mr. Ellis Roberts has too long given to criticism what was meant for imaginative literature.

A. R.

WHAT THE JUDGE THOUGHT.*

Readers of "Dorothy Osborne's Letters" and "What the Judge Saw" need no further introduction to His Honour Judge Parry; they have met him before and found him a shrewd and genial acquaintance, with a fund of fresh, lively stories on hand. Whether the majority of his legal brethren have a sense of humour broad and deep enough to relish the fun-poking directed against a dignified and learned profession is at least doubtful. Onlookers see most of the game, but here is one—a player himself—who knows the weaknesses and injustices of the rules, their unreasonableness, absurdities and abuses, and is not afraid that some of his colleagues may cold shoulder him for lacking *esprit de corps*.

Amateurs of advocacy will discover much to interest them in the short biographies given of O'Connell, Rufus Choate, Mr. Justice Maule and Abraham Lincoln, whose career as an advocate has never before been stressed, so far as we know, though it occupied the best years of his life, from 1836 to 1860. Though the chapter headings may sound a little abstruse to the general reader, the greater part of the subject matter is far from being so. The chapter "Concerning the Law of the Lost Golf Ball" is what the man in the street would call "a perfect scream"; it is warranted to keep a more refined reader shaking with silent laughter from beginning to end. Scarcely less clever and amusing are those on "The Future of Portia" and "Jumbo in Chancery."

Judge Parry is eager for legal reform. Justice is supposed to be free as air, but those who wax indignant on the cost of litigation to the poor and the avarice of lawyers will find enough favourable evidence here to keep them talking for a week. In Chapter III, "Concerning Legal Out-Patients," it is suggested that lawyers might give voluntary legal assistance to the poor, as do the doctors:

> "What would be more likely to endear lawyers to the hearts of the people than to see a Simon or a Marshall Hall in a crowded room in the Borough, studying the legal ailments of the patients of the district, prescribing affidavits and interrogatories, and lecturing to a band of devoted students how justice might be administered to these poor persons."

The Courts of Conciliation which exist in Denmark, Scandinavia, Italy and France are described, and striking figures given showing their results in money, economy and conciliation. The book is full of human interest, sometimes poignant. In a few brilliant strokes Judge Parry puts before us those dramatic episodes of court life that make attendance at public trials so valuable to the playwright and actor. "What the Judge Thought" may be guaranteed to give hours of enjoyment to any reader.

* "What the Judge Thought." By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)

PILGRIM'S REST.*

Mr. Brett Young has laid his story in Johannesburg, in the phase which might be described as between the wars, and during the strike. The theme is the impact of the pioneer type on the more elaborate mechanised civilisation that succeeds him. Hayman has been a prospector, a pioneer. His weaknesses are those of primitive society. He has "no use for anything a man can't get off his own bat." Having been one of the earlier diggers in Johannesburg, he returns when Johannesburg has become a modern industrial centre, with safety regulations in the mines, massed capital, massed labour, massed prosperity and herded squalor. He cannot do with it. He cannot see why he should modify his pace of work to the pace of other men. He cannot see why he should be forbidden to take a risk if the risk is his own. He despises the noisy, bewildered destructiveness of the Union leaders, and both he and Mr. Brett Young have only a momentary perception that the particular kind of squalor and degradation practically forced on the working population of the mines is certain to produce, sooner or later, the particular kind of explosion that occurs. It is, in short, not peculiarly a South African problem (though the description of South African scenery, light and casual higgledy-piggledy construction, is brilliantly done). It is the same problem as is perplexing England, America, Italy, anywhere in fact where there is an industrial life at all, where huge masses of men on whose incessant industry and efficiency the whole thing depends, have begun to declare their lives not good enough; and those directing industry are shirking the question of how they can be made good enough.

Hayman does not really solve the question. He merely emigrates to a more primitive goldfield, his wilder dreams of making a huge fortune in an undiscovered region fading away before the concrete image of a woman he really

* "Pilgrim's Rest." By F. Brett Young. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

loves and work he can really do. The whole story is well and vividly written, and the bewildering variety of type—the Neapolitans who run the questionable hotel, the feverish, lung-stricken agitators, the simple if rather brutal loyalty of the native "first boy," the uncertainty of the impoverished Boers driven from the farm life they were bred in into the industrial life for which they are unprepared both in mind and ethics, the three women maintaining their refined and civilised home in the midst of all the poverty and chaos, are all etched in with a sure hand. You would know each of them if they came into the room.

L. MASTERMAN.

THE POETIC MIND.*

Here at last is a sound, comprehensive and prosaic account of the nature of poetic thought. Mr. Prescott's book is on the right lines both as to exposition, which is admirably plain, and also because the author boldly and consistently acts upon the intention announced in the introduction—"to use quotations often as the best possible evidence . . . rather than present novel theories," and "correlate views—often by the poets—about poetry."

The evidence gathered by Mr. Prescott is primarily intended to support the following argument. Poetry is something magical, mysterious, because it is the fruit of dream born in unconscious mind. If there be any such thing as poetry which is the result merely of conscious thought, it contains nothing needing explanation. What we mean by "pure" poetry is certainly dream stuff or vision, though some degree of conscious thinking enters into most poems. Poetic dreaming is akin to the unreasoning thought of children and savages and is, historically, older than the conscious operation of scientific reason. Also it is preoccupied with the half known and the unknown. The unconscious mind is "on the whole superior in insight and wisdom to the conscious," and "the poet has the power of utilising this unconscious material." The necessary initial impulse to poetry comes from emotion, and this emotion is generated in the deep, unsatisfied desires of the individual. Self-expression in poetry is thus, as Aristotle said, a purge for the individual mind. Not only does poetry purge the mind of repressed wishes but, as Bacon said in "The Advancement of Learning," its use has also been "to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it." The answer to those, like Lombroso and Nordau, who regard the "poetic madness" (and poetic inspiration must be the result of poetic madness) as the same thing as insanity, and the genius as a degenerate, is that they reason illogically, without having first established a standard by which to judge what is and is not mentally healthy. The poet is certainly abnormal; he is for one thing extraordinarily sensitive to impressions; but Myer's claim that the genius is "progenerate" rather than degenerate, is worthy of scientific consideration. Although there is no conclusive evidence that poetic madness is pathological, it probably includes a tendency to become aggravated into a pathological condition similar to that of the neurotic or the lunatic. The poet relieves himself in poetry. Shakespeare, "if not mad, prevents madness by writing 'Hamlet.'" Since all humanity nurses unconscious desires and aspirations, readers of poetry are struck rather by the revelation therein of their own thoughts than of the thoughts of the writer. Thus poetry has a further use, a very important use for the world.

* "The Poetic Mind." By F. C. Prescott (Cornell University). 9s. (Macmillan.)

"Men are fatigued by the business of life, preyed upon by unpleasant feelings, under a tension that requires relaxation. They read a novel or go to a play and find supplied in fiction what is wanting in reality. They feel what Keble calls the *vis medica poeticae*, and after living in this imaginary world they

'With peace and consolation are dismissed
And calm of mind, all passion spent.'"

Mr. Prescott at this point approaches dangerously near to a confusion of unconscious mind with poetry which is its creative expression.

I do not doubt that Mr. Charles Garvice's unconscious mind wrote most of his novels, and that his novels sent many a reader away

"With peace and consolation";

but were Mr. Garvice's novels poetry? No. Why? One may agree with Mr. Prescott that true poetry may occur not only in verse, "but also in the prose of our translation of the Psalms, in the 'Leaves of Grass,' in the 'vers libre' and in . . . many a prose passage." Why then are Garvice novels, which certainly purge unsatisfied wishes, not true poetry? Prescott knows (he seems to know every secret of the poet), although at times, doubtless owing to gaps in his argument, he seems to be on the verge of self-contradiction. In a valuable chapter on "The Uses of Poetry" he considers the prophetic and mantic character that has always been ascribed to it as also to dreams:

"The oracles of poetry come from an unconscious visionary thought tending to transcend time and space. The poetic vision sees a future event symbolically as already present; it sees it indeed without time; it cannot therefore establish dates according to our ordinary calendar . . . The range of the poetic prophecy is as great as that of human desire or aspiration. There is no marvel if it tells 'the flowing fortunes of a thousand years.'"

In other words the dream symbolism of poetry is the creation not only of buried desires but of constructive imagination which is giving shape to the aspirations and tendencies of the human race. A Charles Garvice novel (and also of course three-quarters of the fiction that is written) may be a more or less efficient means of externalising the mundane wishes of readers; but to be prophetic, that is poetic, fiction (in prose or in verse) must express intimations of worlds not realised; for man is a spiritual creature imprisoned by finite phenomena in an infinite universe. Prophetic poetry may be simple; it need not be "cosmic" in subject, but only in suggestion. It must point out things that we know subconsciously or intuitively, such as that you cannot pick a daisy without troubling of a star; that flowers breathe and enjoy the air; that the Kingdom of God is within you.

"A great poet is great partly for this reason, that his writings give some shadow of satisfaction to the desires of all men. And what all men desire they strive earnestly to obtain, and will obtain eventually. . . . This desire . . . arises from the present reality and reflects the coming one. *By a pre-established harmony it looks toward that universal or purified or perfected nature of which Aristotle speaks.* 'The desire of all nations shall come.' As Lowell says:

'The dreams which nations dream come true
And shape the world anew.'"

Thus is Christ the greatest poet and prophet of all, and thus are all the true poets "the legislators of the world."

It will be seen from this most inadequate résumé of Mr. Prescott's important book that many gaps in the argument remain to be filled in. Some of these are due to the necessary limitation of space in this review; others are due to Mr. Prescott's similar limitations. I do not think any reader of "The Poetic Mind" will find in the author limitations of understanding. He understands well enough to go to the poets and seers for their conclusions first, accepting these conclusions, which all reinforce one another, as the premises of his rational argument.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

Novel Notes.

THE ORISSERS. By L. H. Myers. 7s. 6d. (Putnams.)

In its subtle way this book is a little masterpiece—but one that will appeal to the few, as is the manner of masterpieces in any art. No plot can be extracted from it for the review-reader's benefit; it is just such a story of motives, of intrigue, of watchers and commentators and expert mental analysts as Henry James would have accepted with joyful pains. Nevertheless it deals with very real people and with the concrete, in so far as the possession of an estate and certain worldly goods forms one theme, and the development of this part of the shadow-play is astonishingly well carried through. There are scenes which give an eerie, shivery impression, as though one watched a company of ghosts at their conversations and machinations; and there are people who are triumphs of uncanny insight. The fiendish Cosmo, with his half-demented enmity against the world; the suave, normal Standish, bewildered and baffled when the line of life diverges from the expected path; the scheming Madeline; the introspective Nicholas; the massive, sardonic John Mayne—and others—all are wonderfully drawn. But so skilled and subtle a writer demands for full appreciation a skilled and abnormal reader; therefore this novel is for the few, for the elect. They will value it; those who want a story for a railway journey will be impatient with its troubled beauty.

LOBSTER SALAD. By Lynn Doyle. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Few people would gather from the title of this volume any idea of the character of its contents, though those familiar with the earlier books of Mr. Lynn Doyle would doubtless make a shrewd guess. It is indeed a fresh gathering of stories concerning the good folks of Ballygullion, and the title, somewhat misleadingly perhaps given to the whole collection, is that of the first story, in which a lobster plays its effective part. That same first story, by the way, suggests something of a revival of the kind of Irish fiction of which "Handy Andy" was one of the most popular examples some years ago; and a somewhat similar character of humorous exaggeration marks "A Wild Goose Chase," by Mr. Lynn Doyle. His humour is not always of that kind; at times it is subtler, as in "Public Action," where the acquisitive man over-reaches himself, and in his attempt to get a neighbour's farm below its value is made to pay far beyond it. It is the Ireland of whisky-drinking country folk, of quaint "characters" and racy talk that we get in these further stories recalled by Mr. Patrick Murphy of Ballygullion, and skilfully set down by Mr. Lynn Doyle.

LAND OF MOONSHINE. By Mary L. Pendered. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

How many of us, I wonder, have longed to possess a real old country inn converted into a dwelling-place? It is true that these days many of us would be content with far less romantic and picturesque quarters if we could get them! But there is a fascination about an old inn that makes it especially desirable, and most of us will envy Valentine Prescott, whose quiet, yet charming story forms the theme of Miss Mary L. Pendered's latest novel. "Land of Moonshine" is not for readers who hanker after sensation and quick action, but all who delight to wander alone in fields and on the open road will read it with peculiar relish. A spirit of adventure lies in its dreams and fancies, and although so little may be said actually to happen, a sense of happy expectancy runs through the pages. It is one of those books to turn to for relief from the hectic, jostling highway of modern fiction—even as one turns down a sequestered lane in search of shade.

POOLS OF THE PAST. By Charles Procter. 7s. 6d. net. (John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

Mr. Charles Procter puts a somewhat severe strain on our credulity by basing his plot on a melodramatic coincidence. David Armour, having sworn vengeance on the woman who, he believes, murdered his friend, discovers that woman to be the young and charming stepmother of the girl he loves! A sensational story centres round this astounding circumstance, which will be read with zest by those who covet thrills and heartrending suspense. Sybil, the wife, in an effort to hide her past from her husband, tries to ruin him that they may retire to obscurity; while he, for his part, is intent on making a fortune to lay it at her feet. The scheming and anguish of mind end, prosaically enough, in the police court; but the author is kind, and ingeniously unravels the tangled skein that hearts may be set free to find happiness.

NOBODY KNOWS. By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. (Chapman and Hall.)

There is no need, in a novel, to deliver any message at all. You can simply tell a story But here Mr Goldring invites us to go great lengths, and to consider the puzzle of life itself. And he has no message. His own problems evidently remain unsolved In post-war London, Gilbert Vayle, a journalist, finds it hard to get work. His wife, bored by him and by poverty, leaves him, and he drifts here and there, observing, listening, wondering His thoughts travel back to his childhood, spent with middle-class Victorians living in a stuffy vicarage Existence then had at least a system and a standard. What is there to take its place? Sex-talk, birth-control, sham science? It is an unhappy book, and even when Gilbert finds the woman he loves, they are restless "Whether we are right or not, and what is going to happen to us—nobody knows." Our advice to the able author is not to touch this sort of story again "Nobody Knows" is a dejected bit of writing.

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN. By Mazo de la Roche. 6s. (Cassell.)

By a new author The story of three little boys, who are left in the care of an unsympathetic, harsh governess for two years while their father is abroad. Their mother is dead, and Mrs. Handsomebody is no mother, just a mass of reproofs and punishments. They had rather a poor time of it, but their high spirits carried them through "Angel, fiery, candid, inconstant, the careless possessor of a beautiful boy's treble; next, myself, a year younger, but equally tall and courageous in a more dogged way, then the Seraph, three years my junior. He was just five, following where we led with a blind loyalty. Stubborn, strong, and jolly as a pie." This tale of how the three pursued their own joyous private life will probably be enjoyed more by grown-ups than by kiddies, as it is written in a grown-up way, from a grown-up point of view. It will move hearts, for the boys are happy pickles.

THE ISLAND GOD FORGOT. By Charles B. Stilson and Charles Beahan. 7s. 6d. (Unwin)

In the First Novel Library. A dramatic tale of a crew who discovered a scuttled ship in the hidden harbour of an uncharted island. There is a brisk account of a mutiny on board, also there is a hidden treasure chest, which eventually is brought on deck and proved to be a hoax. After this, one of the evil spirits on board has the ship blown up with a charge of melinite. Five castaways drift ashore on the island, and there, in a mouldering water bag, the treasure is found. On the island the skipper's daughter is born. They call her Memory. Memory's life is described in romantic colours, her upbringing among wild nature, her first love story. Decidedly a good yarn, with lots of stuff in it.

SMOKELESS BURNING. By Constance I. Smith (Isabel Beaumont). 7s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Under the name of Isabel Beaumont, which apparently she is now discarding, Miss Constance I. Smith sprang into prominence not many months ago with her prize novel, "Secret Drama." The same vivid descriptions, the same close attention to detail in presenting persons and places mark this, her second book, as something unusual and almost painfully realistic. The two old sisters living on the Winchelsea marshes are characters that, with their tragic incompatability, their unconscious, gruesome humour, stand out with all the vividness of reality. The plot is slight; it is the characters that count- Freddie Seemur, so generously offering to house his aged aunts in his London home, yet with a subtle, mercenary motive; the younger aunt who hungers for the life and stir of the City; the older aunt stubbornly baulking her sister's dream, refusing to go. What a minute picture is drawn of the old women's cramped and narrow lives! "They washed up, arguing over the apportioning of the cleaning and drying, dragging the tea-cloth and the crockery from each other's hands, each doing again what the other had already done. . . ." A novel of altogether unusual interest and ability.

MR. BRADDY'S BOTTLE. By Richard Connell. 3s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Dodd.)

American magazine stories have a way of trickling on and on so interminably that the English reader is often forced to turn for relief to the ever-present advertising matter in the adjoining columns (as doubtless the editor intends him to do). It is therefore a pleasure to record that the laughable extravaganzas in this volume of stories by a new American humorist achieve their end crisply and brightly, and with no ulterior advertising motive. Mr. Connell's heroes are of the kind one readily sympathises with. They belong to the meek, downtrodden, chinless species, who for want of that indispensable something called "pep" are in danger of missing their share of this world's big salaries and brave adventures. The finding of a bottle of forbidden liquor in the cellar of his new home is the means of giving the steady-going, unenterprising Mr. Braddy *his* share. With young Croly Addick the process is more painful. Croly is bullied by everybody until by a lucky accident his receding chin is smashed, necessitating a new one being built-on at the hospital. The new jaw protrudes like the prow of a battleship, and armed with this, Croly finds his path roses, roses—or in the American equivalent, dollars, dollars—all the way. Altogether a decidedly amusing book for a frivolous evening.

The Bookman's Table.

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Mr. Hamlin Garland, one of the truest and strongest of Western novelists, has spent nearly a year in England, and revelled in the fresh understanding it has given him of British nature and British problems. Those of us who know his books—"Her Mountain Lover" and the rest—are well aware of his sincerity of touch in writing and the effective humour he can put into the clash of character and type. Few up-to-date Western writers possess such real affinity with the Old World, and this gives him spiritual kinship with men of the past like Longfellow, Lowell and Howells—men who began by absorbing the best that America and her universities could give, and then completed their development by acquiring the best they could find in the travel and literature of Europe. It is one of the highest ambitions surely for an observer and interpreter to strengthen the bridge of sympathy that has for so long stretched across the Atlantic and has been for ever hallowed by joint service in the war. Mr. Garland is destined to be one of these, and we are glad of this biograph of a family to show what like of men he springs from. There is something of heroism in the drift of his father westward and ever westward in search of the unfailing crop and the kindly season; but it melts to pathos when the author has to follow westward and woo the old and disillusioned farmer back to the haunts of his boyhood, and persuade him that the West has been a cruel lure. Social conditions, especially after the civil war time, were harsh and inclement, but the native beauty of character and custom, the old-fashioned pieties and traditions, blend everything together into a texture of patience and content. The closing scenes where the kinsmen come together at a Thanksgiving feast are like a perfect sunset of human life.

A CHOICE OF THE BEST POEMS FOR THE YOUNG. Compiled by Roger Ingpen. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Mr. Roger Ingpen's new anthology, "A Choice of the Best Poems for the Young," is published in a handy, pocket-sized edition. It is always tempting to suggest poems that might have been included and poems that might have been left out when writing about anthologies, but in this case Mr. Ingpen has disarmed us by using the word "choice" in his title. The range of the book is wide, and includes all kinds of poets and poems, though the only living poet appearing in its pages is Mr. Walter de la Mare. Among the other poets are Shakespeare, Burns, Leigh Hunt, Keats, Tennyson, Longfellow, Shelley, Blake, Browning, Wordsworth, Herrick and many others.

HISTORY OF CLAN MACFARLANE. By James MacFarlane. 6s. 6d. (Glasgow: Clark.)

The history of any of the great Highland clans usually touches general history at various points, and the present narrative, besides possessing an interest for the MacFarlanes and for the several families which, although bearing different names, are allied to the clan, as "septs," is a series of records of battles and adventures of many kinds, some of them of historical and antiquarian value. The book is well illustrated with pictures of scenes, documents, clan tartans and other subjects connected with the MacFarlane history. There is even a reproduction of the words and music of the clan pibroch, "Thogail nam Bò Theid Sinn," so that we get the impression of a very complete register of one of the most famous of the fighting clans. Many of the members of the clan have written their names large not only in political annals, but in science and industry, and the book is therefore a record of wide and varied interest.

THE HISTORY OF GREENOCK. By Robert Murray Smith. 21s. (Orr, Pollock.)

Mr. Murray Smith, a well-known West of Scotland journalist, has written an admirable account of the town with which he has been connected for many years:

> "The Grey Town
> That pipes the morning up before the lark
> With shrieking steam, and from a hundred stalks
> Lacquers the sooty sky."

So John Davidson besang the beloved Greenock where his early life was spent. Greenock's potentialities were obvious, and its future was certain. From small beginnings it has risen to renown and populousness, and is the seventh town in Scotland in respect of size. Situated at the mouth of one of the world's busiest waterways, and with abundant natural features to justify its existence as a seaport, Greenock could hardly fail to achieve the prosperity which has come to it within the last hundred years. A fascinating hive of industry—as befits the birthplace of James Watt, pioneer of the age of steam—it is one of Britain's principal shipbuilding centres; it has the largest sugar refineries in the Kingdom; and an array

of chemical works adds to the wealth, if it does not improve the amenity of the place. Greenock has some claim to literary celebrity. John Galt, author of "Annals of the Parish," that earliest example of the "Kailyard" type of literature, spent his boyhood here, and to Greenock he returned to close his weary days when his Canadian adventures were over. Dr. Melville M'Culloch, compiler of a many-editioned school classic—the "Course of Reading"—ministered in a Greenock parish for forty years. That noble pair of Hegelians, John and Edward Caird—Principal of Glasgow University and Master of Balliol—were sons of Greenock. John Wilson (another than "crusty Christopher" North) who wrote "Clyde: a Poem" (almost forgotten now) was rector of the Grammar School of Greenock. Greatest of Greenock's memories is its association with Burns's Highland Mary, whose dust reposed in the Old West burying-ground from 1780 to 1920, when shipyard extension schemes forced a resurrection and a re-interment in the Town Cemetery. Greenock's ecclesiastical annals have their due interest, but the industrial fortunes of the place are after all the real sources of Greenock's reputation throughout the globe. Mr. Smith's book is a faithful and painstaking chronicle, and is likely to remain a standard work on the subject. Illustrations are curiously and provokingly absent. No local history ought ever to neglect these, and if another edition is called for, at least half a dozen good pictures should be added.

Music.

ARTHUR BLISS.

By WATSON LYLE.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Arthur Bliss.**

THERE is, about the personality of Arthur Bliss, a frank geniality that is irresistible and that would compel attention anywhere. Indeed, a few years ago, before I was aware of the composer's identity, his face invariably attracted me when I saw him in concert halls. I was, at that time, becoming acquainted with his remarkably original music. Closer acquaintance with him impresses one with his strongly individual outlook upon musical art, with the freshness of his ideas and, incidentally, with his vitality and reserve of nervous energy.

Yet, withal, I do not think I should regard Bliss as an egotist. He is much too intelligent to brush aside the opinions and experiences of others as being unworthy of attention. Only the fool goes through life wearing the *yashmak* of complacent self-satisfaction. On the other hand there is no unhealthy introspection in the personality of Bliss: nothing to undermine that confidence which is necessary to impart conviction to creative art. He writes sincerely, as he feels and hears.

When I expressed admiration for the highly realistic tone-colour employed in the overture of the incidental music that he wrote for "The Tempest," in connection

with Viola Tree's production at the Aldwych in January, 1921, he replied simply that he wrote down sounds as he heard them. His technique is employed as a means to an end, like that of any good artist. It is this that lifts his work above the music made by some contemporary composers who juggle with modern harmony, vacillating rhythms and weird instrumental combinations in the hope that something " original " will result. Chicanery of this kind is responsible for the disfavour with which many people regard music described, loosely, as " modern " in idiom.

The sensitive aural appreciation of Bliss gives an unusual vividness to his tone-pictures He presents to the listener a composite picture, in which the details of the distinct sounds that go to form it are not completely lost in obtaining the general effect. By way of analogy in pictorial art, it might be said that his work often reminds one of a forceful line drawing.

The varied music and sounds of the country-side, as well as other sounds that have a mechanical (machinery) or human origin, the composer transmutes into terms of music, generally with startling fidelity; and he adopts pretty direct media for the expression of his ideas. Thus, in the overture referred to above, he employs tenor and bass voices, trumpet, trombone, four tympani, side drum, tenor drum, bass drum, gong and pianoforte in drawing the picture of his " tempest." Imaginatively one hears, in addition to the gale and the rain, human voices in distress. There is an emotional impression of the feelings of awe which such upheavals of nature are apt to engender. Apart from the skilful use made of the drums and gong, there is of course nothing particularly original about using instruments of this class to obtain such an effect; but the inclusion of the human voices, the piano and even of the brass (trumpet and trombone) in the instrumentation is a stroke of genius.

We have all, I suppose, at some time or other, endured a " storm " at an organ recital. Bliss's " Tempest " music is as far removed from such travesties of natural phenomena as though it were what our American cousins style " the reel thing." Bliss is, in fact, rather fond of using the human voice as an instrument in his orchestral ensemble instead of in the orthodox manner of a vocal solo supported by orchestra.

His " Rhapsody " and " Rout " provide further, and dissimilar, examples of this use of the voice. The former work is quiet and reflective in mood. Its emotional impression is distinctly idyllic. The two voices (soprano and tenor) sing the melodies allotted to them on the open sound " Ah " throughout. In some such way might we hear, borne upon the breeze, the scarcely conscious singing of two happy human beings as they wandered across the fresh open uplands. " Rhapsody " is a very beautiful work.

The instrumentation of " Rout " is more elaborate than that of " Rhapsody." The voice has a melody given to it, and to this is set a " string of syllables corresponding to the scraps of song that would reach a listener watching a carnival from an open window "—I quote from the composer's brief literary preface to the work. The effect is therefore better for the tone-picture that he desires to convey to his hearers—i.e. the confused sounds of a " rout " or revel, heard from a slight distance—than if he had given intelligible words to the vocalist. These must inevitably have suggested associations foreign to his sound-picture. Further, that the the listener should only hear detached syllables would be truer to the circumstances of his position.

The work with which Bliss made his debut as a composer is entitled " Madam Noy." It bears the date 1918, and is frequently heard at vocal recitals in the arrangement for voice and piano, which, if I remember rightly, the composer used at its first London performance. The music of " Madam Noy " is in complete sympathy with the fantastic mood of the words. They tell of the midnight prowls of this witch, who digs up a bone from the sands of the seashore for use in an incantation. Locking the bone safely in a cupboard, the witch retires for the night; but a sepulchral voice, from inside the cupboard, insistently demands the return of the bone. She jumps out of bed, unlocks the cupboard and hurls " the talkative bone outside." Then " . . . she curses her luck and the bone in despair, But beneath comes a low, mocking laugh on the air." The wood-wind (flute, clarinet and bassoon) begin the music with a descending, chromatic scale passage, largely used throughout, which is aptly suggestive of the " low, mocking laugh." Harp, viola and double-bass are employed to sound the magic hour of twelve, midnight, when " she has gone to bed." The mystical effect is intensified by the addition of the flute, *pp*. There is nothing unhealthy in the composer's treatment of this grisly subject. He evades the tawdriness which, artistically, disfigures Saint-Saëns' musical allusions of a similar kind in his symphonic poem, " Danse Macabre."

There are five short pieces—" The Committee Meeting," " In the Wood," " In the Ball-room," " Soliloquy " and " In the Tube at Oxford Circus " in the book entitled " Conversations," for flute (or bass flute), oboe (or cor anglais), violin, viola and violoncello. In the first of these pieces a three-bar phrase reiterated ceaselessly by the violin *mf* against the varied material *ff* which the flute, oboe, viola and 'cello play, apparently satirises a tenacious individual in the meeting, or else, perhaps, the reminders of the chairman. No. 2 is an exquisite trifle, idyllic in mood. No. 3 begins vivaciously, but somehow the energy peters out, perhaps to typify the ennui stealing over the dancers. No. 4 is for cor anglais alone, and is calculated to absorb the attention of a performer upon that somewhat uncertainly responsive instrument. The conversations " In the Tube at Oxford Circus " are frequently interrupted by trills, and jarring noises, and rude interpolations of rhythms alien to the prevailing one of 4/4.

Rhythmic independence is characteristic of Bliss's music, and it finds a very complete exercise in the " Mêlée Fantasque," a brilliant piece of writing for full orchestra that might be likened to an elaborate embroidery in brightly and distinctively-hued materials, each gaily-coloured thread tracing a clear-cut pattern, that becomes an integral part of the whole. The work comes to an elegiac conclusion, and is dedicated to the memory of the late Claud Lovat Fraser.

Rhythmic vigour is very noticeable in the Concerto for pianoforte and tenor voice, accompanied by strings and percussion. In this work the voice,

although used instrumentally, is given words to sing. These have been chosen for their phonetic qualities rather than for their meaning, their *raison d'être* being simply that the *timbre* of the voice is best heard when it is given consonants as well as vowels to sing. A xylophone is another novel addition to the scoring.

In his most important work, " A Colour Symphony," he is somewhat concerned with the colour-associations symbolised (in himself) by the sounds and rhythms of music. The idea, while not new (Scriabin, for example, having advised the use of a keyboard of light for the complete performance of his " Prometheus "), is very controversial, and there is no special reason why it should be gone into here. Pressure upon space also, I fear, compels me to a bare statement of the fact that the Symphony is in Four Movements which are, consecutively, headed " Purple : the colour of Amethysts, Pageantry, Royalty and Death " ; " Red : the colour of Rubies, Wine, Revelry, Furnaces, Courage and Magic " ; " Blue : the colour of Sapphires, Deep Water, Loyalty and Melancholy " ; and " Green : the colour of Emeralds, Hope, Joy, Youth, Spring and Victory." The work will be heard for the second time in Queen's Hall on March 10th, and Messrs. Goodwin & Tabb publish a monograph upon it by Percy A. Scholes.

Bliss leaves this country for New York, thence for California, on April 21st. It appears probable that he will employ his especial gifts in the direction of colour and rhythm in the composition of music for super-cinema productions, with which infant art he finds himself in much sympathy.

In the matter of biographical data it may be stated that Arthur Bliss was born in London on August 2nd, 1891. He was educated at Rugby and Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. and Mus.Bac. in 1913. He served in France with the 13th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers and with the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. He was wounded on the Somme, and mentioned in dispatches for gallantry in 1916, and he was gassed near Cambrai in 1918.

The works he is at present engaged upon include a Concerto for Oboe, and a Ballet, " The Mask of the Red Death," after Edgar Allan Poe.

Such, then, is a brief consideration of the personality and work of a composer whose influence upon the progress of musical art may be far reaching.

LIST OF COMPOSITIONS.

" Madam Noy " (1918). Song, for soprano and six instruments. Words by " E. H. W. M." (Chester.)

Rhapsody (1919). Soprano and tenor voices. (Carnegie Trust, 1921 ; Stainer & Bell.)

" Rout " (1920). Soprano and Chamber Orchestra. (Goodwin & Tabb ; also on " H.M.V." Records.)

" Conversations " (1920). For Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Flute (or Bass Flute), Oboe and Cor Anglais. (Goodwin & Tabb)

Music to " The Tempest," produced by Viola Tree at the Aldwych Theatre, January, 1921.

Concerto (1920). For pianoforte and tenor voice, accompanied by strings and percussion, and xylophone.

Two Studies for Orchestra (1920).

" Mêlée Fantasque for Orchestra " (1921). (Goodwin & Tabb).

Two Nursery Rhymes. Words by Frances Cornford (1920). (Chester.)

" Three Romantic Songs " (1922). Words by Walter de la Mare. (Goodwin & Tabb.)

" A Colour Symphony." For Orchestra (1922).

" Bliss." A One-Step, for pianoforte (1923). (Goodwin & Tabb.)

DITTIES GRAVE AND GAY.*

It has long while been customary—in fact, I do not remember a time when the vogue was unknown—to peform concert songs in couples. The unwritten law which ordains this custom is based, it would seem, upon some sort of theory: e.g. that the more solemn song of the two requires something approximate to "comic relief" in a tragedy, lest the hearers become unduly and permanently depressed. Or, again, that the more vivacious of the two needs to be kept in check, and its frivolity subdued, by the chastening presence of a "dark companion," such as many bright stars possess. At any rate, though at times the inevitability of this tandem treatment may become slightly wearisome, one admits that there must be some basic reasonableness demanding it—something subtler than mere love of variety, and deeper than the vocalist's quite natural ambition to succeed in two opposite styles.

What this something is, one can only conjecture. Certainly, it has not always carried weight: it is a belated reaction, I believe, against the excessive and portentous seriosity of our remote ancestors. A marked preference for the extremely lugubrious was shown by our Elizabethan forbears: whether they were writing song-words or song-melodies. When not actively employed "in Ercles' vein," tearing a passion to tatters, the sixteenth century musician not seldom took his pleasures sadly. Violent emotions, of course, gave him and his vocalist more scope for expression: and the overwhelming agonies of unrequited love furnished the staple food of his art. These were more solidly doleful stuff than those airy whimsies and caprices which the lyric-writing fraternity, that "nest of singing-birds," twittered with such exquisite charm. And I suppose that is why we do not come across many contemporary settings of the Shakespearean lyrics—those iridescent bubbles of grace and fancy. They are the very breath of *joie de vivre*—mere lightly-warbled snatches, like a willow-wren's on a flowering spray; and possibly they rather bewildered the Tudor composers, who were "most musical, most melancholy" in a very literal sense. You cannot conceive, for example, of Dowland achieving anything akin to Schubert's rendering of "Hark, Hark, the Lark." But his sober, sombre, stately style is admirably exhibited in such instances as "From Silent Night," whose prevailing tone is truly self-stated as "tunes of sad despair"—of "sorrow, grief, and care." A beautiful piece of work: yet so dismal as to demand an immediate subsequent allegro movement, to take off the taste of woe. This allegro could be adequately supplied by "Rybbesdale," which is sufficiently old-world in words and treatment to follow well after Dowland. Mr. Balfour Gardiner has here created a composition of pleasantly quaint charm and freshness. I hardly think, however, that the last four bars are as effective a conclusion as they might be; and, were I the vocalist, I might be tempted to take the liberty of shaping them to finer issues. But let this be breathed *sub rosa*.

In his two settings of Stevenson poems, Roger Quilter provides grave and gay respectively, to what should be everybody's liking. "In the Highlands," while not of special distinction, has a peaceful attractiveness of its own, realising and reflecting the well-known verses. Here again, I do not regard the finale as quite expressive of what one might have expected to hear. But this is no doubt a personal matter, for one cannot lay any charge of neglect against so thoughtful and artistic a composer as Roger Quilter. His spring melody, "Over the Land is April," makes a sparkling pendant to the quieter song; it exhales the actual atmosphere of green moss, primroses, young leaves, growing grasses. Both these productions are written fluently for the voice, and skilfully for the accompanist.

Sir Landon Ronald's "At Night" bears a singular resemblance in subject and in feeling to a song of much beauty which appeared some while back—S. J. Rowton's "Night, and the Woods, and You" (words by Rupert Brooke)—yet the treatment is wholly dissimilar. It is as though two men had been regarding the same idea through different-coloured glasses. "At Night" is a distinguished and musicianly piece, whose pensive sweetness should commend it to all vocalists capable of its appreciation and interpretation. That is to say, to every proficient tenor or soprano. . . . I wonder why "its" is spelt rightly once, and wrongly thrice?

Brisk and lively, "The Bachelor" is a bright little morsel, eminently suitable for an encore song, or to follow after more meditative pages. The fifteenth-century lyric is both humorous and veracious in its description of the unattached young man—showing that human nature never changes! Altogether it is a jolly little affair. "O Mistress Mine"—definitely intended for the same purpose (as an encore)—does not seem to me so taking as "When that I was and a tiny little Boy" (lately reviewed), by the same composer. 'Twill serve: it is tuneful, but shallow, and a trifle conventional. Perhaps one's palate is jaded after meeting so very, very many cases of these lines, "with apt notes to sing them withal." Did ever a single one of them, these settings of "O Mistress Mine," appeal to one as being exactly right?

And now to close upon a gravely tender note, in Cyril Scott's lovely "Reconciliation." I grow chary of reiterating encomiums on this master's work—so often and so warmly have I eulogised him. "Reconciliation" is of a touching and passionate simplicity: if I refrain from enthusiasm over it, it is only lest my readers should be fatigued with praises of Cyril Scott. But his music is, I think, in a state of perpetual progression from strength to strength; and, grave or gay, such ditties are equally desirable to lovers of a sincere and noble art.

May Byron.

* "From Silent Night." By John Dowland. 1s. 6d. (Winthrop Rogers.)—"Rybbesdale." Words adapted by Clifford Bax from an Old English Poem; music by H. Balfour Gardiner. 2s. (Augener.)—"In the Highlands." By R. L. Stevenson. Music by Roger Quilter. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Over the Land in April." By R. L. Stevenson. Music by Roger Quilter. 2s. (Elkin.)—"At Night." By Gwendolen Paget. Music by Landon Ronald. 2s. (Enoch.)—"The Bachelor." Words Anon, fifteenth century. Music by Peter Warlock. 1s. (Augener.) "O Mistress Mine." By Shakespeare. Music by Gerrard Williams. 1s. 6d. (Paxton.)—"Reconciliation." By Naomi N. Carvalho. Music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)

"POLLY" AT KINGSWAY THEATRE.

"Polly" suffers from the disadvantage that her audiences make comparisons. The play being announced as a sequel to the "Beggar's Opera," and human nature being what it is, we are ready to note differences from the older piece and, like children insisting on the old tale being told precisely in the old way, to consider them incontinently as defects. It may be admitted at once that Macheath and his crew have suffered an extreme sea change in transportation to Jamaica, and that "Polly" has more points of difference than of resemblance to the "Beggar's Opera." The flavour is different. There is less satire and wit. For satiric burlesque we now have burlesque-romantic musical comedy. But what music, what a garland of adorable tunes! Mr. Austin has been even cleverer than before; Mr. Bax's adaptation is dexterous and in period, and Mr. Wilkinson's scenery is admirable.

The style of the two principals contributes to the change. I liked Mr. Chatham's work greatly; but anything more different from the delicious absurdity of Mr. Ranalow, who always reminds me of a charming stockbroker being naughty on vacation, can hardly be imagined. Macheath of Jamaica is a very chastened edition of Macheath, the bad lad of Newgate. One foresees for him a romantically melancholic middle age of strict monogamy. Miss Peachum too has changed. From a pet she has developed into a woman. Miss Lilian Davies has beauty, grace, good diction and sincerity. She sings the loveliest tunes in the score with a voice that is worthy of them. Between a first and second hearing it had markedly improved and will be still better if she can make the middle register as

steady as the extremes. The producers are lucky in their cast. Every member can sing, act, and articulate the English language—a happy sign of the times. Mr. Percy Parsons is still a joy as the absurdly benevolent pirate, vast of voice and light of foot. The two new principals are also a success. As Mrs. Trapes Miss Gladys Sinclair looks and acts like a bridling dame drawn by Cruikshank. Mr. Stanley Vilven, the new Mr. Ducat, can act burlesque, dance, sing a sturdy tenor and suggest salaciousness without offence.

In three things "Polly" seems to me certainly better than the "Beggar's Opera." It is shorter and more varied, and, having no too-gross Mrs. Peachum to introduce the fœtor of unpleasant reality, is more purely fantastic. Altogether I look forward to seeing it a third time. It deserves to live as long as the Hammersmith piece. If it does not it will be because the music is too good for a mere West End audience, which comes late and babbles through the charming overtures; because Macheath has become sober; and still more because West End expenses and the particular theatre deprive the play of that finest of all publicity agents, the gallery. I wish "Polly" lived in Hammersmith, or the Euston Road. Had she set up house in a galleried theatre so inaccessible as to raise the fighting spirit of music-lovers, I should have no doubts.

RODNEY BENNETT.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

THREE IRISH FOLK TUNES. By Henry Tolhurst. (Paxton.)

Charming Irish melodies, arranged for violin and pianoforte.

IN DREAMS FLEETING. By George Oldroyd. (Elkin.)

A charming and quaint setting of an early English lyric. Mr. Oldroyd has caught the spirit of the words to perfection.

SHY MIGNONETTE. By May H. Brahe. Lyric by Helen Taylor. (Enoch.)

There are people who would call this a "sweet" song, and perhaps in this case it is the most appropriate adjective to use; but the melody strikes a reminiscent note.

THE CHILD HEART. By Alec Rowley. (Edwin Ashdown) (Book 1 and Book 2)

Young pianists should gain much pleasure and instruction from these cleverly set duets All the tunes are founded on British Nursery Songs.

PLAYTIME PIECES. By Ernest Austin. (Larway.)

Mr. Ernest Austin is certainly a power to be reckoned with when considering the modern child's musical education. He has the great advantage of being able to express himself equally well through the written word and through music: he is full of ideas, which, in "Playtime Pieces," he presents through both mediums. The sub-title, "The Poetry of Rhythm" (Music Appreciation Series), gives some idea of his main theme. The reading matter in the book is delightful; entertaining, amusing, fascinating, yet full of instruction; and the music in the book has exactly the same qualities as the reading matter. It makes one pity the children of the past who had not the opportunity of learning music the Ernest Austin way.

The Drama.

IF WINTER COMES.

So many people had said it was impossible to dramatise "If Winter Comes," and so many who had seen early performances at the provincial theatre had spoken of things in the story omitted from the dramatised version, that when the play came to London I went to see it at the St. James's with certain, or uncertain, apprehensions. But



Sabre returns from the War on leave.

Mabel interrupts the breakfast party at Tidborough.

Miss Helen Spencer as Effie Bright; Mr. Owen Nares as Mark Sabre; Miss Grace Lane as Mrs. Sabre; Miss Margaret Reeve and Miss Iris Vandeleur as High Jinks and Low Jinks.

Scenes from "If Winter Comes." By A. S. M. Hutchinson and Macdonald Hastings, at the St. James's Theatre.

MARK SABRE: "THIS IS MY DETERMINATION. EFFIE MUST REMAIN HERE."





LADY TYBAR: "MY HUSBAND IS DEAD."

Lady Tybar confronts Fortune and Twyning in their office. They hint that she has not power to refuse a renewal of their lease, but she informs them that Lord Tybar is dead.

Mr. Tarver Penne as Twyning; Mr. Frederick Volpé as the Rev. Sebastian Fortune; and Miss Barbara Hoffe as Lady Tybar.

Photos by W. S. Campbell.

soon after the curtain went up I began to suspect that they were groundless, and before it went down on the last scene I knew they were. In collaboration with Mr. Macdonald Hastings, Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson has transformed his famous novel into an acting drama without losing anything of the poignance and charm of the narrative. Of course no book that keeps a reader occupied for a day could be adapted to the three hours' traffic of the stage without compressions of dialogue and readjustments of incident, but all such accommodations have been made so deftly that the whole story in all essential detail is unfolded before the footlights.

The Mark Sabre of Mr. Owen Nares is Mr. Hutchinson's Mark Sabre incarnate. From the moment he arrives on the inevitable bicycle he is the Mark of the novel made manifest. It is the very man—the impetuous idealist, the chivalrous fool, with all his lovable, irritating little habits, his odd sense of humour, his irresolutions, his courage and dogged strength of will when he sees what he feels is the right thing to do. Mr. Nares makes him a finely high-minded but intensely and entirely human creature, so that you can believe in his idealistic love of Lady Tybar and in the reckless championship of the forlorn Effie that alienates his wife and brings ruin and disgrace on himself. The thing is done, too, without heroics, with a simple naturalness; the jerky mannerisms, the casual jests, the swift self-communings are all touched in quietly, with no undue emphasis, and it is this very quietness and unheroic doing of heroic things that intensifies the pathos and power of the drama's most poignant scenes. As I overheard one of the audience remark, Owen Nares acts the part so perfectly that he does not seem to be acting. It proves him, to the surprise of some critics, one of the subtlest and greatest character-actors on the modern stage.

The difficult part of the unimaginative, unsympathetic, suburban-minded wife is very ably taken by Miss Grace Lane; and Miss Helen Spencer gives just the right suggestions of raw innocence, crude youthfulness and ultimate pitifulness to her presentation of Effie Bright. Miss Barbara Hoffe as Lady Tybar, Mr. Ernest Mainwaring as Major Millet, Mr. Tarver Penna as Mr. Twyning, and Mr. Frederick Volpé as the unctuous, obese, slightly pompous Rev. Sebastian Fortune are admirable. I have seldom seen a novel so ably transferred to the stage, or furnished with a cast that more adequately realised its characters, from the chief to the least of them. The story is as interesting on the boards as in the book; so the play ought to be as successful as the novel, and looks as if it would be.

A. R.

TREASURE ISLAND. At the Strand Theatre.

Probably no lover of Stevenson will be wholly satisfied with the stage rendering of "Treasure Island." There is of necessity so much of the story omitted, and the dialogue does not give any idea of the fine writing which goes to the making of the book. Nevertheless, this is not to say that it is not an excellent play. The first act, in particular, has caught the true spirit of romance, and the scene in "The Admiral Benbow" thrills us with the keenest excitement. Perhaps as the play goes on we get a little satiated with fights and pistol-shots and cold-blooded killing, though the acting throughout is remarkably good. Mr. Arthur Bourchier puts a lot of first-rate work into the part of Long John Silver, while Mr. Frederick Peisley makes a very convincing Jim Hawkins. This young actor, with his restraint and absolute naturalness, gives promise of big things in the future. From first to last the play is, as one would expect, mainly a play for boys; there is only one woman in it—the mother, played by Miss Beatrice Wilson—and she does not appear after the first act! But all who have not quite lost the enthusiasm of youth will enjoy it, will glory in the sheer adventure of the thing, and the riotous colour-effects of the setting. The scenes on "The Hispaniola" are especially beautiful and realistic.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.
A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is from an illustration in colour to the chapter on Mrs. Browning in " Days with the Victorian Poets " (Hodder & Stoughton).

The days of hero-worship are over, and not many will feel sorry they are gone. Even under the spell of Carlyle's glowing eloquence, one had uneasy suspicions that such worship was not good for the heroes, and might have a rather demoralising effect on the worshippers. It must have caused discomfort and annoyance to the heroes themselves, except when they happened to have no sense of humour, plenty of leisure, and were able to take their achievements very seriously indeed.

That kind of thing, still with exceptions, has become alien to the modern spirit. If Mr. Shaw, for example, wished to be placed on a pedestal and served with incense he would be more careful to live up to the part ; whereas, the last time these eyes beheld him he was at once demonstrating his vegetarian principles and illustrating a one-time popular song by walking down the Strand hugging to his breast a large paper bag from the top of which bananas were breaking out. The hero who wanted to be worshipped would never do that. And it is notorious that Sir James Barrie will not submit to being pedestalled and personally embarrassed by the enthusiasm of his admirers. If he did he would have no time for anything else.

Not so long ago an American lady called on a London editor, and was anxious to know how she could obtain an introduction to Sir James. " I must see him before I go back," she said. " I want to tell him how greatly I admire him and his work, but nobody will help me. I have had introductions to several of his personal friends, but they all say he would not like it, and would think them unfriendly, if they attempted to introduce me to him. They say there are so many on the same errand, but surely he might break his rule now and then One friend of his " (she named one of our most



Photo by John Trevor, Hampstead. **Mrs. Grace Rhys,**
whose new novel, "Eleanor in the Loft" (Jonathan Cape) is reviewed in this Number.

famous authors) "made a most ridiculous suggestion. He said he could not give me a letter of introduction; whatever was done I must do it for myself; and that my only way was to go to his chambers, sit down outside the door and make a noise like a lost child. If Sir James heard me, he said, he would be touched and open the door to look out, and would so be delivered into my hands. But, I asked, what would he think when he saw me, a middle-aged woman, behaving like that. 'Oh, well,' said Mr. X., 'you must be tactful. Didn't you say your daughter had written to him for his autograph? Well, you must at once get up and exclaim with dignity, "I understand you have been corresponding with my daughter, and I am here to know what it means." Naturally, he will not want to discuss such a matter on the landing, and will ask you inside, and there you are.' Of course, it is impossible for me to do anything so absurd, but there must be other ways."

The fact that, on the whole, our heroes avoid worship does not mean they are indifferent to our reasonable approval, and that most of us no longer worship them does not mean that we no longer admire them. We do admire them, but on this side idolatry. We have ceased to regard them as a race apart and above criticism. We are more discriminate; our recognition of their genius does not blind us to flaws in their work; our admiration does not deter us from criticising them with a good deal of freedom. This is the attitude adopted by Mr. St. John Ervine throughout his "Some Impressions of My Elders" (7s. 6d.; Allen & Unwin), and he prepares you for it in his first chapter.

"The mere fact," he writes, "that a man has contracted a profitable habit of putting words together does not entitle him to more of the world's respect than is due to one who has contracted the habit of putting bits of metal together and calling the result a motor-car. I do not know why a man who writes books should regard himself as a better man than one who makes butter. Far less do I know why the man who makes butter should consent to believe that he is less worthy than the man who makes books. . . . On the whole, I would prefer to see our authors neglected than over-estimated. No one on earth and probably no one in heaven can prevent an author from making books while he has breath in his body and energy in his brain and fingers. Therefore neglect will not greatly harm him. But too much praise, too much consideration of his views, above all, too much profit from his work, will make a sad mess of an excellent writer. I tell myself sometimes that an author should not be praised until he is dead, though he might occasionally be dispraised during his lifetime. We should thus save him, though there is no certainty of this, from excess of vanity. Let Shakespeare's reputation grow to legendary proportions when he is safely within his grave, but do not, if you desire the best that is in him, let him be often or much praised while he is alive."

But the one extreme is as fatal as the other. Too much praise is not worse for an author than none at all. An actor is not inspired to do his best if the audience remain unresponsive, and a writer grows disheartened without sufficient recognition to confirm his belief in himself. When you are trying to cultivate anything a drought is not more devastating than a deluge. Mr. St. John Ervine is no iconoclast, however, and any doubts his preliminary protest may have raised in your mind are soon dispelled. If he thinks that "A. E." has remained too long in Ireland, and "is not free from the mush of sentimentality with which Irishmen regard



Miss Alexandra Watson,
Author of "The Progress of Anthony Renwick" (Hodder & Stoughton).



Mr. Frederick Sleath,
whose new novel, "The Red Vulture," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson

themselves" (and he is fiercely candid all along in criticising his own countrymen), he notes also that there is no gainsaying "A. E.'s" greatness: "He fills a room immediately and unmistakably with the power of his personality. A tall, bearded, untidy man, with full lips and a bulkily-built body, he draws attention by his deep grey eyes. When he speaks other people listen. If you were to meet him in the street, unaware of his identity, and he were to ask you for a match with which to light his pipe, you would do more than civilly comply with his request. You would certainly say to yourself, 'That's a remarkable man!'" And when he has finished touching all the lights and shadows into his picture, this is the impression of A. E. that Mr. Ervine leaves with you.

He is no less critical in his admiration of Mr. Arnold Bennett, but the admiration is there. He finds "underneath the hard and fact-ridden style of Mr. Bennett there is a passionate desire for romance"; that there is nothing on earth in which he is not interested, and the secret of his unfailing interest is that "he never gets used to things"; that, unlike most of us, if he saw Mount Vesuvius in eruption, he "would experience as much excitement on the ninety-ninth occasion as on the first." Which exemplifies Meredith's dictum that, above all things, an author "should keep the passion fresh." Moreover, "Mr. Bennett, of all men of letters with whom I am acquainted, not even excluding Mr. Shaw, is the most generous and kindly to young people. Mr. Wells likes young people, but his interest in them is curiously impersonal. He likes youth in a lump, so to speak, rather than youth in the individual, just as he seems to love mankind more than he loves any man. But Mr. Bennett likes *you*, the youth, personally. He is happier on the whole with young people than he is with their elders, and he assiduously seeks their society. He is amused by their extravagances, but not to the extent of sneering at them. He likes youth to be dandiacal, to have an air, to be arrogant, but not to be ill-bred or pretentious or third-rate. In spite of his notable kindness, he can be merciless to humbugs, and stories are told of devastating things said by him to presumptuous persons and fools."

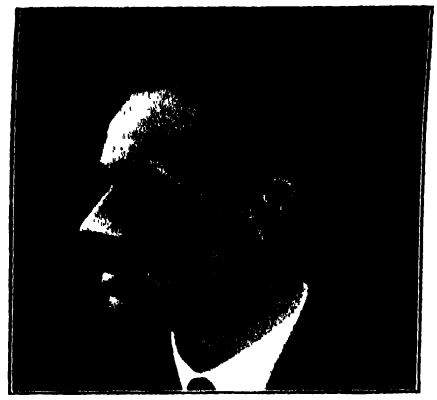


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. E. V. Knox (Evoe),
whose brilliant book of parodies, "These Liberties," is published by Messrs. Methuen.

Nor to Mr. G. K. Chesterton does Mr. Ervine hand out only laurels, though he concludes by saying, "It is a tribute to the charm of his character and the equability of his temper that his stoutest admirers are those who most vigorously combat his opinions, and that most of his friends are men who do not share any of his views, except perhaps the only view that matters—the view that an ill deed must be exposed and a wrong put right. He is Don Quixote in the body of Sancho Panza."



Miss Margaret Fuller,
whose new novel, "One World at a Time," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

Describing a photograph by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn showing Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells sitting side by side, Mr. Ervine declares it to be "the most illuminating interpretation of their characters I have ever seen. Mr. Shaw, with something of the look of a prophet, sits beside Mr. Wells, who has a smile of disbelief on his face; Mr. Shaw shows a countenance full of faith, while Mr. Wells shows one full of inquiry. Mr. Shaw accepts the pose quite naturally, but Mr. Wells is deprecating. I felt when I saw that photograph in Mr. Wells's study that while Mr. Shaw accepted the status of a great man as his right, Mr. Wells felt uncomfortable about the



Mr. William Le Queux.

By Sava Bolzaritch, the Serbian cartoonist.

pose, not because he doubts his right to be regarded as a great man, but because he is reluctant to live on pedestals. 'I'm human just as much as you are,' he seems to be saying to the photographer, and the smile of deprecation on his face means, if it means anything, that while Mr. Shaw accepts the great man's attitude without a qualm, Mr. Wells feels that the whole thing is humbug. 'Shaw is taken in by this Great Man business,' the Wells of the photograph says, as plainly as if the picture were to take on life and utter words, 'but don't you imagine I'm deluded by it!' . . ."

Mr. Ervine is frank and revealing, too, in his essays on Mr. John Galsworthy and Mr. W. B. Yeats. The latter is the most intimate picture of Mr. Yeats that has yet been given to us by any but himself. None of Mr. Ervine's subjects comes in for rougher handling, and none wins a warmer tribute of admiration from him, both as a personality and as a great writer, than does Mr. Bernard Shaw. But there is no space for more quotation, and nothing remains but to recommend you strongly to get the book—it is one of the cleverest, acutest, most informing and entertaining books of the kind I have read.

In his "Celebrities" (16s.; Hutchinson), a capital book of entertaining anecdotes about all manner of famous people, Mr. Coulson Kernahan shows Mr. Shaw as somewhat perverse, freakish, inconsiderate, troublesome, but he ends by speaking warmly of his ready sympathy, of the many acts "of almost quixotic generosity done by Mr. Bernard Shaw to young and struggling authors." And Mr. Ervine's "he is greatly generous to young men" confirms this. Mr. Kernahan's chief complaint against Mr. Shaw is that by his irresponsible frivolity he made the "Edwin Drood" trial a fiasco, but he justly adds that if the promoters of that trial had hoped to have it taken quite seriously they should never have invited Mr. Shaw to serve on the jury and made him its freeman. Of course, it was like asking a tiger to lunch and assuming he would respect the menu.

"The Best Poems of 1922," selected and with an Introduction by Thomas Moult, will be published shortly by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

Mr. Newman Flower, who has one of the finest Handel collections in the world, has written a book on "George Frederick Handel: His Personality and Times," which Messrs. Cassell are publishing shortly. Mr. Flower and experts engaged by him have devoted four years of research, among all manner of archives in England and abroad, to obtaining the material for this work which, from his own collection and elsewhere, contains hitherto unpublished letters and a wealth of new information about Handel and his ways, and about those associated with him. The illustrations (four in colour, and forty-eight in black-and-white) make of themselves a complete pictorial life of the great composer.



Mr. Watson Lyle,

Author of "Camille Saint-Saens" (Kegan Paul), which is reviewed in this Number.

From a drawing by his brother, Mr. J. Galt Lyle.

"The Amber Girl," a story whose scenes are laid in Egypt, will be published shortly by Mr. Cecil Palmer. Mr. R. Thurston Hopkins, who with Miss Clarice Mayne is joint-author of the novel, is well known for other books, such as his "Rudyard Kipling" (Simpkins) and "George Borrow" (Jarrolds), and has had a life of varied and sometimes exciting experience. Having served awhile as a London bank clerk, he went to Egypt, and began to write stories for the *Egyptian Mail.* Afterwards, he wandered all over Palestine and Turkey. "The Amber Girl" relates something of his adventures in Damascus, where he lived for a year in the native quarter, his only friend being a Mohammedan priest, who could speak English.



Mr. Caradoc Evans.

"Thus Her Tale," a new poem by Walter de la Mare, illustrated with designs by William Ogilvie, has been included in the series of Broadsheets (1s.) that are being published by the Porpoise Press, Edinburgh.

"The Chapbook" (Poetry Bookshop) has taken a special place of its own among monthly miscellanies. It is at times, perhaps, a little eccentric, a little precious, but it is always fresh and interesting, and much may be forgiven in a series of which that can be said. Its 34th Number contains a bizarre, rather squalid but striking poem by Lascelles Abercrombie, "Ham and Eggs"; two stories by Hubert Wolfe, and "Notes for a Study of 'The Waste Land,'" by Harold Monro, an imaginary dialogue between himself and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Mr. Monro writes with more humour than most poets possess, and his criticisms are frank and drastic.

Arrangements are being made for the production of Mr. Caradoc Evans's comedy of Welsh village life, "Taffy," in the provinces. When it was produced at a trial *matinée* in London, under the auspices of that new Mæcenas, Mr. H. Dennis Bradley, it met with an enthusiastic reception, though the Welsh members of the large audience voiced some displeasure at its drastically unpleasant presentations of Welsh characters. In the play, as in his books, "My People" and "Capel Sion," Mr. Evans caricatures the worst specimens of his race very ably but with a bitter humour, and one feels that though the truth is in the picture it is not the whole truth. It is not more misleading to offer as true the portrait of a man from which his warts have been omitted than to paint only his warts and present that as his portrait.

This spring Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing new half-crown editions of "Pot-Luck" and four others of Mrs. May Byron's well-known cookbooks. Some have expressed surprise that the author of this successful series should be identical with the poet who wrote that remarkable book of ballads and lyrics, "The Wind on the Heath," which was published a few years ago. But Mrs. Byron is not a writer of one gift; her range is very wide, including, to say nothing of a large and varied journalistic output, her work in association with music, the writing of lyrics, librettos, musical criticism, etc. (she is a trained musician and Associate of the R.A.M.), anthologies in prose and verse, nature studies, religious books, biographical series, such as "Days with the Poets," etc., and her immensely popular children's books, of which the George H. Doran Company are now making a special feature in America. Nor does this by any means exhaust the list of Mrs. Byron's varied activities. Perhaps the most widely popular of all her songs is that hardy perennial, "My Dear Soul." The sales of this song (of which the lyric, then written in the Wessex dialect, originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*) have been literally enormous.

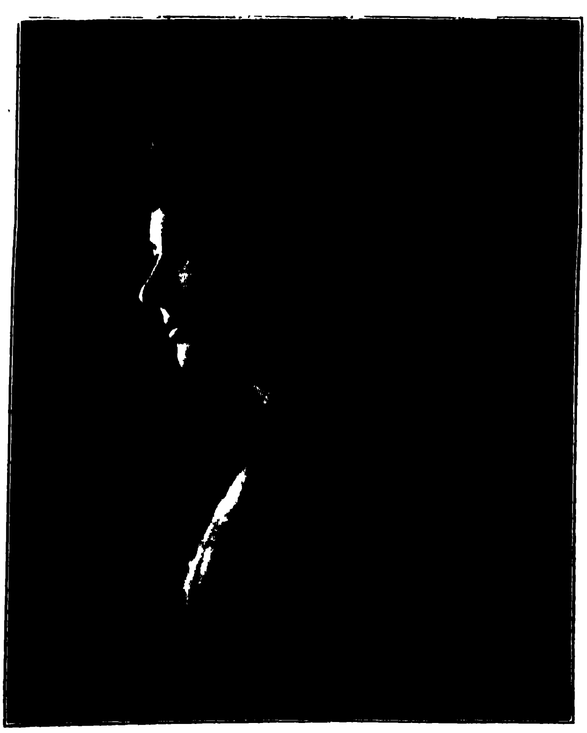


Photo by Wayland. Mrs. May Byron.

Miss Jane Doe, whose "Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman" has just been published by Mr. John Lane, only started as a journalist two or three years ago, but is already well known to the readers of certain daily and weekly publications. This, her first book, is a collection of the articles she has written for those papers. Mr. Robert Blatchford,



Photo by Elwin Hearne. **Miss Jane Doe,** Author of "Through the Glad Eyes of a Woman" (John Lane).

in an introduction, describes her as "one of the most original and interesting figures in English journalism . . . She is mistress of a sly, demure irony, she writes in crisp, short sentences and clear, short paragraphs, and she is intellectually honest as a north light."

Among books we are reviewing next month, and that you should not fail to read, are:

"Miss Mannering." By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen.)

"The Lucky Number." By Ian Hay. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Fifty-Fifty." By A. Neil Lyons. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"Fame's Twilight." By K. N. Colville. (Philip Allan.)

"Below the Snow Line." By Douglas W. Freshfield. (Constable.)

"Celebrities." By Coulson Kernahan. (Hutchinson.)

"Lass of the Sword," a new romance by C. E. Lawrence, will be published next week by Mr. John Murray.

Mr. Ernest Rhys and Mrs. Dawson Scott are editing, and Mr. Thornton Butterworth publishing shortly, a book of "Thirty-and-One Stories," by thirty-and-one authors, including Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, G. K. Chesterton, May Sinclair, W. W. Jacobs, I. Zangwill, Mary Webb, H. G. Wells, and other distinguished writers. The present title is tentative, as the publisher is offering prizes for a better one.

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

If anybody wants information about Dickens he goes, as a matter of course, to Mr. B. W. Matz. He knows all that is known on that subject, and, as readers of the *Dickensian* are aware, is always discovering something new. In "Dickensian Inns and Taverns" (10s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) he takes you about London and all over the country to the many and varied places of that kind that Dickens introduces into his stories, or to the sites of such of them as are gone. The most gossipy and entertaining of guides, Mr. Matz not only tells you of the associations each inn and tavern has with Dickens himself and his novels, but touches in any other interesting history of its own it may happen to have. He writes very entertainingly, and with an exhaustive knowledge of his subject, and to sit in an arm-chair and make this pilgrimage with him is a pleasant holiday experience that no good Dickensian should miss. The book is well illustrated with old engravings and photographs, and with drawings by Charles G. Harper and others.



Mrs. Monica Ewer, whose new novel, "Not for Sale," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Though, except for occasional outbreaks, Mr. Bart Kennedy has chastened his ejaculatory style and made his sentences walk after each other with a more seemly deportment, he has in the process sacrificed nothing of his essentially individual note. If there had been no name on the title page of "Brain-Waves" (1s. 6d.; Angolds), one could have named the author after reading the first dozen pages. He touches on a wide variety of subjects in these essays, from strikes to shouting in opera, from debts and the age of cheese to optimism and the vegetarian. He has a shrewd, quaint gift of humour and the courage of all his opinions whether they are right or wrong. A breezy, common-sense philosopher, his little discourses on life and men and the ways of men make capital reading; they keep you interested and amused, and are often suggestive in their homely worldly-wisdom.

Miss Renshaw is no stranger to readers of THE BOOKMAN. Those who take an interest in our Competition pages will be pleased to discover many of her delightful verses here gathered together in book form. "Up to the Hills" (The Merton Press) is her third volume of verse, and in Yorkshire, her native Sheffield especially, her work is well known; it has appeared in publications there as well as in London. She writes with a deep sense of the beauty of words, and there is a musical quality about her poems that is not common in modern poetry. Love of Yorkshire runs like a refrain through her lyrics, and she is a true worshipper of the open air. Her work reaches a high level and has the sure touch of imagination and sympathy.



Miss Mary Bradford Whiting, whose "Dante: The Man and the Poet" (Heffer), is reviewed in this Number.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MARY WEBB.

TO pass from the work of the average modern novelist to the work of Mary Webb is like stepping out of a stuffy room into the fresh air. Behind us is the hectic glare and sticky heat of artificial light and fire; before us, the golden glory and still beauty of the dayspring.

There never was an author in closer kinship with nature. The palpable hills and streams, fields and forests, flowers and fruit, the impalpable skies and winds, mists and clouds, sun and shade, all alike are real and living in her eyes as sentient creatures. From the beginning of consciousness Nature must have become for her, as for Amber Darke in "The House in Dormer Forest," "not a fortuitous assemblage of pretty things, but a harmony, a poem solemn and austere. It was for her no longer a flat painting on the wall of life. Beauty breathed there, light shone there that was not of the flower or the star. A tremor, mysterious and thrilling, seemed to run with the light through all matter. . . ." "The understanding of beauty is a priesthood," says our author in another place, and surely she is vowed to that high calling. She speaks of hills that "lay under the sun like ripe plums in a huge basket"; of "sheep that looked up in a contemplative, ancient way, like old ladies at a concert with their knitting"; of "moorhens with the worried air of overworked charwomen"; of a door with glass panels, "so that a wandering candle within could be seen from outside, and it looked inexpressibly forlorn, like a glow-worm seeking escape from a chloroform-box, or mankind looking for the way to heaven"; of an elderly woman who, without something to employ her hands, "was as restless as a sugarless canary"; of a sister glimpsing her grown brother's spirit as that of "a little weeping boy, round-shouldered with vexation, backing into the darkest corner to avoid condolence, while watching with a concealedly eager eye for the following of love, for the outstretched hand and the carefully ordinary voice"; of a human soul that "seemed globed in water, like a tiny insect in a raindrop"; of a plain that was "rimmed with sorrowful blue—the blue of swallows that flash and are gone; the blue of drowned forget-me-nots; the faded blue of old men's eyes; the blue, lucent and pure, of a child's veins; all mingled, running into one another beyond the cloud shadows, all gathered into one sad, perfect circle"; and of a man in an evil place who "drank of a charm made of black honey gathered from purple poison flowers by bees in hell"; of "tormented trees, where ran the furious electric wind, like a hunting leopard."



Photo by E. O. Hoppe **Mrs. Mary Webb.**

These are but a few of the daring images, mournful, gay, bodeful, menacing, whimsically humorous, sombrely profound, but always apposite, that scintillate with the sudden brilliance of lightning at a touch from the magic of Mary Webb's genius. And I have, as it were, flung them down haphazard on the threshold of this temple I would raise in her honour in the faint hope that these scattered gems may serve as samples of her boundless store of like treasures.

But she is no mere artificer in words. That her greatness is not yet acclaimed is because, as it seems to me (to quote her words), "in the world of art and letters . . . the artist must elbow and push. . . . If he did not often stop his honeyed utterance to shout his wares he would not be heard at all." Unfortunately for Mary Webb, but more unfortunately still for those who as yet know nothing of her work, no one—not even her bitterest enemy—if it were barely possible to think of Mary Webb as having enemies—would gainsay that she is as incapable of the methods of the hustler as one of her own violets. Indeed her modesty is almost maddening (to me, anyhow), and would be embarrassing if it were not so essentially a part of her strong shy personality, the grace and charm of her gentle ways and simple manners. She has the clear all-seeing eyes of a child; her voice is softly musical as the piping of a bird.

Doubtless her native talents are largely the heritage of her race that is bred of the soil; for she was born of an ancient yeoman line, and has lived for the most part of her life, for certainly that most vital part of her life, her childhood, on Wenlock Edge and in other country homes in one of the Welsh marches. She still lives in Shropshire and has her being in her beautiful dreams—as one likes to think of our immigrant birds away from England—even though she spends most of her time in London. Her grandmother, wife of the Rev. Edward Meredith, sometime head master of Newport, Shropshire, was also a poetess. But native talents in themselves are not enough. Even the wind-blown seeds of the thistledown must

nourish themselves in the earth where they lie and draw inspiration from the dew and the sunshine, and even from the imponderable elements of light and air, before they come to fruition. And they too, if they would perfect themselves, must needs seek the highest where it is to be found, if only by tender allurements of colour and fragrance, and if only at last in the fleeting form of bee or butterfly.

Which, apart from allegory, means that Mary Webb, by thought and study and labour, by the exercise of her every faculty of mind and heart, by the quickening of her spirit and the nurture of her soul, has cultivated her God-given gifts to the highest pitch of excellence. She has the full dower of the poet and seer: wit and wisdom, humour and fancy, the twin senses of tragedy and comedy, and those attributes of human sympathy and divine compassion which are born only of a full understanding and great love. She has not yet taken her place in the hierarchy of literature. Says she: "Material conquest usually means spiritual defeat." She has her reward in that knowledge which is power, a power mightier than the sword, mightier even than the money-bags.

Mrs. Webb has written four novels, including "Seven for a Secret," and one nature-book, besides poems and a few short stories and essays. I read her first novel, "The Golden Arrow," quite by chance. It is part of my daily work to read novels, and consequently I read so many of them that I remember very, very few. But no one, having read it, could forget "The Golden Arrow." I forgot its title. I forgot the name of the author. The only thing I did not forget was the book itself, the story, the people, the atmosphere, the power and the charm. After nearly five years of vain seeking I did at last get hold of that book once more. And I have read it again—and again. I have now read nearly all that Mrs. Webb has written; and before I proceed further I would say at once that my only aim and purpose in writing this appreciation is to declare that if my judgment counts for anything, Mary Webb is one of the greatest of English novelists in this genre.

This is not to depreciate her contemporaries, especially those other women novelists who seem to me to be doing far better work than the men novelists nowadays. But most of them, women and men alike, are too preoccupied with that sentimentalised form of concupiscence which they miscall Love to see things in their true proportions. They lack the clearsightedness and poise of Mary Webb. She is far from blind to the urgent facts of passion and its immense influence in the scheme of sex relationship. She deals with it in plain downright fashion. "It inna talking straight that's indecent," says the noble Deborah to the ignoble Lily in "The Golden Arrow." "It's smiling and sniggering and colouring up over things." And Mary Webb, being in some sort a mystic, knows. . . . But let her speak for herself. Says she: "The mystic, whatever received opinion may say, is always practical. He arrives at his ideas more quickly than others, reaching the centre while they grope in a circle. And to grasp the essential is to be triumphantly practical. The world never credits the mystic with quick sight in mundane things, forgetting that, for his long gazing into infinity, better sight is necessary than for grasping obvious and clumsy facts. The mystic understands sex better than the sensualist. He can analyse malice, greed, hypocrisy, better than those who swim obscurely in their own black passions. A saint and not a devil can best unravel the psychology of evil." There is more than mere shrewdness, there is something of divination, in that saying.

Alas, my space is near its limits. And I have so much more to say. I want to tell you how Mary Webb's stories hold and grip you from the first word to the last by sheer dint of their humanism. There is hardly a false touch, a blundering step, in all their progress from their felicitous beginning to their inevitable end. It is as if you followed an inspired guide over such difficult territory that only genius could reveal its manifold new aspects.

And as Mary Webb goes with you through these mazy wildernesses of poignant beauty her words ring out like peals of bells illuminating the silence:

"Those that live in the land of the sun do not need fires."

"What are animals but souls walking in their sleep—personalities still overdone by matter, prisoned by the early stages of evolution amid the necessities of lust and blood? Yet there, even in the eyes of a cat as it laps the blood of its victim, you may see the disquieted spirit looking on with the startled wonder of a child that has set the house afire. It is as if the animals saw, confused as the reflections in running water, what they are and what they would be; as if they glimpsed the possibility of breaking loose from the vast machine of multitudinous physical bondage from bloodshed, wrath, the competitive struggle for life—and saw their little spirits, shivering and afraid, but free, on the dark hills of futurity."

"What is waste of time? Eating and sleeping; hearing grave, sedulous men read out of grave sedulous books what we have heard a hundred times; besieging God (whom we end by imagining as a great ear) for material benefits; amassing property—these, the world says, are not waste of time. But to drink at the stoup of beauty; to lift the leafy coverlet of earth and seek the cradled God (since here, if anywhere, He dwells), this in the world's eye is waste of time."

I would have liked to add a few words about Mary Webb's poetry. My love of poetry is like the love of a dog for its master: instinctive rather than intelligent, but wholly sincere and sometimes even passionate. So there is just one poem I must cite: "An Old Woman." She lies dead, and they bring her flowers—"more flowers than she in all her life possessed," and "now she sleeps in them, and cannot see or smell or touch. . . . They give her tears—affection's frailest flowers. . . ."

"Now in a new and ample gown she lies—
White as a daisy-bud, as soft and warm
As those she often saw with longing eyes,
Passing some bright shop-window in a storm.
Then, when her flesh could feel, how harsh her wear!—
Not warm nor white.
This would have pleased her once. She does not care
At all to-night.

. . . But one red rose in youth's rose-loving day,
A smile, a tear.
It had been good. But now she goes her way
And does not hear."

But Mary Webb, who wrote these lines, is still young and in the sweet of life. And the days of the bourgeoning spring are upon us, and summer's crown of roses, and the golden aftermath of harvest-home.

Edwin Pugh.

HENRIETTA LESLIE.

HENRIETTA LESLIE, the author of "Dedication,"* a book which reminds one of Frank Swinnerton at his best, is equally well known as Gladys Mendel, the author of "The Straight Road." In fact both persons are one, and the one person has achieved two reputations. In private life this dual-novelist, whose maiden name was Gladys Raphael, is Mrs. Schutze. She is the wife of the distinguished bacteriologist at the Lister Institute. Dr. Schutze is that rather unusual amalgam, a man of science and a man of letters, and is an exceptionally fine critic.



Photo by Swaine. **Henrietta Leslie (Mrs. Schutze).**

Authors are always at their best in their own homes, and I was pleased to have the opportunity of visiting Glebe House, Glebe Place, Chelsea, which in the very old days after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes became the domicile of a Huguenot minister, who was lucky enough to have his church next door.

It is the quaintest, oldest house possible, abounding in precious tiles, the most costly of them from Spain and Holland. The author's study is rather on the dark side in daylight, but one cannot have everything. The music-room at the back of the house is almost incredible, and entirely simple. It is at once a conservatory, a summer-house and a waking dream. Even in inclement spring gloom it pilfers sunshine from the grey air of the outer world. Climbing up the centre of it is a green fig-tree. All that is a very good background for a novelist who is a graceful realist. Henrietta Leslie (one had better preserve the convention of the writer's chosen name) is a genuine Cockney, who heard Bow Bells as an infant, and although she has travelled much since those first beginnings, she thinks that London is the enchanted city of the whole world. She saw a good deal of it, in varying aspects, when she was putting in three years of hard and interesting work on the *Daily Herald*, where she did a galaxy of jobs from art criticism to lurid reporting.

"My first book," she said, "'The Straight Road,' was born with title complete, and earned the warm praise of Mr. Arthur Waugh, which was encouragement indeed. It owed its success, I think, to the fact that it dealt with Jewish life in a new way—or, at least, from a fresh angle: this is not to say that my Jewish friends were all pleased with it. In 'Conflict' I had Labour for my theme; and 'A Mouse with Wings' dealt with the fighting Suffragette movement. Yes, I was rather notorious in those now dim and misty days for my zeal for what we always called The Cause. As you say, 'Belsavage' created considerable attention. Perhaps the name had something to do with it. There is a lot in a name. I fear, by the way, that 'Mrs. Walters,' the tentative title for my next book, may be looked at askance by my publisher. Titles are terribly difficult things. The book itself is written round divorce. No, nothing of the usual *ménage à trois* view, but raising the issue of private and public authority.

"When did I begin to write? Well, as a girl at school I used to invent little fairy tales, but my first novel was written when I was twenty-four, and eight have followed in fairly quick succession.

"I had ambition as a playwright, which came to a sort of fulfilment when 'The Loving Heart' was produced at the New Theatre in June, 1918. There is an extraordinary fascination in devising a play, but I think it is the most difficult of the arts and crafts in point of technique, and the personality of the playwright is so overshadowed by the producer and the performers that one gets irritated or bored, or both."

Miss Leslie considers that understanding friends are the best stimuli a novelist can have. Her intimates have included such diverse personalities as Olive Schreiner, Pett Ridge, "Vernon Lee" and Johan Böjer. Olive Schreiner was her earliest literary idol. She believes also in the tonic influence of travel.

In view of this year's fiction especially, it strikes one as strange that some of Miss Leslie's books should have been considered daring. Her method is realistic, but, as I have hinted, hers is the realism of Swinnerton rather than of W. L. George. Her characters are living people in an actual world. Readers of her "Dedication" will perceive this in the story of the Londoner, Sarah Atherway, and the countryman, Jimmy Younger. Miss Leslie is fond of Jimmy, and most people who study his simple and honourable characteristics will share that affection. Sarah is a more complex and less admirable type. Her passion to devote her life to writing at any cost becomes to those around her something pitiless and inhuman. The question may arise, can a woman brought up in lowly circumstances and pursuing the calling of dressmaker, prove herself a success with her first book? Within the lives of all of us who are interested in fiction more unlikely things have happened. Would Sarah be content to acknowledge herself a failure and throw herself finally into the arms of simple Jimmy? Well, that is another matter, but it would be a desirable consummation for all those women who have only one book in them—founded on actual happenings and acute personal observation without genuine creative faculty.

Miss Leslie has a fine chronicle of work done; and I believe that she will gain in force and scope in future novels, particularly if she gives fuller play to her very considerable sense of humour.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "Dedication." By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

THE READER.

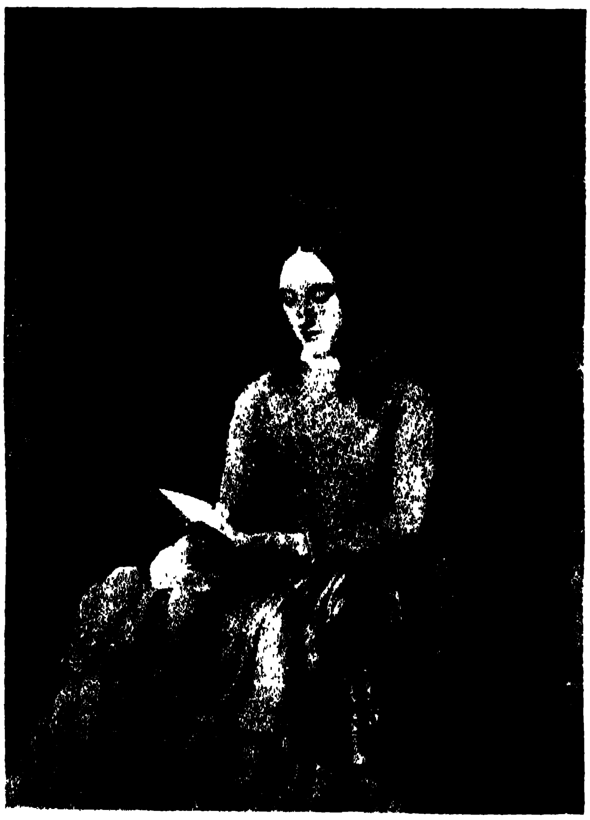
WOMEN WRITERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

By George Saintsbury.

MISS BALD disclaims in her Preface, duly carrying out the disclaimer in her text, any intention of making her book a piece of "feminist" propaganda—for which one owes her much thanks. To have dealt with her eight subjects—Miss Austen, the three Brontës, Mrs. Gaskell, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti—without any reference at all to their being women would have been nearly impossible and wholly silly. It would be still more impossible not to make some reference to the difference, real or supposed, of the *pacta conventa* of a hundred or of fifty years ago from those of to-day. But controversy or reference to controversy was not needed, and it is, thank goodness, not given. If in the following review we pay a little more attention to the "writers" themselves than to what Miss Bald says about them, while not neglecting this, it is, we think, not the worst compliment we can pay her.

The inclusion of Miss Austen may possibly provoke some adverse comment: for undoubtedly there is, on one side at least, a great gulf between her and her companions. But a gallery of nineteenth century writers without the lady whom some think queen of them all: others, at least, a Brentford Queen, with Miss Rossetti, each swaying half the century in point of time, if not also otherwise—and whose eminence, though they may rather admire than love it, few critics of any worth dispute, would be worse than the play (which it is now unlawful to mention) without its hero. On the other hand additions might be readily suggested. It would be an excellent thing if Miss Bald could get the Cambridge Press to print for her another volume of as pretty format and decoration as this, dealing with Mrs. Oliphant, who at one time seemed to be a pillar to critics of no small competence and perhaps only lost that position by her merciless habit of writing herself out; with Miss Yonge, who committed the same fault and is neglected by the superficial as only fit for Victorian schoolgirls, but who had more real novelist power in her than a wilderness of "best seller" botchers; with companions, not one or two only, down to the late Mrs. Meynell. And she might add what would be perhaps most interesting of all, an "omnibus box" or two of minors from Mrs. Hemans and "L. E. L." through the author of "Paul Ferroll" and poor Amy Levy to others of the eighties and nineties. But it is a bad habit to talk of what is not before you instead of what is.

What Miss Bald says of Miss Austen is particularly interesting, because, though evidently not an enthusiastic Janite, she is, for her age and what they call outlook, an excellently convinced one, and has got hold of the root of the matter. "In her efforts to describe a usual life she sometimes made herself quite unusual." Exactly: or rather, not quite exactly, for the Janite would say with an impudent jingle, "*usually* made herself," even if he did not say "always." But Miss Bald recognises the fact, if not the constant fact, of transcendence: and it is a question whether this transcendence is not the Alpha and Omega of the alphabet of true greatness in literature, for what transcends in one direction transports in another. And there are some who find this transcendence only in the first and the last of Miss Bald's list, notwithstanding the extraordinary difference which is found in the subjects transcended. Others of course may set it down as merely preposterous to mention in the same sentence the author of "Mansfield Park" and the author of "Goblin Market." But, as has been laid down by some not quite idiotic jurists of criticism, the fact that someone does not see a thing is no proof that it is not there; while the fact that someone does see it is at least *prima facie* evidence that it is.



N.P.G. **Charlotte Brontë.**

From a water colour portrait by Paul Héger, Charlotte Brontë's Brussels Professor. It is dated 1850.

Miss Bald has, for the obvious and in its way sufficient advantage of getting together the two most noted poetesses of her flock, put Mrs. Browning in the penultimate place; but we may, for other advantages of the specially critical kind, take her next to Miss Austen. She was of course much younger than the great Jane, and had never seen the light in the eighteenth century. But fundamentally, as Dr. Johnson would have said, she was of the School of Sensibility, which is eighteenth century or nothing: and except that she was of a passive rather than active disposition, simply a Marianne Dashwood grown up in years, but not in anything else: not married early enough to be "weeded of her folly";

* "Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century." By Marjory A. Bald, M.A., Ph.D.(Edin.) (Cambridge University Press.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1923.



JANE AUSTEN.



From the painting by George Richmond, R.A., in National Portrait Gallery

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

made poetical by some God wickeder than her own Pan; and going through the world like the two German poets, "with her handkerchief to her eyes." There was probably no one more responsible for the absolutely fictitious eidolon of the Victorian woman which haunts the youthful twentieth century than E. B. B., who was not really a Victorian at all, but as has been said, a posthumous child of the eighteenth century suffering from green-sickness in the gap between 1820 and 1840. Miss Bald deals very faithfully with her, though she lets her off lightly on her ghastly vulgarities of rhyme. Perhaps, however, the author of "A Musical Instrument" does not receive the credit earned for the actual inclusion of real poetry, which, appearing in that swan-song almost undiluted or unalloyed, has to be crushed and washed out of its crude states in her earlier verse.

As for Emily Brontë (for having turned to the higher harmony we may as well keep to it) the only place in the book where we should feel inclined to ply the blue pencil a little concerns her, and Miss Bald, who is an old student of the present reviewer, would not, we hope, resent this. It is where she seems a little inclined to tolerate persons who regard the poems of the author of "Remembrance" as something to be regarded as by the author of "Wuthering Heights." Now there are others, not perhaps quite negligible, who would be inclined to revise the proceeding altogether; and while not quite considering "Wuthering Heights" "the most overpraised book of any real merit in the English language," would regard its idiosyncrasy as largely explained and to some extent excused by the "Poems." These too have been overpraised, but as a rule not for their real value, but because of the purpose, not the poetry, of the "Last Lines." The fact is that Emily, little as she wrote and though her lyre employed hardly more than one string—was a poet *sans phrase*-if also in the other sense a poet of too few phrases to be called a great poet.

On the person who as a poet or poetess really matters —on Christina Rossetti—there is no blue pencil at all required. It might, by anybody who was determined to find something that could be added, be questioned whether Miss Bald fully recognises, or at any rate has exhaustively pointed out, how essentially Christina is the poetess, or rather poet, of Anglicanism. Anglicanism of the truest and best kind which formed itself in the sixteenth century; gave its finest flower in the seventeenth; slept in the eighteenth; waked in the nineteenth, and seems to have gone to a rather unhealthy sort of pragmatical sleep-walking now. She is not only this of course, and Miss Bald does justice to her extraordinary perfection of tone and form. But perhaps she puts her a little—a very little—too much aloof and apart. That Christina has this aloofness and apartness is true: so had Dante and Milton and Shelley.

And yet they all come close to the sides of the soul which attract and are attracted by them—since they all give expression to those sides for thousands who cannot express for themselves.

By far the larger part of the book, however, is devoted to the Brontës as novelists, Mrs. Gaskell and George Eliot—the fullest individual treatment being accorded to Mrs. Gaskell. A hasty reader looking merely at



Photo by J. J. Stead. **Charlotte Brontë's birthplace at Thornton.**
Patrick, Emily and Anne Brontë were born in the same house.

the page numbers on the right hand side of the Table of Contents might exclaim at this: but Miss Bald has her answer ready. Indeed this very exclamation justifies her, though she does not put the thing in those words. She thinks that the author of "Cranford," except as the author of "Cranford," has not had her due, and wishes to "shew cause." Now it is quite true that while "Cranford" has got itself a tolerably secure niche, the tide of time has, with most people probably, though we know some remarkable exceptions, rather swept away Mrs. Gaskell's works and has not yet washed them up on another "strond," to use Spenser's word, as Trollope's for instance have been washed. Ought they to be salvaged? Miss Bald thinks they ought: and by the aid of that thorough knowledge of her subjects which is the great merit of her book, has accumulated a crowd of examples of humour, pathos, outlook on sexual, social and moral questions and the like. It is perhaps in this section that she comes nearest to forgetting her original disclaimer, though to no unforgivable extent. Indeed she could not well help herself. She makes a very good fight—whether a successful one or not must depend too much on personal taste to be definitely pronounced. But it may be remarked that Miss Bald's method of taking examples under comprehensive heads to show her authors' humour, pathos, womanliness and so forth rather overlooks a remarkable and almost fundamental distinction between poetry and prose fiction. The value of a poet, whatever some critics may say, really depends upon the number and force of the "poetic moments" he gives you. The value of a novelist depends on the total impression you derive from his or her novel. Now is this total impression, in the case of Mrs. Gaskell's books outside "Cranford," satisfactory? Perhaps Miss Bald does not quite face that question.



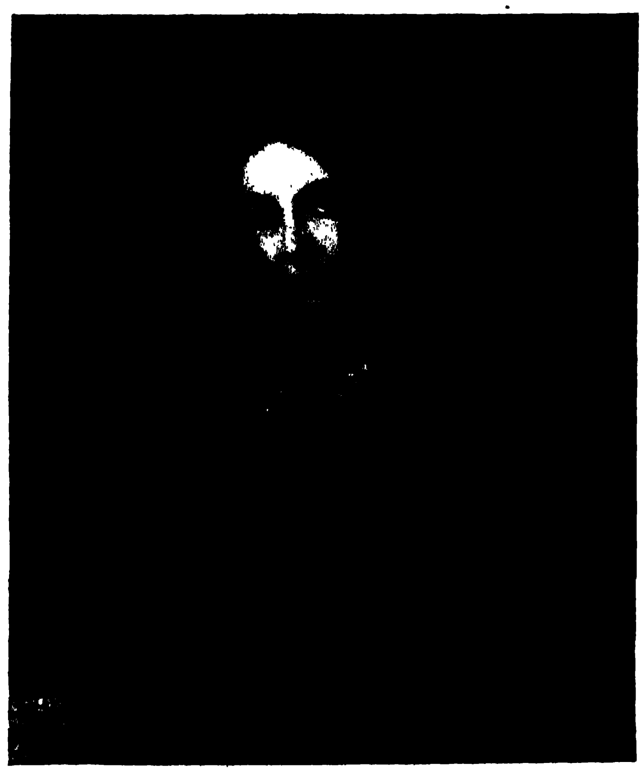
Photo by Warwick Brooks, Manchester.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson (afterwards Mrs. Gaskell).

From a miniature painted in Edinburgh about 1830.

But if there may be a demand in some quarters for more substantive and striking quality in Mrs. Gaskell's books outside " Cranford " (and after all, we have got to remember that if there had been no Highbury there would hardly have been a Cranford) there is no danger of any such awkward questioning about those of the Brontës who really count. (It would be rather a good thing if a ukase could be passed restoring the name " Acton Bell " for exclusive use, so that in thinking of her sisters one might forget all about Anne.) Of Emily we have spoken : and in any case it is impossible to say much about her. She is a sort of *aiguille* among the heights of feminine authorship—slender, lofty, solitary, inaccessible. But of Charlotte it is always possible to talk : for there is not only good substance in her, but it is pretty various, and judging from the extremely different judgments that it has produced, pretty puzzling. Between the almost violently unfavourable judgment of Matthew Arnold and the enthusiastically favourable one of Thackeray there is room for all sorts of verdicts, and that room has been already occupied to no small extent. It is of course true that Arnold was, as regards contemporaries, one of the most grudging of critics, and that Thackeray's criticism, though sometimes first-rate, was never what is meant by the solecism " dependable." But it so happens that discarding the offensive *form* of " Matt's " censure and using Thackeray's praise in the way in which Miss Bald herself takes it, we can get a critical opposition worth handling. Was what Charlotte wrote—though very far from being merely based, as Matt thought, on the unpleasant personal experiences of a bad-blooded person—bounded by such experiences generally? Or was she, on the other hand, never likely to be " used up " ? One may differ altogether from Mr. Arnold ; one may feel the heartiest gratitude and the sincerest admiration for Charlotte's kindling the torch of imagination in the novel by aid of her experience—and yet rather wonder whether or not when her experience itself was " used up " she would have been able to supply its place by imagination pure and simple. Miss Bald deals very fairly with this question as a whole, but perhaps she is too hard on " Shirley." After all, it is the most *real* of the books : and reality deserves a place if realism does not.

And so we are left with George Eliot. At any time behind the beginning of this century, and perhaps even a little later, two or more readers so left with her would pretty certainly have, like Tweedledum and Tweedledee, " agreed to have a battle." That state of things has quieted down a good deal. It is one of the not too numerous points in criticism on which we may congratulate ourselves that, in regard to this remarkable writer, something like a concordat, with fair licence of individual difference, has been arrived at between most people who have any critical competence at all. The extraordinary furore of admiration and almost worship —quite unlike the Browning cult because it was not a reaction from incomprehensible neglect, and was not engineered by societies has long since died out. And the perhaps slightly excessive counter-attacks which this furore provoked and excused have of necessary consequence ceased likewise. That Mary Ann Evans was a novelist of real and sometimes of great power no rational person will now deny—though that even as much credit as Miss Bald allows to her verse (it is not much) is her due may still be questioned. But the way in which she continued to twist her powers into wrong uses and directions is almost unexampled. Had the " Scenes of Clerical Life " stood alone they would have come next to Miss Austen and well above " Cranford." " Adam Bede " is not much below " Jane Eyre," though



Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

From an oil painting by Gordigiani.

its "marks" are made up differently; the defects of "The Mill on the Floss" are compensated by the presence of true tragedy and true comedy; and "Silas Marner," if smaller than these in more senses than one, is nearly faultless on its own lines. But the night came after the day, and was not a night of stars but of star-flashes only. There *were* such flashes to the last novel, as when Gwendolen's mother tells her that "Any nose will do to be unhappy with," or when the person in "Theophrastus Such" remarks that if *his* opinion were asked, "it 'ud be different." But of the lost labour of "Romola," the positive failure (admitted by all the saner worshippers themselves) of "Felix Holt," the burden of "Middlemarch," the nightmare of "Deronda," let us reason no more. Miss Bald writes very fairly of them all.

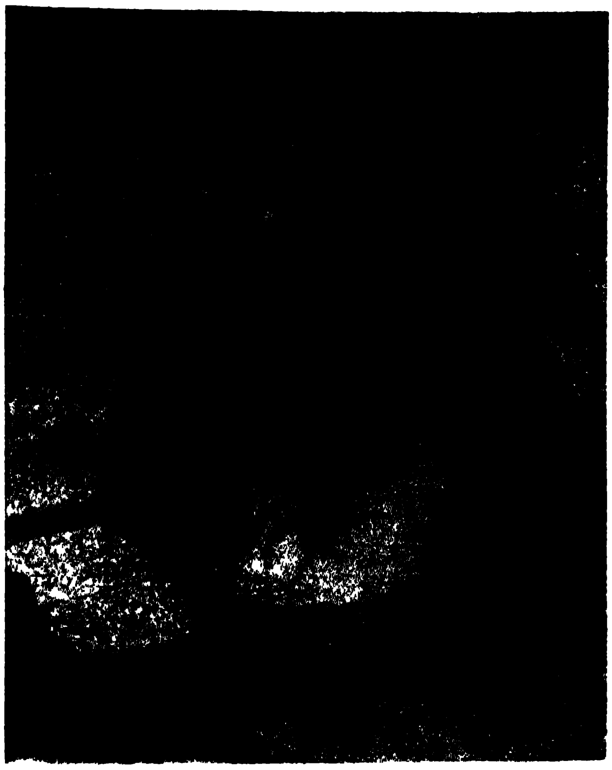


Photo by W. A. Mansell & Co. **Christina Rossetti.**
From a drawing by D. G. Rossetti.

One thing she might do if she took up our suggestion as to a second volume—a thing which might perhaps even have found place here in connection with Heathcliff or Rochester, and one which, though in its way hackneyed, has never yet been satisfactorily dealt with. It is the curious fondness of women-writers for the abnormal in men. Heathcliff and Rochester themselves are old stories. But within the last decade and in one of the best if not *the* best of recent novels by lady novelists, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Sussex Gorse," the author takes for her hero one of the most detestable brutes (not to be a mere caricature) that can be conceived. And she makes a great success of him, obliging him at the same time with three by no means contemptible persons of her own sex who in different ways feel his attraction. Now why is this? They have gone on doing it since the time of Mrs. Radcliffe. Miss Austen didn't: for the same reason that she didn't write court novels or historical novels, because it was not her way. Mrs. Gaskell had not power enough, though even in her we find "ettlings," as the Scotch say, at something of the kind. George Eliot's philosophy probably said "No!" to her in respect of the more usual kinds of abnormality: but in the case of the person who dared to be a Daniel Deronda, she created, and clearly was fond of, a monster of priggishness, goody-goodiness, and other qualities gone abnormal, beside whom Heathcliff is merely a melodramatic "sport," and Rochester reminds us that after all there was something of a gentleman in him. But once more, why is it? Lady Astor, so kindly echoing Miss Snevelicci's papa in regard to the other sex, has declared that "she loves us all" because we are such children. And it is well known that mothers always love their naughtiest and ugliest children best. And lady-novelists are the mothers of their heroes. So is that the explanation?

ALICE MEYNELL.

By Martin Armstrong.

THE first of these two volumes* is included in the second, which comprises Alice Meynell's complete poetic output throughout a long life. That output is extremely small. The complete poems number only one hundred and twenty and are contained in a little book of one hundred and forty-four pages. In so small a compass we should expect to trace easily and surely the development of the poet from her earliest work down to the poems of her old age, but the surprising thing about Alice Meynell is that she had, properly speaking, no poetic development. In her earliest work she arrives upon the scene fully fledged, expressing gentle emotions and controlled ecstasies with finished artistry, in a form and with a music which at moments rise to the clear beauty of Shelley and Swinburne:

> "Delight has taken Pain to her heart,
> And there is dusk and stars for these.
> O linger, linger! They would not part;
> And the wild wind comes from over-seas,
> With a new song to the olive trees.
>
> And when we meet by the sounding pine,
> Sleep draws near to his dreamless brother.
> And when thy sweet eyes answer mine,
> Peace nestles close to her mournful mother,
> And Hope and Weariness kiss each other."

Such verses are perfect of their kind, and Alice Meynell never passed, though she sometimes equalled, the achievement which they represent.

But if there is no development in her poetic life, changes at least are perceptible, and noticeably a tendency towards intellectuality and away from direct emotion—away from visual image and the sense-stimulating epithet towards the intellectual epithet that analyses and defines—epithets such as "alien," "authentic," "ambiguous," "deliberate"—and the poetry of thought and (in no derogatory sense) intellectual jugglery. Contrast with the early verses which

* "The Last Poems of Alice Meynell." 3s. 6d. (Burns, Oates & Washburne.) "The Collected Poems of Alice Meynell." 6s. (Burns, Oates & Washburne.)

I have just quoted these two stanzas from a late poem —"The English Metres"—which appears in her last book:

> "Or are they like our seasons that admit
> Inflexion, not refraction; Autumn hoar,
> Winter more tender than our thoughts of it,
> But a year's steadfast four;
>
> Redundant syllables of Summer rain,
> And displaced accents of authentic Spring;
> Spondaic clouds above a gusty plain
> With dactyls on the wing."

That poem and another in the same volume—"The Laws of Verse"—might be entitled the Poetry of Prosody; they are typical of the later attitude of her mind, which tended to find poetry in mathematics. Another predilection of hers implies this same mathematical quality, namely, her love for the intellectual "conceit" and the paradox which is like a mirror held up to the original truth. Her analytical mind was continually attracted by ideas which lend themselves to presentation in such forms. In "To The Body" she writes of the subjectivity of all objective phenomena —of music which is dumb till the human ear endows it with sound, of light which is darkness till in contact with the human eye and brain it becomes light and beauty; and in "To Tintoretto in Venice" she elaborates the fact that Tintoretto was the first to paint objects with the light behind them instead of with the light behind the painter, into a poem which expresses the symbolic implications of that fact. That is far enough from mathematics, for the conceit is a profound and poetical one, but it springs primarily (as all such conceits must) from the logical side of the mind, and even when she is at her most imaginative it remains apparent that order, obedience and accuracy are the virtues she most admires. In her poem "To Silence" she defines what, for her, is the ideal poetry:

> "Man's lovely definite melody-shapes are thine,
> Outlined, controlled, compressed, complete, divine.
> Also thy fine intrusions do I trace,
> Thy afterthoughts, thy wandering, thy grace,
> Within the poet's line."

The first four epithets of that second line will seem to some a dangerously exact definition of Augustan poetry and dangerously likely to exclude the fifth. There is, in point of fact, much of the eighteenth century in Alice Meynell. I can imagine her (slightly changed) an admired one among the friends and acquaintances of Dr. Johnson, and ladies such as Mrs. Montagu, Miss Hannah More and Mrs. Chapone would have vied in prefacing their books with exquisitely complimentary dedications to her. But the slight change which would have adjusted her to that company would also rob her of almost all her importance for the present age, for the redeeming difference between her and a seventeenth century poet is that she was born after, and not before, Shelley, Tennyson and Swinburne—that in and above her classic control and perfection there is, at her best moments, the uncontrollable and unanalysible "divine" of the Romantics.

The present is of all times the most impossible at which to estimate what the final position of Alice Meynell as a poet will be. Poetically she belongs to the nineteenth and not to the twentieth century—her highest praise came from such men as Ruskin and Rossetti—and it is a curious fact that her earlier poetry is in most respects more modern than her later work, which tended to recede towards the eighteenth rather than to advance into the twentieth century. For the reputation she achieved her output is extraordinarily small and her range extraordinarily restricted, but within that range every poem is closely and carefully wrought, and the best often contain quite unusual beauties of sound and rhythm. Intellectually she was accurate and often acute. Her emotion, even when intense, is wistful and restrained rather than passionate, although in such a poem as "The Day to the Night" there is a trembling sensibility which is almost passion. Her appeal will always be to a few only, but of the excellence of her workmanship and the quality of her art there can be no question.

TWO OF SHAKESPEARE'S FRIENDS.
(IN ANTICIPATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE FIRST FOLIO.)

By S. R. Littlewood.

Quite apart from its limitless worth as the sole repository of some twenty (not to mention the others) of Shakespeare's plays, what a human value there is in that truly "dear" old volume, with all its sins upon it—the First Folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies"! Though its tercentenary falls by right next November, the First Folio makes, from this point of view at any rate, a fitting Birthday theme.

Its very faults, both of printing and editing, have behind them a human meaning. Some of these, as we know, have given us information of the most enlightening order, as for instance that well-known stage-direction in "Much Adoe About Nothing": "*Enter* Prince, Leonato, Claudio, *and* Iacke Willson," in the last of whom the original Balthazar stands at once revealed!

Even the slipshod act-and-scene divisions—by which some plays are divided in full, some not at all, and some, like "Hamlet," begun upon and given up as a bad job—do they not help to show us to some extent what the script that was acted from was like? The chaotic page-numbering, with its complete break-down over "Troylus and Cressida," tells its tale of struggle. The punctuation itself is now being reverted to (e.g. in Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "Cambridge" edition) as being more human and rhythmical, and more natural an instruction to the speaking actor, than the logic-prompted "Globe" and "Oxford" commas.

At every point—in the head- and tail-pieces, the odd fly-leaves, the arrangement of the plays, with the latest attractions at either end and the solid stuff in the middle—one finds the human element entering. One

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," APRIL, 1923.



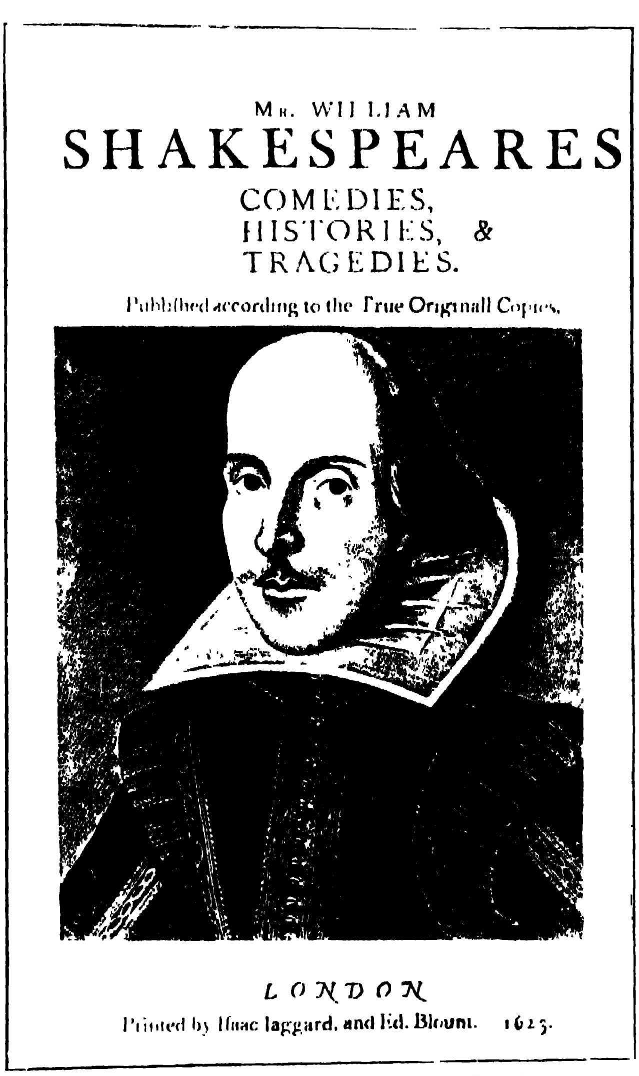
om a camera portrait by . Henry B. Goodwin.

ALICE MEYNELL
AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS VIOLA MEYNELL.

realises the difficulties that faced the men who did the work of editing, whoever they actually were—difficulties of collection and ownership and, almost certainly, of scattered printing. Quite possibly there were financial difficulties too. Blount had his good points; but Jaggard was probably not a philanthropist!

Then there is the immense human interest of Ben Jonson's sympathetic participation. It needs faith to move mountains; and jealous, self-important old Ben was always something of a mountain. Whether or no he was responsible for anything beyond his immortal address "To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author," and the lines to the Droeshout portrait (which he cannot surely have seen!), it must have been a worrying as well as a big business getting him in. But on the whole the result was not only a great achievement; it was an effective one. The First Folio remains the staple text, and will remain so for ever.

Above all it is when one looks upon it as a tribute from Shakespeare's fellow-players that the First Folio becomes charged with a human interest beyond any other book of its time—hardly excepting the Authorised Version itself. It is a monument not only to Shakespeare's genius and work. It is a monument to friendship. "We have but collected them," write Heminge and Condell in their ever-famous preface, "and done an office to the dead, to procure his Orphanes, Guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a Friend, and Fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare."


MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES.

Published according to the True Originall Copies.

LONDON

Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

The Droeshout Shakespeare.

Frontispiece to the First Folio of his Works.

There is a fashion nowadays of belittling Heminge's and Condell's share, even as sponsors. It is hinted that they may not have written either the dedication to the "Most Noble and Incomparable paire of Brethren," the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, or that other preface, to the "Great Variety of Readers"—though I am myself a believer. It is noted that Heminge spells his name "Heminge" on the signature and "Hemmings" among the actors almost on the next page, a thing rather astonishing in an editor even for those free-and-easy days. Mr. A. W. Pollard, whose authority we must all of us respect, doubts if Heminge and Condell, although they talk so eloquently of having received from Shakespeare "scarce a blot in his papers," ever (as editors) caught sight of a single page of their friend Will's script.

None the less, small though their actual part may have been, the simple fact remains that Shakespeare's two actor friends did undertake this long and bothersome task "without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame." In plain language there was no money in it. Some five hundred copies were printed and issued at a guinea each. Supposing they were all sold immediately—as a matter of fact the Second Folio was not called for till nine years afterwards, when both editors were dead—the entire gross proceeds would not have come to much more than the annual income of either of them, or of Shakespeare himself in his later years. After Jaggard's printing account had been paid, and Blount's share, and also the money due to the several other owners of rights, there must have been very little, if anything, for anybody.

People wonder at Shakespeare having taken so little care about the literary rights in his plays. When one considers what they were worth by comparison with his theatrical properties, over which he was very careful indeed, it is hardly to be wondered at that he did not pay much attention to them. His poems were useful for purposes of patronage and publicity, and he had a personal desire for their survival. But from the monetary point of view, if he had devoted his whole life to writing the First Folio as a book, there would have been no New Place, and no coat-of-arms, and Judith and Susannah would probably have made no such desirable matches as they did.

There can accordingly be no doubt that Heminge and Condell were speaking the truth in asserting that theirs was a labour of love. Moreover they were both of them comparatively rich men. They had no axe to grind at all, save just this fulfilment of duty to their dead comrade. It all goes to the making of one of the most beautiful stories in the whole history of literature. For Heminge and Condell were no ordinary friends. They had been lifelong fellow-workers and fellow-"householders" in Burbage's company with the "upstart crow" from Stratford. They had fought their way up through good and evil fortune with him till, before the eyes of both, the old Globe—the "glory of the Bank"—went down in flames.

"Old stuttering Heminge," as the ballad calls him, was about eight years older than Shakespeare. He is supposed to have been the original Falstaff, was the business manager of the company and had succeeded to the leadership on the death of Burbage, five years before Folio-time. There is a possibility that he came from Shottery, and would thus have had a double reason for interest in Anne Hathaway's scapegrace husband—but this is on the slenderest evidence. Any-how he and Shakespeare and Burbage all figure together in the little band of brothers who took part in that triumphant midnight adventure of the moving of the old "Theatre" from Shoreditch to Southwark, plank by plank, in defiance of the landlord.

Condell, who seems to have been an able actor, since he took the part of the Cardinal in "The Duchess of Malfi," came along a little later. But all three, or rather all four, were good, sound men, who lived to end their days in wealth, prosperity and universal esteem.

Both Heminge and Condell were distinguished parishioners of St. Mary Aldermanbury, where Condell acted as "sydeman," afterwards retiring to his country house at Fulham. Heminge married well and brought up a large family, one member of which went to West-minster School and became a dramatist. Only recently Dr. Wallace's researches have revealed that Shakespeare himself was frequently a near neighbour of these two colleagues when he stayed with his Huguenot friends, the Mountjoys, in Silver Street.

As one stands in the leaf-shaded little square of St. Mary Aldermanbury, where is a statue of Shake-speare, set up (as they would have wished) in memory of his two friends, both buried there, one cannot resist a feeling of homage to these men as living examples of a bond of simple human brotherhood. Starting their lives as derided outcasts—classed with "rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars"—they battled through together in the plague-stricken city till they had won not only worldly gear for themselves, but respect for their profession Though neither Heminge nor Condell had the art of Burbage or of Shakespeare himself, "they also served."

It has often seemed to me that Shakespeare's own ever-beautiful championing of friendship may have been very much due to the fact that in an age which was rife with private and public treachery, from the throne downwards, fortune had cast his lot among men who were not only friends themselves, but capable of understanding his passionate and ideal faith in friendship

It cannot be said that all of Burbage's company were equally to be trusted in this respect. Kempe, for instance, deserted to Henslowe more than once, and one cannot help feeling that Hamlet's address to the players must have been written on the brink of some little estrangement between Shakespeare and his lead-ing clown. Some of the others too, such as William Sly, proved a source of scandal to the company from the moral point of view. Dick Burbage himself, how-ever, Heminge, Condell and Shakespeare, seem always to have kept together, true and noble friends, wearing each other in their "heart of heart." Both Heminge and Condell were, by the way, given mourning rings in Shakespeare's will.

Even in matters of criticism the friendship of Heminge and Condell with Shakespeare seems to have lent them an insight beyond that accorded to their commentators. They seem to have known what was to come—that the man they loved would be buried beneath tomes of barren pedantry. "Reade him," they say, "againe, and againe: And if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his Friends, whom if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade your selves, and others. And such Readers we wish him."

In some quarters, perhaps, "such readers" they have helped to find him!

KEATS AND SHELLEY: ABOUT CERTAIN PORTRAITS.

By Nigel B. Severn.

It may be of interest to admirers of Keats and Shelley if I set down some facts, partly new, with regard to certain pictures and sketches by my grandfather, Joseph Severn, the friend of both poets, but especially of Keats, with whose name he is for ever associated.

One afternoon in the nineties I was walking in the Brompton Road, London, when I happened to notice outside an old picture shop a framed oil-painting rather quaintly de-scribed as "Fine landscape, with portrait of Keats." On examining the picture more closely I noticed the signature "Joseph Severn." It showed the poet seated under some pine trees listening to the nightingale. I asked the price of the picture, which was very moderate, and on reaching home in-formed my father, who said he must purchase it. He got someone to go on his behalf to the shop next day. It then turned out that they had another "fine landscape," a view of the Colosseum by moonlight with a portrait of Byron, also by my grandfather. Both pictures were sub-sequently purchased, and I well remember



Keats on his deathbed.
Sketch for a projected picture by the late Joseph Severn.

the interest they caused when they arrived at our house.

My father said they were two pictures of a series of three, the other being of Shelley, which my grandfather had painted to the order of someone or other whose name I have forgotten.

The Shelley portrait I saw soon after in the studio of my uncle, Arthur Severn, at Herne Hill. It is now, I believe, in the Keats-Shelley Memorial House in Rome.



Shelley.

Sketch for a picture by the late Joseph Severn.

Now this Keats picture turned up after the appearance of my grandfather's " Life and Letters " by the late William Sharp, otherwise it might have most appropriately formed an illustration to that work.

After my father's death in 1903 I was up at Hampstead one day trying to identify the landscape in the Nightingale picture. I was not altogether successful, though the painting suggests the neighbourhood of " The Spaniards," a well-known Inn on the Heath. While at Hampstead I saw in a shop-window a brown print from a sketch by J. Severn * which was unfamiliar to me and which I bought for a few shillings.

In 1905 it occurred to me that I might inform Mr. Sharp of the existence of this new Keats picture and of the print. I did not know his address, but wrote to the Authors' Club and received a most prompt and cordial reply, asking for an early appointment and saying that by a curious coincidence he was just then in London for the purpose of correcting proofs of an article for the *Century Magazine* on portraits of Keats.

I made an appointment. He came and examined the picture and print. He said that both were new to him and that the Nightingale picture was most interesting and indeed unique, as it was the only one of Keats showing a hat. The hat in question is the old-fashioned topper of those days, and is on the bank by the poet's side. By the way, the Shelley picture also shows a hat –a large straw one.

Mr. Sharp said he wished to include these portraits in his article, and got me to have a photograph made by Frederic Hollyer. The article appeared in the *Century* for February, 1906, and shortly after I was grieved to read of Mr. Sharp's death abroad. Was it some fate that made me write to him at that time ? I wonder !

Now at the end of this article in the *Century* Mr. Sharp mentioned a picture projected by my grandfather, but never painted, of Keats lying dead with a sweet spirit bending over him, and he went on to say that " no sketch however slight exists of this picture." I do not remember whether we had any conversation on the matter at the time of our interview, but cannot be quite certain. Some years ago, however, on going carefully over my grandfather's sketch-books I found what is obviously a study for this projected picture. It is in pencil on creamy paper touched up with Chinese white. A reproduction of the sketch appears herewith. It will be noticed that the position and general appearance of the head are practically identical with the well-known sepia drawing " done to keep me awake," the last record of the poet from life by anyone. By the side of the bed are what appear to be an inkstand and pen.

There are also in another sketch-book two very slight studies in black chalk on grey paper for the Nightingale picture of Keats and two for that of Shelley. The backgrounds for the latter picture vary considerably.

All these reproductions are from photographs by my friend Mr. Stanley Eavestaff, who has taken a great deal of trouble in what cannot have been an easy task.

Since finishing these notes I was interested to see in the London *Observer* a sketch of Keats by his friend Charles Brown. This reminds me that there was another Keats portrait not mentioned in the Sharp article, which I have heard my father speak of, but which I never saw. This was done on board the vessel during the voyage to Italy. Will it ever turn up like the " fine landscape " which I found in the Brompton Road ? It would indeed be a discovery !

* Reproduced in *Century* for February, 1906.

BOOK-NOTES FROM PARIS.

By Brian Rhys.

Paris. 3rd March, 1923.

Over two months of the new year have slipped by in Paris ; but, with the exception of the first centenary of Renan, 1923 has not so far brought us any great literary events. The critics are still talking, on and off paper, of the literary prizes of last year ; no book has come to create a scandal or eclipse all previous sales. It is as though we were still under the shadow of the death of Marcel Proust. In the January number of the *Nouvelle Revue Française* (now out of print), his friends raised a remarkable if amorphous

monument to the memory of the one great French writer of this century. Publishers reserve their surprises for March, muttering of taxes and rents. Not that the outpour of books has been less; the statistics for last year are as yet unknown, but it is certain that in France as elsewhere there is a steady return to the book-production of 1914. The paper difficulty is being overcome; "alfa" or esparto is now more freely imported into France. As a result we have seen a move in the direction of the more bourgeois book-standards of England—towards the "*livre de demi-luxe.*" Two new series may be cited: *Le livre de bibliothèque* has published, at 10 francs, "Monsieur Barbebleu . . . et Madame," stories of a marked *gauloiserie* by that able journalist and short-story writer, Pierre Mille; "Récensement de l'amour à Paris," a comparatively sober study for Parisians by Gérard Bauer. A novel by Abel Hermant, "Le Disciple aimé," is to follow, and another whose title, coupled to the author's name, is sure to win notice—"Le Chah de Mahboulistan," by Karaguez Effendi. In the other series, *Le livre de demain*, the enterprising publisher Fayard not only pays great attention to format, type and illustration, but beats down the price of his reprints to the amazing sum of 2 francs fifty. Of the first novel, René Benjamin's "Gaspard" (which has been translated into English), 25,000 copies were exhausted in a few days and a fresh edition called for. Colette's "Mitsou," with admirable woodcuts by Hermann Paul, has just followed, and among the numbers announced are novels by Bordeaux, Boylesve and a book by the caricaturist Sem, which he is to illustrate himself.

The opening of the year has been enlivened by a battle between the men of letters and the *universitaires*. There was first of all the Farigoule-Romains episode. To those English readers who keep pace with French literature Jules Romains is well known as the writer of "Les Copains," "Mort de quelqu'un" and "Lucienne," books in which a thinker of great force and originality rather outweighs the novelist. But few Frenchmen even knew that he also held a high scientific degree. When, therefore, he called at the *Revue Bleue* with a manuscript signed "Farigoule," the serious-minded directors, amazed at the subject, declined the article, suspecting with many professors a *fumisterie*. It remained for the *N. R. F.* to publish in the February number these amazing pages. Briefly, they give an account of experiments in the development of vision through the skin-pores under hypnotic training. One blind man has literally been taught to read through the back of his neck. Such is the subject of an important book shortly to be published at the *N. R. F.* under the title of "La Vision extra-rétinienne et le sens paroptique."

The revenge of the literary men was not long in coming. England perhaps caught echoes of the discussion recently raging in France around manuals of literature. Fernand Vanderem's attacks in the *Revue de France* set every other periodical and paper talking; questions were asked in Parliament on this general topic of the day. Into this turmoil was recently launched a "Histoire de la Littérature française (contemporaine)," signed by M. Lalou; opposite the title page appeared a list of his novels and mention of a book of poems. But by next morning the men of letters had discovered him to be a university teacher, and within a few hours, fresh uproar in every literary column. A word or two in defence of this manual may here be given. It is a solid piece of work, written in a vigorous, epigrammatic way, and undoubtedly fills a gap. At best M. Lalou's task was a thankless one; his shortcomings are largly those of any contemporary. If, for instance, he is inadequate in his estimate of Jules Lafargue, if he omits to mention an important *vers libriste* like Dujardin, the hundred little minor sins which are laid to his charge will be washed away with time. They will also come less under the microscope abroad—the American rights for the book, it may be noted, have already been secured.

In the meantime the discussion continues. Valéry Larbaud goes so far (in the pages of a new review mentioned below) as to suggest that literary manuals be reduced to bare lists, scientific compilations. The educationalists of England and America will no doubt retort that he is reverting to the days when the schoolboy's geography was nothing but a string of principal towns, rivers, bays, islands and exports.

Another young *universitaire* who has taken up the writer's pen has just published a book with a journalistic title. "Le Français, langue morte?" deplores the inroads of journalese and *argot* and pleads for classic purity of style. The subject has a wide appeal in France, where "*bien ou mal écrit*" is the first judgment passed on any book of importance. But the retort of Anatole France to a captious grammarian—"write better!"—has been recalled and shows the danger of pushing the plea too far, even in the country where literary reputations are often attacked on this score alone.

"*Les cahiers verts*" is the name of a green-wrappered series which has won high praise for the variety and excellence of its contents. It may be recalled that it opened with Maria Chapdelaine, of which 650,000 French copies have been sold. For March are announced a book entitled "Vauban," by the editor of the series, Daniel Halévy, and a story by André Maurois (whose "Colonel Bramble" is well known in England). "Ariel" is nothing but the story of Shelley's life, and André Maurois' treatment of it will be sure to arouse great interest across the water. The three *cahiers* which have already appeared this year also deserve mention. "Échantillons," or samples from the work of Ramon Gómez de la Serna, were presented by that rare literary godfather, Valéry Larbaud. Englishmen who do not read Spanish will do well to discover the genius of Ramón, half mystic, half sensualist, in these pages; it is to be feared that he will never be translated into English. Julien Benda's "La Croix des Roses" adds little to the author's reputation. Once again he harps gracefully, skilfully on his single string, which the virile Browning struck in "Meeting at Night" and "Parting at Morning." "Renan et nous" is a timely foretaste of the important study which Pierre Lasserre is preparing on the work and life of that greatest of French doubters. With the utmost tact he gives an admirable survey of the religious antinomies in France during last century. The formal celebrations of the 27th February passed quietly by. The choice of



From the portrait by Sir F. Burton (N.P.G., London). GEORGE ELIOT.

POEM

By George Meredith

Fresh Spring has come with flower head & warm
All men that they with leaf & flower enfold
Their hearts' desires, & in her fruitless fold
And fruitful rains stand wistful of the Corn
That by & by shall greet a golden morn
In waves of wealth. Take courage, heart a-cold,
(For living with the Seasons, you grow old)
For he who with the Seasons lives, grows old
No more than they, nor ever (care) is forlorn.

George Meredith.

April 25th 1867

Facsimile of an unpublished Poem
By George Meredith.



George Meredith.
Photograph by Thomson.

The original was kindly lent by Canon Anthony Deane to whose mother Meredith sent the poem in 1867.
It is reproduced by permission of Mr. W. M. Meredith.

Canon Anthony Deane writes: "The poem was found among my Mother's papers after her death a year ago. I remember her saying that she had met Mered in her young days, and evidently he gave her this little poem. As the date is within a short time of my Mother's wedding, it may have been a wedding prese An interesting point in it is that he added an alternative version to one line without striking out the former reading."

Maurice Barrès, however, as one of the official speakers at the Sorbonne produced comments. And the words of this refractory disciple, when he quoted the famous "*le parfum d'un vase vide*," had their echoes in the press.

The number of literary prizes threatens to be increased this year. A "New World Prize" for young writers has been endowed by an American lady, and a French paper is founding a *Grand Prix Flaubert*. Under the shadow of last November's *Grand Prix Balzac*, the award of a lesser *prix Balzac* by the Société des Gens de Lettres passed almost unnoticed. In "Castagnol" André Lamandé stages his characters in a *rôtisserie* not many hundreds of yards away from "La Reine Pédauque," which readers of Anatole France know well. Mine host has a delightful vocabulary, as richly larded as his turkeys; his customers vary fantasy with sublime eloquence. The tale makes good reading, but will probably draw few readers away from the older establishment. Another recent novel is based on a slight but ingenious theme—the passage in "l'Avare" where Molière gives an inventory of furniture which is to be the security for a loan to Cléante, son of Harpagon. In "la Détresse des Harpagon" Pierre Mille describes the descendants living in Burgundy, threatened with disaster, material and moral. The arrival of the modern Jew, the discovery of the tapestries and furniture in a loft, finally save their fortunes. There are unpleasant scenes, vivid pictures of provincial life, painted in the author's rapid, lucid way.

Pierre Mac Orlan is a clever maker of books, with a little bullet-shaped head full of imaginative ideas. In "Malice" he draws once again upon a hundred sources, literary and other, and paints a lodging-house in Mainz whose walls reek with horrors. But much space would be needed to give the story; for similar reasons other novels must be passed by.

Among the other more important announcements may be noted the following: "Petit traité de versification," by Jules Romains, in collaboration with Chennevière, in a new series to be called *Les documents bleus*. The book will embody lectures given last year and mark the reversion of the *avant-garde* to the fixed forms in poetry, which J. Romains would enrich by assonance and other means. In a limited edition the same writer's "Odes et Prières" will give the application of his theory. A long-awaited reissue of "Mort de quelqu'un" is also announced. Paul Morand's "Fermé la nuit" is also anxiously awaited. We are promised "portraits of men of New York, Ireland, Babylon, Berlin, London," companions to the feminine diversities of "Ouvert la nuit." In the meantime Picasso is illustrating a limited edition of the latter book for this *enfant gâté* of Paris, still charmingly modest in his demeanour. A novel by a seventeen-year-old author from the Landerneau—Raymond Radiguet, is announced; rumours around "Le diable au corps," as it is called, promise a literary sensation. In April, in that excellent series, *La critique*, will appear a study on Dostoevsky by André Gide; those who know Dostoevsky's influence in France will appreciate the importance of an announcement over such a name. An interesting collection of short stories by Louis Hémon will be out in a few days; lovers of Maria Chapdelaine will find in "La belle que voilà" a very different book. The first of these stories, in which Hémon was trying his hand, tells of the amorous adventures of a French clerk in London. A second novel of his will be announced in the autumn. Henri de Régnier is said to be preparing another novel, whose scene will be laid in the Bourbonnais.

Translations from the English continue in ever-increasing numbers; let a bare list of names speak for themselves. André Gide has rendered Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell"; selections of Keats have been published with the English opposite the French. Trans lations forthcoming are: new versions of "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It" and "'Tis Pity she's a Whore"; "The Book of Snobs"; selections from John Donne. In May subscriptions will be invited to a limited edition of "Tom Jones" in a new translation.

It remains to mention one or two periodicals. In the same month, and with dangerously similar titles, two new reviews have appeared. Both look outward, both publish translations from the Russian. *La revue européenne*, which is in excellent literary hands (Edmond Jaloux, Valéry Larbaud and others), draws upon the literatures of all countries for France. In *l'Europe* (René Arcos, Paul Colin) letters do not hold the only place; an European wind seems to blow through its pages. An unpublished paper by the Comte de Gobineau tells strikingly at this moment. Can they live side by side? is the single question. *Les nouvelles littéraires*, a new weekly published by Larousse in newspaper form at 25 centimes, is well informed but cannot lay claim to any definite policy. "All the news" is its successful cry, and Londoners if they will may now have printer's ink each Sunday morning, fresh from Paris.

JOHN OWEN.

By ARTHUR HIRD.

JOHN OWEN was born in '78, in Liverpool, of course. After finishing school he worked some time with his father, who was a builder, an experience which served him well when he came to write "The Idealist." Then followed five years apprenticeship to cotton brokering which again accounts for the amazingly accurate inside knowledge of men and methods revealed in "The Cotton Broker." His family had very close ties with Wales, and at one time young Owen was active in local Welsh politics. A near relative took the chair at the famous meeting in Liverpool addressed by John Bright, and coined the phrase, "Liverpool is the capital of Wales." His maternal grandfather was the pioneer of the original Channel Tunnel Scheme, and the original silver model is still in the family which this William Williams took with him to France when he sought to interest Napoleon the Third in the venture.

But neither business nor politics were destined to claim John Owen. With characteristic courage he burned his boats and came to London as a free lance

journalist. For the next ten years he lived in a quiet Essex village and, in addition to his other work, gradually won an assured place as a writer of historical romances and adventure books for boys.

He says it was the outbreak of war which jerked him out of his ruts and precipitated the thinking of those full, quiet years into definite conceptions and aims. It is more than likely that, in any case, in due time John Owen would have turned to the novel as a means of self-expression. It was whilst serving on the East Coast that he began to write "The Cotton Broker." It certainly is characteristic of the man that at such time, and in a place favoured by the Zeppelins, he could write his first novel. There is no smell of fire on the garment. In the midst of war he could sufficiently detach himself to minutely analyse such complex characters as Mary Belstock, Crossford's mother, and Prosperity Crossford. But that is the man. In the crowd he is interested in the individual, and his interest in the individual penetrates to that intimate, secret something which makes him or her an "individual" and not just one among many.



Photo by Emery.

Mr. John Owen in his study.

A significant incident occurred after my first meeting with John Owen. He mentioned it casually in a subsequent conversation in his cosy lounge study. "I was going down Fleet Street to the station after leaving you," he said, "and threading my way through the crowd I saw a broken man with a ragged beard, one of the great army of the defeated, staring intently at an excursion bill in the window of one of the tourist agencies. He was entirely absorbed, heedless of the rain, and the mystery and mysteries of the seven million lives of the great city, supported by the moral dignity of his own secret. I wondered what name of remote town or village had power to beckon him, to awaken memories, to hold him there on the glistening pavement at what time his soul was by some quiet stream or his eye lifted to some broken ridge of hill."

It was like John Owen to see this man with that vision which is not of the eyes: to sense the soul within that broken body, and swiftly to go over hill and dale shoulder to shoulder with the unknown looking at the bill. Also, as he puts it in a letter to me:

> "I hold that in every soul there is something- and that the essential thing—which is secret, and I have always sought to show this; always tried to bring out that by means of the preservation of this secret man maintains his moral dignity. It is not our business to invade the secret things of an actual human soul for its best things belong to that soul alone. But an invasion is possible when the soul invaded is that of a character in a novel. As you study such a character it brings you into touch, not only nor so much with the mind that created the character, as with the men and women about you. You are offered an interpretation of your fellows and are made to realise that *they are there*, always occupied with the obscure passions and hopes of their kind."

Here you glimpse the shy reticence of John Owen as a man, and his reverent curiosity and loving study of his fellows. In passing he repudiates any primary interest in the creator. The novelist is far more and other than a teller of tales, pleasant or otherwise For him the novelist is one who, whether he sees the crowd or the individual, is moved with compassion in the full sense of that grand, strong word. There is nothing of the "stand and deliver" attitude about John Owen either as man or novelist. He loves and broods his way into the heart of his characters. He does not challenge -for he has no right -he waits and watches with infinite patience and, with an unoffending truthfulness, records. When the soul doubles and twists like a hare in a field he marks with an understanding void of censoriousness or cynicism. He does not judge save as his characters must of necessity, here or there, come into the revealing light.

"I want a really good novel about a man," said a woman recently to her librarian. "I think I know what you mean," he replied. "The trouble is that almost all modern novels of the psychological type are concerned with women." From another source we are

told that the women amongst our psychological-novelists are only interested in the psychology of women. There is sufficient truth in the above to give point to the claim that John Owen is a writer for men about men—and that means also that he is a writer in whose works women will be keenly interested. What capable and adequate work he has put into Crossford, Weyman, Robbins, Dyke, Robert Gregory (for he was never a boy) and his father, into Boxrider and Beech in his new novel, "The Hoarding"!

If I were challenged to define what I mean by an "ordinary" man I should doubtless make a poor show. Nevertheless, it remains that John Owen is at his best in describing the man who is not ordinary. Crossford, on one side, is the forceful Napoleon of business, but on the other there is a streak of weakness not adequately described as the Achilles heel of the usual strong man. All his years his mother knew of it, and knew the time would come when that strong man would halt on his thigh, and need a woman as the shield and stay in that dread crisis. Robbins! whose hate is cancerous, and yet he holds us. Weyman! the idealist—with red blood in his veins. Who but John Owen could keep us deeply concerned and intrigued with the very littleness of Robert Gregory! Whereas, if his father is normal, God help us, and yet there are two scenes in this book worth a roomful of novels that have appeared since 1900. If "Robert Gregory" were by Gissing, we should read avidly this superb study of a little soul, and enthuse about the marvellous skill and sublime sympathy which saves littleness from becoming trivial. It is far from being a pleasant study, but it is a wondrous education in all that deserves to be called the humanities.



Mr. John Owen,
when serving his time in the cotton broker's office

But the creator of Rhoda Dyke, Crossford's mother, Mary Belstock and Mrs. Gregory cannot be crudely classified as solely a student of men. I sometimes think he knows what is in men because he understands women so well. Again, it is the unusual woman with whom he is most successful. Am I right in feeling that there is something Slavonic in Rhoda Dyke? I never see her sharply outlined in a clear light—I seem to have my back to her all the time, and only catch her face in the mirror now and then—face pale yet vivid, and eyes that burn, which see all there is to be seen yet veil their knowledge.

It is the bare truth to claim that John Owen has won his right to serious consideration and glad thanks for a round dozen of his creations in his four novels.

His new novel, "The Hoarding," reveals another essential side of John Owen. For him, all rivers flow into the sea. He is fascinated by the Mersey and the Thames. I have walked with him on the Embankment, and seen him look wistfully at the dirty, dumpy barges and the scurrying police boat, for is not their business with the ships that ply to every port? The scream of a gull is more to him than the trill of a nightingale. He sees the whole world being made one, and that largely by the business men and the workers in the factories and the markets of the world. He sees and feels, with something of the poet's fervour, the magic and romance of trade. Was not the founding of our world-commerce steeped in romance? Drake, and Frobisher, and the heroes of the North-West Passage, have they nothing to do with the founding of our trade and the opening of new markets? Read your Hakluyt—and then ask why there should be romance in the finding of a market and only drab Philistinism in the keeping and developing of that new opportunity. If we had but eyes to see, every grocer's shop and every ledger is of the very stuff our dreams are made of. And, feeding and stimulating this great exchange of goods and bringing this scattered world into one throbbing whole, is the business of Advertising, that new profession which is to business as the circulation of the blood is to the body. One man is in cotton, another in ships, one in leather and another in fruit-growing, a woman paints a picture and a firm buys it to advertise cocoa—and they all are bound up in that romantic bundle of life which includes the sailors who know the Seven Seas, the prospector alone on the hills, a negro picking cotton, and a dago loading nitrate, and thousands of black-coated men pushing and shrieking in the pit of the Exchanges of the world.

And, because he is John Owen, he is not interested in business as the means of amassing fortunes, but in the work of the world because therein is spent so large a portion of our lives, to give forth our strength and to find our inmost weakness laid bare. He thrills to the magic of trade and his heart is with those engaged in it, knowing that if a man would hear every note of the vast human chorus he must go where men and women work together, listen to their plans, see them working out their ambitions, note the myriad interlocking of human interests—to that vivid life of the worker compact of laughter, songs and sighs. Not in trade secrets nor in trade processes is the wealth or the romance of life to be found, but in the souls that find expression in, and the souls that are bound together by, the work of the world.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best quotation from English literature applicable to any Member of the present House of Commons.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—THIS PRIZE is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Doris Amy Ibbotson, of 121, Lower St. James's Street, Newport, Isle of Wight, and Ursula Carmichael, of Brickkiln Farm, Coleman's Hatch, Uckfield, Sussex, for the following:

RETROSPECTION.

The silent hills receive the setting sun,
Seeming to put it like a child to bed,
But it is long ere all good-nights are said
And every little cloud kissed one by one.
So when the Hills of Separation stand
Between us, dearest, and you've gone from me,
Still for a space life's twilight seems to be
Transfigured by the magic of your hand.
The hours are rosy with your love's bequest,
Smiling at memories which you have blest,
And through a haze of dreams I walk bewitched,
Myself—yet not myself—so much enriched
By the bright hope past happiness supplies
To guide me to you in Love's grand sunrise.

URSULA CARMICHAEL.

FEBRUARY EVENING.

Over the rim of the world last night—
One white arm crook'd like the curving moon
And hair flame-gold in the sunset light—
She gazed a moment; then all too soon
Faded away into violet sky,
A mist-blue wraith like a dream half-done,
With a star to mark her going by
And the swift down-dropping of the sun.

Bleak is the wind and the dawn comes chill,
And the black trees shiver nakedly.
Buds are asleep in the brown earth still,
Grey waves break white on a leaping sea.
But once again in the gloom I stand
To watch where a star is hovering—
A pearly shoulder; glimpse of a hand;
And tawny banner of hair unfurled—
These are the joys that the dusk will bring.

Over the apple-green rim of the world
Every evening glances the Spring.

DORIS AMY IBBOTSON.

We also select for printing:

WHAT THE FLOWERS SAW.

Millions of flowers are tethered close to me,
And over that great shoulder is the sea.

The wind flows past me as a river flows
And diving through the wind my spirit goes.

The flowers take rhythm, in rhythm they bend and sway,
They sweep in rhythm, a rainbow-coloured spray.

These fields would rise and, light as foam, fly past,
But for the slender stalks which hold them fast:

The wind! the flowers! I almost feel your breath
Blown through the years, still passing time and death.

I shut my eyes and think: "Were he here still
I would not know when I had climbed a hill."

I open them again, and all the time
The flowers flow past me as I climb and climb:

They float upon the hill, nor can depart—
They are like *you* still anchored in my heart.

I stand upon the hill's triumphant brow,
It seems your living breath that I breathe, now.

Around but sky and downs and oceans roll,
Stoop down, then, let me clasp you soul to soul.

See, in this wild, sweet breathing, sky-spread place
The flowers stand tip-toe and gaze in my face:

Ten million million happy little eyes
Have watched us kiss, nor felt the least surprise.

. . . Child, I *must* go! I dare no longer stay;
These flowers will run beside me all the way.

While those behind think I descend the hill,
You know my heart climbs up toward you, still.

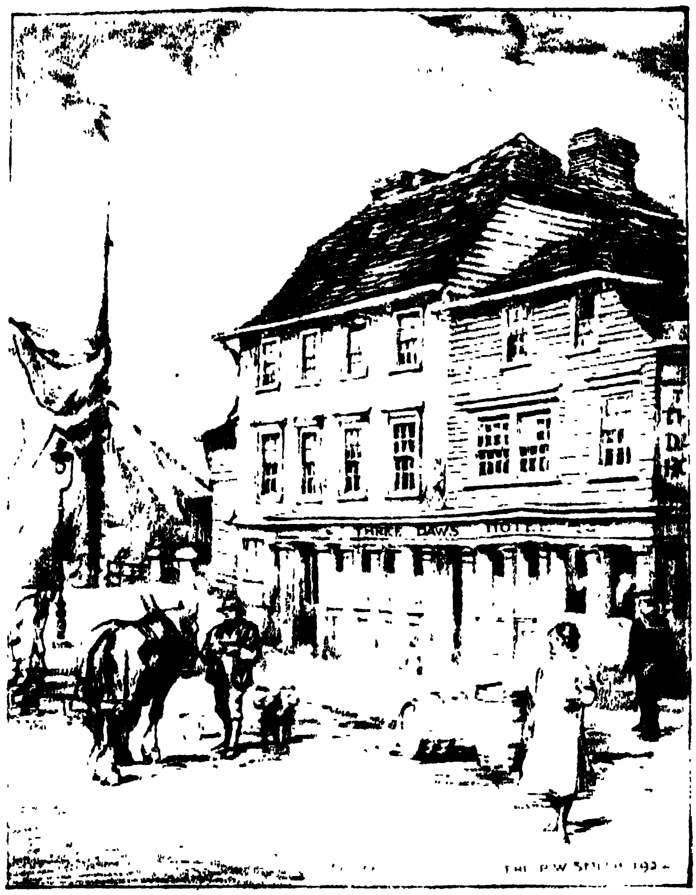
(Julia Wickham Greenwood, The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain.)

The Lyrics sent this month have been numerous but, on the whole, not up to such a good average as usual. We specially commend those by W. Ward (Felixstowe), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Miss E. R. Faraday (Brimfield), Monica Bradbury (Wool), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Dorothy M. Gibbons (Acton), M. H. N. P. (Roehampton), Evelina Ida San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), Ian Kelway (Moretonhampstead), Pauline Hope (Stoke-on-Trent), Miss A. E. M. Wilks (Sheffield), A. M. Thomas (Exmouth), Doris A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Pauline Meadows (Teddington), Thomas Edmund Kinna (Port Elizabeth), William A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), H. L. Wright (Bradford), Audrey Westlake (Bournemouth), Muriel M. Thomas (Merthyr), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), O. R. Bridgman (Oudtstroom, South Africa), Kathleen Strood (Folkestone), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), H. M. Hare (London, W.), Coralie Smythson (Wellington, N.Z.), Vivien Brett-Smith (Boscombe), K. R. C. Jeffreys



From "NEWMARKET"
By FRANK SILTZER
(Cassell).

THE RT. HON. GEORGE PITT
LORD RIVERS.



From "SAILOR TOWN DAYS"
(Methuen)

THE THREE DAWS

(Bargoed), J. Peterson (Kirkwall, Orkney), A. A. M. B. (Hampstead), J. Fern (Liverpool), Charles R. Murphy (Roeport, Mass.), Marie Maconochie (Sleights), H. Ross (Hove), Enid Camm (Hoylake), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), R. S. Warner (Stroud), W. Swayne Little (Dublin).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to N. Stuart Shepherd, of The Vicarage, Alfrick, Worcester, for the following:

TALES WITHOUT MORALS. BY ARNOLD PALMER. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"What will Mrs. Grundy say?"

THOMAS WHARTON, *Speed the Plough.*

We also select for printing:

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN. BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE. (Cassell)

"The early bird got up and whet his beak,
The early worm awoke, an easy prey"

OWEN SEAMAN, *To Mr. Alfred Austin*

(W. L. Dudley, Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH. BY E M BRUNNER. (Brentano.)

"Slap the feller on his back,
Bring yer han' down with a whack"

S. W. FOSS, *Hullo.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)

THE MAN WHO LIVED ALONE BY ALMEY ST. JOHN ADCOCK. (Jarrolds.)

"He omitted to shave; he neglected his hair"

R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends* ("*The Black Mousquetaire*").

(Annie A. Robinson, 3, Penn Lea Road, Weston, Bath.)

THE MIND OF THE NAUGHTY CHILD BY KATHLEEN COATES (Philpot.)

"Thinks I, 'Aha!
When I can talk I'll tell Mamma'
—And that's my earliest recollection"

FREDERICK LOCKER, *A Terrible Infant.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation in praise of Music is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of Kinkora, Swanley, Kent, for the following:

"The music rose, indeed, like an exhalation of rich distilled perfume. The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness. the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world." -*Hazlitt.*

Of the very large number of replies received, seventeen quoted the same well-known lines from Dryden, fourteen the equally well-known lines from "The Merchant of Venice," eleven the well-known lines from Tennyson, ten a famous passage from Carlyle, six Congreve's "Music Hath Charms." We specially commend these competitors and Miss M. L. Hudson (Stoke Ferry), R. E. Warner (Stroud), Ada M. Howell (Darlington), R. A. Hodge (Manchester), David Mort (Regent's Park), Edith A. Churchill (Bristol), Brenda Fripp (Bushey), Kathleen Joyce Blake (Wickham Market), Miss Coubrough (Troon), D. M. Richardson (Bristol), E. Aimee Thomas (Worthing), M. E. Wyly (Slough), Miss M. Faraker (New Brighton), Vere Russell (Edinburgh), D. Scupham (Market Rasen), Caroline Coxhan (New Malden), M. W. Balcombe (Bushey Heath), A. M. Fenn (Colchester), N. Stuart Shepherd (Alfrick), Miss M. Storey (Durham), Enid Smith (Bromley, Kent), Mrs. H. J. Elmhurst (Elvington), Mary Redmayne (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Margaret W. Tupman (London, W.C.), Mary E. Allan (Cheslyn Hay), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred-word review is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

ANNE SEVERN AND THE FIELDINGS. BY MAY SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson.)

Anne Severn comes as a child into the Fielding family, and thenceforward the threads of her life are closely interwoven with those of the three brothers, Eliot, Jerrold and Colin. Anne loves Jerrold unswervingly, is loved with equal faithfulness by Eliot, and is believed by the scandalmongers to be Colin's mistress, because she lives with him to nurse him through shell-shock. Jerrold believes the rumour and impulsively marries Maisie, but irresistible forces draw him and Anne together again. The story of their passion, their remorse and Maisie's self-sacrifice is told by Miss Sinclair with poignant force and fineness.

We also select for printing:

PERADVENTURE. BY ROBERT KEABLE. (Constable.)

That section of the public that knows Robert Keable only from reading his novel, "Simon Called Peter," will be a little surprised with his latest book, "Peradventure." It is a study of the religious growth of Paul Kestern from Low Church Evangelicalism to Paganism via Roman Catholicism. There is practically no love element in the book until almost the last few chapters, when Ursula Manning comes into Paul's life. In spite of the fact that the book is a theological treatise written in the form of a novel, it is very agreeable reading to anyone interested in a soul's religious evolution.

(G. Ralton Barnard, 6, The Crescent, York.)

We specially commend the reviews by Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Anne Richardson (Minehead), Enid Blyton (Beckenham, Kent), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, N.S.W.), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), H. M. Creswell Payne (Newquay), Edward Morrison (Manchester), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), I. Smythson (Wellington, N.Z.), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Coralie Smythson (Wellington, N.Z.), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley, Kent), Phyllis Rees (Macclesfield), Rev. J. E. Swallow (Wallington), Miss E. A. Pearson (Seaton Carew), John Halfpenny (Bromsgrove), Mildred Brennan (Jarrow-on-Tyne), Eleanor John (Bromley, Kent), Katherine J. Wood (Birmingham), Annie Vale (Somerset).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.

TENNYSON.*

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

AFTER the inevitable period of eclipse, interest in Tennyson begins to revive. Among the critical, that is; for no doubt Tennyson has always kept his large public. By a remarkable coincidence two elaborate studies of his life and work have appeared simultaneously, both by writers of the younger generation. The coincidence is remarkable because Mr. Fausset and Mr. Nicolson approach their subject from a similar point of view, have planned their volumes

* "Tennyson: a Modern Portrait." By H. I'A. Fausset. 8s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)—"Tennyson." By Harold Nicolson. 12s. 6d. (Constable.)

on similar lines and make substantially the same criticism of the poet's shortcomings. In spite of this, and in spite of so much that is common to both in the matter of documentation, the two books are very different. As with Byron, so with Tennyson, it is found that the side of him which made his enormous popularity is not the side which makes the lasting appeal. Perhaps no one has ever captured the taste and absorbed the admiration of his own age without paying for it in reputation after his death; and it is most unlikely that Tennyson's fame will ever stand where it did in the days of his unquestioned dominance. Mr. Fausset and Mr. Nicolson are alike engagingly modest; they both disclaim any attempt at a final judgment, and allow that a change of temper might rehabilitate parts of Tennyson which they condemn. Yet one conjectures that Mr. Nicolson's estimate will not prove very far wrong, as time continues to sift the poetry of the nineteenth century. Mr. Fausset seems to be more severe, because he dwells more on what he condemns than on what he enjoys; yet perhaps if questioned he would confess to more admiration than appears on the surface. "Pain and death," he says, "in recent years have, it may be, prejudiced our minds and hearts as much as sentiment and association the heart of his contemporaries." This very honest avowal may give an inkling of the spirit in which Mr. Fausset writes. It is certainly not that of levity or shallowness. Mr. Fausset is in deadly earnest; he is transparently sincere and quite without malice. But the "Victorianism" of Tennyson continually stirs his indignation. In the acquisitive greed and egoism of the Victorian age, with its upper-class prosperity and ease founded on an underworld of misery, its self-deceit and self-righteousness, he finds the seed of the bitter fruit our age has tasted—the "savagery and folly" of the war. Tennyson is a "more than representative" Victorian, and because of his acquiescences he must share the blame. This is to be rather hard on Tennyson, who did not see all the evil of his time but did see much of it. The capacity of man for self-deception keeps pretty constant; and it might be more salutary to examine what things the good among our own generation tolerate, out of habit's blindness. The Victorian age exasperates by its complacency in the "progress" which destroyed beauty and darkened life for all but the prosperous few; and its eminent figures, even when really noble natures, seem too often to be safely preaching in pulpits rather than speaking to our hearts as spirits tried in the fire of experience. But are we not a little inclined just now to make the Victorian period the scapegoat of all the ages? What neither Mr. Fausset nor Mr. Nicolson quite brings out is the intellectual insularity of England during this period. We were out of touch with Europe; and our literature suffered thereby.

Tennyson's material success, brought to him by his least worthy work, seems to belong to his Victorianism. It makes his career uninteresting; and his sheltered life, his circle of adoring friends, his slouching indolence, prompt one to wish that circumstances had taken him out of himself and proved more searchingly his inner man. But one can make too much of all this. There was something big and simple about him. In spite of all his success he remained diffident at heart; he was not really spoiled. He was a strange combination. "Through the arteries of an athlete" (to quote Mr. Nicolson) "fluttered the frightened, sensitive pulses of a mystic; and under the scent and music of delicate and tender things pierced the cold salt savour of the wold and marsh." Certainly as a specimen of human nature he is remarkably interesting; and to this Mr. Nicolson seems much more alive than Mr. Fausset, because he has more sympathy with human weakness. Mr. Fausset scarcely allows himself a smile; but Mr. Nicolson is constantly amused and amusing. Not that he is not serious. His book is a very solid piece of work; it is full of patient detail, but it is all lightly carried on a delightful narrative style. He does not spare his criticism, but his appreciation is vivid and warm, and while he gives a minute and penetrating portrait of the man, he treats much more amply than Mr. Fausset of the poet and his poetry. Mr. Fausset's criticism is too much inclined, as in his recent interesting study of Keats, to separate the poet's thought and philosophy from his art. He condemns the "message" of Tennyson's later poetry, but speaks of its "flawless art." But after all the philosophy which can be disengaged from the work of greater poets than Tennyson is often not very wonderful; it is something in the very texture of their verse, of their rhythm, which affects us by contact with a great nature and as a personal experience; so that supreme poetic quality can be recognised even when the verse carries no "message." Tennyson was no imaginative creator, and his longer efforts have no organic structure; but apart from this, the quality of his verse, the "accent" of it, is not to be compared with Virgil's for instance. He is on a plane altogether below Keats. Nevertheless he was wonderfully endowed. His genius was lyric and elegiac, but his friends and eminent contemporaries were always egging him on to do something big and outside his powers. Mr. Nicolson would separate the Bard from the Poet, and finds the essence of his poetry in what flows from the morbid and mystical side of his nature —his "sombre, emotional genius," though he rightly allows Tennyson's great felicity in the "occasional" poem. Yet if he was too often impelled to teach and exhort, he has a large address in his "public" poems; and is not the Wellington Ode, for example, one of his finest works as well as one of the most successful things in its kind that we have? He was surely rather self-deceived than insincere. His pictorial gift, so striking when isolated, can easily be overpraised. He collected little pictures in his mind and then stuck them into poems, often without any sense of real relation. But for pure melody he is hardly surpassed. Mr. Nicolson, though many no doubt will find too much detraction in his book, has tried to get at the real, the essential Tennyson; and it seems to me he has done better service to the poet's fame than the indiscriminate eulogy of which we have had so much, by his sympathetic picture of this man, still, in spite of a fabulous success and pedestalled on an immense fame, uneasy and troubled in his inner mind, conscious of his own weakness, seeking still, tremulous in his doubts and hopes, tender and sensitive to his last old age, still at heart so much a child.

New Books.

ANTICIPATIONS OF THE PAST.*

This was bound to come. The autobiographies of youthful ladies in the sixties and of elderly men in the twenties pour out of the publishing houses daily. We have the memoirs of those who can easily remember 1860 and of those who can with difficulty recall 1914. If we must have reminiscences of a past that has scarcely ceased to be the present, why not reminiscences of a past that is still in the future? At any rate Mr. R. A. Knox (does he like to be ecclesiastically "Fathered," I wonder?) has decided that the time for anticipatory retrospect has now arrived, and he looks back eagerly over a half-century that has yet to come.

He has done it cleverly, delightfully, cheerfully, but he has done it quite seriously. He even comes to a conclusion and, as I think, arrives at the wrong terminus. After tossing for a half-century in a welter of quackery, psychology and what may be generally called American mentalism, Lady Porstock and her fierce friend, Juliet Savage, both find peace at the Brompton Oratory and become Catholics. Now not for a moment do I mean that becoming a Catholic is arriving at the wrong terminus. It is not my notion of a satisfactory terminus, but if it is the notion of others, that is their affair, not mine. My objection is not religious, but literary. The whole book is written in satirical vein; it is in many places Butlerian. Is the conclusion also satirical? When Lady Porstock discovers that it is only at High Mass at the Oratory that she realises what eternity means, is she saying "eternal" when she means "interminable"? Is she getting, is she meant to be getting, the same kind of satisfaction from the Mass that Chowbok got from the name of Queen Adelaide in the Prayer Book? In other words, is Father Knox satirising her conversion? This orgy of interrogation is not frivolous, for I think that the end of the book forces the reader to one of two conclusions: either the author has suddenly abandoned his fantasy for a piece of irrelevant propaganda, or he has begun to discover the seamy side of his Church; in which case his spiritual Odyssey is not yet over.

The main body of the book is so rich in fun that one hardly knows where to begin in description. Naturally I am most interested in the educational jests. Our attitude of contempt for teachers has so hardened by the mid-century that we read of women who become teachers, "even though they might have gone into one of the learned professions." Children are paid to go to school and are urged to be kind to their teachers, as to their inferiors. One teacher is so ill treated by her pupils that she runs away; but she is captured and brought back to school. The question of her expulsion is seriously considered, but kinder counsels prevail, and she is allowed to remain.

But in spite of social rebuffs to the pedagogue, the science of pedagogy has developed beautifully on our present lines. Lady Porstock engages a tutor for her boys:

"He was a charming young Rheinlander named Schultz. He was very highly recommended to me by friends; he had, he told me, taken a particularly good degree at his University. When I interviewed him in London I asked what he took his degree in, and he said very seriously, 'Pædagogy.' I asked whether he could play the piano; he said no, he had given all his time to pædagogy. I asked whether he knew French; he said no, only pædagogy. I began to become interested in this curious subject, and asked him what pædagogy was about. He brightened up at once, and said 'It is very simple; you trust the child, he love you.' I wanted to know how long his course had been; he said six years. I said that seemed rather a long time; he said most unfortunately his course had been cut short. I asked him what he would have studied if he had been able to take a full course; he said, 'Pædagogy.'"

Well, Schultz loved his pupils so persistently that in desperation they begged to be allowed to have regular hours for lessons, if only he would let them alone for part of the day. Upon which he beamed through his spectacles and remarked, "You trust them, they love you."

Just as delightful as Schultz is Canon Dives, the Broad Churchman, who finds all dogma a matter of Relativity:

"Modern philosophy, trained in the school of Relativist science . . . assures us that not only our thinkage but our thoughtage is relative to the thinker. . . . Now when a thing is merely the thoughtage of my thinkage, what does that prove? Why, nothing, or next to nothing; merely that it is thinkable. But when it is the thoughtage of world-thinkage, then we must needs add, This is thinkworthy. . . . Oh, beautiful word, thinkworthiness! And beautiful thing, thoughtworthiness, I mean think—thoughtthinkiness—no, I don't mean that. . . . It is thinkworthy that thinks which are equal to the same think. . . ."

And so on. Canon (afterwards Bishop) Dives also discovers the great truth that it is a developing Christian's duty to cast away more and more of tradition and to trust less and less in the supernatural, until at last he will have no beliefs at all to trouble him. Well, this is hardly a caricature, as even to-day we can find my Lord Bishop of So-and-so who, having comfortably shed his belief in the Incarnation, the Atonement and the Resurrection, shepherds with unction the souls in a great diocese.

But these are dangerous topics. Let us glance more safely at the development of mental healing. When Lady Porstock's boy has whooping-cough, a cure is not properly effected until he has been to a physician for the cough and to a psycho-analyst for the whoop. The happy mother is then free to travel in the great Mid-European Republic, an enormously magnified Switzerland peacefully governed from Ludgate Circus by Thomas Cook & Sons with a local Senate of hotel-proprietors.

Meanwhile — !

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Memories of the Future." Being Memoirs of the years 1915-1972, written in the year of grace 1988 by Opal, Lady Porstock. Edited by Ronald A. Knox. 7s. 6d net (Methuen.)

ALL MANNER OF TALES.*

The quantity of good, workmanlike stories that are turned out by the human mill nowadays is large, and while the artist will always be rare, the craftsman, with more or less gift, is to be found among us in increasing numbers. Such novels cannot be criticised from the point of view of enduring literature. They were written to distract our thoughts from the petty annoyances of life, not to offer us the solace of great art; and while we draw this distinction between their pedestrian talent and the winged gift of genius, we can still be grateful for them as they are.

Three of these novels, "Lady Jem," "Ponjola" and "The Seller of Perfumes," have a setting which gives the story not only a background but an atmosphere. In "Lady Jem" Miss Netta Syrett paints a picture of life under the second Charles which reconstructs the London of that period, London before the Plague came to shatter it and the Great Fire to cleanse it. Her detail is done with meticulous care. We are able to walk with her hero past "the group of houses set in lawns and gardens, which covered the space between the National Gallery and Westminster Abbey. A public road, arched over at its northern end by Tudor gateways, ran the length of what in modern days is Parliament Street." In other words, at that date the broad open space of Trafalgar Square was somebody's private garden and Trafalgar Square seems to us the real middle of London. Beyond lie the business parts and the residential and the shopping and the governing centres, but the starting-place for all these different parts is—Trafalgar Square!

* "Lady Jem." By Netta Syrett. (Hutchinson.)—"To the Adventurous." By E. Nesbit. (Hutchinson.)—"Ponjola." By Cynthia Stockley. (Constable.)—"The Seller of Perfumes." By Thora Stowell. (Leonard Parsons.)—"Original Companions." By I. W. Hutchison. (Bodley Head.) 7s. 6d. each.

In making "Lady Jem" a story which revolves about the slyly sensual figure of Pepys, Miss Syrett has chosen well. It was a coarse but not a brutal age, with a veneer of fine sentiment which she has known how to exploit. The plot is its weakest part, but the book should be read for its interesting sidelights on the conditions of life at that date.

It is a wide leap from seventeenth century England to present-day Rhodesia. "Ponjola" means drink, and Cynthia Stockley paints a terrible picture of life in that colony. "I thought all men from Africa were hard drinkers?" says her heroine. "So they are," returns the hero, "but I'm reformed." The story reveals the impermanent nature of that reform, and as, besides drink, it is about gold-mining and other fascinating subjects and is told with a sure knowledge of what will interest and hold the reader, it should be popular. Some of the adventures—especially the one with the twenty-foot python—read as if they had been personal experiences of the writer:

"As they came up from the river-drift on to the level, there lay across the roadway something long and thick and brown like a tree, with both ends lost in the thick grass. It was an immense python, which at the sound of Druro's voice raised its glittering head and cast a cold, deliberate glance in their direction. A large bulge not far from its neck proved that it had recently dined. . . . Desmond whipped out his revolver and fired into the last disappearing ripple. Like lightning the huge reptile swung back into view and came at them, and like lightning, too, Desmond, standing his ground, fired again—and —missed!"

"The Seller of Perfumes" is probably Miss Stowell's first book, and although the Egyptian atmosphere is good she appears to be more interested in that than in her story. This, as all the characters from Sally on are tiresomely commonplace, is hardly to be wondered at. If she could invent a more original, less stereotyped plot and work it out through the medium of people with up-to-date ideas, she ought to give us eventually an interesting novel.

"To the Adventurous" is the first of eighteen short stories by E. Nesbit. They are readable and even interesting, but not very good. If they had been published somewhat later in the year they would have been just the sort of story for a mind on holiday. The best perhaps is "Recognition," the adventure of a child who runs away to the gipsies and enjoys her time with them in a somewhat unlikely but wholly charming fashion.

Belonging to a different class than the above is "Original Companions." This is not so much a story as studies of people the writer has known. The style is good, but the matter of the book is not of sufficient interest to warrant its appearance in this form. Here again, however, the setting is delightful. We feel we must some day go to Tiree, the treeless island, laid flat on the broad breast of the Atlantic. "Green as an emerald where the level machair-land stretches from shore to shore, Tiree is circled by broad beaches of silvery sand, in whose gleaming wet surfaces the houses and sky are reflected through a clear brown light, as if in some old mirror of polished bronze."

When a book begins in this intriguing fashion the reader is warranted in expecting more from it than sketches of people who are original not because of some unusual quality of spirit, or mind or body, but because the bitter circumstances of life have warped them into eccentric shapes.

C. A. Dawson Scott.

THE GLORY OF THE PHARAOHS.*

During the past months when the discoveries at Luxor have been holding the imagination of the world, no more graphic descriptions have appeared in the press than those from the pen of Mr. Arthur Weigall. Mr. Weigall is a journalist by instinct and an archæological expert by training, and the combination is irresistible. "The Glory of the Pharaohs" contains some twenty essays written at various times between 1907 and the present year. References to Lord Carnarvon's discovery make the book very timely, and the chapters on Akhnaton and Horemheb will be specially appreciated by those for whom Egypt's history centres round Tutankhamen and his times. The felicity of Mr. Weigall's language is a constant pleasure. Of two passages chosen at random, the first describes the entrance to the tomb of Yuaa and Tuau, the parents of Queen Tiy. Surrounded by the oppressive air, the dead stillness, the jewelled splendour, the white alabaster vases, the gleaming gold undulled by a speck of dust, we are pervaded with a feeling that "the entire human conception of Time is wrong." The essay on "A Nubian Highway" shows the power of writing which is stirred by the poetic spirit and informed by knowledge.

At the present time, however, when interest in Egyptology is so high, it is fitting that the scholarship and expert knowledge of the book should be stressed. As Inspector-General of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government for a number of years, Mr. Weigall was present at most of the important excavations of recent times. In his official capacity he took part in the discovery, in 1907, of the tomb of Tiy and Akhnaton. Steeped in the atmosphere created by a study of the history of the period and closely familiar with its writings and the inscriptions on its tombs, Mr. Weigall gives a sketch of the times of the queen, her son and his heir, Tutankhamen, which is wholly admirable. A closing word of gratitude must be said for some beautiful pieces of Egyptian literature which have found their way into the book. These include a Song of Death (2,000 B.C.) and Akhnaton's Hymn to the Sun God.

M. A. S.

* "The Glory of the Pharaohs." By Arthur Weigall. 15s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

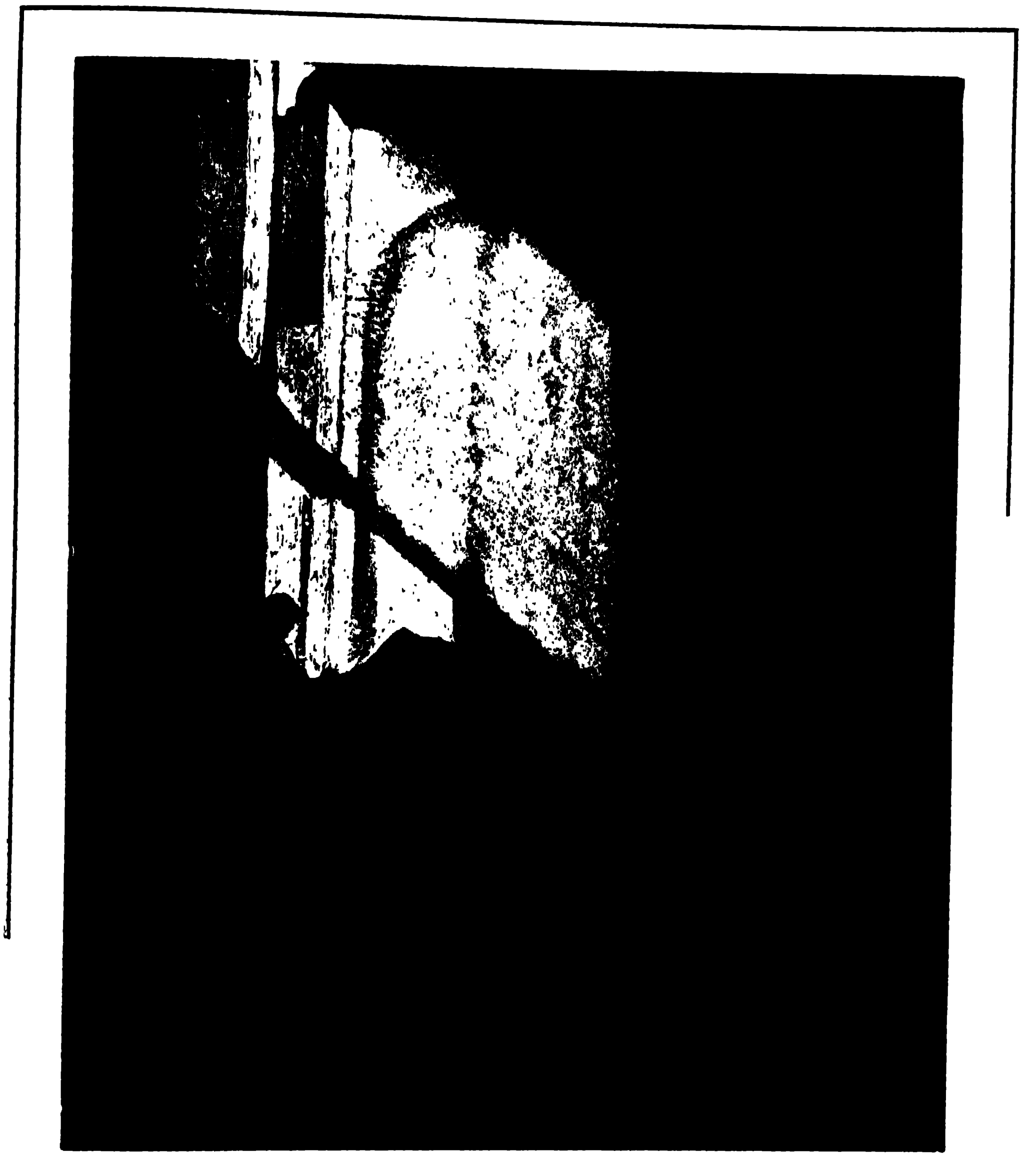
SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.*

Mr. Gardiner's great biography of Harcourt tells the inner history of the Liberal party more fully and more readably, from 1880 to 1904, than any other book, and pictures, rather unexpectedly, the most sympathetic figure of that time in politics. It may be classed as a great book without hesitation. It is not only fair and competent history, but frank biography, on a scale adequate to the importance of the time and the man; and, in the light it throws upon both, Harcourt is revealed as a human being much more picturesque and vital than one suspected in his lifetime. He was known as a formidable and witty fighter, but never measured as a man because nonchalance and loyalty to the party combined to cast a doubt upon the depth and sincerity of his nature. These qualities were as great as any. They, and not a whimsical turn for displays, gave the impulse to his swashbuckling humour. They were so real and so much beyond the common measure in men that what we saw of him, however fine in the arena, was hardly more than the play of a man of genius, a personality too large, rich and warm to show itself in solemnities. In the richness, the warmth and the humour there was something Rabelaisian. The great surprise of the book is to find that the qualities in question, underlying all expression of the man, were used even more constantly in soothing, encouraging and reconciling his colleagues than in the lists. They were used with a large ease that, in any historical perspective, as in any human estimate, must give him bulk and value. The record of his labours as a peacemaker is prodigious. A reader must bring to it his very kindness, as well as an adequate sense of humour, not to feel that the characters of Chamberlain, Rosebery and even Gladstone are diminished a little by comparison with that of the lovable colleague who dealt so wisely with egotisms and vanities.

This is not the place in which to say how the book compels at some points a revision of known political history. Here, it is sufficient to acknowledge that it does so not by means of special pleading on the author's part, for Mr. Gardiner avoids anything of the kind, but by an honest

* "The Life of Sir William Harcourt." By A. G. Gardiner. Two vols. Illustrated. 45s. (Constable.)

SUPPLEMENT TO " THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1923.



'rom " REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS "
Methuen).

THE PHILOSOPHER.



From " FROM THE WINGS."
By " THE STAGE CAT."
Edited by MRS. FAGAN
(Collins).

ELLEN TERRY AND HER GRAND-DAUGHTER,
LITTLE JUNE MORRIS.

exhibition of facts and documents. The revision is rather one of angle and proportions than of facts. To my own mind the main merit of the work is, indeed, that it sets the public men, the politics and the statesmanship of a stormy and memorable run of years in a light as human and unprejudiced as that of a good novel, and so clears one's judgment of them. The conscientiousness and competence of these 1,246 pages are equally fine. The narrative is full and candid (I except only the painful but important episode of Bradlaugh, as to which Harcourt's position is not made plain) and guided by a sure memory of public events. This merit brings out in strong relief the fact that men are not to be measured for posterity by the effect they make in the conflicts of their time, even though they do nothing outside those conflicts. In the case of Harcourt himself, estimates were fantastic. The crowd of those who delighted in his prowess never saw behind a formal and pompous manner and the gift of ornate and sparkling rhetoric, while an adversary as shrewd as Mr. Goschen could call him a soldier of fortune. Intimates, for their part, seeing him boyish and blusterous, forgot the moral bigness of which an ungoverned habit was a sign.



Photo by Reginald Haines. **Mr. A. G. Gardiner.**

Harcourt's temper seems to have been as overwhelming as his humour, and both were ebullitions of a splendid vitality. One gathers that he was hardly "under the weather" more than once (after his first wife's death for a while), and that his home life and all his private relationships were finely happy. Between father and son a rare friendship was known to subsist; but the love on both sides and the worship on at least one side are now seen to have been idyllic, and will always be famous. The biography owes much to a faithful journal which "Loulou" Harcourt kept of his father's private activities. As the serenity and strength of his heart are realised, one begins to think of him as above all a philanthropist. But what an entertaining one! There are good stories enough in the book to furnish half a dozen articles as long as this, and there is not a letter or a passage of oratory which fails to be lively. Sir L. N. Guillemard, to whom Mr. Gardiner is indebted for a chapter of reminiscences, has in particular assembled stories of Harcourt's working manner at the Treasury, in such a way as to make a vivid and memorable portrait. Finally, Mr. Gardiner sums up in a masterly analysis of character, and decides reasonably that he left an English name that time will not obliterate, and a record of service that will be an enduring part of English history. To think so must be an author's best reward for heavy labours.

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.

QUEER PEOPLE.*

Sir Basil Thomson, who after all his greatly diversified experiences retains a lively sense of humour, starts his brief preface to this portly volume of varied memories with the following short paragraph: "My readers will be divided between those who think that I have not told enough, that I have told too much, and that I had better have told nothing at all. I bow my head to them all." (If Sir Basil still occupied that large bleak room of his at New Scotland Yard I should scarcely like to hint at the misuse of the word "between"!) Most readers I fancy will not fall into any of the three classes indicated but will gladly accept the book as it is, and recognise it as a thoroughly interesting and informing miscellany largely concerning persons and events that have come up for consideration at Scotland Yard during the past eight or ten years.

In discussing the detective in real life by way of introduction to his many real life stories in which the detective played an important part Sir Basil has a sly dig at the romantic exploitation of crime detection:

> "Real life is quite unlike detective fiction; in fact in detective work fiction is stranger than truth. Mr. Sherlock Holmes, to whom I take off my hat with a silent prayer that he may never appear in the flesh, worked by induction, but not, so far as I am able to judge, by the only method which gets home, namely organisation and hard work. He consumed vast quantities of drugs and tobacco. I do not know how much his admirable achievements owed to these, but I do know that if we at Scotland Yard had faithfully copied his processes we should have ended by fastening upon a distinguished statesman or high dignitary of the Church the guilt of some revolting crime. . . . Scotland Yard has the enormous advantage over Mr. Sherlock Holmes in that it has an organisation which can scour every pawnshop, every laundry, every public-house, and even every lodging house in the huge area of London within a couple of hours."

If truth be not stranger than fiction, as the popular saying has it, and the nouns should change places as Sir Basil Thomson has it, at any rate the truth can exercise as full fascination over the reader as can fiction—if its presentation fall into the right hands, as it assuredly has in the present case.

Whether he is telling of the discovery of a note-forger's den, of the outbreak of war, of the national hysteria which "saw" trainloads of non-existent Russians, of the ways of spies and the dealings with those suspected of espionage, or discussing certain after-the-war problems, Sir Basil has a liveliness of manner which provides unfailingly good reading. Evidence of this might be cited from well-nigh every page of his volume, but take by way of example his final "foot-note" to the Peace Conference:

> "At last the Peace Treaty was signed at Versailles. We know what contemporaries think of it, we can only guess at the verdict of posterity. We see through a glass darkly that a rearrangement of frontiers which includes a corridor, a reduction of Austria to such proportions that she cannot feed herself, will not stand. The epigram ascribed to Herr Rathenau that the Treaty of Versailles set out to Europeanise the Balkans and has only succeeded in Balkanising Europe will gather truth with every month we live."

Sir Basil, by the way, is rather fond of dropping into prophecy, as when in a chapter on the Royal Unemployed he says that there can be but little doubt that some of these dethroned monarchs will return:

> "The greater part of Bavaria is royalist at heart, and any day within the next two years we may open our morning paper to find that Prince Rupprecht is King. Baden may not impossibly follow suit. Europe may even come round to the belief that a hereditary president, which is the real position in a limited monarchy, is cheaper than the American form of elected autocrat."

* "Queer People." By Basil Thomson. 21s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many, too, are the happy phrases with which the author diverts the reader, as in this witty comment on the successive Russian revolutions :

" Strange that we should ever have talked of Russia as the 'Steam Roller'! All that is left of it now is the red flag."

WALTER JERROLD.

THE LAST HARVEST.*

This last and posthumous book from John Burroughs, the American—shall we call him " nature lover " ?—is a thing to keep. Although it invites comparison with Hudson's posthumous " A Hind in Richmond Park," the comparison, once made, might be disastrous to a fair appreciation of a harvest which is full of remembered perfume, the perfume which pervaded our brave years of youth, years when we allowed Emerson, Thoreau, Jefferies to uplift us, charm us, delight us.

Let us not be too insistent, then, upon tidiness, literary form, balance in this posthumous volume, and we shall discover in it a mine of pleasure. The first eighty-five pages, devoted to " Emerson and His Journals," have sent at least one reader scurrying back to a neglected hero, fortified by Burrough's admonition :

" But why wish Emerson had been some other than he was ? He was at least the quintessence of New England Puritanism, its last and deepest meaning and result, lifted into the regions of ethics and æsthetics."

Even the next section, " Flies in Amber," serves to re-awaken interest in Emerson. We are less fearful of disillusionment after the eulogies of a critic who can pick out the flies from the amber as neatly as this :

" The incongruities of Emerson are seen in such passages as this : 'Each plant has its parasites, and each created thing its lover and poet,' as if there were any relation between the two clauses of this sentence—between parasites and lovers and poets ! As if one should say, 'Woodchucks are often alive with fleas, and our fruit trees bloom in May.' "

One feels that it must have been better to read Burroughs than to argue with him !

Another treat is in store for us when we reach the section of this book devoted to Thoreau, for surely it is a treat to have Thoreau explained to us at this time of day ? One had hardly realised before how very modern Thoreau was. But John Burroughs tells us (and if you don't believe just take—if you can find it—the dusty " Walden " from your bottom shelf) that

" Thoreau's faults as a writer are as obvious as his merits. Emerson hit upon one of them when he said, 'The trick of his rhetoric is soon learned ; it consists in substituting for the obvious word and thought, its diametrical antagonist.' He praises wild mountains and winter forests for their domestic air, snow and ice for their warmth, and so on."

Perhaps the trick was so obvious as to be unapparent. But this is a Thoreau-ism ! As Burroughs reminds us (we do not remember having realised it, however) : " One frequently comes upon such sentences as these : 'If I were sadder, I should be happier' ; 'The longer I have forgotten you, the more I remember you.' " We are not always forced to employ the carefully non-committal " Quite so ! " while listening to Burroughs's opinionated sapience. Some of Thoreau's faults really are obvious (Burroughs does not omit to mention every fault), and we agree without qualms when he charges Thoreau with occasional bragging and with defying " our sense of fitness and proportion by the degree in which he magnifies the little and belittles the big." Perhaps most naturalists who are also writers incline to this habit. Not the least of Hudson's excellences is the imaginative, poetic harmony of his perceptions with one another and with the spiritual universe.

" A Critical Glance into Darwin " completes the important part of " The Last Harvest." There are several essays and prose fragments of more or less interest, which only enthusiastic admirers of Burroughs will value highly. In " What Makes a Poem ? " there are suggestive and also platitudinous remarks, and quotations of verse admired by Burroughs which are but brindled poetry very often.

John Burroughs as a literary critic is superficial ; as a philosophical critic he is patient, dogmatic and sometimes profound. He is, however, quite entertaining as a literary critic, and here, in " Sundown Papers," he can strafe " The Reds of Literature " (in which task no profound poetic sense is needful) with great gusto. The following demands quotation. He is speaking of " a class of young men who seem to look upon themselves as revolutionary poets," and " in a late number of *Current Opinion* Carl Sandburg who, I am told, is their chosen leader, waves his dirty shirt in the face of the public." Even " H. D." (Burroughs refers to her as a man) is in the dock here. The sentence is, " I do not think Whitman would be enough interested in them to feel contempt towards them."

" A Last Harvest " is quite free from dullness.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

* " The Last Harvest." By John Burroughs. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

A BOY'S WORLD.*

For the last few years literary France has been divided into vehement admirers and uneasy detractors of M. Marcel Proust. In England the chief champion of Proust has been Mr. Walkley ; and it will be interesting to see, now that " *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* " is available in Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's extremely brilliant version whether many English readers will range themselves with Mr. Walkley. For my part I think M. Proust's novel easily the most exciting thing which has occurred in French fiction since the days of Flaubert. It is a world of its own, just as the novels of James are a separate world ; and at least in the first part, when we are first introduced to the narrator as a boy, to Swann, to the inimitable Francoise, to Legrandin,

* " Swann's Way." By M. Proust, translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. 2 vols. 15s. (Chatto & Windus.)



Wrapper Design.

From "Patuffa," the new novel by Beatrice Harraden that Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

to Aunt Léonie, to Odette and the rest, M. Proust has produced a book which, for its combination of imaginative sympathy with memory and comment, has not been surpassed in this century. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of the book is the way in which M. Proust indicates subtly the different levels of memory. Under the malign influence of Freud the human race is being urged to forget that forgetfulness is a blessing; normal people have always valued their experience by the simple test of oblivion. That which bites most clearly on the consciousness, and most deeply, are the things which help to make us what we are; then come the lesser incidents, the quicker emotions which leave a clear but shallower impress; then trivial things, which have to be, consciously, remembered, and last, the things, unnecessary, unpleasant and fugitive, which we forget. As the boy—unnamed—who tells Swann's story, takes us and himself through his past and the past of his family's friends and his own, no reader can fail to mark how well his memory serves him; how the vivid and vital things in his past are rendered for us with clearness and sharpness of outline. Other persons' idiosyncrasies, their habits and ways of speech—symbolised in one day's happenings or one hour's—reveal their characters to us. In the first sections we live mainly with the family at Combray; Swann is a figure who comes in and out, but it is not till M. Proust has taught us to understand thoroughly the character and environment of his narrator, that he begins on the story of Swann and Odette. Their love-story—if one can call it that—is rendered with extraordinary delicacy and feeling. It is a subject which could easily be made sordid and disgusting—this infatuation of a typical "man of the world" for a doubtful woman; but M. Proust tells it so as to show the humanity, not the beastliness, of his protagonists.

Those who wish to find M. Proust's best will probably turn to the exquisite pages at the beginning, or the no less exquisite section at the end which pictures the boy's devotion to Gilberte Swann. There is a beautiful understanding of children shown in this section. The meetings in the Champs Elysées, the gradual growth of intimacy, meaning so much to the boy, so little to Gilberte, the rapture when Gilberte tells him to call her by her name, the agony of the days when they miss—all this has a quality of pathos which few modern authors can equal. Is not this account of the boy at home astonishingly true to life?

"I made every effort to introduce the name of Swann into my conversation with my parents; in my own mind, of course, I never ceased to murmur it; but I needed also to hear its exquisite sound, and to make myself play that chord, the voiceless rendering of which did not suffice me. Moreover, that name of Swann, with which I had for so long been familiar, was to me now . . . the name of something new. It was for ever present in my mind, which could not, however, grow accustomed to it. I analysed it, I spelt it; its orthography came to me as a surprise. And with its familiarity it had simultaneously lost its innocence."

There have been studies into the child's temperament more probing than M. Proust's, but nothing which can compare with it for its mixture of tenderness and depth. Both translator and publisher must be congratulated on this very excellent enterprise.

OLD AND CLEAR.*

If the ancient world is far from us in time, some parts of it are clear, as clear as they can be. Scholarship has done this for us in the department of religion; it has elucidated one or two sections, till the modern reader who is prepared to exercise his mind, may get a reliable idea of what the ancients practised and believed. The forms are often strange and remote. But religion is religion, and the intelligent sympathy of to-day can detect much more that is common to old and new than in the age before comparative religion and archæology set to work upon the vestiges of old-world faiths. Here we have two books which make the old clear.

Professor Halliday begins with Numa and stops at the revival under Augustus. His eight chapters form a succinct, reliable survey; those who have not read or who will not read larger works like Warde Fowler's cannot do better than turn over this lucid sketch. A summary, but a summary done with deftness and a light, sure touch. He emphasises the significance of Roman religion for the State, and the curious lack of what moderns value as personal fellowship between the worshipper and the deity. When Cicero claims that whatever Romans may lack, as compared with other nations, they excel in religion or the worship of the gods, we are startled. That at first sight is precisely what we miss in Roman life. The early Roman's religion, as Professor Halliday remarks, "provides no opportunity for the development of a personal emotional relation between worshipper and the object of worship as do religious systems in which gods are conceived upon the analogy of human personality." But his religion did enter into his life as a citizen. Religion as awe, as the sense of a bond which involved duties and rites, was strong. Only it bore upon the individual as the member of his group, as a native of the country, as a citizen of the State. It was really when the demand for a personal religion became clamant that the old Roman religion broke down, and Professor Halliday leaves it on the verge of its collapse, after tracing with close care its rise and fortunes during the preceding centuries. One of the useful things in his book is the reiterated proof that Roman religion was a thing by itself. So many beginners, interested in classical literature, get the idea that Greece and Rome had a common mythology, that it needs repeated strokes to knock it out of their imaginations. Professor Halliday succeeds in this, as in a number of equally educational suggestions.

Professor Peet's subject is religious, as Professor Halliday's is not. The Romans may have given us the term "religion," and yet their "religious" life is less religious, judged by modern standards, than that of most ancient peoples, certainly than that of the Egyptians. The Romans, for example, had but a dim sense of immortality. In their early funeral ceremonies there is not any trace "of any belief in personal survival." Professor Halliday's estimate of this element is less generous than that of M. Cumont in his recent lectures. But in any case the Egyptians, if belief in immortality characterises religion, were among the most religious peoples of the ancient world. Professor Peet, however, is dealing not with their religion but with the relations between Egypt and the Hebrews. He provides a competent summary of the problem, which does not err on the side of catering for conservatives in Biblical criticism. "The truth is," he remarks, "there is in Egypt singularly little evidence which bears directly on the Bible narrative," and some of that evidence is susceptible of various interpretations. Egyptologists differ, so do Biblical critics, in their estimates. What Professor Peet supplies is a trenchant, comprehensive account of the evidence. Abram's migration (pp. 47 f) may be part of the Semitic irruption about 2000 B.C. The story of the Israelites in Egypt (pp. 64 f) owes its local colour to a later age; some of it points to the Hyksos period, but "it is all the sort of vague, general knowledge which any ancient tourist spending a few weeks in Egypt at almost any date after about 1600 B.C. might have acquired from his dragoman," while stories like those of Joseph buying up the land or of the use of straw for brick-making are unhistorical. The time of the exodus (pp. 105 f) is left undecided, the route is put much farther north than the Red Sea, though Professor Peet thinks the Biblical data are too confused and contradictory to yield any definite idea of the route taken. The relations between Egypt and the later monarchy (pp. 146 f) present less debatable matter, though the chronology is not always certain. Here, as well as in the earlier chapters, the reader would have been helped by a chronological table; it is difficult to keep in mind the various Dynasties in

* "History of Roman Religion." By W. R. Halliday, B.A., B.Litt.—"Egypt and the Old Testament." By T. Eric Peet, M.A., University Press of Liverpool. 5s. each. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

addition to the kings of Israel and Judah. The last two chapters deal with the Jewish colonies in Egypt and the problem of where the temple of Onias lay, Professor Peet offering a vigorous, sceptical commentary on Mr. Flinders Petrie's hypothesis of Tell-el-Yahudieh.

Both volumes fulfil the end of the series, "The Ancient World," which they open. They do present, in attractive form, "an authoritative account of the results of recent research." Professor Peet's book perhaps has fewer results to chronicle, and more open questions. But even the revelation that many points are still unsettled is of itself a result.

James Moffatt.

WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.*

Miss Winifred Stephens is an indefatigable writer on France and things of France. This, her latest book, sets out to give some account of the part played by women in bringing about the French Revolution and during its stormy history—an enormous subject indeed, whose records are exceedingly confused and controversial, and about which we are still for the most part in the dark, from any true historical point of view. Miss Stephens in her prefatory note disarms criticism by frankly declaring that her book is merely a compilation, and not an original study of original sources, and she gives a list of the authorities upon whom she draws.

Women have always been politically important and politically influential. And such a movement as culminated in the revolutionary period in France was undoubtedly greatly influenced, moulded and reinforced by the feelings and opinions of women. The economic stress of any epoch is always felt by women as much as by men, and when the cause of a political ferment is mainly economic we may be sure that women are no less potently implicated than men. In France certain women of course appeared prominently in the eye of the public, and the doings and careers of these heroines have drawn the limelight upon them.

Every one knows of the most conspicuous women of the moment ; Madame Roland, Madame de Condorcet, Madame de Staël, Madame Helvétius, and others, who by bringing the right minds together in their *salons*, by their writings and by their personalities influenced the course of events. And there were others who took a very active part in the doings of the time, such as Olympe de Gouge, Théroigne de Méricourt, Claire Lacombe, Etta Palm, etc., to say nothing of the women of October and the march to Versailles—Louison Chabry, the *poissardes*, Renée Audu. Of all these and their activities Miss Stephens gives an account, brief or extended, and there are many curious and picturesque anecdotes and details related. It must be confessed that the impression as a whole of these women and their doings is not a very favourable one. There was a good deal of posing, a good deal of play-acting and more than a suspicion that many were rather adventuresses fishing in troubled waters for notoriety. But one or two of them, Mme. Roland, for instance, and Mme. de Condorcet, as well as Mme. de Staël, were people of high intelligence and powers, while even among the others were occasional examples of straight thinking and perspicacity. At the same time even Miss Stephens's condensed narrative, though in some ways it cannot be described as clear, shows that there were very reasonable grounds for the suppression of women's clubs and societies by the Convention. All that women had gained through the Revolution was "the right to divorce and the right to equality of inheritance."

Miss Stephens has acquitted herself reasonably well of her task, though her book is not distinguished and is not easy to read. It is impossible not to utter a protest against her use of the word *salonnière*, meaning a woman who held a *salon*. She employs it over and over again, possibly with authority, but no authority could make it anything but an ugly and an abominable word. Its real meaning should probably be a "hack of the *salons*"—a woman who runs from *salon* to *salon*, and then it would be contemptuous and rather slangy.

F. M. A.

* "Women of the French Revolution." By Winifred Stephens. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE WELL-READ ROVER.*

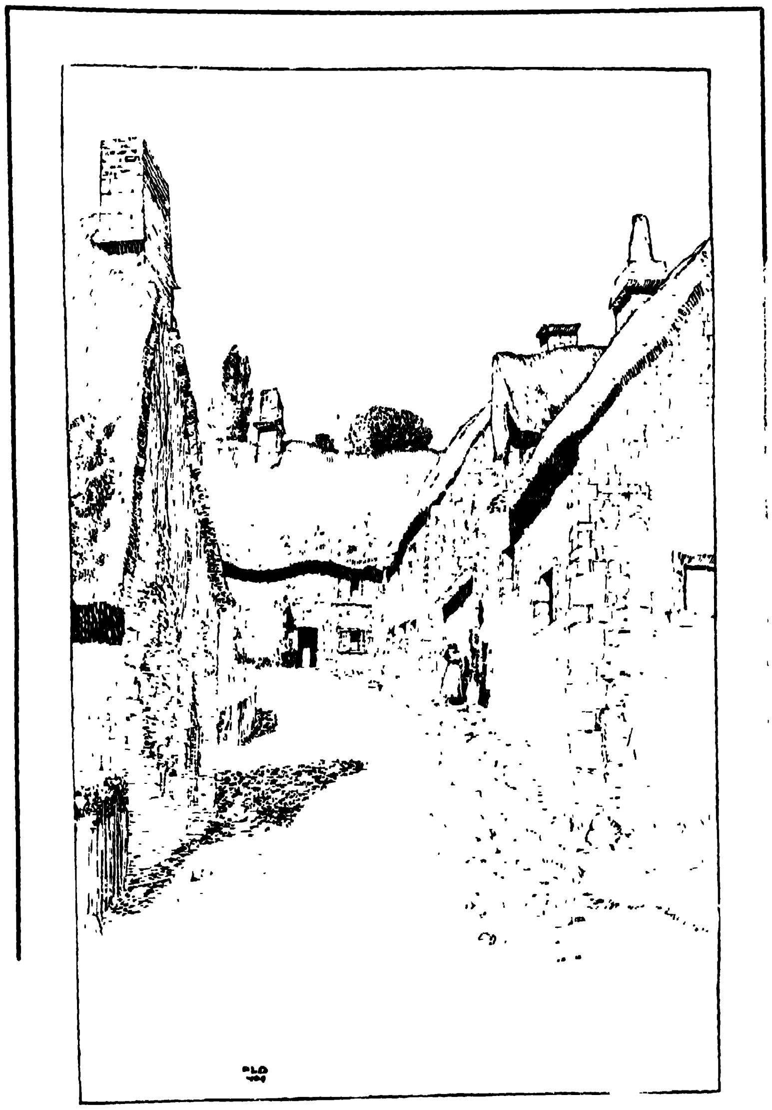
The late Lord Bryce is remembered in different quarters in very different aspects. At Westminster and among old cronies at the National Liberal Club he is recalled as a man whose talk was always better than his set speeches. Up and down the country his memory stands high among Lord Rectors, and in that academic capacity he made a deeper impression in the New World than he did as a diplomatist. In the Dominions he is recalled as a kind of envoy in the region of ideas and Imperial constitutionalism. At the Athenæum men are said to talk of him as a living encyclopædia outshining others who have eminent claims of the same order. His publishers speak of him as a man of ungovernable energy gradually reduced by habit to a kind of time-table. Other men cherish his memory as that of a mountaineer and globe-trotter, and it was out of this arduous pursuit that he built up a robust physique from poor capital at the outset.

Outside the embassy at Washington, however, his name stands in profound honour as author of "The American Constitution," and if the New World, with its special susceptibility to criticism in this field, can accept him as its judge and annalist, the "James Bryce" there recorded in plain terms with no addition is pretty sure of a working immortality among Americans quite apart from any fame he has earned over here. We may even take leave to doubt if Lord Bryce did not suffer in this country from that uneasy suspicion which the typical Briton feels in regard to versatility when he meets it outside the world of entertainment. The only offset we allow to our statesmen, as a rule, without any question or demur, is a passion for the turf, and men like Bryce and Gladstone became targets for doubt because they hardly knew a set of weighing-in scales from a totalisator. So in superior circles Lord Bryce was regarded as a "political professor," and a person to be shunned, as Burke was in his day, because he made men think.

There are three of Bryce's books already which reveal him as an observer of nations and races, and the problems that engage their attention. But Transcaucasia, South Africa and South America were only parts of the vast area he covered in odd times and vacations. The thing about his vacations is that they were never vacant. It was against his order of mind to take things easily, or even to relax the bow, and if there is a fault in this book it is that it personally conducts us about the globe in the same magisterial frame of mind that he carried into his writing of history. The result is that he found Palestine arid and stony, and Iceland unattractive to the visitor unless he was prepared to be absorbed in its sagas. But the sun-saturated isles of the Pacific, with their odd origin and their luxury of colour, the mountains of Poland and Hungary with their echoes of history and warfare, and the homeliness of the scenery in the Eastern states as compared with the grim splendours of Colorado and the Rockies—these are things that awaken him to eloquence and the exercise of his best judicial faculties. Perhaps [the real revelation in the book, however, is the strenuous and amazing clamber he made through the Alps in the wake of Suvaroff's flight from Masséna in the Napoleonic wars—a veritable nightmare of desperate flight and obstinate energy that left precipices footed with hecatombs of dead. Bryce notes how meagrely the historians of that campaign treat its geographical aspect, and now he has done it so thoroughly it is doubtful if anyone will ever have need to do it again. Truly the hobbies of this wonderful man were enough to make another man's life-work.

J. P. Collins.

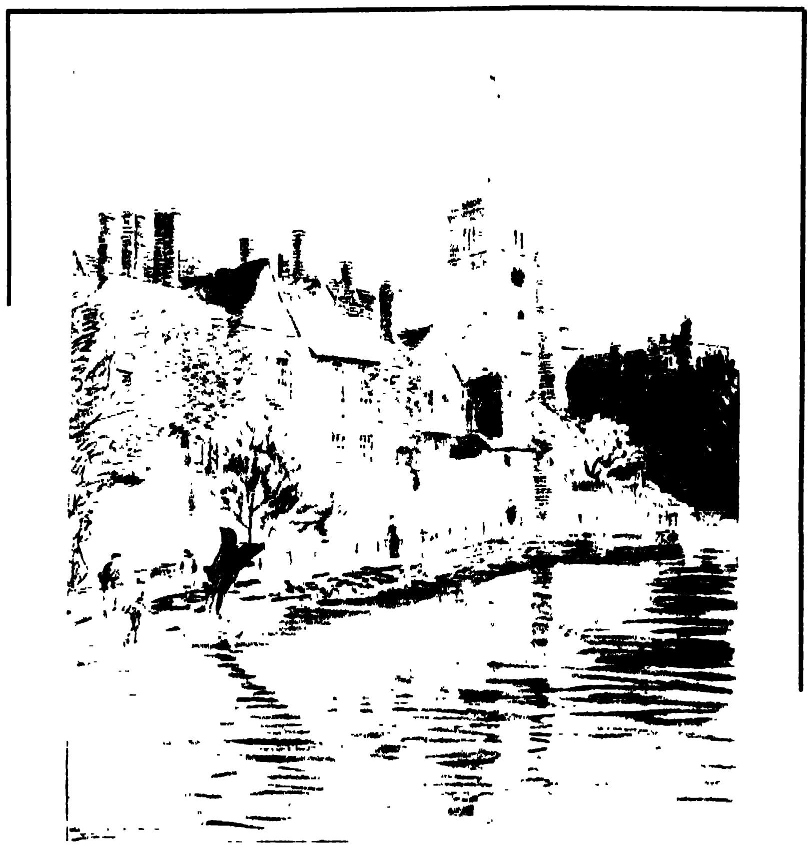
* "Memories of Travel." By the late Viscount Bryce. 12s. 6d. (Macmillan.)



A YARD AT WROXTON.

From " HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS
IN OXFORD AND THE COTSWOLDS "
Illustrated by F. L. GRIGGS, R.A.
(Macmillan)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
APRIL, 1923.



From "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN KENT."
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON
(Macmillan)

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH,
MAIDSTONE.

MODERN FRANCE.*

It may be said at once that "Modern France" satisfies, and more than satisfies, the expectations aroused by the recent publication of the companion volume on "Medieval France." So thorough and convincing a piece of work is indispensable to the serious student of the country and period with which it is concerned. From the sixteenth to the twentieth century, from the coronation of Francis I to the Presidency of M. Raymond Poincaré, the thought and manifold activities of the most gifted and various of the nations is spread before the reader. And the weight of learning is borne so easily, knowledge is imparted with so light a hand, that the narrative flows like fiction, and he who runs may read.

The method pursued is that adopted in the earlier volume. The overwhelming mass of material is divided into sections, and each of these is entrusted to some competent scholar, under the guidance and direction of Mr. Arthur Tilley, the general editor. On the advantages, and the incidental disadvantages, of this plan, the present reviewer has spoken in a notice of "Medieval France," and his remarks do not call for repetition. Although the period dealt with by "Modern France" is shorter than that covered by its predecessor, the volume is nearly twice as long, extending as it does to some 850 pages. Despite the most drastic compression, the sections have only been kept within the limits assigned to them by the skill and self-denial of the writers. This tribute is properly paid in the Preface signed "A. T." to MM. Hauser and Bourgeois, the authors of the chapter on "History"; but it applies equally, for instance, to M. Housticq, who is responsible for that on "Painting, Sculpture and Decorative Art"; and certainly not less to Mr. Tilley himself, who treats of "Literature before 1870." It is gratifying that the editor does not continue in this volume the self-denying ordinance he imposed on himself previously. The reason of the greater bulk of "Modern France" is that practically every topic discussed demands a more extended treatment than in the previous volume; and also that certain chapters—such as those on Finance, Law, Music, Science—have no counterpart in "Medieval France"

It is a fascinating business to mark the development of ideas implicit in the Middle Ages, to their fruition to-day. After the unparalleled disasters and triumphs of her destiny, France, at the moment, is supreme in the military councils of Europe. As we read the chapter on her History, we may note how the principles inspiring the wisest of her mediæval rulers have been realised at long last. They strove to make France an entity. She is so to-day, free as they dreamed from factious nobles within, and foreign invaders from without, mistress in her own borders. Through the absolutism of Louis XIV and Louis XV, was won the great conception of the Republic, One and Indivisible. Such continuity of life and principle is not peculiar to the State, but could be illustrated from other departments of French activity. The nation, for instance, has never acquiesced gladly in the idea of a Gallican Church, as has the English people in that of the Anglican. It still holds to the ideal of a united Christendom under the supreme spiritual control of the Pontiff; and modern France yet produces saints after the pattern of the Middle Ages, in the person of St. Vincent de Paul. French literature, too, has preserved a continuity of method and matter to a degree altogether surprising. The life of Villon is reproduced in the nineteenth century by Verlaine, with a fidelity that is less accident than plagiarism. The gaiety of the Fabliaux is manifest, with an added art, in the works of Rabelais, La Fontaine, and—when that morose writer condescended to laugh—in the stories of Maupassant. The peculiar gift for sculpture, displayed to our admiration in the porches of so many cathedrals, is evident still in the grace and piety of "The Procession to the Tomb," by Bartholomé in Père-Lachaise, and in the triumphant audacities of Rodin. Almost the only art which shows

* "Modern France: A Companion to 'French Studies.'" Edited by Arthur Tilley, M.A. 35s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

a decline is that of architecture, which actually claims far less space in "Modern France" than was conceded to the same subject in its predecessor. The Gothic churches, raised to the glory of God, have given place to Renaissance palaces, built for the pride of princes.

It is simple truth to say that the two companion volumes of "Medieval France" and "Modern France" are quite indispensable for the purposes of the serious student.

Eugene Mason.

RAMBLING AND AMBLING.*

"This book has been written as a pleasure to myself over a period of twenty years," says Mr. Darton in a preface to "The Marches of Wessex." "It began as an attempt to describe, mainly for the use of friends . . . the admirable fitness of Dorset for walking tours" but "it seemed to me that here, on the frontier of England (for Dorset was really that until late in the Middle Ages), I had the true story of England; not the extremes of romance and war and politics, but the mean. So I changed my plan, and have tried to do or combine three things in each chapter of the book—to sketch very slightly the main tendency of English history in a series of epochs; to apply that history to its local exhibition in Dorset; and, finally, to describe a string of places, within the compass of a reasonable day's walk, in which some remains of the epoch dealt with are still patent." The reader will share Mr. Darton's fervent "God forbid!" upon finding that the author has not attempted to write a "gossiping guide" or series of "rambles," for it is difficult to conceive a more satisfying accomplishment than Mr. Darton's in its present form. His loquacious discourse is full of interesting and unexpected information, and it is illustrated admirably by reproductions of old engravings. Mr. Darton adds an appendix on "How to link all the ruttiers into one." If you don't know what a ruttier is, you certainly must read "The Marches of Wessex," and whether you love rambling country-sides or Mr. Thomas Hardy's fiction, you will conclude by making a resolution for next summer holidays. You will go tramping with Mr. Darton; for the art of rambling is that of covering interesting ground in a leisurely but interesting manner, so that all the unexpected turnings *en route* do not prevent you finding your way home at last. You will ramble much as Mr. Darton wrote his book.

"Sketches from a Library Window" is the work of a literary ambler. Ambling is (never mind the dictionary) just going along anywhere, but slowly, slowly. Mr. Basil Anderton, the City Librarian at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, should be a cause of emulation amongst that city's numerous literary societies. Mr Basil Anderton (it says so upon the title page of this book) is also "Author of 'Fragrance among Old Volumes,' 'Idylls of a Year,' Etc." "Etc," mind. One is tempted to believe that "etcetera" (or rather "Etcetera") represents the contents of "Sketches from a Library Window," for a reader needs to be in a very, very leisurely mood indeed to read Mr. Anderton's book without impatience. It is miscellaneous throughout, both in choice of subjects and treatment of them. There is a quiet charm in the chapter headed "In Northumbrian Sunshine," which too often elsewhere is replaced by an otiose facility of making thought associations. "Nature and Human Nature: An Inquiry based chiefly on Wordsworth," would have been more interesting with less copious quotation of familiar passages from great poetry and a little tighter grasp of the critical argument. A similar weakness for quoting familiar passages is evident in the paper on "Sir Thomas Browne." Mr. Anderton here adds to Mr. George Saintsbury's analysis of Browne's prose some elaborate scansions of "one or two specimens of Browne when he is *not* at his best," which may be of interest to the student of prosody and prose, but hardly to the general reader who loves Sir Thomas Browne. The chapters on "A Stoic of Louvain: Justus Lipsius" and "The Lure of Translation" have also an esoteric literary interest, though even here Mr. Anderton sometimes ambles a little too leisurely.

R. L. Mégroz.

* "The Marches of Wessex." By F. J. Harvey Darton. 16s. (Nisbet.)—"Sketches from a Library Window." By Basil Anderton, M.A. 10s. 6d. (Heffer.)

MR. WELLS IN UTOPIA.*

If by some prescience Mr. H. G. Wells had known that Parliament was going to embark upon a full-dress debate on the Capitalist System—whether it has failed, and what better system can replace it—he could not have written anything more timely than "Men Like Gods." The arguments now being used in the House against Capitalism are here, and he anticipates the argument of its supporters by showing you here the ideal state, the Utopia of which reformers have dreamed all through the ages, and shows it as the good and going concern that those who are comfortable under the old order say it never can become.

For my part I would sooner trust Mr. Wells's vision than the biased opinion of those who have feathered their nests and think that to witness their happiness should be happiness enough for the vast majority who are left out in the cold. Mr. Wells's argument seems to be that a system that is bad for most people and good for only a few is its own condemnation. And if I do not quite like the Utopia he offers in exchange for the present reign of muddle and injustice, it is probably because, like most men, I am still too selfish to be able to rank the general well-being above the private habits and way of life that happen to suit my temperament. I confess that I shrink from the prospect of ceasing to be a free agent, of having my comings and goings ordained for me by other men, of being reduced to a sort of machine, or part of one, and compelled to work in monotonous union with the rest of the machinery. I do not believe that dream is alluring enough to attract even those who suffer heavy wrong under the present ungodly regime. It seems as mechanical and tiresome as the ancient conception of a heaven in which the blest would have nothing to do but to sit and sing and play harps. If human nature were so changed that it could be satisfied with that, I wonder would it still be human?

"The Utopians told of eugenic beginnings, of a new and surer decision in the choice of parents," writes Mr. Wells, "of an increasing certainty in the science of heredity"; and as a consequence the Utopians were a splendid race, perfect in body and healthy in mind. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but I do not like the prospect of letting the doctor usurp the office of the irresponsible Cupid. Perhaps it is that I am cramped by old-fashioned ideals, for I do feel it would be a blessed thing if we could say of our world as one of the Utopians says of his: "Utopia has no parliament, no private wealth, no business competition, no politics nor prisons, no lunatics, no defectives or cripples, and it has none of these things because it has schools and teachers who are all that schools and teachers can be. Politics, trade and competition are the methods of adjustment of a crude society. Such methods of adjustment have been laid aside in Utopia for more than a thousand years. There is no rule nor government needed by adult Utopians because all the rule and government they need they have in childhood and youth. Our education is our government."

That is as it should be. If men and women can be so trained that they will always, without compulsion, of their own will, do what is honest, unselfish, healthful, wise, right, losing their lives in the universal life and so finding them, who can say it is not to be desired?

But whether you like Utopia or not, you will like the narration of how Mr. Barnstaple found himself suddenly and miraculously transported into it. A musical comedy actress, a society lady, a film producer, and others, including two well-known, easily identifiable living politicians, and a not so well known literary man, are chance companions of his great adventure; these bring the atmosphere

* "Men Like Gods." By H. G. Wells. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

and traditions of the old world into the new, and the exchange of views between them and the leading Utopians is shrewdly and amusingly anticipatory of the present debate at St. Stephen's. It is, like most of Mr. Wells's later novels, largely conversational, but the conversations on all manner of current problems are alive and brilliantly suggestive. Moreover, there is a story, and one that does not lack variety of incident or exciting situations. The characters are drawn with a cunning lifelikeness: there is no possible mistaking the two politicians; the one urbane and unperturbed in all circumstances, the other rash, militant, a rampant Imperialist, and there is a sincerity and profound earnestness underlying all the delightful humour and irony of it that give this fantasy impressiveness and poignance and power of appeal. Mr. Wells could not be uninteresting if he tried; and you may disagree with him and yet agree that he has never presented the wonders of his ideal state more imaginatively or more interestingly than in "Men Like Gods."

A. R.

THE ISLE OF SWEET SAVOURS.*

Two triumphs go to Mr. Gibson's credit in this book. The first is that he has written a fairly large volume about Ceylon without quoting the famous hymn-couplet which refers to "spicy breezes" (legitimately he is proud of this); the second is that he has not written a single "heavy" or boring page. In fact he conveys history—natural and otherwise geography, ancient legends and modern ways, in a style so pleasant that the reader who cannot go to Ceylon will feel that the book might be twice as long without tiring him, while the reader who can go wheresoever he will, at the whim of the moment, will pack up and start after the first chapter and finish the book on board the liner.

As far as I know, my path in this world will never lead me to this lovely island; if I want to see elephants I must gaze upon the "cockney bred, bun-eating pack animals at the Zoo," upon whom Mr. Gibson glances with the scorn of the man who has watched wild elephants kraaled. All the more grateful, then, am I to an author and traveller who can tell so vividly of life in the island, and of its exotic flowers, beasts and small house-haunting terrors, of its gems and pearl-fishers, its social affairs; who can paint so clearly in words that the actual voyage seems almost unnecessary. Taking a page at hazard, this appeals to me vastly:

> "Even in a Colombo bungalow conversation from the hour of dusk must be conducted to the incessant refrain of strange shrillings, hoots, flutings, and catcalls from without the veranda, the zoonings and ploppings of blundering winged intruders, the sometimes appallingly disconcerting Tchk! Tchk! Tchk! of the gecko on the ceiling, and ominous scampers and scurryings in the roof betokening the household activities of the palm and jungle-cat and the six-foot rat snake. Do you practise golf putts in your compound, the squirrels will find your lost ball and play noisy games with it on the roof before sun-up. Your bedroom upstairs will have shutters, and when in monsoon time your boy forgets to open these before he switches on the lights it may chance, at five minutes to the dinner-hour, that you will be screamed for to the rescue of the partner of your bosom, hairbrush in hand, saucer-eyed, rigid with terror, following with hypnotised stare an aerial Derby, *un voyage autour de ma chambre*, in which a dozen bats are vying for the honours. Crannied in the carved and fretted cornice, your bedroom is theirs by day, though you never knew. A crooked picture offends your eye. Proceed to straighten it, and an indiarubber frog hurtles from behind it in a parabolic curve which suggests propulsion from a trench mortar, and will certainly carry him to a lodgment on the other side of the room. By night the mosquito is ever with you, nets or no nets, and it is better to learn by advice than experience the wisdom of shaking the centipedes and scorpions out of your shoes before putting them on in the morning."

We may take this as representing the author's *trivia*. On weightier matters he writes just as entertainingly, though for these, for a fine section on elephants and their ways, a most interesting series of renderings of Ceylon's ancient folk-tales, and for a hundred other pertinent passages, our readers must refer to the book itself. The illustrations add to its value, and I am sure that The Bookman's public, knowing Mr. Gibson by repute, will join with me in the hope that the Malay States, to which he has recently journeyed, will inspire him with a book in similar vein.

W. L. R.

* "Cinnamon and Frangipanni." By Ashley Gibson. 21s. (Chapman & Dodd.)

SHAKESPEARE'S GHOSTS.*

It is high time the question of who wrote Shakespeare's plays for him were settled and got out of the way. Until recently it was established that Bacon had done it. This was demonstrated by cryptograms, anagrams, parallel passages and in all the most reliable methods. But the worst of coming to such a decision was that it left so many of us with nothing to go on with. So it happened very fortunately that Professor Lefranc found out that they were really written by the sixth Earl of Derby. Immediately afterwards Mr. Looney discovered that, on the contrary, they had been written by the seventeenth Earl of Oxford. Now Colonel Ward has gone into the matter and fully agrees with Mr. Looney, but comforts the Professor by noting that Derby married Oxford's daughter, and it seems likely he "had on occasions assisted his father-in-law."

Quite likely. That is how poetry is written. You can imagine them sitting down to the Sonnets together, and there is something strangely moving in the thought of how they would help each other out when whoever had the pen at the moment got stuck for a rhyme.

But Colonel Ward goes beyond that. The Sonnets are dedicated to the mysterious "Mr. W. H." Sir Sidney Lee suggests that, as the "onlie begetter" Mr. W. H. was probably Mr. W. Hall, the person who obtained the Sonnets for the publisher. He little thought when he said so that he was giving Shakespeare away. But the Earl of Oxford lived at Hackney, and by searching parish registers Colonel Ward finds that Mr W. Hall was married at a Hackney church. Then mark this: two years after the Earl of Oxford's death Mr. W. Hall procured the manuscript of Robert Southwell's "Foure fold Meditations" for publication, and Southwell, until his execution eleven years before, had lived with Oxford. Three years later, about which date Lady Oxford sold the late Earl's Hackney house, Mr. W. Hall somehow procured from somewhere the Sonnets supposed to be Shakespeare's. Obviously, as the Colonel suggests, they must have been found when the removal men were clearing out the premises; I don't see where else they could have come from and, as obviously, they must have been written by the Earl. How it was that, since he presumably had that MS. among his property, the Earl did not also write Southwell's book is one of those little things nobody can understand. I am pleased that the Colonel agrees with Mr. Looney in thinking it probable that Oxford also wrote Lyly's lyrics for him. If the truth were known he is pretty sure to have written the poems of several other poets as well. The Colonel seems to think that only peers can write poetry, and doubtless he is right. Somebody ought to look into the case of Keats, and Burns, and a few more. These secret goings-on are a public scandal.

Of course if you read the verse the Earl of Oxford published in his own name it is difficult to explain how the mind that could produce nothing better than that could have given us the Shakespeare dramas, so it is best not to look at too much of it. In the preface to the first edition of "Troilus and Cressida" it is stated that "the grand possessors" will require much persuasion before they consent to further publications. Sir Sidney Lee thinks this refers to the theatrical owners, but as Colonel Ward astutely remarks, "the 'grand possessors' are surely aristocrats," and Oxford's "most likely executor" (for he was dead before that play was heard of) would be his son-in-law, Earl Derby. Nothing could be clearer. Aristocrats are naturally grand people, and it is notorious that

* "The Mystery of 'Mr. H.'" By Colonel B. R. Ward, C.M.G. 10s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

the young gentleman who was urged to teach his grandmother how to suck eggs had very high-class relations.

It is discreditable to our so-called men of letters that the students who have cleared up this mystery and proved that, first, Bacon, and now the Earl of Oxford wrote the works with which the Stratford man is credited, are not themselves professed literary critics, or even poets, who might be supposed able to feel the difference in quality between Bacon's and Oxford's acknowledged verse and the far greater verse ascribed to Shakespeare—it has been left to barristers, judges, Members of Parliament and military officers to make these important discoveries in the world of poetry. Which shows that the cobbler should *not* stick to his last, and if only a committee of poets would set themselves to solve that other vexed problem of whether Wellington or Blücher won the battle of Waterloo we might arrive at some really astonishing results!

A. St. J. A.

DANTE.*

The stream of Dante literature continues to flow, and the celebration of the sixth centenary of the poet's death has given it a fresh impetus. Neither of the two books before us makes, or professes to make, any addition to our knowledge or to advance any new interpretations. The authors of both, indeed, are a little scornful of the subtleties of interpretation and the minutiæ of research which delight the specialist.

" Although the whole body of his writings, and especially 'The Divine Comedy,'" writes Mr. Page, " are a great allegory of the soul's regeneration, and although Dante ever painted throughout his work allegories and recondite symbols and packed trope and metaphor with mystical and hidden meaning; to carry the analysis of his noble poem so far as to destroy its incomparable poetry, seems like measuring with a foot-rule the lance of Don Quixote or surveying with a compass and chain the forest of Arden."

Miss Whiting goes back beyond the researches of modern scholarship to Boccaccio and the chroniclers who wrote while the poet was still a living memory

" Modern research," she admits, " has thrown doubt upon some of their statements. . . . It has, however, not infrequently happened that a so-called 'legend'—whether connected with Dante or any other great figure in the world's history—upon which doubt has been cast by research, has been re-established by later discoveries."

And

" In any case we have in the pages of these old Chronicles the story of Dante's life and the conception of his personality current in the years immediately succeeding his death, and as such it cannot fail to interest all those who reverence the poet and who love the beautiful city which in these last days has so nobly honoured the son whom once she spurned from her gates."

* " Dante and His Influence." By Thomas Nelson Page. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—" Dante, the Man and the Poet." By Mary Bradford Whiting. 9s. (Cambridge: Heffer.)



Dante.

From " Dante, the Man and the Poet" (Cambridge: Heffer).
Drawing by Ascanio Tealdi, from a medal in the Bargello - Early Fourteenth century

There is much to be said for this point of view. There is far too much contempt for legend, far too devout a respect for the official document, among modern historians of the prevailing school. The legend, though it may be inaccurate in detail, often contains the spirit of truth, while from the careful assemblage of scientifically tested facts nothing but a lifeless skeleton emerges.

At any rate Miss Whiting has given us a very vivid picture of the poet and his times. By description and quotation, of which she is lavish, she has recreated the atmosphere of thirteenth century Italy. She gives just so much of biography and history as the beginner needs, and even succeeds in making the complicated quarrels of Guelf and Ghibelline plain " to the meanest intelligence." Her analysis of " The Comedy " is also adequate. While aiming at no exhaustive commentary, she gives sufficient explanation of its symbolism to set the uninstructed reader on the right road of understanding. It is for this uninstructed reader that her book is specifically written, and he will find it as useful and interesting a primer as he needs.

Mr. Page, more ambitious than Miss Whiting, is not nearly so successful. His enthusiasm for his theme is to be respected, and his intimate knowledge of Italian politics—he was American ambassador at Rome during the war—gives weight and interest to what he has to say of Dante as a living influence in practical affairs. But his method is diffuse; he is given to superlative adjectives and windy generalisation; his historical pages, in which he essays to show not only Italy but Europe, lack the actuality of Miss Whiting's. Though his book is a short one, it abounds in repetitions. For instance the familiar story of Can Grande's crude joke and Dante's punning retort is twice told. On one page we are informed that " Shakespeare, like Molière, took his own wherever he found it and had the kingly right of eminent domain "; and a few pages later that " great poets may take their own, like Molière, wherever they find it, as by a sort of right of eminent domain." Such reiteration (setting aside the platitude of the particular instance) suggests inadequate revision.

Mr. Page's enthusiasm, once more, is to be respected. Indeed without enthusiasm it is no use to write of Dante at all. For with Dante there are no half-measures; either he claims one's whole-hearted reverence, or he gives one nothing. But there is no reason why enthusiasm should kill the critical faculty. " He is Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan rolled into one dramatic, poetic, earnest, philosophic, soaring soul," writes Mr. Page. But surely he can see that Shakespeare had qualities which were altogether outside the Florentine's scope. Miss Whiting, at any rate, can.

" Shakespeare is our national heritage," she says, " even as

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That is both an eloquent and a just summary of the differences between two of the three or four supreme makers of the literature of the world.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

FROM BLAKE TO PROFESSOR MOIRA.*

Lachesis, supreme joker as she sometimes chooses to be, has this month laid two curiously contrasting books on my table, to be reviewed together, playing a somewhat scurvy trick on one of them. We critics and reviewers, a simple, hard-working and on the whole honest race, set up standards by which to measure great and small. And Blake has for me come to be the ultimate gauge, in the history of art in England, by which ideality and imagination must be finally appraised. Here we have his Drawings and Engravings introduced with studied fairness and sober enthusiasm by Mr. Laurence Binyon, just as good a herald as we can hope to find. Both in choice of illustrations, in format, in printing and binding this is a volume that does credit to the publishers and honour to the Master. And then alongside we have the work of Professor Moira and *his* herald, Mr. Harold Watkins, a hard fate no doubt, but not an unfair one, no more hard or unfair, indeed, than it would be on the present writer were the editor to juxtapose with this review an essay by G. K. C., Solomon Eagle or Max Beerbohm. For we who tempt fortune by taking pen or pencil in hand must pay the penalty of our great temerity. Professor Moira is a very capable artist and mural decorator, as all visitors to the Trocadero, the Central Criminal Court and other public buildings are well aware, but he is emphatically not, as Mr. Harold Watkins would have us believe, one of the great imaginative artists of England. Indeed Professor Moira is very badly served by a herald who shouts aloud such words as "genius," "gems of art" and the like, for trumpets are blown before monarchs not necessarily because monarchs are great men, but because we want people to think they are. The really great man walks alone and lets his work speak for him, knowing that if it has failed to convey its message, then he has failed in what he has set out to do. Let Mr. Watkins remember that the American impressario of the dwarf, Tom Thumb, dubbed him "General" and by that great title made him appear even smaller than he really was, and he will then understand how great a disservice he does to his hero by overrating his accomplishments.

In reading these two books it is interesting to find the subjects of both of them making a common protest, but with what diverse objects and with what instructive differences! Both Blake and Professor Moira deprecate the choking and deadening influence of tradition and struggle to free themselves. Blake, in common with Loga Shohaku at the other end of the world (as Mr. Binyon illuminatingly points out) longed to get back *behind* tradition to direct and untrammelled inspiration, to liberty of the spirit which cannot away with routine, ceremony and literal interpretations. Professor Moira, on the other hand, longs to *get ahead of* tradition, by which he may reach forward from the naturalism of Italy in the seventeenth and England in the nineteenth centuries to a more blatant naturalism still. You have only to walk from the Tate Gallery to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, to see what I mean. In the former you will find Blake's magnificently restored, though in no way repainted, "fresco" of "Nelson Guiding Leviathan," in which the artist canonises a contemporary hero, discovering the inward and spiritual meaning of outward and visible signs. In the latter you will find Professor Moira's "erect portraits painted with a wealth of gorgeous colour" (I quote Mr. Watkins) of the three modern ecclesiastics, the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, the Rev. J. A. Maconachie and the Rev. H. M. Villiers, before which in Mr. Watkins's opinion "one feels oneself in the presence of the great," but which to my untutored mind are no more impressive and significant than would be three coloured photographs of the same three reverend gentlemen from a Baker Street studio, or three effigies of them at the Waxworks round the corner. I am aware that comparisons are odious, but, as I say, Lachesis is to blame, who has the fate of reviewers as well as reviewed in her keeping.

Let me now turn to the more grateful task of apportioning proper praise to Mr. Laurence Binyon for a work of outstanding merit on a matter of perennial interest to those who needs must love the highest when they see it. It is impossible to deal even with a tithe of the suggestive matter with which Mr. Binyon's introductory essay is compact. It must suffice to give a taste of its quality, and so whet the reader's appetite for more. I will take the curious question of what I am inclined to call Blake's clairvoyant inspiration. There is on the back of the wonderful drawing of "The Rainbow over the Flood," which is in Mr. Sydney Morse's possession, a pencil drawing of a human figure with an elephant's head, holding on his knee a similar-headed child, said to be the spiritual portrait of someone. But anyone who has seen the statue of the god Ganesha must at once be struck by the identity of thought which has inspired the Indian and the Englishman. A coincidence some will say. Others that Blake must have seen the statue or a copy of it. But remembering that Blake claimed that he was "taken in vision into the ancient republics, monarchies and patriarchates of Asia," we who are true disciples of the Master reserve our judgment. We then recall the design on page 41 of "Jerusalem," "where," as Mr. Binyon puts it, "the great man-headed, bearded bulls seem to have stepped from the porches of ruined Nineveh, and dates confront us with the fact that it was not till over twenty years after Blake's death that these alabaster monsters," buried until then under the sands of Mesopotamia, were first shown to the world (excuse the boast, but the fact is not mentioned by Mr. Binyon) by a cousin and namesake of the present writer. This may not pass the tests of the Society for Psychical Research. But to my mind it is more convincing of immaterialism and clairvoyant inspiration than all the works of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle put together. I advise all who aspire to have the best in their libraries to snap up this beautiful volume without delay, for I would gladly lay odds that it will be at a considerable premium before the year is out.

G. S. LAYARD.

* "The Drawings and Engravings of William Blake." By Laurence Binyon. Edited by Geoffrey Holme. (The Studio, Ltd.)—"The Art of Gerald Moira." By Harold Watkins, with some notes and thoughts on Decorative Art by Gerald Moira. (Dickens.,

THE STORY OF THE BRITISH NAVY.*

It is a long, long story and an old, old story, yet when well told it seems never long enough and always fresh and new. And Mr. Wheeler tells it exceedingly well. His facts are well chosen and well distributed, his understanding of history as a whole enables him to assign its proper place and due importance to the influence of the sea and sea-power. He is judicious and judicial enough to avoid the temptation to turn his book into a long pæan of as many cantos as there are chapters; he knows the pride and honour of reverse as well as of triumph. Thoroughly conversant with the records of naval affairs, he has fully at command all sources of information from the most

* "The Story of the British Navy." By Harold F. B. Wheeler, F.R.Hist.S. Illustrated in colour by Ellis Silas. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

obvious to the most remote, and a vigorous and imaginative style enables him to clothe his narrative in a completely adequate and agreeable fashion.

Even before the days of Alfred an English king, Athelstan of Kent, had put ship to ship and fallen on the marauding Danes and defeated them. But it was Alfred who first created a perfectly good, official, efficient war fleet, amounting to no less than three hundred ships of war. Mr. Wheeler brings us swiftly down the centuries from Alfred's days, showing us how it was the scattering of Harold's fleet that permitted the Norman Conquest; what sort of ships and men took Richard Lion Heart to Palestine, how our much-contemned King John cuts a less contemptible figure in naval history, and so on down to the days of Henry VIII, who took an immense interest in the developemnt of the Navy. Then comes the story of the Spanish Armada, shorn perhaps of some of its old false glamour, but invested with something—the newer, more enduring glamour of fact and truth. There is a good deal of historical truth to be gleaned throughout Mr. Wheeler's entrancing volume, and it must be of the greatest possible value to young enthusiastic readers. The rich history of the eighteenth century at sea, down to Trafalgar, is well and boldly told, and the concluding chapters give an admirable account of the chief naval affairs during the late great war. And it can never be too often repeated that in that war our naval casualties amounted to 30,766, and in the merchant service 14,661 lost their lives and 3,295 were prisoners. The price of Admiralty has always been paid in blood, but the sailors of England have always paid in full, and *seen that the goods were delivered.*

F. M. A.

A WELSH TRILOGY.*

Those who know the "Mabinogion" will remember the story of Math who was King of Arvon, and the enchantments which befell Gwydion, Son of Don. Above all they will remember the tragedy of Branwen, sister of Bendigeid Fran, otherwise the Blessed Bran. But they must go farther than the "Red Book of Hergest," translated by Lady Guest, if they would find more than a bare allusion to Dylan, the Son of Elan and also Son of the Wave. His elegy, attributed to Taliesin, will be found in the "Welsh Archæology," and there are other sources. But I do not pretend to know from what quarters of research Mr. Thomas Evelyn Ellis has drawn all his materials, nor does it perhaps signify, for he must stand at his own value, making his appeal as a poet and not as a scholar. He has given us his individual version of the old stories in an elaborate dramatic trilogy entitled respectively the "Children of Don," "Dylan, Son of the Wave" and "Branwen." With the preludes, prologues and epilogues there was never such a pontifical arrangement, and this is also the epithet which applies to the form of production. The boards and the half vellum, the handmade or rag paper, the chaos of untrimmed edges and the magnificent type make this volume a dream of beauty. It is privately printed, moreover; all copies are signed, and to avoid any trace or suggestion of a commercial element, the price at which it is sold remains in the hiddenness. Altogether it is a joy to the eye that sees and the hand that holds it. But it belongs to another age or world, while its three hundred and fifty pages of preface and verse-craft, grand in octavo, are suggestive of times less strenuous than are these of traffic and bustle which take most of us nowhere.

The work, as Mr. Ellis tells us, has employed the leisure of many years—more or less twenty, it seems and in pronouncing what he elects to term its Godspeed he wavers curiously between a qualified tolerance of the performance and a disposition to regard the time which it took as misspent. I can assure him on my own part that I have read it from cover to cover with more than a curious

* "The Cauldron of Annwn." By Thomas Evelyn Ellis. (Werner Laurie.)

interest, and am certain that I shall recur to it often in the days that are left me; for these are haunted pages. At the same time, when he testifies that in the long-drawn aftermath of the Great War he feels ashamed of its anxious and almost despairing thought, I am clear that his conscience has good cause to be smitten, not indeed for its anxiety, but for that which he calls despair and for something also that lies behind. The key is given elsewhere, in confessing that he has "tried to invent a primeval folk with faith" when he himself had none. I am very certain that such as is he have no title to write about the Cauldron of Ceridwen and its three drops of wisdom, about the Blessed Bran or the great "avoucher of Britain." The last knew well in his day that the faith lacked by Mr. Ellis is that alone which can open a path into real knowledge. I remember on my own part the door which looks towards Cornwall, Taliesin and his golden witness to precious and concealed Mysteries. Were they not those of the cauldron, and did not the candidate for initiation, who had been called dead, come forth alive, after being steeped therein, but henceforth with a tongue of silence, because of those Mysteries and the great things heard and seen?

To write even a great poem based upon old-world myth and turn its lights to gloom is surely like reconstructing what was once called Higher Magia in the terms of Black Art. But it is after such manner that Mr. Ellis has confused the counsels; there seems a change in all the dreams and the spirit is translated backwards. If his work has drawn me strangely it is because of a certain dark elemental power and by no means because he has "slept in purple" or sailed in the ship with Dylan, or because he has been "embraced in the centre, between the royal knees." But I speak as one who has passed through other cauldrons, who has drunk other "drops of wisdom" and abides under other pledges. I have found a different message implied by the lore which lingers among wild hills of Wales. It would be idle to speak of these things and to protest a little, as I must, were there no talismans of word-magic among the chants and pageants of this trilogy. It halts often enough and weaves too often cold webs of disillusion, for the artist has not always taken that pains which speaks of experience earned by long years in the making. Yet the spells are many; the Dawn-Song of Taliesin breaks out into fine verse, and there is a moment at the close of all when the Birds of Rhiannon do "give their hearers peace."

A. E. Waite.

JANE AUSTEN AND *NOT* JANE AUSTEN.*

When Mr. Austen-Leigh first printed "The Watsons" he hazarded the following conjecture as to the reasons which led his aunt to abandon the work:

> "My own idea is that the author became aware of the evil of having placed her heroine too low, in such a position of poverty and obscurity as, though not necessarily connected with vulgarity, has a sad tendency to degenerate into it; and, therefore, like a singer who has begun on too low a note, she discontinued the strain. It was an error of which she was likely to become more sensible as she grew older and saw more of society; certainly she never repeated it by placing the heroine of any subsequent work under circumstances likely to be unfavourable to the refinement of a lady."

To-day we smile, with our robust democracy, at such solemn complacency in the well-bred. We no longer so far appreciate the delicate balance of county society, as to "place" the family of Emma Watson beneath the Bennets and the Gardiners, the Woodhouses and the Knightleys, the Musgroves or even the Elliots If indeed we visit Portsmouth for a dish of tea with Fanny Price; if, like Anne Elliot's, our "carriage is drawn up near the pavement" of Westgate Buildings, to "spend the evening" with "a Mrs. Smith"; our tastes must be sad indeed.

* "The Watsons." By Jane Austen. Introduction by A. B. Walkley. 6s. (Leonard Parsons.)—"The Watsons." A fragment by Jane Austen. Concluded by L. Oulton. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Nevertheless I am myself disposed to hazard another conjecture, which *does* depend upon the fine shades of class distinction. Jane Austen may very well have put aside "The Watsons" (without *entirely* giving it up) because the plot was destined to depend upon a strained social "*mixture*" that offended her fine taste.

She had used this method in "Pride and Prejudice," for the high-spirited gaiety of dramatic contrasts and the exuberance of sparkling wit. Jane, and still more Elizabeth, are *really* dragged out of their proper sphere—to expose Lady Catherine and improve Darcy's manners (as Emma Watson, by the way, compels Lord Osborne to address her "in the tone of a gentleman!").

That mistake at least (if she felt it to be one) she would not repeat. And, as Mr. Walkley suggests, the foreshadowed duel of wits between Emma Watson and Lady Osborne must have carried us far too near the "prettyish kind of little wilderness" at Longburn in which the "de Bourgh" once begged the "favour" of Elizabeth's company, and spoke her mind.

Mr. Darcy "is a gentleman; I am a gentleman's daughter," declared Miss Bennet; but she knew perfectly well that it was only "so far" that they were "equal." Now in "Emma," above all her novels, Jane Austen kept rigidly to one class. No one in Highbury could ever have found occasion to consult Sir Walter Elliot's favourite volume. The neighbourhood could not boast either a Baronet or a General. Even the "officers" passed it by. The "Woodhouses were first in consequence *there*"!

And so far as the materials of "The Watsons" were ever "used in another fabric," it is at Randalls and Donwell that we shall find them. The title itself establishes Jane Austen's sustained affection for the beautiful "Emma" Watson; and *her* father, like Mr. Woodhouse, would have his "basin of gruel" for supper, when "the clock struck nine." His selfish invalidism regulates the home life and determines many details of the plot. Emma Watson, too, is admirable as a daughter; always ready to give him "the gentleness and silence" he required, if ill, or to "make up" a card-table when he was more socially inclined.

Mrs. Robert Watson (our author's only unpleasant Jane) is obviously an understudy for Mrs. Elton; with her "My good creature, use no ceremony with me, I entreat you," her vulgar prattle about the "select parties" at Croydon or the "seven tables" in her "drawing-room," and her "dear Mr. W."

There is something, I think, of the genial Weston in the "communicative" Mr. Edwards, "fresh from the street, and ready to tell whatever might interest," because "he had lived long enough in the idleness of a town to become a little of a gossip"; while, like the brothers Knightley, Robert must "understand the last current report as to public news, and the general opinion of the day . . . before he could let his attention be yielded to the less rational and important demands of the women."

Elizabeth Watson, like Emma Woodhouse, "would rather do anything than be a teacher at a school"; and her contention that "*it is very bad to grow old and be poor and laughed at*" has been elaborated in the later novel, to silence the fears of Harriet Smith. "Never mind, I shall not be a *poor* old maid," said Emma; "*it is poverty only* which makes celibacy contemptible to a generous public."

Remembering, indeed, Mr. Knightley's stern words upon the essential vulgarity of the match-maker, we are disposed to think Mr. Walkley has deduced a little too much about Jane Austen herself from Penelope and Margaret Watson. They indeed were as hardened husband-hunters as the despised Lydia Bennet or Maria Thorpe; but as Elizabeth expresses it, "you know we must marry"—*because we are poor*. The later "Emma" certainly learnt in good time to echo her father's naïve complaint: "Ah, my dear, I wish you would not make matches and foretell things"; and to acknowledge her own folly.

On the other hand, if we recognise dim outlines of "Emma" in "The Watsons," it is quite probable that Jane Austen determined upon breaking entirely new

ground, for a different reason. As Mr. Walkley points out in one particular, there is too much of the old plots served up again in the unfinished " Fragment."

We have the *two* refined sisters (this time Elizabeth and Emma) from " Pride and Prejudice," and an identical vulgarity (without the excuse of Mrs. Bennet) to complete the uncomfortable majority of daughters. We have the " great people," as at Netherfield or at Barton Park, whose appearance must " give a credit " to any " assembly "— " for great people have always their charm " ! Mr. Edwards could really have taken no more interest than Mr. Allen in the young people's partners, " as he had been fixed the whole time at the same table in the same room, with only one change of chairs."

We see how far better the privileges of an invalid can be accorded to Mr. Woodhouse, with his one strong-minded daughter ; and what new ground has been prepared for the development of " Emma " by dropping both her refined and her " impossible " sisters. On the other hand Lady Osborne was not only of too high rank for the heroine's family circle, and unwisely near, though quite a contrast, to Lady Catherine ; but I cannot believe that Jane Austen would ever have felt at home in working up the pathetic romance of her tenderness for Mr. Howard Tom Musgrave was given up without a pang, because he exhaled just that atmosphere of the unprincipled " smart set " which his creator had experimented on, and discarded, in " Lady Susan."

If, however, we can so confidentially explain away, as it were, " The Watsons," we may well be asked for some justification of this reprint. I believe that it may be found in Mr. A. B. Walkley's genial and sympathetic " introduction." He expresses for us the affectionate delight we all feel in being permitted to read anything from Jane Austen's pen ; the pleasure with which we trace the master-hand in these sketches towards perfection, the resemblances—fancied or real—we love to trace between the thumb-nail miniature and the finished portrait

It is not, I think, so well served by Miss Oulton's industrious tribute of imitation The true inwardness of Jane Austen's manner cannot be captured or reproduced Superficially the new chapters flow on with some semblance of the familiar charm ; but neither the heart nor the wit is there. Miss Oulton's efforts at the darting epigram of description are blunt and laboured, her progress in characterisation is liteless and without spring Perhaps the most startling modernism among many is " nearer the mark."

R BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

A SINGER'S PILGRIMAGE.*

Mr. Gerald Cumberland must feel every satisfaction as he gazes on the handsome volume that he inspired Madame Marchesi to write. " Not only is he the man who thought of it," confesses the singer, " but he crushed one by one my fears and doubts until I really set to work." The book has been undertaken in a very earnest spirit. It will prove useful to the student, and also highly entertaining to the general public. It is clear from the beginning that our great lady is temperamental, and vehemently loyal to her profession.

" I must say that I always have a certain feeling against amateurs. So has every real artist. Playing with art does not bear any fruit."

Madame Marchesi has a great deal to say. She begins with reminiscences of Garcia I and II. " A few years before the war Garcia II was still alive, ignored nearly by the whole country. He lived not farther than Cricklewood." Then we have a lively account of father and mother. " My mother's singing school was my life and my all." We enjoy glimpses of Gabriele Kraus and Emma Nevada among a host of others. Melba was the most striking pupil ; her friendship for her instructress " made up for the forgetful hearts of many others."

* " A Singer's Pilgrimage." By Blanche Marchesi. 18s. (Grant Richards.)

We pass on to the daughter's adventures. "When I decided to stay in England, and looked for English music, I went right and left and asked everybody: 'Where is it—where is the English music? Where can I find it?' and nobody could tell me." Follows a good deal about Queen Victoria, who, when she took a fancy to a singer, kept it to the end. "As she did me the honour to find my songs, and even my person, to her liking, I can say that I knew days of incomparable happiness and success in these British Isles." We have an amusing picture of the Queen, who was fond of draughts, sitting listening to a concert at Balmoral, while the curtains ("which, to my amazement, were made of Scotch tweed") blew right into the room.

Madame Marchesi has chapters on "Singers Then and Now," "Singer's Risks," "Hopes and Disappointments," "The British Student," "The Voice Trial," "The Teacher," "Style." We regret that our space fails us: but we trust that we have indicated to our readers that this is a splendid storehouse of anecdote, characteristic comment, and serious advice. The British father is quite justly attacked for his attitude to his musical girl.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EARLY YEARS AS EMPEROR.*

The second volume of Mr. Simpson's life of Louis Napoleon begins with the Prince-President's struggles with the Constituent Assembly and ends with the negotiations that terminated the Crimean War. To attempt in the course of a thousand words to go over the whole ground which the Cambridge historian covers would be manifestly absurd. I shall start, therefore, by giving a summary of the new information about the period derived by Mr. Simpson mainly from his examination of the dispatches of our ambassadors which he has consulted at the Records Office. First then it is to be noted that as early as 1849 Louis showed his desire for peace in two remarkable proposals made to Palmerston, the first for a reduction of French and British naval armaments, the second for the calling of a European congress to discuss all questions which might provoke a war. (Palmerston "turned down" both of these proposals.) Secondly the various utterances of Louis on the subject seem to prove beyond a doubt that he was eager and enthusiastic in his desire to bring about the liberation of Italy, and that he only restored Pope Pio Nono to Rome in order to prevent this inevitable restoration from being effected by a reactionary Austria. Thirdly we learn that Palmerston, who lost office owing to his hasty welcome of the *coup d'état*, might probably have retained it if he had only read those prolix dispatches from Normanby in which the British Ambassador, presumably an Orleanist, had often predicted such an event and applauded it in advance. Fourthly Mr. Simpson tells us (stowing the news away in his "bibliography") that Kinglake broke his promise to reveal the authorities for the indictment of Napoleon III which he made in his "Invasion of the Crimea" by consigning the bulk of his papers to the fire before his death. Which information he supplements by informing us, "on the authority of a very near relative of the historian," that Kinglake was "an unsuccessful rival for the favour of Louis Napoleon's most famous English mistress, the so-called Miss Howard."

To get at the main political ideas of a ruler who bore so striking a resemblance to the conspirators and melancholy heroes of the French romantic drama of the thirties and the forties will always prove a sufficiently difficult task. The President who founded the first *entente* with Great Britain became the Emperor whose military preparations forced us to raise an army of volunteers. The would-be liberator of Italy had the hardihood to occupy Rome for twenty years and to annex territory so obviously Italian as Nice and Savoy. The apostle of "self-determination" would have handed the Balkan States over to Austria and would have created a Poland to which neither Germany nor Austria need have surrendered the provinces they had stolen. The consistent opponent of Austria expected that the Habsburgs whom he had humiliated and defeated would come to his assistance in his own hour of need. The nationalist who spoke French with a German accent and welcomed the union of the German States brought about that union only too effectually by blundering into the war with Prussia. The liberticide who massacred 1,200 liberals to make the *coup d'état* and proscribed 30,000 others to consolidate it, mellowed into the liberal Emperor who patronised Free Trade, raised a statue to Cobden and in his latter years reigned as a sort of constitutional monarch. What is one to make of a man guilty of this sort of inconsistency save to regard him as a sort of latter-day Rienzi, incapable of taking long and sober views, or a dreamy adventurer hypnotised by the sense of his destiny and of his star? This is more or less the view which the Cambridge historian takes of Louis. Tact and decorum indeed—the virtues of old-established sovereigns—were as alien from Napoleon III as they were from Napoleon I. On the eve of his marriage to Eugénie de Montijo the Emperor of the French committed the unpardonable gaucherie of reminding the French legislative body that his predecessor on the throne, Louis Philippe, "had obtained in marriage a princess of only secondary rank"; while in a strangely misplaced spirit of jocosity he expressed the wish that his own consort would "emulate the virtues of the Empress Josephine"! A few years later he imitated the example of his uncle by remonstrating with our ambassador about the attitude of his Government in the presence of a brother ambassador. Mr. Simpson, indeed, who never sacrifices the truth to a phrase or an epigram, and yet can point a phrase and barb an epigram as neatly as any member of the younger school of historians, gives a very fair idea of what he regards as the weak side of "Napoleon the Little" in the following admirably illustrative passage:

> "It would be as hard to conceive the Second Empire without the Empress as it would be to visualise the creations of Charles Dickens save through the medium of his original illustrators. Yet these illustrators, for all their verve and brilliance, served to exaggerate into mere caricature types already surcharged with humour, heightening into broad farce figures which it had been the true service to subdue into credible human individuals. Even so Louis's high-spirited Empress served but to emphasise the novelty of an Empire already sufficiently unconventional rather than to make good what it lacked of stability, sobriety and political common sense."

Could there be a better parallel? So long, at any rate, as Mr. Simpson is thinking of "Phiz" and not of Cruikshank who, just as he gave all their vitality to Harrison Ainsworth's men and scenes, infused no little of it into the characters depicted in the "Sketches by Boz" and in "Oliver Twist."

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "Louis Napoleon, and the Recovery of France." By F. A. Simpson, Fellow and Dean of Trinity College, Cambridge. 21s. net. (Longmans.)

CONDITIONAL IMMORTALITY.*

The plain man or woman who "knows and knows no more his (her) Bible true," believes that immortality belongs to all human souls, and that the only problem is how that immortality is to be spent. Some thinkers are found, however, who regard immortality as something to be won. If they be right, those who do not attain immortality must cease to be: a startling application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This theory of conditional immortality raises so many puzzling questions that we welcome a treatise that deals with the matter from all points of view. Dr. Simpson writes as a man of science, but he cannot help writing also as a theologian: his subject compels him. Some may even complain that his book falls into two independent parts—a scientific and a theological. Some will even ask contemptuously what Neanderthal skulls have to do with the Day of Judgment or the immortality of the soul. In any case the plain man will read with interest the first half of the

* "Man and the Attainment of Immortality." By J. Y. Simpson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

book, even though he finds some difficulty in getting into touch with the various forms of life that are presented to him under unfamiliar technical names. The matter is interesting in itself, and fosters the impression of an unbroken development up to the present time, with the suggestion that the future will continue the uninterrupted succession. Dr. Simpson occasionally makes in his second part a definite reference to facts detailed in the first. But with the best will in the world to regard the book as a unity, the reader cannot help feeling that he is having matters presented to him from two different points of view. The scientific and the theological remain stubbornly apart, and of the two the theological dominates.

There is indeed a curious suggestion of the scholastic position. Like the old schoolmen, Dr. Simpson has his thesis determined for him beforehand. He must square his scientific facts with the data of the Scriptures, and very gallantly he meets the implicit challenge. He resembles the schoolmen not only in the limitations within which he must work, but in the amazing ingenuity with which he tackles the enormously difficult problems presented to him. To be sure he has in his favour the breadth of view of modern theologians and modern men of science. Then his own intimate acquaintance with both fields gives him a freedom of movement not usual in such works. No mere scientist would venture the statement that "'the immortality of the soul' in fact is not a Biblical phrase: is not even a Biblical conception"; and the long series of closely-reasoned arguments from the Bible here presented is quite beyond the ordinary scientist. Yet the thesis that man is not so much *immortal* as *immortable* gets support from the Bible, and is not inconsistent with the facts of science. The blind alleys of evolution get here a certain explanation, if not a justification. If only some men attain immortality the scientist objects that his classification is being flouted—for in that case there are really two species of men, the mortal and the immortal. But Dr. Simpson points out that all men are immortable, and therefore all men are potentially immortal, so that the classification need not worry the scientist. This is one of the cases in which the scientific part of the book is brought into harmony with the theological: another is in the use of the term *individual*. Here again there is a curiously scholastic air about the book: for individuation took up the attention of the scholastics for something like two and a half centuries. Dr. Simpson is highly successful in his discrimination between *dividuals* and *individuals*, though he might spare us the tiresome iteration of the italicised first syllable in the second term.

A valuable feature of the book is the moral stimulation it supplies. The author does not preach, but his whole exposition rouses us to our responsibilities. His treatment of the environment is particularly stimulating and encouraging. So far from being an irresistible external pressure, the environment proves to be a store-house from which the living soul may supply its needs. "Wherever Life is, there is indeterminism," and this Bergsonian conception is worked up into the general doctrine of an immortality dependent upon our own exertions. A final warning of high importance is implied in reference to conditions that make the aspiring soul "fearfully liable to self-destruction by becoming self centred." An admirable point about the book is the definite meaning it supplies to many of the mysterious sayings of the Bible. Dr. Simpson has deserved well of Religion in making this scientific presentation of her claims.

JOHN ADAMS.

A WILTSHIRE ROSARY.*

As Pamela Tennant, and later as Lady Glenconner, the present Viscountess Grey of Fallodon won admiring recognition as a writer of prose and poetry. In those days Wiltshire with its lore and legend was frequently her theme. She portrayed its rustic life and sketched its peasantry with keen observation and delicate humour. In this, her latest book, "Shepherd's Crowns," Wiltshire again plays a part as in the happily-chosen title of her book, derived from the name given by the Wiltshire folk to the fossilised sea-urchins found on its great Plain.

It is a collection of essays in which the qualities of vividness and variousness are notably apparent. The diction is clear and graphic, and we range over a variety of themes. There is a dissertation on "Fables and Folk-lore," and a delightful discourse on the singing of birds, which for some nature-lovers will be the most fascinating thing in the whole book. An all-too-brief study of the poetry of William Barnes, the Wessex poet, is followed by an essay on Dreams; the story of Joan of Arc is retold, and Chaucer's poetry receives commentary and elucidation. When we come anon to "Some Aspects of the Higher Spiritualism" and to a study of Symbolism, full of suggestive applications of antique rites and symbols, the reader has the sense of covering a pretty wide area of ideas, yet without gaps or incongruity. The subjects are unified, so to speak, by an individuality of style and outlook.

Lady Grey has indeed a distinctiveness of view as well as a distinction of style. By consequence there is scope for the critic. Antiquaries may dispute vexatiously some of her statements, and one seems to see contentious material for some of the professors of prosody. Concerning Chaucer, for instance, the present writer found queries rising in his mind. But the mood passed. The essay on Bird Song assisted to banish it, for here the author can speak as an expert. She knows the notes of many birds. She can tell us how truly Charles d'Orleans conveys the song of the lark: "*avec son tire -lire—à lire.*" Concerning Salisbury Plain she can also write with native knowledge. The essays are enriched with much apt quotation from the greater poets and, as already indicated, the lore of mystery and vision has an important place.

In brief, the book resembles the flight of a bee amongst flowers; a little honey is gathered from each. It has fragrance and fresh air.

DAVID GOW.

* "Shepherd's Crowns." By Pamela Grey. 7s. 6d. net. (Oxford: Basil Blackwell.)

ARTHUR.*

How often has the tale of King Arthur and Guenevere, Launcelot and Elaine, with the whole circle of legendary knights, appealed to our poets? Here once more it is clothed in beautiful language by a master of his art, and one whom few can rival.

It is a story superlatively easy to tell in blank verse—the form fits it; but just as blank verse of a sort can be written "by the yard," so correspondingly difficult it is to write the real thing—compact, single lines which carry the authentic thrill. It is not given to the fluent beginner, flushed with the discovery that blank verse is "easy," to write, for instance, such a passage as Arthur's farewell to his Queen:

"The day goes to the night,
And I to darkness, with my toil undone.
Yet something, surely, something shall remain.
A seed is sown in Britain, Guenevere;
And whether men wait for a hundred years
Or for a thousand, they shall find it flower
In youth unborn. The young have gone before me,
The maid Elaine, Gareth, and Gaheris—hearts
Without a price, poured out. But now I know
The tender and passionate spirit that burned in them
To dare all and endure all, lives and moves,
And though the dark comes down upon our waste,
Lives ever, like the sun above all storms;
This old world shall behold it shine again
To prove what splendour men have power to shape
From mere mortality.
Farewell! That peace
Which can remember, and yet hope, because
Love makes us greater than we know, come to you,
Guenevere!"

Restraint is one of Mr. Binyon's great possessions; perceive it in the quotation given, where inexperience would have yielded to the temptation of tearfulness and

* "Arthur: A Tragedy." By Laurence Binyon. 6s. (Heinemann.)

sloppiness. Mr. Binyon has made it a noble speech, aching with sorrow and regret, but balanced by hope.

More difficult than this however is the rendering of conversation in blank verse, and the Second Scene, opening on page 22, shows a command of technique which is admirable. Take two lines only, which "act themselves," one might say. Arthur, speaking of Mordred the traitor, says:

"I never wronged him. Treason? For what cause?"

And Bedivere, answering—one can see the shrug and smile, almost—retorts:

"Envy's a cause. Ambition is a cause."

There are possibilities for the actor in such lines, and it is pleasant to know that this tragedy of "Arthur" was recently produced at the Old Vic—an entirely suitable place, since "Arthur" is in the great tradition

The tragedy has interludes where blank verse is dropped and a pure prose rhythm substituted. These do not strike the critical ear as quite successful when read aloud, the reason being that the mind has been thoroughly tuned, through two complete scenes, to the steady pulse of the five-beat line; even though this has occasionally been split and conversationally varied. "See how she is wasted," begins Torre, Elaine's brother, contemplating the sick girl. "If you lift her hand it is as light as a leaf, and she shakes with the beating of her heart. He has cast a spell on her, bewitched her." "I would I had that balm, whatever country bears it, that should refresh my child," answers Sir Bernard of Astolat Clearly this is not so successful, yet this scene closes on a fine note between the same two speakers. "Oh, father, will she really die? She so young?" asks Torre despairingly; and Sir Bernard replies grimly: "She will die because she is so young. We that are old, we endure"

Another interlude of this kind occurs in part of the Seventh Scene, set at the King's Camp before Joyous Gard Here there is more motion, and the group of knights conversing upon the possibilities of battle and discussing the Queen have the utmost reality Though they do not "talk like ordinary people," the effect of their words is to make them normal human beings, excited over a situation which we can comprehend

Simplicity directness and restraint are not always recognised as they should be as qualities pertaining to the finest poetry. Mr Binyon knows their value, and in this strong tragedy of "Arthur" his work is seen at its best

W. L. R

THREE POETS.*

These poems of Mr. Bottomley's—stories of Giorgione—were published in a collected edition twelve years ago in America. They now appear for the first time in this country. As the works of Gordon Bottomley they have a passport to any country, but alas! there are no "Cartmell Bells" among them It is a book of long emotional utterances on music, philosophy and love, but the startling clarity that Mr. Bottomley's admirers have learnt to expect of him is curiously lacking. And the use of expressions such as "perfection comes but once" gives one to think furiously; Jove nods outrageously sometimes

Occasionally the old spark lights. At the beginning there is a charming dedication to his wife:

"Where all is yours,
What virtue lies in giving?
Though nought endures,
In writing as in living
I have given myself to you,
And, as you take me,
My poems grow more true,
More true you make me"

That, I think, is the best thing in the book. If I seem a little hard on this collection it is because I am forced to judge the man, who wrote the great dedication to "some English ironmoulders," by a very high standard—the highest there is.

* "A Vision of Giorgione" By Gordon Bottomley. 10s. 6d. (Constable.)—"Odes of Pindar" By A. S Way. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)—"The Reed of Pan." By A. C. Benson. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

A little sadly I am standing, a book of all too "unseen" Greek translation before me, in a form room at Harrow. Says the crib (only I cannot recall it, or even fit sense to it when I do):

> "*But they joyed in contending with all the Hellenes, in spending on steeds their treasure;*
> *But unhonoured, unsung, is the man that spareth his might against others to measure.*"

This is the kind of verse that Mr. A. S. Way is apt to offer as a translation of great Greek poetry. Most classical translators are. But apart from this fault, his work on the "Odes of Pindar" is admirable; I should be the last to criticise the work of so fine a scholar. Like the best of translators Mr. Way shares the spirit of the great poetry he studies; where he fails is to convey it to the uninformed reader. Perhaps it is impossible. But poetry must bear the impress of a striking personality, and translated poetry varies from this rule only in that it must bear the impress of the translator as well as the original author. Gilbert Murray and the great and good men who translated for us our Prayer Book and Bible gave such an impress; but it needs the highest genius to be able to do so.

"The Reed of Pan" Mr. A. C. Benson modestly inscribes as a rendering into English of a number of Greek epigrams and lyrics. To speak of it more accurately it is poetry. It is rarely that a critic can read a volume of new verse and give it this unqualified definition. Said Blake of the Muses, the "fair nine forsaking poetry":

> "Whether on Ida's shady brow,
> Or in the chambers of the East,
> The chambers of the sun that now
> From ancient melody have ceased"—

and to-day also the reader must sometimes feel with him:

> "The sound is false, the notes are few."

But a few months ago an old man published his "last songs," and now Cambridge utters once more the spirit of the Muses, and the lips this time are Mr. Benson's. And if the thoughts are those of the sweet singers of Greece, the more honour to the translator, who makes them ring so clearly to our English ears of to-day. Through thoughts or words, I know not which, spring that zest of life and sweet music, that divine spark we call poetry, before which all the fire of verse which ascends each succeeding year to Helicon pales as the lights of some far town before the rising of the evening star.

Who created them? Men living under an Ægean sky two thousand and more years ago, yet the heart replies to-day. I read them mostly in the Tube, yet knew that I was hearing above the tumult of the modern world the familiar voices of men who thought and dreamed as I—voices which said:

> "Though I am dead a thousand years,
> And wrote this sweet archaic song,
> I send my words as messengers
> The way I shall not pass along.
>
> "Though I can never see your face,
> And never take you by the hand;
> I send my soul through time and space
> To greet you. You will understand."

In Mr. Benson's translations run all the threads of modern thought, bright and unravelled in the dawn of civilisation. Our great grandfathers seem barbarians contrasted to these Greek singers of the ancient world.

Here is a tale of love and that strange humility which afflicts the man who first finds himself beloved:

> "Strange mystery of love and fate,
> This humble slave of low estate
> Is loved: the bondsman doth control
> The impulse of another's soul."

The full tale ends in death and exile, and when the grave has closed the questions which still perplex us rise, and a third century Hardy asks:

> "Doth Charidas lie here? Ay, he lies here,
> Cyrenian Charidas, Arimma's son.
> What of the world beneath? 'Tis dark and drear.
> And exit upward? Exit there is none.
> Pluto? A myth. We perish each alone."

In all this there is no personal sentimentality and no exaggeration. Man tastes truth in all its sweetness and bitterness and gives to it language that conceals nothing and expects nothing. I would like to quote much more, but I have already overrun my space. A great poet has given to us out of the golden storehouse of the past "a momentary spell of ecstasy made visible"; has told in words too quaint and sweet for forgetting:

> "In this pleasant world above
> There is laughter, there is love;
> In the dumb and dark hereafter
> There is neither love nor laughter."

ARTHUR BRYANT.

Novel Notes.

ELEANOR IN THE LOFT. By Grace Rhys 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Ireland of three years ago is to be found between the covers of this refreshing and fragrant love story. The Ireland of days when almost every soul in the South was a Sinn Feiner, and Sinn Fein courts of justice were held in the open fields. It is not a political novel—it is a love story—but no one can write about Ireland without mentioning politics, any more than one can walk through a wood without going under trees. The true picture of modern Ireland must have politics for a background, and Mrs. Rhys has drawn us a picture of delicate lights and shades, but true to life, every word of it. In John Roper the Celtic temperament is cleverly described; indeed, all the characters are portrayed with subtlety of understanding—and we are introduced to many during the week's happenings with which the book is concerned. To get the children out of the way of a house party, John and his wife send them to live in the stable-loft. Eleanor, the eldest daughter, is just passing from girlhood to womanhood, and resents the humiliation of her position. But that strange week is destined to bring her something sweeter than humiliation, and, with many gleams of humour, the story blossoms into a romance, strikingly uncommon and of more than ordinary charm

OUR ELIZABETH AGAIN. By Florence A. Kilpatrick. 3s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson)

A really humorous book is such a rare luxury that when one is discovered it should be proclaimed from the housetops. Such a book is "Our Elizabeth Again." The comic servant has provided mirth in farce and comedy for generations, but never has she been more whimsically depicted than in this gay account of a sojourn at a French château. Elizabeth is a veritable tonic, and a cheap one—look at the price!—though she has her own ideas on economy, as on everything else. "Me save money? Never!" she says. "I wouldn't be so green. If folks get to know you save money they come an' get it orf of you. An' ever since Alf Wilkins borrowed fifteen shillin' orf me for a week, an' then enlisted for forrin service next day I orlways 'old it's safer to be stony-broke." One could quote endlessly, but it is more generous to advise everyone to buy the book, and laugh himself into happiness.

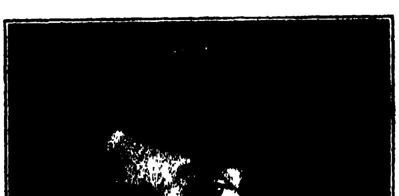


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Florence A. Kilpatrick.**



Photo by H. Walter Barnett. **Mr. Frank Fox.**

BENEATH AN ARDENT SUN. By Frank Fox. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As many of our readers will know, Mr Frank Fox is an Australian himself, consequently it is not surprising to find some vivid pictures of the scenery of that wonderful land in his book. Mr. Fox sees everything vividly indeed, and he has not always been able to escape the fault of his virtue; his story of the love of a girl who, though married, is not a wife, for a famous politician whose own wife is in an asylum, raises an old but none the less poignant problem, and Mr. Fox has handled it skilfully in this vivid and very striking story. There is a sincere feeling behind it all, and the book will be read with interest by all those who sympathise with the griefs and joys of poor humanity.

THE MISTY VALLEY. By Joanna Cannan. 7s 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a first novel, and Miss Cannan has put some good work into it. The story is woven very thinly in places, notably at the beginning and the end, and the author has padded this out with much detailed description of Berkshire scenery. She gives us a riot of colour—orange firelight, rose-madder skies and all the lights that ever were on land or sea. The Waynefletes were artists and worshipped colour, and in due time their little Claire bowed very low before the same god. Claire is the typical artist, unable to see or do any good outside the misty valley of romance. Selfish and idle, but charming, she despises the love of the unpractical Amyas because he allows her lovely dress to become ruined while he seeks vainly a taxi in the pouring rain; and she marries Roy Williams because she loves him a little and he can always find the neck of her coat at once and has punctual habits. Later Amyas is received back as a kindred spirit in Claire's dreary suburban life. Complications ensue and she flees to the Latin Quarter in Paris. It is here that the story begins to gather power and ease and the materials are fused together. In the end victory is with Roy, whom love has taught a lesson Claire could never learn. Miss Cannan's work is on the right lines and we hope to see more of it.



Wrapper Design.

From "With the Gilt Off," by A. St. John Adcock, a book of London stories to be published shortly by Messrs. A. M. Philpot.

STILL WATERS. By Maude Leeson 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin)

Alan and Carne Thorneycroft, in the sense that they were born within a few minutes of each other, were twins, but in every other respect they belonged to different worlds. Alan was matter-of-fact, homely, practicable and dependable, who took the world as he found it, and like so many of his type did quite a bit towards making it a better place to live in. Carne was nervous and ultra-sensitive, always slightly morbid at the best, hating the sight of blood and shrinking from the squeal of a hare; when young a good deal of a prig, and in his early twenties fancying himself as a writer and inclined to spout about idealism—and like many of his type he hated to hurt a rabbit but managed, in his brief course, to break the hearts of a woman or so because of his weak refusal to face facts. Life, however, has a way of making many of us "say our piece," whether we like it or not, and the Carne who fled the shady side of the garden passed through his Gethsemane, where he learnt the cost and the gain of sacrifice. "Still Waters" grips both as a story and as a message. The character study and the background of country village life are exceptionally well done.

THE FLIGHT. By Muriel Hine 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

A novel by a woman about women. It describes faithfully and with much detail the feelings of Clodagh, who married Ian, because he won her by his iron strength and determination. "In his arms, the long strain broken . . . it was like leaning against a tower." Ian bears his bride triumphantly off to his ancestral home, where his mother proves to be jealous and tiresome. She has a great love for her linen-room, and although she has moved out of the great house, she keeps that key, and so can spy and observe at all hours. Sensitive, modern Clodagh and commonplace, healthy Ian clash, and Clodagh escapes to Italy, where we have some charming scenes. She recovers her beautiful voice, makes friends with two interesting men and thinks things over. At the end she is wired for to return to Ian, who has had a bad accident; and she goes to him and they have a sort of reconciliation. She will stay. "But even as their lips met the illusion vanished, and she knew that the joy and wonder of youth were over. Pity alone had stayed her flight." In preparation, we are told, is another novel—"Clodagh Returns to Siris."

BODIES AND SOULS. By Shaw Desmond. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Is it possible for a man to love his wife and another woman at the same time? Is it possible for a man and a woman to love without understanding not only each other, but themselves? These are questions which one must face after reading Mr. Shaw Desmond's remarkable book. It is frank—very frank—without being offensive. The author has shown an unusual power of analysis in his story of the Man, his Wife and the Strange Woman; in the main, the book is extraordinarily well written, though towards the end there are passages so surprisingly weak as to make one wonder whether some mischievous sprite took the pen out of Mr. Desmond's hand. But, despite these flaws, it is a book to be read with attention; it is of equal interest to men and women, and it may be that after its perusal some people will be able to regard their own domestic problems from a new angle.

GIVE AND TAKE. By Amber Reeves. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The title page reminds us that "Amber Reeves" is Mrs. Blanco White, and many paragraphs have recently reminded us that Mrs. White held an appointment of some importance in a Government department during the late world war. It is no indiscretion to assume that this quite long novel, edging towards 200,000 words, was inspired by her work during the war. For it purports to describe some of the doings in the Ministry of Reconciliation during a few weeks or so beginning January, 1918, and it is quite impossible, nor would Mrs. White, one feels sure, desire to claim such a thing, to dissociate the novel from her own experiences of official work and official life. Two or three characters are principal, and the others are very minor indeed. The main persons are Chester, the head of a department, and Harvard, "second secretary" to the Ministry. Chester is an ex-service man, a dramatist by trade, wounded and sent home, and doing his war work in the Ministry as he did in the trenches, a sardonic, clever, intriguing fellow pulling wires mainly to set the puppets inside and outside the Ministry dancing for his amusement or to gratify his sense of power or desire to push himself. Harvard is a neurotical civil servant, also very clever, also an intriguer, also mainly anxious to make himself important in the eyes of his chief and anyone else he comes near. The intrigues and actions of the tale centre in certain negotiations with trade unions and labour leaders on questions involving dilution of skilled labour, rates of wages, overtime and the like, all things of supreme importance and menacing reality in 1918. Mrs. White writes with knowledge of detail, and she sets down all her details in a way that makes them astonishingly convincing—but there is so much detail and it is so convincing that it just doesn't succeed in composing into a coherent unified impression, it is impossible to read without a degree of concentration and alert memory that really make it too difficult a task. But the novel is written extraordinarily well, there are flashes of brilliantly felicitous phrasing that remind the reader strongly of H. G. Wells, and are full of pith and point.

THE LADY IN THE BLUE VEIL. By Laurence Clarke. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When Miss Edna Morris went aboard the *Lachine* at New York, she found herself the only lady passenger, and lost no time in winning popularity. McGuire, the wireless operator, fell an instant victim to her charms and the captain also was soon under her spell. Imagine, then, the horror of these two men when the wireless message came through: "Have you woman passenger aboard, age twenty-four, height five foot seven inches, hair dark, prepossessing appearance, probably travelling under the name of Edna Morris? Is wanted for murder, Norman Grant. . . . Detain Liverpool. . . . Signed Woolaston, Chief Police, New York." The Captain was torn between love and duty, McGuire tempted by a further message stating that a reward of ten thousand dollars was offered

for the apprehension of the missing girl. Although both men decide to surrender their beautiful charge at Liverpool, she defeats their scheming and escapes to London. More baffling mysteries, more breathless adventures follow, and the captain himself becomes involved in a thrilling plot, and has his faith in the blue-veiled lady severely tested. The pursuit of the real murderer, and the proving of Edna's innocence, bring the story to a romantic conclusion - a story that would be hard to beat for ingenious construction and sustained excitement.

DOWNSTREAM. By Sigfrid Siwertz. 7s. 6d. (Gyldendal.)

The house of Gyldendal possesses a sound discrimination in its choice of books, if "Downstream" is to be taken as a criterion. The author writes not so much in cynicism as with a terrible appreciation of the seamy side of life. There is something Zolaesque in the way in which he follows the fortunes of each member of a fair-sized family, and reveals the dominating Self-thought which rules each of them and eventually leads them to but their fates let Mr. Siwertz tell for himself. We have not read for a long time a more carefully-reasoned book, nor one which so frankly exposes the weaknesses of humanity. But Mr. Siwertz does not fall into that foul morass into which so many writers tumble—the superiority which dissects, as from a godlike pinnacle, the inferiority of the people the writer is describing. On the contrary, he writes with an underlying sympathy which he cannot hide even when he is justly indignant with the wrongs he is exposing. We can heartily recommend the book to anyone who likes a novel that is at once intensely interesting and (to use a paradox) delicately outspoken.

BEANSTALK. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

It has been remarked that Mrs. Henry Dudeney's characters are more real than lovable. Not a very good testimonial for human nature! After all, much depends on the reader's conception of lovableness. It is certain that the young lovers with whose story "Beanstalk" opens are very ordinary people, and their love affair has, from the outsider's point of view, nothing to distinguish it from thousands of others, though to themselves it possesses all the thrills and glamour of romance But it is just because they are ordinary people we can enter so heartily into their youthful happiness; it is just because they are ordinary people the tragedy that follows so closely on the heels of rapture comes upon us with a shock of horror. Cleverly, tenderly, Mrs. Dudeney draws the picture of a girl recovering from disaster that has wrecked her life. She has nothing to live for, yet she lives on, with the strong love of a friend to help her in her hour of need. The afterwards of tragedy is the most poignant, the most hard to bear; and only a writer of unusual power could have depicted so vividly Martha's struggles against madness, and her ultimate sailing into calm waters, "For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and done."

THE SECRET SANCTUARY. By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Mr. Warwick Deeping presents his readers with a situation at once pathetic, yet tense with dramatic possibility. The war has left John Stretton mentally unbalanced, and he is liable on the slightest provocation to lose control of himself and descend to violent assault, particularly if the person who angers him resembles in any way the bullying officer who roused John's ire at the moment when calamity overwhelmed him. Only by the merest good luck has the unhappy young man avoided committing murder, when Doctor Beal takes his case in hand. If his blind rages are not upon him, John is a normal, even a pleasant human creature. He confides in the doctor his desire to escape from family and social ties, and, living alone in the country, to fight out his infirmity. The story deals mainly with his rural life, his deliberate exile from his fellow beings, the



From thin paper edition of "The Broad Highway," by Jeffery Farnol (Sampson Low).

pursuit of a scheming girl—who, to her peril, incurs his wrath—and it tells how, when the battle seemed almost lost, he finds refuge at last from the untamed beast within him. It is an uncommon book and one of uncommon interest; the characters, especially the sensible, large-hearted doctor, being drawn with the author's usual skill and imaginative realism. No one can make the acquaintance of John Stretton without desiring to follow his destiny to its, fortunately happy, conclusion.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FOREIGN RELATIONS OF CHINA: A HISTORY AND A SURVEY. By M. J. Bau, M.A. (Revised and enlarged edition.) 18s. (Nisbet.)

It was inevitable that the modifications of international relations resulting from the Washington Conference should re-orientalise our ideas, and create a deal of obscurity where things were none too clear before. China's polity badly needs to be understood, if only because of the civil wars which have devastated her in the past few decades, quite apart from the more or less unsought visitations she has received from her neighbours and the Western powers. One sometimes wonders which is the harder fate—that of Russia which has never had a chance of just and open government, or else that of China which has descended from an almost idyllic past into the turmoil and bewilderment of a competitive and commercial era. Fortunately there is no disposition in Dr. Bau—who is a graduate of several of the best American universities and a holder of one of the Carnegie Fellowships in law—to put on an attitude of condescension towards us "Western devils," as we have been so freely styled by the older and more reactionary spirits among his countrymen. Recognising that the history of the country ever since its opening-up has been one of foreign contacts, and especially contact with her most progressive neighbour, Japan, he devotes the last and most important section of his book to working out the problems of both countries in an attitude of concord and broad-minded tolerance. He has a distinct affinity with institutions and legislative forms, and it is clear that while anxious to preserve the independence of China in all amity with other powers, he wants her to benefit by their experience and enlightenment. He holds up the new banking consortium as a practical and salutary example of the Open Door policy applied to China, and condemns by silent implication some of the doctrines of the Jap Jingoes. The book is a masterpiece of calm and reasonable exposition.

OUT OF THE PAST: Some Revolutionary Sketches. By R. W. Postgate. 5s. (Labour Publishing Co.)

To political students this book will be of great value, its most valuable section being perhaps the story of the life of Blanqui who "made possible the Paris Commune, which in its turn was (to a larger measure than is often realised) the forerunner of the Russian Revolution." Little record is left of this man, most of his papers having been destroyed, much of his life spent in prison, yet Mr. Postgate claims that his influence has equalled that of Marx. His life was full of an inspiring faith to which he sacrificed everything, and even in that too fleeting glimpse we get of him in history we see the glow of an indomitable spirit. Other forgotten leaders also find place in this book—the Rev. J. E. Smith, Louis Blanc, Louis Pujol, Charles Theophile Ferré, and Richard Parker, the Admiral of the Nore mutineers. The brief biographies are preceded by a note on the History of the Paris Commune and followed by three sketches of the Commune. "To understand the modern revolutionary movement in Europe it is necessary to study the lives and theories of its pioneers." Nobody is more qualified to help the student than one so deeply versed in the subject as the author of "Out of the Past."

SPIRIT OF THE WOODS. By May Belben. Introduction by Richard King. 2s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

Throughout this little book of poems there breathes a spirit of sweetness and sincerity. The poems are written with an ease and naturalness that is refreshing. In his introduction to the book Mr. Richard King says: "The world of those who love Literature and Art and Music may almost be described as divided into two sections: those who most admire style and technique, and those who prize sincerity of feeling and expression. It is among the latter, I believe, that the admirers of 'Spirit of the Woods' will be found. For the authoress, Mrs. Belben, possesses the happy knack of interpreting most of those simple sentiments by which the hearts of most people are commonly moved. . . . Sincerity . . . is after all the very kernel of friendship. That is why I believe that this little book of charming poems will find many, many friends." The effect it leaves on the reader is the best test of a poem, and Mrs. Belben's work has a fragrance about it that lingers and makes one feel the better for having come in contact with it.

PAN'S PEOPLE. By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. 9s. (Fisher Unwin.)

A book for all animal lovers. "Man has an instinctive hope of immortality: about it we know nothing certain, but I like to think that somewhere I may meet again certain beasts that have made life sweeter for their presence," writes our author. And again, speaking of Rania, a pet wolf, "If the gates of Heaven are not entirely closed to the animal kingdom, then we may imagine our friend, with shining ruff and white breast, his yellow eyes dancing with fun, leaping around with wayward joy, and playing with the tips of angels' wings." Mr. Coleridge has a charming paper on "Friend Robin." "If it were a rarer bird, like













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"Mr. Grew in one stride takes his place with Jack London and Alfred Ollivant" *Irish Independent*

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"The story of a life of sacrifice told in so interesting and realistic a manner and with such wonderfully human setting that it cannot fail to appeal."
Liverpool Post

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Punch says: "I feel most grateful to Miss Ertz for creating such delightful people," while the *Daily Graphic* says it is "a book of rare merit."

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A thrilling tale of the Mexican Border.

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The story is concerned with the most crucial period in the lives of a brother and sister whose conceptions of honour and love are inevitably opposed.

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A vivid, gripping and elemental picture of human hopes and fears, triumphs and disasters of Valencian fisher folk.

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By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. 7/6.

A powerful drama of the contest between the call of family, domestic life, and an important career and a passionate unreasoning love. An unforgettable story of Valencian life.

THE MISTY VALLEY

By JOANNA CANNAN. 7/6.

Punch says. "There is an early morning charm about 'Misty Valley.'"
"A very freshly told and interesting story, a good deal above average merit. . . Miss Cannan writes with conviction and style." *Gentlewoman*

A THRILLING DRAMA OF LOVE AND HATE AND THE SPANISH BULL-RING

BLOOD AND SAND.

By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. 4/6 net

A PERTHSHIRE NATURALIST:

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By HENRY COATES, F.S.A.Scot. With an Introduction by J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D., and PATRICK GEDDES, F.R.S.E., and a chapter on Scottish Folk-music by HERBERT WISEMAN, M.A. Illustrated. Cloth. 18/- net.

This is the life-story of a very remarkable Highland character—rural post-runner, naturalist, and musician. But it is much more than a mere biography. It is at once an art book, a book of popular natural history, and a book of Highland folk-lore and folk-music. The narrative itself is full of dramatic incidents, some of which touch on little known phases of Scottish history.

ROBERT BROWNING:

The Poet and the Man, 1833–1846

By FRANCES M. SIM. Cloth. 10/6 net.

This contribution relating to the literature of Browning should be of interest to students and lovers of the poet. New material is drawn upon which throws light upon the poet's early life and work with respect to the poem of Pauline, and the speculations arising from the subject are justified by authentic authority of that time in the great poet's life, when his way was baffled and difficult.

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the nightingale, we should all go into ecstasies over the beauty of its song . . . when he comes and whispers his greeting into my ear, what would I not give to understand the language of his friendship and the tenor of his song ? " The essay entitled " The Children of Pasht " is cheering, reminding us that it is no longer good form to worry a cat. " The butcher boy, instead of heaving a rock at every puss he sees now loiters to stroke and feed her on his rounds." A cat who chose to go to sleep in the middle of the narrow pavement of the Strand the other day was most respectfully left alone by the hurrying crowd. Other parts of this delightful and winning volume deal with the large light heron, the alert and cheery cormorant, and Hippo the Sage.

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC HANDBOOKS: I. Supply and Demand. By H. D. Henderson. II. Money. By D. H. Robertson. 5s. each. (Nisbet and Cambridge University Press.)

About thirty years ago the late Sir William Harcourt expressed the opinion that we " are all Socialists now." He was wrong. We are not even yet all Socialists, but there can be no doubt that the war has made political economists of us all. We talk knowingly—which is not the same as learnedly !—of the rise and fall of the bank rate, of the fluctuations of foreign exchanges, of the cost of living and the necessity or otherwise of the protection of key industries. But all the time we have an uncomfortable feeling that were we put to the test we should soon be at the " end of our Latin." Hence the necessity for such a series of economic handbooks as these issued under the general editorship of Mr. Maynard Keynes. The aim of the series is stated to be a systematic exposition of economics from the present day standpoint and the avoidance of obsolete controversies, for, as Mr. Keynes says in his introduction, it is important in textbooks of this nature " to discard the marks of the chrysalid stage " before economic theory had wings. And in no science is this more necessary, for the mass of theories that have gone to the making up of the " dismal science " are continually being amplified, qualified or discarded. It was inevitable that a great cataclysm like the late war, which destroyed property, the subject-matter of political economy, on a vast scale, should have caused as it were such landslides as to alter in some cases the whole aspect of the economic landscape. Therefore these up-to-date restatements of economic principles are particularly welcome. In the preface to his very readable book on " Money " it is noteworthy that Mr. Robertson, whilst disclaiming any originality or research, makes what is to the layman—and the series is intended for the ordinary reader and uninitiated student—the astonishing statement that " Money is after all a fundamentally unimportant subject." He is of the opinion that no monetary policy can be expected to provide a remedy for our present discontents. On the whole, however, both writers may be said to belong to the more orthodox school of economists, such as draw their inspiration from Dr. Marshall and Professor Pigou. We have mentioned the readability of these books, and we would emphasise this, for so many works on economics are written in turgid and wearisome English. If the conclusions of economists are sometimes hopeless and " dismal " there would seem to be all the more reason for setting forth their arguments in an attractive form, and Mr. Robertson has greatly added to the interest of his book by giving at the head of each chapter an appropriate quotation from " Alice's Adventures in Wonderland " or " Through the Looking-Glass " ! At the heading to the chapter on foreign exchanges he aptly quotes Alice, who, in reply to the Caterpillar's query as to the size she wanted to be, says, " I'm not particular as to size, only one doesn't like changing so often, you know." And his illustration of the " fetish of gold " by the narration of the lithic-based monetary transactions of the natives of the Island of Yap is inimitable.

Music.

DR. ETHEL SMYTH.

By Rodney Bennett.

If the essential qualification of a writer of an article on a given subject be a knowledge of its complete details, then I should have to decline to write about the work of Dr. Ethel Smyth, for my knowledge of it is the reverse of complete. But if it be a qualification to represent fairly exactly the knowledge of the general public, then I can take pen again ; since, though I know no more than the man in the street, I know as much. To specify : of the composer's music, I have heard " The Boatswain's Mate," and nothing more ; I have read a number of her articles in papers and literary reviews, and I have enjoyed her three books twice and expect to read them again. That is all.



Photo by Vandyk.

Dr. Ethel Smyth.

This confession of inadequacy, though of no intrinsic interest, is worth putting down because it represents the extent of acquaintance that the average young Englishman who cannot go abroad after his music has had the chance of making with the work of the only distinguished woman composer of his day, and one of the most vigorous English composers of either sex. " The Boatswain's Mate " has been performed a number of times, the overture to her opera, " The Wreckers," has figured at orchestral concerts with moderate frequency, but not so frequently but that I have missed hearing it, and a very little of her chamber work has been presented once or twice recently to the small public which such work ordinarily reaches. The primary cause of this neglect, so different from the welcome which in spite of delays and disappointments she received in pre-war Germany, is firstly, according to herself, that " in this country the only necessaries of life recognised by our ratepayers are things like drains and water-supply—and

thus it will be in England for ever and ever." A second, much less debatable, is that the composer was so indiscreet as to be a woman, and to start composing at a time when the claims of women as creative artists were conceded in literature alone. A third is that her music, being serious, was, like her choice of sex, before its time, since the English are only just emerging from the stage when they preferred their cooks and composers to be foreign, and distrusted any of their countrymen --or women—who attempted anything more solemn than Sullivan. A fourth, most important of all, is that her chief ambition was operatic at a time when England showed even less than the present signs of becoming addicted to music drama. In this matter things seem to be changing. "The Beggar's Opera" has run till it has become, to quote the poster, antediluvian— a questionable indication of taste according to Dr. Smyth in the *Daily Telegraph*; "Polly" is running smoothly and will soon be duplicated; the B.N.O.C. is producing Gustav Holst's "Perfect Fool"; his "Savitri" has found a publisher; the students' theatre at the Royal College is in full operatic swing; the Academy is appealing for money to build one; "The Immortal Hour" has achieved a popularity at the Regent which the munificence of even six Mr. Barry Jacksons alone could not give it; Dr. Smyth's "The Boatswain's Mate," first produced with dubious success by Beecham in the over-large spaces of the opera house, has been repeated with real success in the greater intimacy of the Old Vic, side by side with a still newer English opera, and is shortly to be produced by Mr. Jackson at Birmingham for a run together with the same composer's new short opera, "Fête Galante." Perhaps if Birmingham really rises to the occasion Dr. Smyth will let us off the water supply, if not the drains. And perhaps it will stimulate her to renewed operatic activity.

If "The Boatswain's Mate" be a fair example, this will be a happy result, for that short piece is surprisingly successful—surprisingly because of the difficulties inherent in the enterprise. To put W. W. Jacobs's funniest story acceptably on the stage at all was not easy since so much of the author's humour lies in description, to put music to it without hanging up the action at least quadrupled the difficulty; to add an additional atmosphere without ruining the whole affair would seem to put the whole scheme out of court. Yet Dr. Smyth has done precisely these things with scarcely a stumble. The story moves steadily and humorously forward, the music seldom detracts from the comedy and often adds to it, and finally there enters an atmosphere of romance and at times almost wistful beauty that is new. Dr. Smyth starts with unusual advantages. She has a keen sense of character and of burlesque; she has humour and wit and she can write. She is her own librettist. The verses are workmanly and very neat in riming. Travers's song in the first act is a good example of this dexterity in humorous characterisation, and the bold introduction of the chorus is another. The unexpected touch of poetry is more difficult to locate; it is a matter of light and unexpected strokes not only in the music but in the words. The most obvious, Mrs. Walters's song at the end of the first act, is the least successful, the music being a little heavy-handed for the verse. The end of the second act touches poetry too, and then lapses to the comparatively common-place by going on too long. The widow's looking in the glass to reassure herself that something of youth still remains is a pleasing moment, and the playing of the waltz tune as a suggestion would have made a charming curtain; but the turning of it into a song and the bringing back of Travers, though effective enough, leaves too little to the imagination to escape the impression of obviousness. But these are small blemishes. The success of the piece lies in its humour and movement, the happy allusiveness and freshness of the music, such neat strokes as the introduction of "The Keeper" for Travers's whistling tune, Dr. Smyth's capacity for inventing robust and jolly tunes, and the sturdy burlesque humour of such things as the mock-heroic recitation of the burglary agreement and the

quartet in the second act. This appeals, as all sound humour should do, to gallery and boxes alike. In brief, my own feeling about it all was that I frequently thought " I am surprised that she did not bring in music here," but not once " I wish she had not there."

Of the three volumes of autobiography, " Impressions that Remained " and " Streaks of Life," there remains space to say only that they are a brilliant and human picture of a finely vigorous personality.

SAINT-SAËNS.*

It would be a good thing for writers of critical monographs, and for their readers, if tradition demanded in the preface some such phrase as " My subject was not perfect. He was not even the greatest composer (or what not) in the world. He had faults ; but he had also virtues enough to be worth my time and yours." This would not sound patronising to the discerning. It would indicate a certain detachment and give the writer and even the most doubting reader some common ground, a particularly desirable starting-point for the discussion of such a writer as Saint-Saëns, whose standing, whether rightly or wrongly, is at least temporarily declining. This idea is put forward less as a criticism of Mr. Lyle's book than as a warning to readers who, at first antagonised by an apparently undiscriminating adulation, might be put off persevering with a sound and informative book.

For the first chapter is misleading. Its very title, " The Growth of a Genius," with its bold assertion and use of a word that is too often profaned, arouses the controversial spirit ; and when Saint-Saëns has been too frequently referred to as " the Master " even a well-disposed but mildly captious reader is ready to cavil if the chance comes. And it does. A level comparison with Mozart, a somewhat patronising reference to Rossini, and the unqualified admission that Wagner " was apparently much more impressed by the personality of the Frenchman than that individual was by his," almost sent at least one copy of " that individual's " Life and Art into the far corner. But its reader, switching over a hundred pages with a gesture of disgust, and coming on the phrase, " the technical resource is admirable but the sentiment is usually replaced by sentimentality. On occasion I have found it boring," as a criticism of a too-often-heard work, took heart, read on, enjoyed, agreed and disagreed with interest. There are sound and well illustrated general chapters on the composer's powers and outlook, detailed and orderly studies of the concertos, symphonies and symphonic poems, chamber music, variazoni, choral works and literary work, a full bibliography (but no index), and a foreword by Leff Pouishnoff, who comments upon " the series of events from the musician's life chosen by the author " and " his logical sequence and convincing way of grouping them." The comment is deserved.

R. B.

* " Camille Saint Saëns : His Life and Art." By Watson Lyle. (Kegan Paul.)

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

NORDISKA. Compiled and Revised by Adolf Ruthardt. (Augener.)

This is a collection of fifty-nine piano pieces, mostly by Northern composers. The collection is in three books, and contain works by Gebauer, Tschaikowsky, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Rubenstein, Emil Sjogren, Wiel-Lange, Jensen, Mayer, Grieg, Adolf Ruthardt, and many others. The settings have been made easy enough for the average player.

THE MUSES' GARDEN FOR DELIGHTS. Composed by Robert Jones (1610). Transcribed and edited by Peter Warlock. (Enoch.)

In this new edition of " The Muses' Garden for Delights " Mr. Peter Warlock has chosen twelve out of the twenty-one songs that were originally contained in the work, and has edited them and added an interesting foreword on Robert Jones. Those who enjoyed the " English Ayres " (edited by Peter Warlock and Philip Wilson) will know that this new book of early English songs will be treated with the same care and sensitive appreciation as the former book. Mr. Warlock agrees with the Rev. A. Ramsbotham when he says that an editor of early music should regard himself as a steward of treasure and " be faithful in the way he keeps it or deals it out to others." Mr. Warlock himself has strong ideas on " wrong-headed editing," and in these quaint old songs he has made only those alterations that are necessary for clarity and convenience in reading, and thus preserved excellently the early English atmosphere in his modern setting.

THE MERRY MILKMAIDS.
WEST OF THE SKERRIES. } By Adam Carse. (Augener.)

The full orchestral score of a delightful old English dance tune is " The Merry Milkmaids." " West of the Skerries " has a charming and atmospheric melody, and about the words, by the late Sebastian Evans, LL.D., there is a story : " He dreamed, in old age (June 20, 1898), that he heard it sung by a lady who was well known to him. On waking he was fortunately able to remember the whole, and immediately wrote it down."

FANCIFUL SKETCHES. By Edgar Moy. (Winthrop Rogers.)

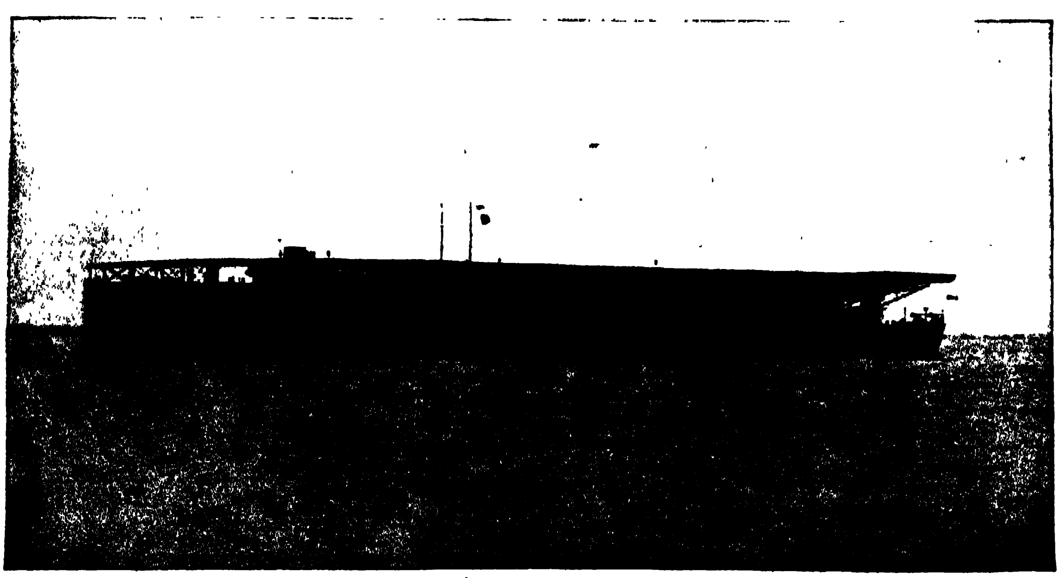
Seven pleasant and very easy pianoforte pieces.

THE PAVILION OF DREAMS. By Boris Levenson. (Paxton.)

Four dainty and characteristic songs of Old Japan. Words by Edward Lockton.

WATER COLOURS. By Franco Leoni. (Schott.)

Half a dozen lyric pieces for the piano which the average player should find easy to play. The themes are pleasing and give scope for much variety in expression.



From **Ships of the Royal Navy** By Oscar Parkes (*Sampson Low*). Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN. ARGUS.

The Drama.

ADVERTISING MARY.*

That one or other of these plays should appear just now was almost inevitable. An age whose artists' privacy is so sedulously exploited has been quite visibly pregnant with something of the kind or if the metaphor seem too grandiose, shall we say that the mountain has once more been up to its old tricks, and that the mouse of ridicule could not be long delayed ? The curious point is that the mouse should prove to be twins. For twins these two plays are ; they are both written, and simultaneously, by dramatic critics ; each shows the off-duty hours of a she-star ; each star is " run " by an indispensable manager and run after by a dispensable poet, himself loved in turn by a girl of his own set ; each star is outshone in her own cast by another character. (Is this intentional ? If not, it is an odd coincidence that both Mary's manager and April's dresser should be infinitely more amusing and vital than their principals) ; each star is in herself somewhat negative and unconvincing.

But the fatuity common to both these ladies is turned to quite different uses by their respective creators Messrs Farjeon and Horsnell's theme is publicity stunting, a subject which only needs realistic presentment to make first-rate farce. Mr. Ervine's theme is the artistic temperament—a more subtle business and what he intended to make of it is not quite clear. Farce, perhaps ? One has the impression that Mr Ervine rollicks with difficulty, and that (his play not proving quite frivolous enough as farce) he veered round while writing it from farce to comedy True, he has Hobbs to a hair good-nature plus the perpetual caution born of painful experience, a companion-portrait to Trimmer in the other play But he has not quite made up his mind about Sir Henry ; Canon Considine wavers between stage-curacy and the established church, and the creator of Sheila is obviously torn between his need of an *ingénue*, his Shavian proclivities and his notorious contempt for the post-war young woman. Or again you might moralise the difference in the plays by the old tag that truth is stranger (and funnier) than fiction ; so that Mr. Ervine, spinning light-comedy by artifice out of his own entrails, yarks up a not very convincing combination of tinsel and realism ; his fellow critics, whose ambition soars no further than to transcribe reality, achieve first-rate farce For indeed Messrs Farjeon and Horsnell are on easier ground, having hit upon a theme whose plain reality is barely burlesquable ; they make their April a film-favourite—none of your Chaplin breed, but the other sort whose genius is ten per cent. pretty face, ninety per cent. publicity agent and the rest personal ability Such a heroine may be drawn as a born fool, a cat, a darling, or even an actress it makes no difference to her credibility as this kind of star. But Mr. Ervine's Mary is postulated as a genuine actress, and a great actress at that. And this is where Mary seems to me to break down. I admit that Mr. Ervine probably knows more great actresses than I do (assuming that either of us knows any), and I admit that a great actress may be in some sort a fool. But nothing will ever convince me that such a fool as Mary Westlake—a diffuse fool, a silly fool, a fool with smallness of soul written all over her—could be a great actress. Hobbs, Sheila, even Geoffrey could have acted Mary's 'ead off, as Hobbs would say. To be an actress one must be an artist ; and Mary, poor thing, has only that specious substitute for artistry, an " artistic temperament." The type exists all right, and has most of Mary's characteristics, notably the " meandering mind " and prepossession with its own shallow moods ; it does something funny to its hair and lives in the august Suburb, where you can inspect it at any hour of the day or night. (It won't mind ! Having no work

* " Advertising April." By Herbert Farjeon and Horace Horsnell. (Basil Blackwell.)—" Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." By E. St. John Ervine. (Allen & Unwin.) 3s. 6d. each.

to do, it is ever ready and eager for you to drop in and listen to it working.) But it does not become a great artist. It can't spare the time.

So one keeps wondering as one reads his play whether Mr. Ervine, who knows the stage from inside, will not explode Mary's reputation in the last act as a gigantic hoax, a practical joke played on the innocent vicar. Baulked of this, one falls back on the uneasy suspicion that the joke is on oneself and that Mr. Ervine is being secretly satirical. But even satire should be mainly true—besides which one doubts whether this particular writer would find such satire (if it is satire) worth while. For myself, while frankly owning myself baffled by it, I suspect the play to have fallen between two stools—that of real artists as the author knows them, and of sham artists such as the indulgent Philistine delighteth to honour. "Some actress," says a recent critic, "is going to have the time of her life" playing Mary Westlake. That may be; but some producer will first have the dickens of a time deciding what to make of her.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

AT HALF-PAST EIGHT. By James Agate. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Agate will probably get less than justice from reviewers who come fresh to his book. These essays, which blossomed singly week by week in the *Saturday Review*, are a little overpowering as a nosegay. I have felt the same about his earlier collections, in a less degree; and in this case I put my theory to the test by reading the first half of the book consecutively and the second piecemeal at odd times. Result—from the first half a certain exhaustion, even bewilderment, though I had read it all before; from the second, rare and tonic enjoyment. It is an "occasional" book, this volume of reprinted dramatic criticisms—recommendable, while bed-books are in vogue, as a good bed-book in its easy slipping from theme to theme, save that it is a thought too sinewy for sleepy wits—a gourmet's book, to be tasted delicately on the palate; so that even if the reviewers (who must mostly bolt books as a constrictor does rabbits) show signs of stomach-ache, there is no need for the author to be depressed nor the prospective reader discouraged.

For there is no question here of "journalism" (which after all does not necessarily mean anything worse than a job done to-day instead of some day) nor of "mere fugitive impressions" (as if all theatrical impressions were not fugitive!). Your weekly or monthly critic, besides the advantage of seeing a play on its third or fourth night instead of its first, has time to let his subject simmer; and if he cannot turn out a decent article in two or three days the fault is—well, the fault is not in his stars, nor in his subjection to journalistic conditions.

Mr. Agate's preface has some good blunt remarks on the republication of such essays. "Why the devil should" criticism "be bad in the case of those critics who can give the best part of a week and the whole of their heart and soul and brain to their lucubrations? Work achieved in these conditions which is not worth reading twice was not worth writing once. . . . Republish, then, with a bold front; republish and be damned."

"For damned you will be, of a certainty. Writers in the same line will never get on together better than bishops of different shades of gaiters. I suppose that we all think more or less the same thing about the plays which it is our happiness or misery to behold" (I don't altogether agree with Mr. Agate there; but doesn't that prove his contention!)—"The difference is in the manner of our expression. . . ." He goes on to take up the cudgels—polished cudgels, as a fellow-critic once called them—on behalf of his use of quotation, for which I seem to remember him castigated by someone or other when his "Alarums and Excursions" appeared; and indeed drama reporters, who never deviate into criticism of acting, may well feel embarrassed by his wealth of allusion, suggestion and reminiscence. But if a man still strive with Lamb and Hazlitt to recreate the actor's mystery, how in the world is he to do so but by presenting it in terms of something else? Great art is only relatively describable; you cannot "report" how Chaplin sighs or Pachmann plays. Hence Pater's lyres and flutes, Lamb's seething-pots; hence passages like Montague's—"tragedy burned up the lamp that had held it, and flamed like a star, unconditioned and absolute"; hence Agate's convolution and quaint device. He is extraordinarily rich in imagery, direct or distorted; into some invisible wardrobe he dips for similes, as Dicky Suett used for wigs, and fetches them out as easily; for "there is cut-and-come-again with him, and in the chambers of his brain it snows of meat and drink. . . ." All which, as I have hinted, is a little indigestible for your constrictor-critic. This is a reader's, not a reviewer's book.

G. S.

THE GREAT BROXOPP. At the St. Martin's Theatre.

Here is acting. Where all are exquisite, three players stand out as taking up the challenge flung recently to the London stage—that it is no longer full-blooded. First, Edmund Gwenn as Broxopp: Dumas *père* to the life, both in manner and make-up, he is in direct descent from the grand style of English acting; not rant magnoperating in the void, but a flamboyant sincerity, Dumas' own combination of zealot and mountebank, self-duping sentiment and cunning efficiency. So Mary Jerrold as his wife, joining with him to make Victorian gush seem somehow lovable and to bathe Georgian sentiment in a flood of sunshine where lesser artists would do no more than unstopper the treacle-tin. Best of all, even when you have allowed for the easier task, Dawson Milward as Tenterden. General Canynge from "Loyalties," you would say—an older and stupider general, albeit excellently preserved; Canynge turned amateur financier, after ten flabbying years of self-respect on the half-pay list; the high, foolish forehead now grown higher and foolisher, the jowl perceptibly more unctuous, the self-respect more of an asset than ever—in short, plausible fatuity, with a dash of knavery most aristocratically pooh-poohed. Mr. Milward fulfils a sound definition of great acting—he suggests as much as he reveals. You can deduce "the Family," as the Great Benham would say (was there ever a more cringing *theory* of servitude than J. H. Roberts's butler, a more insolent practice?), the wife bored but dignified, the irreverent "*h*'issue," the younger brother in the Church—oh, most decidedly is that gaitered brother implicit in Sir Roger's honey-succulent tones. "My very walk should be a jig," says Belch. So are this actor's very insults beatitudinous. Of the rest, who are in proportion, lack of space and not of enthusiasm precludes ampler praise. A great Milne, this comedy? Perhaps not. A great Reandean undoubtedly.

G. S.

L'OPERA RUSSE. Par Rosa Newmarch. 5s. net. (Chesters.)

The writings of Mrs. Rosa Newmarch on Russian music are well known. Long before there was a boom in Russians she and Sir Henry Wood were making the names of the famous composers familiar to Promenade Concert audiences. The present volume is an authorised (and very admirable) version of her book on the Russian opera. In fourteen delightful chapters she brings us from the pre-Glinka period to the post-Stravinsky era, mingling pleasant talk with more solid history. It is a most enjoyable as well as an enlightening volume.



From Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall (*Macmillan*) BARNSTAPLE.

THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED SPRING SUPPLEMENT

THE PATH TO PEACE.

ANONYMOUS. 18s. net. (Hutchinson.)

"The Pomp of Power"—the previous book by the anonymous author of the present volume—attracted considerable attention. Many readers took it at its surface value as being the work of one who had been very intimately connected with the men behind the scenes in international politics. Others were disposed to regard it rather as a piece of clever window-dressing. The same difference of judgment will probably greet the new volume. The author writes with the assurance—it amounts at times almost to bombast—of one who is in the daily habit of dining with Prime Ministers and Foreign Secretaries, and of receiving their most secret confidences; but his assurance is often qualified by such phrases as "I think" or "I believe." Whatever may be the actual worth of these new revelations, at least they will make good reading for those who like the back-stairs gossip of politics. In his first chapter the author writes very pertly about Mr. Lloyd George and criticises the methods by which, during his Premiership, he gradually acquired his "Dictatorship." In the second chapter both Lloyd George and Sir Douglas Haig are the subjects of some biting comments. We are shown how Lloyd George continuously tried to remove Haig from his position as Commander-in-Chief, and how Haig—about whose incapacity the author himself has no doubt—frustrated all his attempts. "It may perhaps be said," the author concludes, "that the strategy and the tactics which he [Haig] used in this contest were superior to those which he displayed on the Western front." Among other people and topics discussed are "Ludendorff," "Spain in War-Time," "Anglo-French Relations, 1920," and "The New Diplomacy." Finally the author deals with Germany. On this subject his views are at times somewhat conflicting. He holds that Germany must be given a fair chance; yet he defends the French invasion of the Ruhr and wishes that our own troops were taking part in it. At other times he writes very sensibly of the German people—as when he declares that as a race they are not inherently warlike. Their main characteristic (the Prussian always excepted) is their docility and their political obedience; and consequently they might be as easily led into good as during the last fifty years they have been led into evil. On this point, at any rate, we are persuaded that the author's judgment is correct. "The Path to Peace" is perhaps a high-sounding title for a book that has no constructive programme to offer; but its pages may be enjoyed by those who do not expect too much of it or take it too seriously.

SIWA, THE OASIS OF JUPITER AMMON.

By C. DALRYMPLE BELGRAVE. 15s. (John Lane.)

ON THE GORILLA TRAIL.

By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY. 21s. (Appleton.)

SPORT AND ADVENTURE IN AFRICA.

By W. T. SHORTHOSE. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

CHIROMO, THE WITCH DOCTOR.

By FRANK WORTHINGTON. 7s. 6d. (The Field Press.)

Undoubtedly the most attractive of the first three books is "Siwa," which mainly deals with the oasis of that name, situated in the desert south-west of Alexandria. But before we invite the reader to follow in Mr. Belgrave's footsteps we will pay the necessary attention to an American lady and to Captain Shorthose, D.S.O., who have likewise placed on record their varied journeys in the Dark Continent. Mrs. Bradley has written several novels, we are told, dealing with Egypt, Anne Boleyn and what not. As a compensation to us for not having read them, this book of travel is written in rather a "literary" style, not

exactly that of R. L. S. nor yet of Kinglake, but on the other hand spurning to be quite simple, as is the method of Captain Shorthose. We are bound to confess that Mrs. Bradley's frequent playfulness has a way of rendering us melancholy. The photographs are numerous and some of them quite interesting and even beautiful, such as that of two graceful birds, the Golden-Crested Kavirondo Crane, and that which shows us a Gorilla Bed overhung by ferns. No royal personage in the Middle Ages, lying in his carved four-poster underneath a beautifully-embroidered canopy, had such a splendid bed as this gorilla. There are other photographs which gratify us not so much. One of the members of the expedition was Mrs. Bradley's five-year-old daughter, a most attractive child; but we cannot help thinking that this collection of pictures, depicting her on safari, and in front of Kikuyu dancers, and in a Mombasa rickshaw, and seated on a rock and on a bicycle and on a Congo boat, should most of them have been consigned to the domestic album. When we are in pursuit of gorillas we do not want to be distracted by a pretty young lady in white, who seems to walk through Africa as though it were a part of New York's Central Park. An amusing portion of the book is concerned with the cook, whose name the explorers never discovered. He stayed with them for some time, although "it wasn't humane to allow even a cabbage to be treated as that cook treated it." Only a small part of the book is actually devoted to gorillas, and it is an interesting part. "Those great shoulders," we are told, "and bulging arm muscles that could crush a lion, have no more arduous work than breaking off wild parsley and scratching together branches for a nest." Captain Shorthose who, unlike Mrs. Bradley, gives us only one photograph of him-self—and that an attractive one in the uniform of the King's African Rifles who had just occupied Ukerewe Island in 1916—is a very unpretentious, not to say amateurish writer; one feels that an evening spent with him over his camp fire in Africa would be more delightful than one which we spend over his book by a London fire side. He has been, despite his youthful appearance, a big-game hunter for twelve years; and to him the wonder and novelty of it has become too much a thing of the past. His disconnected and rather bald paragraphs could have been so immensely improved. He has spent his time in the methodical hunt of quadrupeds and Germans, for he transferred his object from the one to the other when the Great War began.

Mr. Belgrave's book has a worthy introduction from the pen of Sir Reginald Wingate and also an interesting photograph of the author, mounted on a camel. He looks, up there, to be enviably at home; but as a writer he is just as much so. Without any needless flourish he gets down to his job and manages to make us read on and read on. Without Mrs. Bradley's effort, he achieves a humorous atmosphere, and even if we have no particular wish to learn of the conditions of life in this remote oasis, we find ourselves unable to stop reading the book. In turn we are amused and edified. The strange places which Mr. Belgrave tells of are made to live in a few strokes of his pen. His descriptions of the desert surpass those of that well-known French book, "The Centurion." There is an adequate account of Siwa from the historical point of view, and the whole section which treats of this oasis and suburban oases is fascinating. We are furthermore entertained by Mr. Belgrave's chapter on Customs and Superstitions. It seems that the code of etiquette is such that the person at a feast who blows upon his food to cool it is condemned, as is also the individual who bites a piece of meat and replaces it in the dish. Finally we must say a word, since there is no room for more, in praise of the author's own coloured illustrations. Especially that one representing a "Fantasia" at the tomb of Sidi Suliman, making it plain that this gifted officer of the camel corps is several other things at the same time.



From Wanderings in the Queensland Bush (*Allen & Unwin*). FISHER FALLS.

Mr. Worthington was likewise an official, to wit Secretary for Native Affairs in Northern Rhodesia. This leads one to expect a knowledge of the native's mind; it is an extremely sympathetic knowledge and, moreover, it does not idealise. Anyone who wishes to become acquainted with the people, including the more or less undesirable white people, of that part of the world cannot do better than read Mr. Worthington. And from his encyclopædic knowledge of the conditions in Northern Rhodesia he could, if he would, give us—since he has various other obvious qualities—the novel about that country for which we are waiting.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

SIR JOHN KIRK.

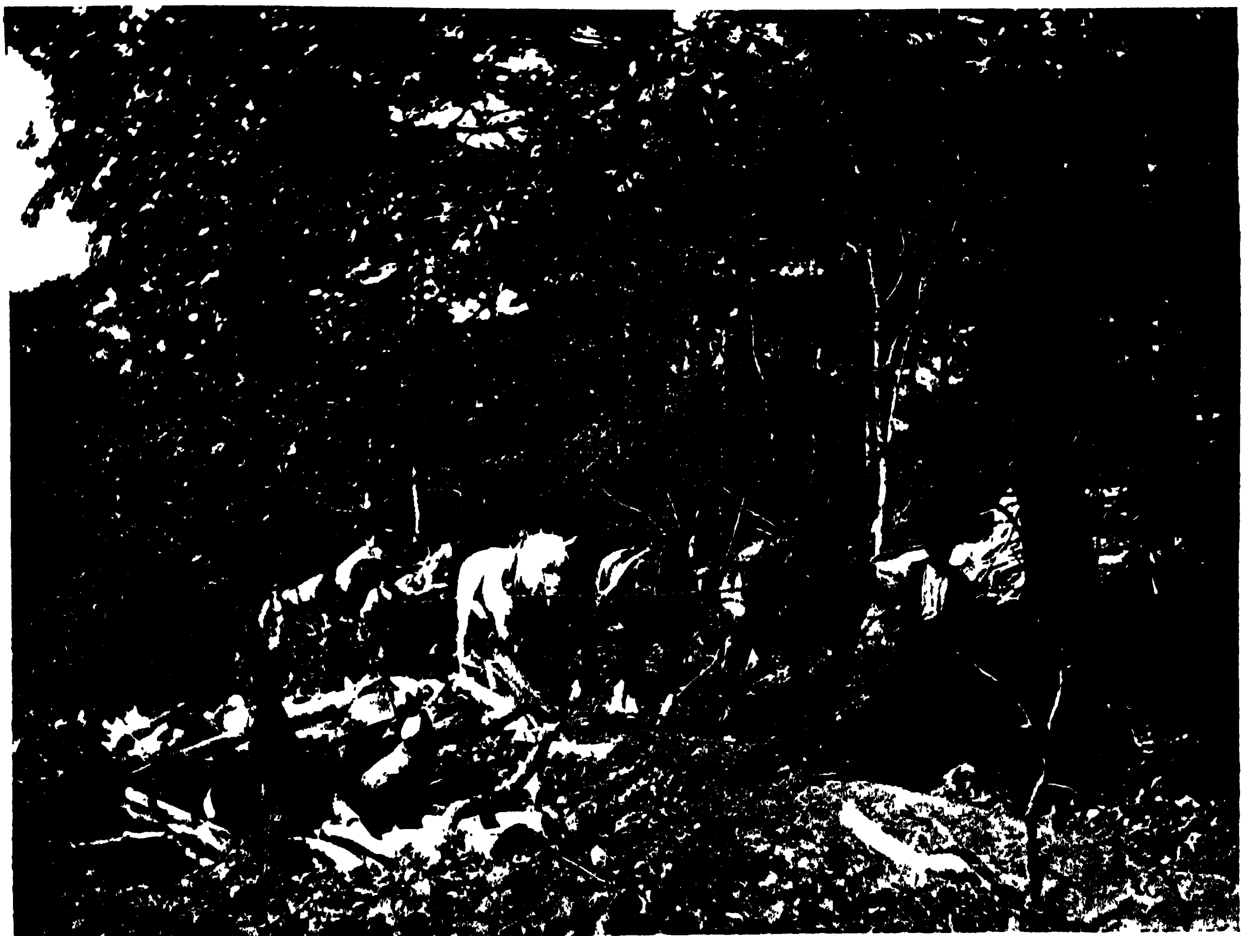
By DAVID WILLIAMSON. Illustrated, 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This life-story of one of the greatest and best-loved of latter-day philanthropists is already in its second edition, and it would have been unaccountable if a book so intensely interesting in its subject and so admirably well written had not met with such wide appreciation. It was as "the children's friend" that Sir John wished to be remembered, and it is as the friend of the poor, of all, indeed, who needed one, and especially as the children's friend, that he is revealed in this vivid, delightfully intimate biography.

ENGLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

By Ernest C. Pulbrook. 16s. (Batsford.)

A book which shows every sign of being slowly and lovingly put together. " To town dwellers the life of the country-side is almost a sealed book," says our author; and he trusts his pages may act as a signpost, pointing the city man to an attractive region. One of the great features of this charming volume is its photographs, they fill page after page and convey to the reader what words could hardly describe. Characteristic pictures of English country life and work have been obtained from many sources. The sons of the late Sir Benjamin J. Stone permitted the use of some from his wonderful collection; and Mr. Taunt of Oxford has contributed. Mr. Pulbrook has an immense love and enthusiasm for the country, and it peeps out on every page. " The country dull, forsooth! Why, scores of events provide an excuse for a holiday! At a ploughing-match the eyes of the hamlet follow the furrow of its champion. . . ." Again: " In winter darkness comes early, and though more time is spent in sleep, the long evenings are not so very dull . . . nowadays every place however tiny which boasts a hall has its fortnightly dance." He likes the people: " Rough and rude they may still be in their enjoyments, and their failings may be open for all to see, but hardly one is without some sterling virtue, and the lives of many are an idyll as fragrant as the nook in which they live." There are careful chapters on " Field Work," " Farmers Old and New," " Cottage Folk," " The Village Craftsman," " War Time and its Aftermath." When partial repairs to a small house cost over four and a half years' rent, how can the most generous landlord do his duty to his dependents? inquires our country-lover. All is certainly not well in the country, and the plight of the small-holder is extreme. But Mr. Pulbrook has hopes.



From **English Country Life and Work** (*Batsford*).

The Straining Team.

THE ELEPHANT MAN, AND OTHER REMINISCENCES.

By Sir Frederick Treves. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

Sir Frederick Treves has already won distinction as a man of letters; but it is strange that he should not, in any of his former volumes, have drawn upon his long and unique medical experience for " matter." It is good that he has now done so; and, as one feels that he has but picked out a mere handful of the riches that must be stored away in his " case books," it is to be hoped that he will before very long produce more. For, while every great doctor must have a singularly intimate knowledge of life, and of the elemental passions and emotions of humanity, few of them, unfortunately, share Sir Frederick's delightful gifts of expression; and it is, therefore, the more desirable that he should make the fullest use of them. Whether he writes about " the elephant man "—the most deformed creature, yet one of the sweetest tempered men he has ever met—or whether he describes the " receiving-room " of a hospital years ago, or compares the behaviour of men and women when " sentence of death " is passed upon them, he not only gives us the fruit of keen observation and insight, but instils a very tender and beautiful spirit of sympathy into it all. " I remember being present," he says, " when Sir William Jenner was enumerating to a friend the qualities he considered to be essential in a medical man. ' He needs,' said the shrewd physician, ' three things. He must be honest, he must be dogmatic, and he must be kind.' " The kindness of Sir Frederick Treves glows upon every page of this fascinating book.

ELEMENTS IN THOUGHT AND EMOTION.

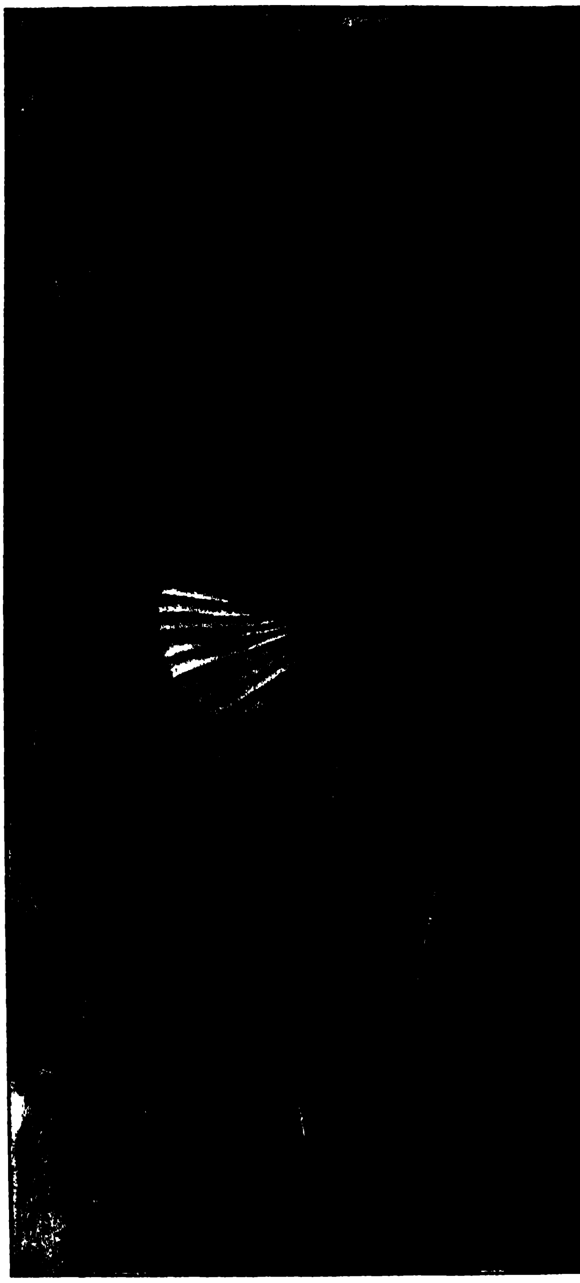
By George G. Campion. 7s. 6d. (University of London Press.)

A small book may be, in an obvious antithesis to a great book, a little evil, but it can also be a very great boon. And small as is Mr. Campion's modest sketch of his ideas in the domain of analysis of the elements that go to make up mind and the mental processes, it is unusually clear, stimulating and wisely expressed. At the beginning he gives valuable definitions of percept and concept, and indeed his examination of the real nature of concepts and their delimitation is among the best things in his book. His definition of education is a very remarkable one he confesses that its formulation occupied him for ten or twelve years -and the whole little volume is practically an elucidation and commentary on that definition. Once more, a very valuable and stimulating essay.

THE RED VULTURE.

By Frederick Sleath. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

The "Red Vulture" is an Eurasian gentleman of immense wickedness and equal ambition, who has created and developed a "secret society" aiming at such a small thing as the overthrow of the British Empire and the domination, apparently, of the civilised and uncivilised world. He is splendidly thwarted by a youngish gentleman who, when a subaltern in India, had many years ago been ruined by the "Vulture" and then had taken to burglary for a livelihood. A marvellous physical endowment enabled him to be a successful burglar, and helps him no less in his efforts on behalf of society—how marvellous may be guessed from the fact that, carrying a normal young woman in his arms—say seven stone—he is able to outpace a number of trained, crack, unencumbered runners across rather wildish country for what seems many miles, "his speed increasing with the ascent rather than diminishing" when he had to go uphill. It will appeal to readers who like this kind of jigsaw adventure novel.



From The Life and Times of Akhnaton
By Arthur Weigall
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

Akhnaton.
from a coloured relief found at El Amarna.
Recently reviewed in The Bookman.

CHILDREN OF THE WIND.

By M. P. Shiel. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

I do not wear a bonnet, but is it a bee which has hummed in my ear off and on since 1899 that one of the greatest writers of English in any age is Mr. M. P. Shiel? A man (maybe) does not get much reputation by literary criticism unless ink is his drink, and his incessant activities compel even the *koi polloi* (while they skip his article to alight on the report of some "Kid's" draw with some "bantam") to notice that he is a person who pertinaciously remarks on books. But although the critic may not write much he may constantly be in the presence of and in touch with a vast array of literary minds, and since that has been my position for some forty years, my opinion of Mr. Shiel's merits may have some weight among people to whom style is vividly a pleasure or a bane, and the ignorant falsity of the dunce who writes the language he does not artistically understand more contemptible (though not criminal) than the calculated lie of the rogue.

Mr. Shiel has been silent in the book market since 1913, and I feared that the utterance of his philosophy was complete and that he was weary of scheming exciting stories about the fundamental facts of men's psychic life. But "Children of the Wind" shows that if he were weary he has revived wonderfully. It may be described as the intellectual antithesis of his first success, "The Yellow Danger." In "The Yellow Danger" the offence of ruthless ambition was reasonably met by gigantic efforts at extermination. The book conveyed the simple truth that the resurrection of the dead is not of immediate political importance. But in his latest novel Mr. Shiel shows that a sentiment of respect for all human life has urged him to artistic expression. Part of this book would as much annoy the average hot-headed boy as do the suave restraints of insulted saints.

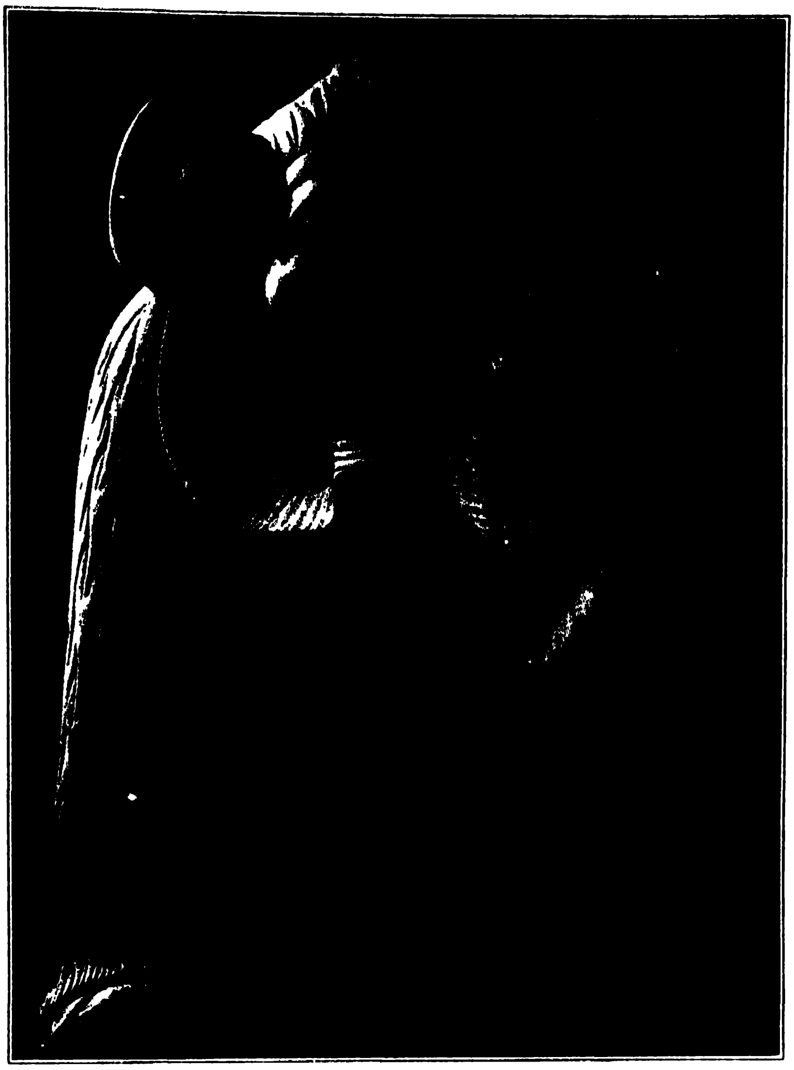
It is a story of adventures in Africa. The heroine, white queen of a native tribe, has the right to a huge sum of money of which an unscrupulous man has possession. The easygoing analogist immediately drags Sir Rider Haggard into his review, but although Haggard also meditates fruitfully about treasure that has no more to do with money than a child's rocking-horse with a Derby winner, Mr. Shiel's story is *sui generis*, in style the work of a virtuoso in vocal sound, and sweetened by what I may term the non-political socialism of the heart. His hero is loved by two women (the Haggardites will duly note that) and endures obloquy rather than kill in an unjust quarrel, though he commands a machine gun and an aeroplane. It is fascinating (as the lamented Frank Norris well showed) to watch the development of self-surrendering love in a barbaric yet clever girl. It will be observed that I have not quoted from the book. But I have no space, for style is not so much a good thing as a coherence of good things. Let the leisured reader read the book aloud to another leisured reader, and he will find that Mr. Shiel's prose deserves the time it takes to turn it into sound.

W. H. Chesson.

EGYPT OLD AND NEW.

By PERCY F. MARTIN. 21s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Very apropos—in view of the recent discoveries at Luxor—is the publication of Mr. Percy F. Martin's popular account of the land of the Pharaohs, a handsome volume styled "Egypt, Old and New," which will be warmly welcomed not only by the stay-at-home reader, who will find in the illustrations finely rendered pictures of the country's greatest show places and natural beauties, but by the traveller and student, who will discover in the author's text a very intelligent and comprehensive conspectus of Egyptian history, geography and anthropology. Whatever you want to know about Egypt you can find in Mr. Martin's sumptuous and learned monograph, from its universities to its superficial area, from Irrigation to the Capitulations, from the French to the British Occupation. Part of the book is devoted to an account of ancient Thebes, "the city of the Hundred Gates," on the site of which the now-famous relics of Tutankhamen have just been disinterred, no less than three coloured plates being included which deal with the identical valley of the tombs of the kings.



From The Glory of the Pharaohs By Arthur Weigall (*Thornton Butterworth*). THE HUMAN-FACED LION.
Probably dating from the reign of Pharaoh Amenemes III, 1825 B.C. Now in Cairo.

EGYPTIAN ART: INTRODUCTORY STUDIES.

By JEAN CAPART. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Since Lord Carnarvon's excavations in the Valley of the Kings became a matter of world-wide interest, the name of King Tutankhamen has been on everybody's lips, but of the thousands who repeat it daily, how many know what it means?

In his fascinating introduction to the study of Egyptian art, the learned Belgian Egyptologist, Professor Jean Capart, informs the uninitiated that the name of this Pharaoh, who has now become a household word, means literally "The living statue of the god Amon." To grasp the full significance of this interpretation is to have got very close to the secret of all Egyptian art. To begin to understand this we must know something about the history and religion of ancient Egypt, and it is from this point that Professor Capart leads us forward. Now the peculiar thing about the religion of Egypt was the fixed idea that survival after death depended on the permanence of some material shape of the deceased. This notion persisted throughout the centuries, and it explains both the extraordinary precautions taken by the Egyptians to keep their burial-places secret and inviolable, and the colossal and massive character of their statuary. If your tomb was broken into and your bodily remains disturbed, your continuity of existence was endangered. On the other hand the more colossal and imperishable a sculptured effigy of yourself could be, the longer was likely to be the duration of your life-after-death, and the more numerous and widely scattered these statues of yourself might be, the greater would be your strength and the wider your range of free action.

Of the æsthetics of Egypt we know nothing. M. Capart candidly declares that we have no material for deciding definitely what works of art were considered the best from the Egyptian



From Egypt Old and New (*Allen & Unwin*). PHILAE.



From **Among Pygmies and Gorillas**
By H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden
(*Gyldendal*).
TOPI.

point of view. We can only judge these works from our own standpoint, and though it seems reasonable to conclude that naturalism was a merit — because from the religious point of view the closer your stone or painted double resembled you the more easily after death you could slip in or out of it—yet this view, however plausible, is nothing more than a surmise.

From our own point of view, however, Egyptian art is profoundly fascinating, for it reveals the mind of these past generations. The Egyptians were the most superstitious and at the same time the most material people of antiquity. They had little of the Greek joy of life because they were continually thinking about death; even the existence of their gods was jeopardised if the material forms of them became broken and lost. Egyptian art haunts our imagination because it is full of the fear of death, from which humanity is not yet altogether free, and as children try to disguise their fear by putting on an air of bravado, so the ancient Eygptians confessed their terror of the Unknown by the massive weight of their architecture and by the colossal size of their sculpture. In attempting to terrify, Egyptian art confesses its origin in terror.

FRANK RUTTER.

WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND.

By ZANE GREY. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Quite recently there has been published an interesting story without any male characters; occasionally one can read to the end of a book and still be in doubt as to the actual hero. Not so, however, in this novel of Zane Grey. From the first page to the last Adam Larey is the dominant figure; tall of stature and of fine physique, "the few women Adam had come in contact with on the desert had loved him." So here indeed is a story calculated to inspire romance and day-dreams in the hearts of the many lasses still unspoiled by modern progress or emancipation. Others in search of entertainment, by reading of adventures in which they cannot join, will welcome the vivid account of Adam and his fellow-wanderers' escapades over the deserts.



From **Cinnamon and Frangipani**
By Ashley Gibson
(*Chapman & Dodd*).
TRUMPETING DOLOROUSLY AT INTERVALS.
See page 34.



From **Two Years in Southern Seas**
(*Fisher Unwin*).
CEREMONIAL OF BOYHOOD ENTERING MANHOOD—RABAUL, NEW GUINEA.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Based upon the play by the same name. It is quite easy to see why Mr. Hoffe's play did well, and quite easy to predict that the book will have an enormous sale. There is so much glamour. Glamour about the rosebud daughter, glamour about the bronzed sailor father, glamour about the touching past of Blacky's dead mother, glamour about the memories in an hotel at Southampton Docks; a world full of glamour about the voyages that the man and his girl are to make together. "I want to be good and pure and wholesome as the sea," says simple, loving Blacky. "My Blacky," he said proudly, and kissed her again. So they set forth free of all entanglements. The hero has cut off all connection with that worldly woman of the town, Diana, who fain would have married the gallant and handsome widower. A gay and touching story; in fact—an idyll.

FALSE GODS.

By Guy Thorne. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Guy Thorne excelled in the art of exploiting a sensational theme and extracting from it the utmost dramatic effect. And this, his latest novel, is an excellent example of his skilful handling of an audacious plot. The central figure is Paul Rama, an Indian, who claims to be a new prophet, and whose teachings and reputation as a miracle-worker introduce him to the best society in this country. With only a few days to live—he is dying of phthisis—Rama announces to his faithful and fashionable followers that he will resurrect within twenty-four hours after death, and the story discloses how he fulfils his pledge in spite of all the precautions of doctors, journalists and the Society of Psychical Research. While it would be unfair to give away the startling solution of the mystery, it may be hinted that behind the resurrection of Paul Rama there lurks a Buddhist conspiracy of infinite cunning and patience. "False Gods" is certainly one of the most absorbing and brightly written mystery stories of recent years.



From **Among Pygmies and Gorillas**
By H.R.H. Prince William of Sweden
(*Gyldendal*).

At the Waterhole.



Alice at a Ceremonial Dance of the Kikuyus.
From **On the Gorilla Trail**
(*Appleton*). See page 57.

ENGLISH MYSTICS.

By Geraldine E. Hodgson, Litt D. 7s 6d net. (Mowbray.)

Dr. Geraldine Hodgson is known to us by a "Study in Illumination," published some years ago and a capable book in its way. The description applies equally to the present volume, whether we subscribe or not to her view that English Mystics have left a record behind them which is *sui generis* in respect of the literature at large. It seems to us that the great mystics are all greatly individual in their written memorials, and that awareness concerning *species externitatis* as a presence in the visible world is not confined to English literature. Dr. Hodgson studies the awareness in suggestive pages, but exhibits a now familiar disposition to cast the net too widely and bring under the mystical denomination whatever is colourably possible. The high-water mark of this tendency was reached in the "Oxford Book of Mystical Verse," which gathered into its motley collection almost every note of spiritual sentiment that could be found in English poets. It is to be expected that Jeremy Taylor will be ranked very soon among mystics, if he has not been allocated already a place in the choir. We have been impressed by Dr. Hodgson's intimate knowledge of early and mediæval English literature rather than by her notions of Mysticism, surveyed as it seems to be from no "orthodox" standpoint—as understood in high Anglican circles. The end of Mysticism is not a vision of any kind, however beatified or blessed, it is not a state of personality but an utter absorption in union, and this is why Baron von Hügel has defined Pure Mysticism as Pantheism. It is therefore essentially heretical when it is not fenced about and formalised by the jurisdiction of Rome. Amidst these trammels it betrayed something of its real nature in Eckehart and even—if unconsciously—in Ruysbroeck. In liberation from such bonds it manifests externally in records as that which it is, essentially an undisguised pantheism in experience. At this term of attainment the mystical West joins hands with its Eastern sister, whose rule is that of Vedanta—a branch of the subject



The Finish of the King of the Prairies.

From **A Tenderfoot in Colorado**
(*John Lane*).
Reproduced by kind permission of the *Badminton Magazine*.

which lies outside the horizon of Dr. Hodgson's volume and apparently outside her recognition, as if there were no East in Mysticism and no attainment had ever been dreamed therein.

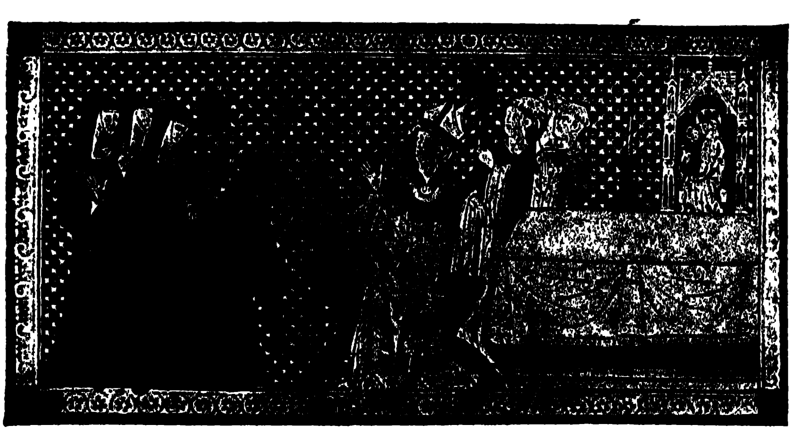


From **Old Dutch Pottery and Tiles.** By Dr. Elisabeth Neurdenburg and Bernard Rackham. (*Benn Bros.*)

MORE MEN OF MARK.

By ALVIN LANGDON COBURN. 25s. net (Duckworth.)

It is ten years since Mr. Langdon Coburn published his first volume of photographs entitled "Men of Mark," and there is no question that this second series will be welcome to many, to all assuredly who are acquainted with the work of one of the chief photographic artists at the present day. There is no portraiture produced by camera which is quite like that of Mr. Coburn, and as one is acquainted with most or all it is possible to say that these pictures are to the manner born of those whom they represent. There are forty portraits in all, arranged according to the dates on which they were taken, and prefaced by a very pleasant and intimate account of the circumstances which led to each sitting, with the writer's impressions of his subjects. It is very much alive as an essay and introduction to the themes which follow. As to these, they are an exceedingly varied collection, representative in their own manner, after due allowance for a certain waywardness here and there in the artist's choice. Among novelists there is Thomas Hardy, who because he happens to have been taken first stands rather significantly at the head of the whole series; there are also Maurice Hewlett and Conrad, Zangwill and Compton Mackenzie. The great things of French literature are represented by two as the poles asunder from each other—namely, Anatole France and Maeterlinck. The sculptors are Epstein and Mestrovich, the brush artists Dulac, Augustus John and some others. J. L. Garvin does not exhaust the journalists and editors, but may stand here for these. Mr. Coburn affirms that he is a mystic, but there are others in the volume to whom the title belongs explicitly, and A. E. Waite among them. There are portraits also of Lloyd George and Asquith, of Clemenceau and Marshal Foch. Of a truth the array is goodly, with the artist himself at the end. *Finis coronat opus*—an old saw, with a new application here.



From **Medieval English Nunneries** By Eileen Power. (*Cambridge University Press*).

BENEDICTION OF AN ABBESS BY A BISHOP.

LAUGH AND GROW RICH.

By JACK KAHANE. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Once or twice in the first seventy pages one is tempted to lay aside this book. A normal healthy reticence on the part of the author would have left unsaid some of the conversations given. It need not be from the standpoint of prudery that one remarks that details which do not commonly get into print are here in glaring prominence. To put the novel to test by the accepted canons of its own art, the parts of a book justify themselves by what they bring to the whole. Lapses of taste have no value themselves. If one reads on, a curious thing happens, which in justice to the author one admits. Joan, the heroine, begins to get real. Then Hemingway, who is telling the tale (in spite of the difficulties attendant on autobiographical narrative), takes on personality and dimensions. The night-clubs and dance-halls of Paris, Venice in a gondola in the moonlight, become the setting of a love story which has a very fair semblance of ringing true. "Laugh and Grow Rich" is a strange medley, but a certain force and vitality on the part of the author will take one through.



From **The Wares of the Ming Dynasty**
By R. L. Hobson
(Benn Bros.)

POTICHE, WITH FOUR PANELS OF FLORAL DESIGN.

primarily for the student; but the general reader with a taste for history or social science will find much in it to interest and please him.

THE NORTHWARD COURSE OF EMPIRE.

By VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Man as an animal, says the author, is not only tropical in origin, but, regarded merely as an animal, is also by the nature of his body unfit to flourish in any other sort of climate. But man is not merely an animal; he has invented fire and clothing and weapons and scientific instruments, and with the invention of these began the northward march of civilisation. At every period of history men have been of the opinion that the ultimate northward limit had been reached; yet civilisation has steadily spread further northwards, and M. Stefansson's contention in this very readable book is that the end is not yet. Himself a famous Arctic explorer, he not only argues from theory and from history; but he gives much evidence from his own experience of the fact that the far North is immensely more "fruitful" and "livable" than it is conceived to be by the popular imagination; and he asserts that the Northern regions are the hope of relief from the overcrowding that is menacing our times. The excellent photographs with which the book is illustrated certainly do much to support this belief.

EARLY CIVILISATION: AN INTRODUCTION TO ANTHROPOLOGY.

By ALEXANDER A. GOLDENWEISER. 15s net. (Harrap.)

This well produced and well illustrated volume describes five primitive cultures namely, those of the Eskimo, the Thingit and Haida of North-west America, the Iroquois Matriarchate, Uganda, and a "magic-ridden" community of Central Australia. The industry and art, the religion and society, of these early civilisations are set forth with much picturesque detail, free from technicalities; and there follows a fuller analysis of the ideas of early man, in which the theories of Spencer, Frazer, Wundt, Freud, and others are subjected to examination. The author is critical of the idea of Evolution and of Progress, and stresses the point that men everywhere and in every age have much in common; and that it is to conditions of environment and to the accumulating accidents of discovery and invention, rather than to inherent inequalities in the nature of men, that the differences in civilisations in different places and periods may be traced. The book is one



From **Medieval English Nunneries**
By Eileen Power
(Cambridge University Press).

ABBESS RECEIVING THE PASTORAL STAFF FROM A BISHOP

THE KING'S JOURNALIST—1659-1689.

By J. G. MUDDIMAN.
12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

That King Alfred really may have had nothing to do with the old lady's cakes would appear to be not the only disputed item in English history, for Mr. Muddiman in all seriousness breaks several lances with previous writers on the Stuart period. He is quite justified in so doing, for he has access to papers —the news-letters of Henry Muddiman, until lately unknown. These letters, compiled as they were by a man so certain, so painstaking and so just, reveal an intimate knowledge and grasp of state affairs of the time. And surely the mantle of this seventeenth century ancestor must have fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. J. G. Muddiman, for the care with which each piece of evidence is sifted, and the straight and unerring aim taken at previous inaccurate historians, prove that neither lengthy documents nor hitherto accepted facts could in any way obscure the author's vision. The book is essentially one for students; it is not claimed to be otherwise for, as is stated in the preface, the whole is "but a history of the careers of a number of writers whose very names have been forgotten."



GENERAL MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.
From The King's Journalist—1659-1689 (*John Lane*).



From a painting by Besnard. BLANCHE MARCHESI.
From A Singer's Pilgrimage (*Grant Richards*).
See page 41.

HADRIAN'S WALL.

By JESSIE MOTHERSOLE.
Illustrated. 8s. 6d.
(John Lane)

A pilgrimage along the old Roman Wall that Hadrian built to protect the province of Britain is not a thing that everyone can find in his immediate scope. But anyone can delight in Miss Mothersole's account of how she tramped all seventy odd miles of it, can revel in what she tells of the wall as it is now, as it was, its history in old days, and the adventures that she found on her simple way. As a book to stimulate you to try to pay a visit to some part at least of this glorious monument, and as a guide to take in your pocket when you go, nothing could be better. She tells you just what you want to know, from the practical side of how to plan your journeying, and she gives you just the right amount and right kind of romantic and authentic history. Her drawings —eight in monochrome, six in colours, all reproduced from her water-colour sketches — are very satisfactory presentations of various interesting bits of the wall and supplement the text in the right way. In short it is a great pleasure to find a book in every way just what a book of its kind and scope and aim ought to be.

CAN THESE THINGS BE?

By CECILIA HILL.
7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

We are surprised at the high technical ability shown by the ordinary novelist, by whom we mean one who simply aims at writing a story and who would, presumably, be surprised if alluded to as an artist. She has a tale to tell, and she tells it with a sense of proportion, in good English, and with a nice attention to detail. Such a book is "Can These Things Be?" by Miss Cecilia Hill. It is as fresh as spring, and makes an amusing contrast to Zola's book about Lourdes—for this tale is also of the pilgrims and the magic waters. A blind man is taken by his mother and nurse-companion to Lourdes, and the interest is cleverly maintained by the nurse having a war secret. Miss Hill is too wise to perform a miracle for her hero. He comes back as he goes and yet spiritually a different man, for he has learnt that whatever the physical disability no man has a right to refuse love.

AMONG UNKNOWN ESKIMO.

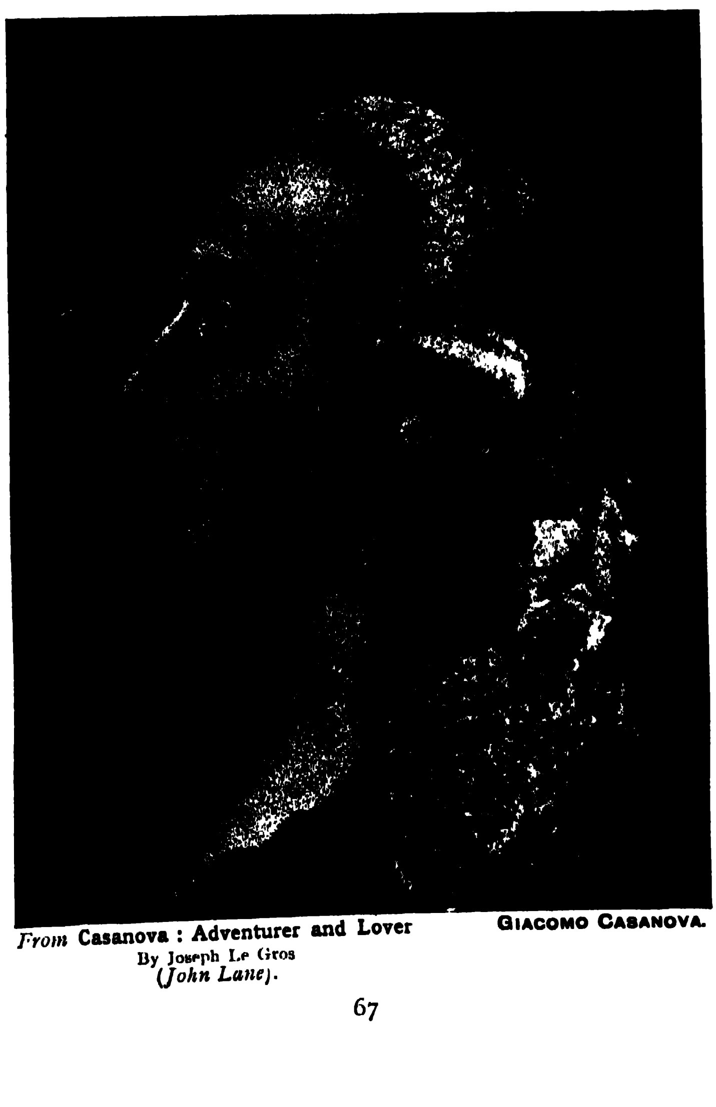
By JULIAN W. BILBY.
21s.
(Seeley, Service.)

The writer of this delightful book, Mr. Julian W. Bilby, F.R.G.S., had twelve years' intimate relations with the primitive Eskimo of the ice-bound Baffin Land. When acquiring the language he had largely to construct his own grammar. He spent many long hours, first with the young folk to get the purity of the sounds, then with the middle-aged men to arrive at correct idiom and fluency, then with the ancients to get at the folk-lore of the tribe. "Oftentimes their speech was merely a series of long and complicated gutturals, two hours of it being enough to make a man's head spin for the rest of the day." On the whole the author's estimate of the strange Eskimo, the dweller in snow houses and seal-skin tents, is very favourable. They are brave and hardy warriors, and the fierce and relentless climate brings out all the best that is in them. They are amiable, hospitable, ingenious; not pugnacious. What a wonderful life it is, led from September to March in the long Arctic night, led for the next six months in summer, when the place of darkness is taken by that pale light which is so strange to the dweller from the South! The way in which the Eskimos build their winter quarters with their fantastic but practical use of snow and ice, is the subject of one of the most entertaining chapters. Heather is lavishly spread over the snowy sleeping bench, and covered with heavy winter skins of deer. Cheery and cosy are the evenings, when the hunters return, and the neighbours come in to share the meal. "There is a broad smile on the face of the housewife as she picks out the best bits of seal for her friends."



QUEEN ELIZABETH.
From a painting by Zucchero

From History of the People of England
(*S.P.C.K.*)



GIACOMO CASANOVA.

From Casanova : Adventurer and Lover
By Joseph Le Gros
(*John Lane*).

The seal-hunting, by the way, is interesting to read of. The whole book is full of information. Did you know that the Eskimo devil is a woman? Of rich importance to the student of folk-lore is the account of the extraordinary conjuror priests who minister to these people, and there is a most curious list of Eskimo deities at the end of the volume. The book is well illustrated.

SIR OR MADAM?

By BERTA RUCK
7s. 6d.
(Hutchinson.)

Miss Ruck in her best form. A madly improbable frolic, prettily coloured. Guelda Rhos, bored with life, takes a chauffeur's job at the house of that perfect, fair beauty, Sir Ralph Wellalone. She dresses as a boy, slips into a well-padded livery coat, and fortifies herself with tags she has heard in the servants' hall. Guelda soon begins to adore the mighty hunter, Ralph. "Mine is a ripper. He is It. White all through. . . . Also what the Yanks call a real live man He-man." Guelda enjoys life, flirts with a widow who is trying to capture Ralph, spars with a manservant in the yard; so strangely charms Wellalone that he implores her to go to India with him—(good little Jim Smith!) Miss Ruck heaps up alluring touches about clothes and scents—(Guelda uses Verveine for her friction bath)—and generally maintains a high level of gaiety. Incidentally there are one or two capital touches about the widow's schoolboy sons. Lots of love-making at the end. "He kissed her short hair, cropped above her small ears. . . . 'My lovely girl,' he whispered to her, 'My sweet!'" Certainly, this is going to be one of Berta Ruck's most popular stories.



From The Man who Lived Alone
By Almey St. John Adcock, which
Messrs. Jarrold are publishing this month

WRAPPER DESIGN.

ROME AND ENVIRONS.

5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a very complete and lucid little handbook, which compares extremely well with the guides one used to buy., Here one is not, as in the works of Mr. Augustus Hare, told what one should and should not admire; so that people like the famous Mr. Babbitt (until his revolt) would be at a loss as to the opinions they ought to entertain. And even Mr. Babbitt, would be fain to admit that there is a good deal of beauty in the pictures of this book. Not only are the Eternal City and the Campagna most interestingly and alluringly described, but also the delightful environs. And the size of the book is such that one can very easily take it in one's pocket. Anyone who is going to Rome would do very well to acquire this book a couple of weeks beforehand; his journey should then be one of the greatest profit and enjoyment to himself. There are admirable maps and the usual pages of miscellaneous information.



From The Man who Dared
By May Edginton
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

CLANCY OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

By OTTWELL BINNS. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

A story dealing with the sub-arctic wilds of Canada and the free, lone life of the woods and their winter perils has two strings to the bow with which it launches its arrow to hit our interest. It can shoot from the string of atmosphere and offer us impressions of the woodland, the great still rivers and lakes, the wild rivers, the tempest-lashed lakes, the kindly forests that supply the wanderer with all



From Clancy of the Mounted Police
By Ottwell Binns
(*Ward, Lock*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

he wants, or the grim, iron-hearted, tree-filled wastes that deny him the hope of living. Or it has the no less well stretched and powerful string of a dramatic tale, describing the interplay of character and the large action of the great people who may find themselves in the great North-West. Mr. Ottwell Binns has very skilfully used both strings to supplement each other's shortcomings. The story of Clancy's pursuit of the half-breed murderer and his finding of the man who had been his father's gold-hunting partner many years before, the clearing up of his suspicions against that partner, his falling in love with the daughter, the struggle against the rogues who tried to get the mine Clancy's father had found, is not a very strong or very original story in itself. But the setting is so clearly and vividly described that it makes up for a great deal, and the reader lays the book down with a sense of snow and cold and forest smells and danger and endeavour thrilling in his brain.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

By Alice Drayton Greenwood, F.R.Hist.S. Vol. II (1485–1688.) 7s. 6d. (S.P.C K.)

As a sketch of two hundred years of vital importance in the development of England and the English people, this book can be praised very heartily. It covers the reigns of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties, and embodies the discoveries and deductions made by many brilliant historical students from the huge masses of original materials now available for examination. The book does not pretend to be more than a narrative and arrangement of the important events and influences during the period under review, but the narrative is clear and sufficiently full, while the arrangement is helpful and illuminating.



From **A Legacy of Vengeance** By Paul Trent (*Ward, Lock*). **Wrapper Design.**

THE LOG OF A WOMAN WANDERER.

By Mabel Stock. 5s. net. (Heinemann)

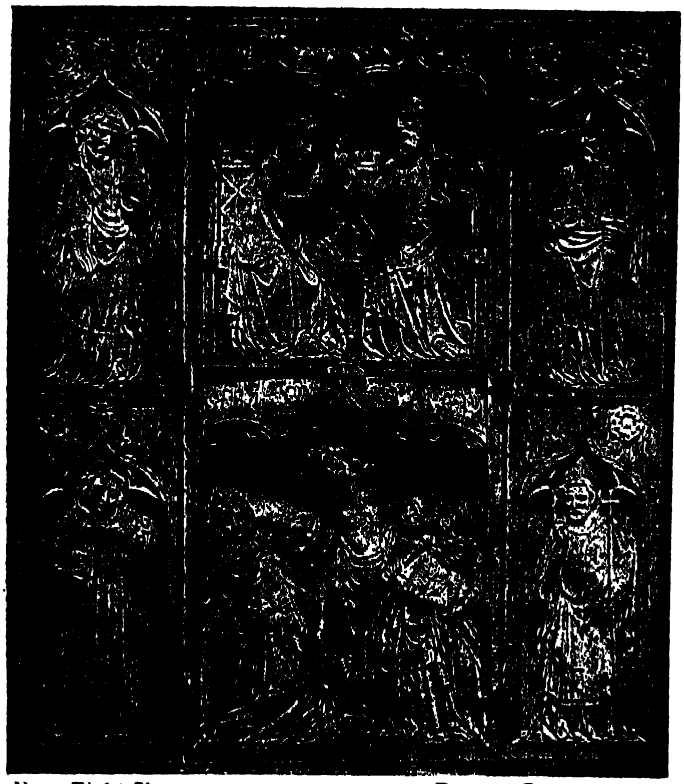
Here is material for adventure—a 21-ton cutter, a cruise of 12,000 miles from Devon to the South Sea Islands with a crew of two men and a woman. Miss Stock gives her account of the voyage in a straightforward, matter-of-fact manner, quite unconscious of how thrilling and unusual is her own share in the undertaking. She would admit no woman passenger. Women readers will be naturally indignant on reading of this and of the charming little saloon and sleeping cabin, and the lots of lovely cupboards and lockers they would have loved it! Ah! but read on further to the day when the troubles and accidents begin and have to be faced with a courage and hardy endurance equal to that of the men—prostrating illness, rotting food and wild weather at the wheel. Miss Stock writes clearly, concisely and interestingly, and not a dull line needs to be skipped. But her descriptions lack imagination and colour. Seen through her eyes the world's beauty spots are tame, everyday affairs. And so also with the kindly people everywhere met with and the strange passengers they sometimes take aboard. The log ends so abruptly that the reader feels indignant at being brought up all standing so to speak. All who have ever owned or manned a boat should read the book.



From **The Sky Line** (Edison Marshall's new novel) (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **Wrapper Design.**



From **The Bachelor Girl** A translation of "La Garçonne," by Victor Margueritte (*Philpot*). **Wrapper Design.**



From **Eight Chapters on English Medieval Art**
By E. S. Prior
(*Cambridge Press*).

Bishop Grandisson's Ivory.
(British Museum.)

THE WRONG SHADOW.

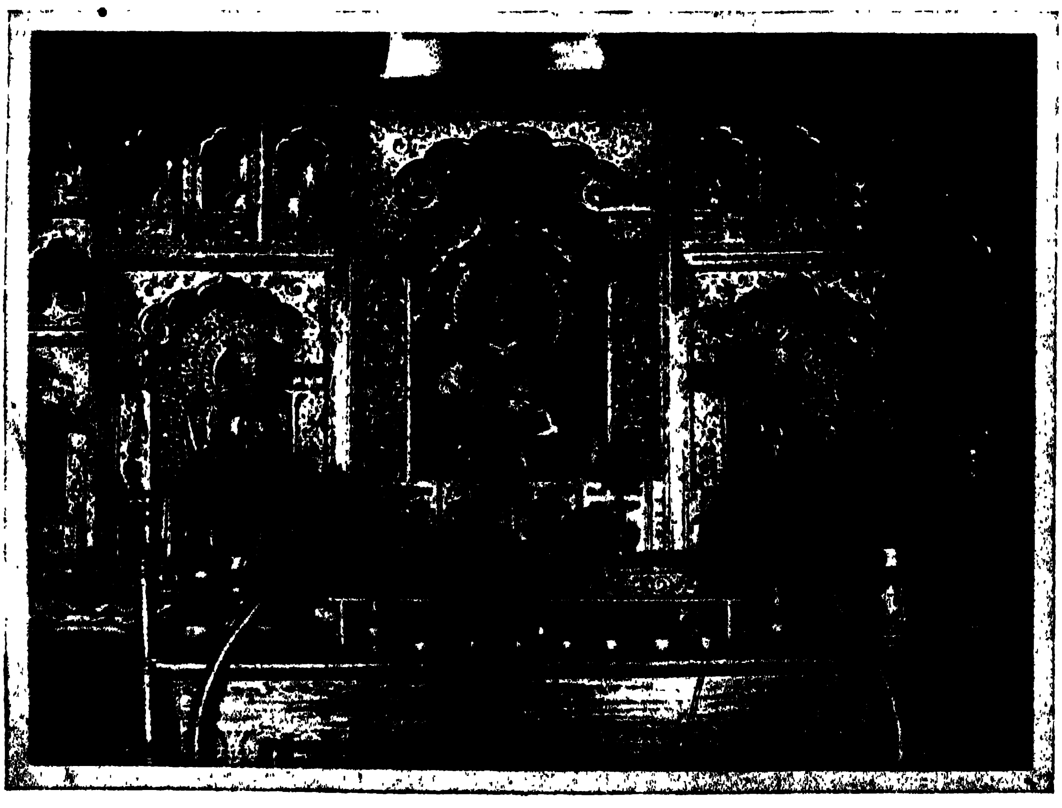
By Harold Brighouse. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)

Very skilfully has Mr. Brighouse played through this fantasia on two themes—love and business; and very neatly does he modulate from key to key, composer as well as executant. The story of "Bassett's Leviathan Tonic," beginning in the lodgings of two young chemist's assistants, and ending with the purchase of a famous country seat, is in the very best vein of an author already proved master of his art. But lest readers should think that the book is too much in the fashion of novels and plays which have recently begun to exploit "publicity" as a theme, we must explain that it contains very much more than Bassett and his booming patent medicine. It tells of a young playwright, one of Bassett's employees; of first nights and "first-nighters"; of a pleasant, careless company bent on seeing artistic life from the gallery. It also, with a pretty touch of light psychological variations, traces the haunting of Bassett by the memory of his old friend Wyler—the composer of the patent-medicine formula; and the meeting of the two men at Lord Litherbrow's dinner-table, both prospective purchasers of Litherbrow's Suffolk mansion, "Farundell," each, until a certain moment, unknowing, is the best scene in a book that abounds with excellent scenes. There is a sense of the theatre in this novel, as was to be expected; and it has delightful echoes of Meredith (Farundell was "a dainty rogue in brick") and of Henry James ("he grew careless of his beast in the jungle, or hopeful that the beast no longer crouched") which will please many readers with ears and minds attuned to catch the music.



Alfieri.
From **Pamela in Paris**
By Rose Mary Kaplan
(*Simpkin, Marshall*).

Notre Dame.



From **Lands of the Thunderbolt**
(*Constable*).

The Altar of a Chapel in Bhutan.

THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. Storer Clouston. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)

Mr. Clouston understands the secret of fun-making, and knows that it is not enough to make one's characters say amusing things they must be placed in amusing situations, where fun arises from the mere position of affairs. Thus when his genial lunatic, Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, eludes his pursuer by entering an empty funeral coach and becomes automatically a "mourner," knowing nothing of the man he is supposed to mourn for, the framework of the joke is set and we begin to sit up and take notice We shall not betray the course of events here, we simply note, to whet the appetite of possible readers, the clever impersonation of a long-lost nephew by more than one rogue, the excitement of a perpetual chase and an ending which is in itself a capital surprise on the very last page. We feel that Mr. Clouston's characters are unreal, but that is no cause for complaint; they are endowed with the essential quality of humour, and the attempt to make them recognisable as ordinary people would be fatal.



From **Historic Streets of London** NEWGATE.
By L. and A. Russan.
(*Simpkin, Marshall*).
From an old print in the Goss Collection

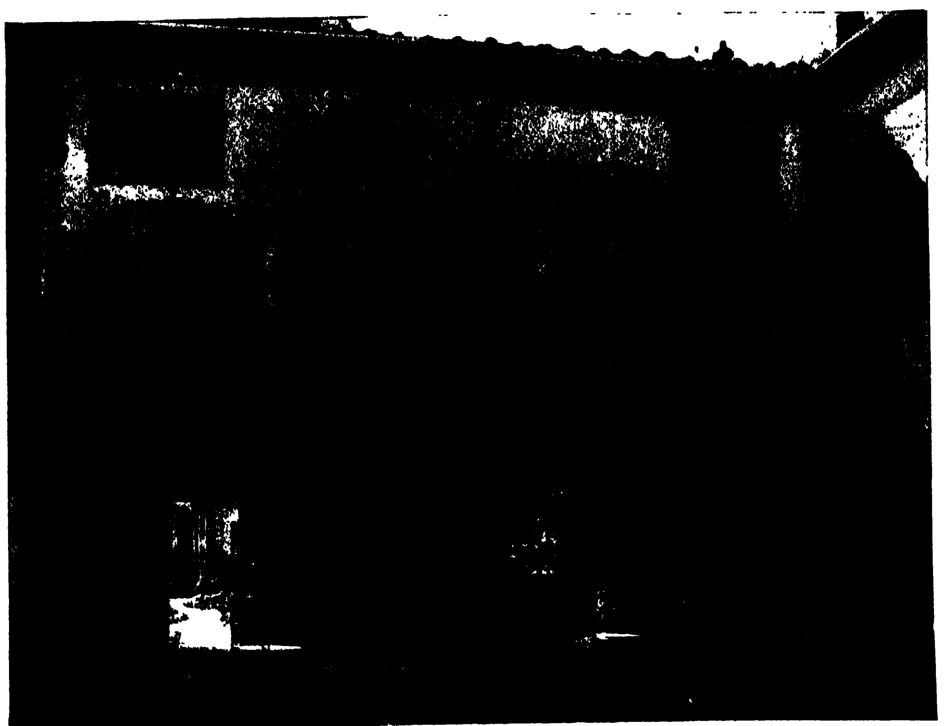


Copyright Chas. Girdner & Sons. HEAD OF CRÔ-MAGUA MAN.
After the restoration modelled by J. H. McGregor. Reproduced by permission from "Men of the Old Stone Age," by Henry B. Osborn.
From **Ancient Man in Britain**
By Donald A. Mackenzie
(*Blackie*).

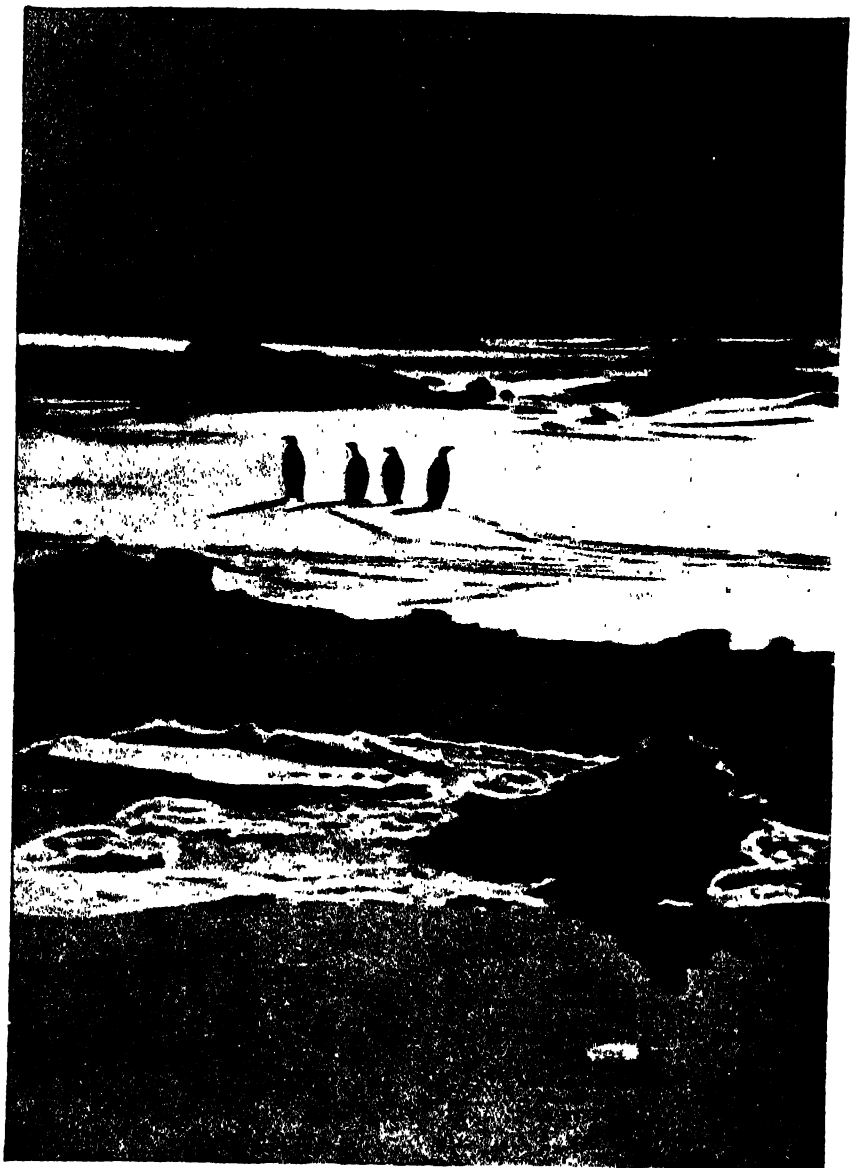
MADAME CLAIRE.

By Susan Ertz. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a first novel and—many first novels being so poor—is a pleasure to read. A group of people are gathered round an old woman, and Miss Ertz, though hardly a thoughtful or very clever writer, has shown considerable insight and sense of life in her portrayal of age. She has realised, in fact, that there is no such thing. That at seventy-eight the heart and mind are as young as ever. The result is a charming story. Three generations are portrayed, slightly it is true, but interestingly.



From **Villas of Florence and Tuscany** (*Lippincott*). LOGGIA IN COSTELE, CIGLIANO.
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.



From Shackleton's Last Voyage (*Cassell*).   EMPEROR PENGUINS ON THE FLOE.

SHACKLETON'S LAST VOYAGE: THE STORY OF THE "QUEST."

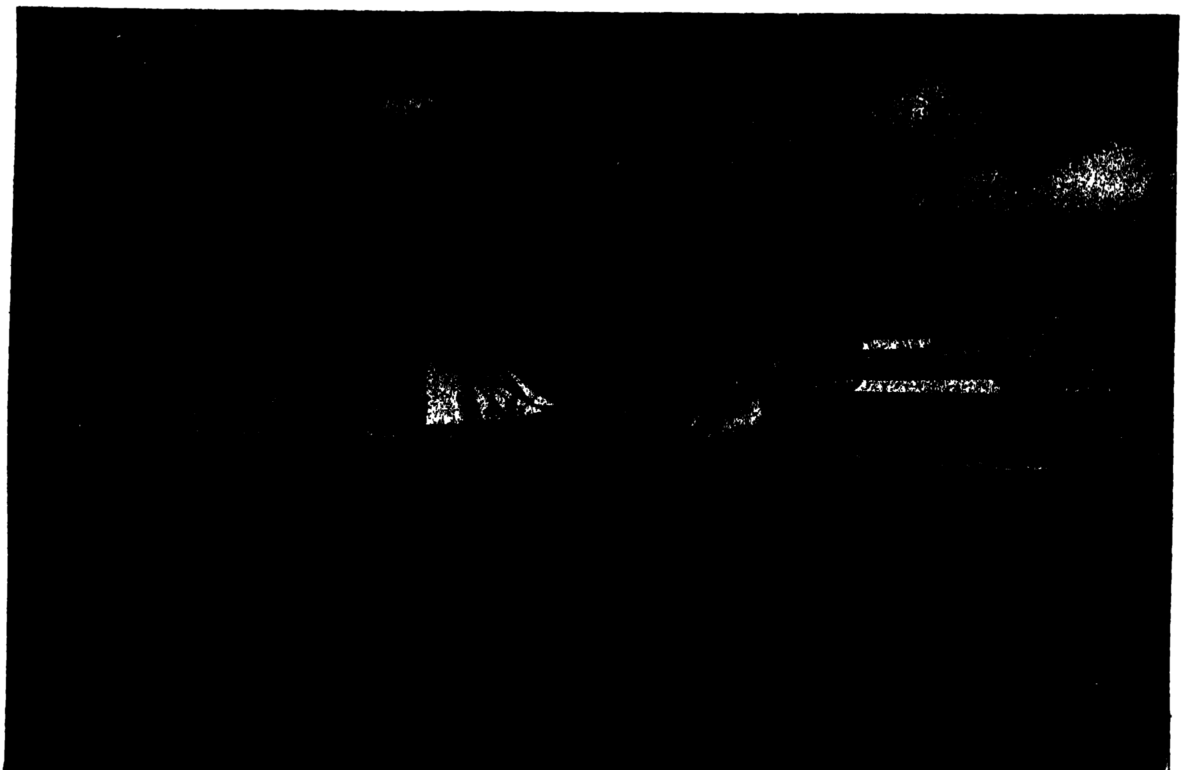
By COMMANDER FRANK WILD, C.B.E. From the Official Journal and Private Diary kept by Dr. A. H. MACKLIN. 30s. net. (Cassell.)

No modern history is more inspiring, more eloquent of human courage and endurance than this soul-stirring record of the last voyage of Sir Ernest Shackleton. The great explorer thrilled the imagination of the British public with dreams of the strange white lands for which his heart hungered; of privations and sufferings and dauntless bravery beyond conception. The world of ice and snow claimed him at last, and the tragedy of his sudden death is brought home to us again in these pages. The tragedy, not only of death, but of defeat and failure, shadow the book, yet it is the rock-bottom reality of the narrative that grips and holds us. Commander Frank Wild, who took command after the chief had been buried in the lonely grave out in South Georgia, writes the story—unforgettable in its grimness and glory.

VANDERDECKEN.

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

This is a breathless story of adventure down South, complete with buried treasure, a girl, a millionaire, a resourceful person named (of course) "Hank" Fisher, and the mysterious Vanderdecken himself, about whom we must not say too much lest we betray Mr. Stacpoole's secret. There is to our mind a weak point early in the story, but if you do not discover it for yourself you will enjoy the book all the more. The author reveals in this book once again his intimate knowledge of the queer places of the world and their inhabitants, and if he takes liberties with probability he does so quite frankly and with a hearty good-humour that is very attractive. It is a jolly book for a warm fireside and, if possible, heavy rain beating on the windows outside, especially after a hard day's brain-work. (And that is not written unkindly!)



From An Outlaw's Diary (*Philip Allan*).   FIUME. Hungary's only port. Taken from her by the Peace Treaty.



From **Luss Straits**
(Gresham Publishing Co.)

EVENING.

THE PROGRESS OF ANTHONY RENWICK.

By ALEXANDRA WATSON. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

An admirable story. Anthony, the hero, is the son of parents he has never known. His mother came from a proud family of county people and made a runaway match with a seagoing engineer. She died at the birth of her son, and the father never returned from his last sea trip. Anthony was brought up by the people with whom his mother had taken lodgings, and was told nothing of his real history till he was in his teens. Miss Watson handles her situation cleverly; there is a very real freshness about her tale. Anthony's arrival, with the truth fully explained, at his lordly home, among his conservative relations, is excellently described. His puzzled attitude, his amazement at the ignorance of the rich about the ways of the poor—it is all well done. Anthony remains true to his humble love; his ideas of parcelling out his estate among the poor vanish; he feels it is nobler to give back his inheritance to his grandmother and to pursue his own career.

NEWMARKET: ITS SPORTS AND PERSONALITIES.

By FRANK SILTZER. With a Foreword by the EARL OF DURHAM, K.G. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

Not only horse-racing enthusiasts but all historical students as well will appreciate the merits of Mr. Frank Siltzer's history of Newmarket—sporting, social and political. The author covers a period of more than three centuries, telling of Newmarket in the days of the Stuarts and earlier, of the Jockey Club and of famous personages connected with the celebrated heath down the decades to the present time. He writes in a brisk, capable manner, and the book is illustrated with many interesting pictures and portraits. As the Earl of Durham says in his foreword, Mr. Siltzer "has struck out for himself a new line of Turf literature."



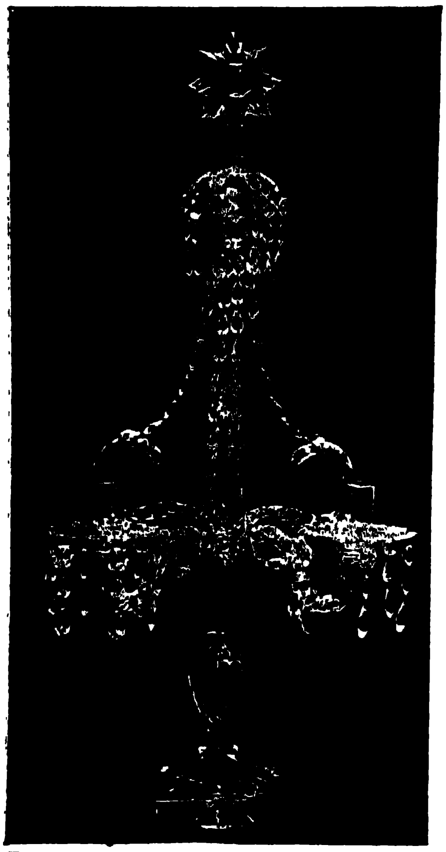
From **The Strength of the Hills** (*Allenson*), recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

WYE VALLEY.

GLASS-MAKING IN ENGLAND.

By H. J. Powell. Illustrated. 25s. (Cambridge University Press.)

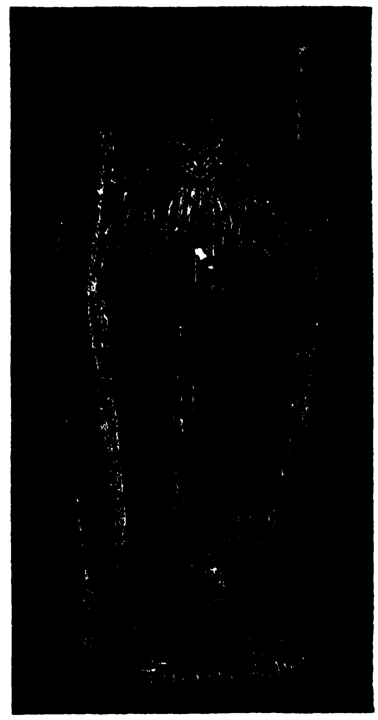
Mr. Powell was for many years partner in the famous Whitefriars Glass Works which had occupied the same site and had made glass without a break since the closing years of the seventeenth century, and which sent one of its workmen, in the person of Joseph Leicester, to the House of Commons in 1885. It was with no small sense of loss that we saw the recent transfer of this noble factory, with its glorious traditions of fine craftsmanship, its patriarchal record of workmen from father to son, its triumphs in discoveries of new and improved methods, its ties with Burne-Jones, Morris, de Morgan, Henry Holiday and other great artists, to a new site outside London, where, however, it is hoped that larger scope for its enterprise will be possible and successful. The Whitefriars Works are enormously interested in the art of glass-making as a handicraft, and have set on foot far-reaching plans for apprenticeship and teaching the whole skill and mystery to young workmen, a skill that is menaced with oblivion through the great progress of machinery for turning out every kind of glass. Mr. Powell's book is primarily concerned with a history of the handicraft of glass-making, beginning with the earliest traces in the days of the Romans in Britain. Then we have the glass of Anglo-Saxon days, and later the first authentic reference to glass-making in England in a grant of land to a glass-maker of Chiddingfold in Surrey, in the thirteenth century. This town was an important glass-making centre, and many remains of crucibles, furnaces and debris of old glass have been found. Foreign glass-makers came to England from France and the Low Countries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with extraordinary effects on the industry. Venetian craftsmen were brought over in 1549. In 1615 a proclamation forbade the use of wood in furnaces, and coal came into power. But it is impossible to follow Mr. Powell in his truly fascinating record of the changing technique and varying fortunes of the craft. The knowledge he possessed was unrivalled and he has unusual power of clear expression and happy arrangement. The book is a real classic, and is so delightfully equipped with illustrations that it is completely satisfying.



From Glass-Making in England (*Cambridge Press*). A TABLE LIGHT, ABOUT 1790.



From Matahari (*Allen & Unwin*). CUPBOARD DOOR INLAID IN GOLD AND BLACK, REPRESENTING THE VICTORY OF GOOD OVER EVIL, IN TEMPLE IN SRITARAMAT.



From Glass-Making in England (*Cambridge Press*). GLASS, ENGRAVED WITH COPPER WHEEL (MODERN).



From Yuletide Revels in Merry England (*Methuen*). PREPARING THE BANQUET.

MATAHARI: IMPRESSIONS OF THE SIAMESE-MALAYAN JUNGLE.

By H. O. MORGENTHALER.
7s. 6d. net.
(Allen & Unwin.)

"Matahari," which means literally "eye of the day," is the Malay word for the sun. "The domain," says the author, "over which Matahari holds sway is a vast realm, where, in the boundless freedom of the jungle, the pilgrim, unfettered by time or tide, can forget the old world, and feel himself born anew." M. Morgenthaler is a Swiss geologist, and it was his "high and austere calling" that took him to "that little-known wonderland of the Earth where Siam stretches down the narrow Malay Peninsula towards the Equator and the Sun, where the transition of race from Siamese to Malay is scarcely noticeable, where thousands of Chinese toil in the mines, where the scattered villages harbour nearly every Oriental race from the tall Hindu to the tiny Jap, where herds of enormous buffalo wallow in the slime of the paddy-fields, and where, in the shade of slender coconut palms and areca-trees, graceful brown people dwell in huts with pointed roofs, as in an earthly paradise." Of this little explored world we are not only given many vivid and beautiful descriptions; but the author is a humorist and a very human philosopher who stamps his personality upon every page of his uncommonly pleasant book.

ANCIENT MAN IN BRITAIN.

By DONALD A. MACKENZIE.
12s. 6d. (Blackie)

In his latest volume Mr. Donald A. Mackenzie, the well-known authority on Egyptian, Cretan and pre-Hellenic mythology, has written a history of these islands from the Ice Age to the Roman Occupation, based on evidence derived practically from all the sciences geology, anatomy, archæology, philology and ethnology —all furnishing their different and complementary data of testimony. Mr. Mackenzie's great claim for his book—a claim that will readily be allowed by all who read its fascinating and instructive pages—is that he has collected and collated his material with a strict regard to the essential unity of anthropology. As he points out, in a study of this kind one class of evidence is not sufficient. All testimony—somatic, cultural and migrational—must be taken into account; the result being largely to render obsolete the employment of such terms as "indigenous," and to emphasise the idea of the remarkable mobility of early cultures.



From Our Wild Flowers and How to Know Them (*Thornton Butterworth*). HAREBELLS.



From Prairie Flowers By James B. Hendryx (*Jarrolds*). WRAPPER DESIGN.

DIFFERENT GODS.

By VIOLET QUIRK.
7s. 6d.
(Constable.)

"Sheila," says Miss Quirk, "possessed the disquieting gift of being able to put herself in the place of another woman so completely that she seemed to stand within her body and look out at the world with her eyes." An unusual person, Sheila, say you? But, after all, is anybody really usual? Mobs may be exactly alike, as the scientists claim, but no one can deny that individuals are always doing the things you don't expect them to do. We do not deny that Sheila was a queer young person and a strange mixture of innocence and knowledge. But given the circumstances of her upbringing and her surroundings, and remembering her temperament, her proceedings were very much what might fairly be permitted to her. For the rest, Miss Quirk has written a clever book. That will not surprise those who are familiar with her short stories, but the short-story writer is not always a novelist. Her characterisation is almost unkindly clever at times, yet she writes with sympathy too. We shall look forward to reading another novel from her pen.



From Early Reminiscences, 1834–1864
By S. Baring Gould
(*John Lane*).

REV. S. BARING GOULD.
An early portrait.



From The United States
(*Harrap*).

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.
From an original lithograph by J. Jones.

A HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING:

From the Fifteenth Century to the Year 1914.

By ARTHUR M. HIND. 42s. (Constable.)

This is a new—the third—edition of what is now fully recognised as a standard work on its subject. It has been thoroughly revised and corrected, many additions have been made, especially in the section dealing with modern etching. Apart from the excellent, accurate, and wise information and critical appreciations dealing with the work of etchers and engravers from the earliest days of making impressions on paper from blocks on which designs had been cut and engraved, apart from this the most valuable features of the work are the really excellent and elaborate bibliography classified under various headings, the classified list of engravers, and the full index. As an introduction to a knowledge of the history of the art, and as an encyclopædic work of reference, Mr. Hind's book is one of the best that can be given an honoured place on the shelves of anyone interested in the subject.



From History of Engraving and Etching
(*Constable*).

THE OFFER OF LOVE.
By Albrecht Dürer.
Reduced from frontispiece in photogravure.

OLD FIGHTING DAYS.

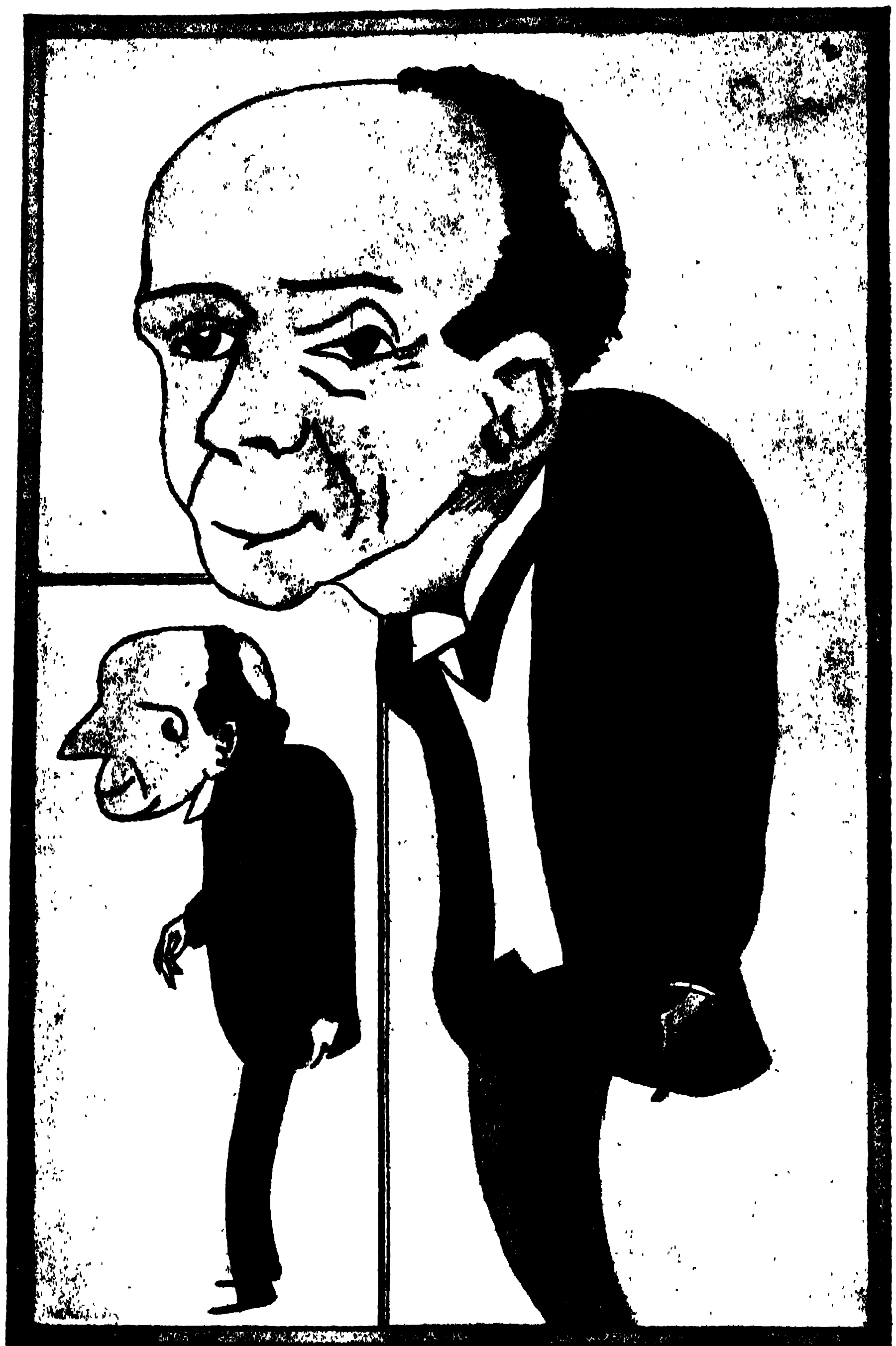
By E. R. PUNSHON. 7s. 6d. (Bale, Sons, & Danielsson.)

Who does not love a fight—and "let the best man win," as we say? For a particular treat we refer all readers who care for "le boxing," or sport in its wider aspects, to Chapters XI, XII and XIII in this lively story of old days. There they will find patrons of "the Fancy" assembled, the champion of England included, who had shown his powers and his chivalry in a bout with the young hero not long before; and there too they will read of the defeat of a lusty north-country fighter by the tactics of one Mendoza, a Jew. But what about the great battle between Harry and Ned Winter, at Moulsey, in Chapter XXII? We challenge any reader—even the confirmed bookworm—to read the account of that contest without a thrill. It continues well into the next chapter too. Mr. Punshon knows also how to tell a pretty love-story; and with this double skill he has given us a quite charming book which will please all readers.

THE POET'S LIFE OF CHRIST.

Compiled, decorated and arranged by NORMAN AULT. 7s. 6d.
(Humphrey Milford.)

Dressed in the delightful guise of the other Oxford Books of Verse, in dark blue, with edging and lettering of gold, we are sure this book will have a great reception, but we wish the pictures had been omitted. Mr. Ault tells us manfully that, in drawing the Christus, he has endeavoured to visualise "that full humanity which was once seen in Palestine. . . ." It is evident that he is devoted to poetry of the distant past; there is a very large proportion of verses culled from old miracle plays, contents of mediæval sixteenth and seventeenth century manuscripts, old ballads, broadsides and carols of immemorial antiquity. But there are moderns too: Robert Graves, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Hinkson. Mr. Ault might with advantage have looked through the modern anthologies entitled "Daily Song" and "Sunday Afternoon Verses." Edward Dowden's "We by no shining Galilean Lake" and Walt Whitman's "This moment, yearning and thoughtful, sitting alone," are poems we rejoice to see here.



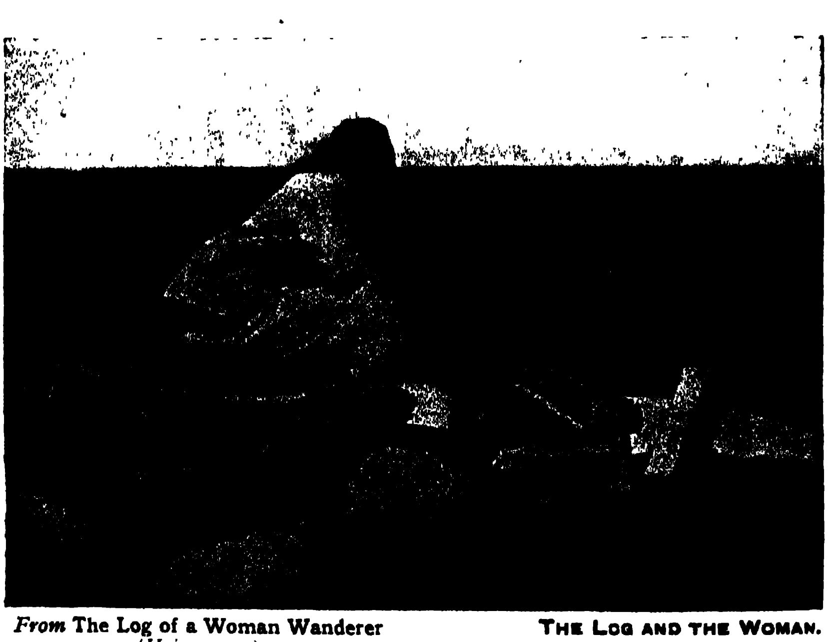
From **Decorations and Absurdities.** By Bohun Lynch
(*Collins*).

LORD ROBERT CECIL.

SILAS BRAUNTON.

By J. MILLS WHITHAM.
7s. 6d. net.
(Allen & Unwin.)

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From **The Log of a Woman Wanderer**
(*Heinemann*).

THE LOG AND THE WOMAN.

See page 63.

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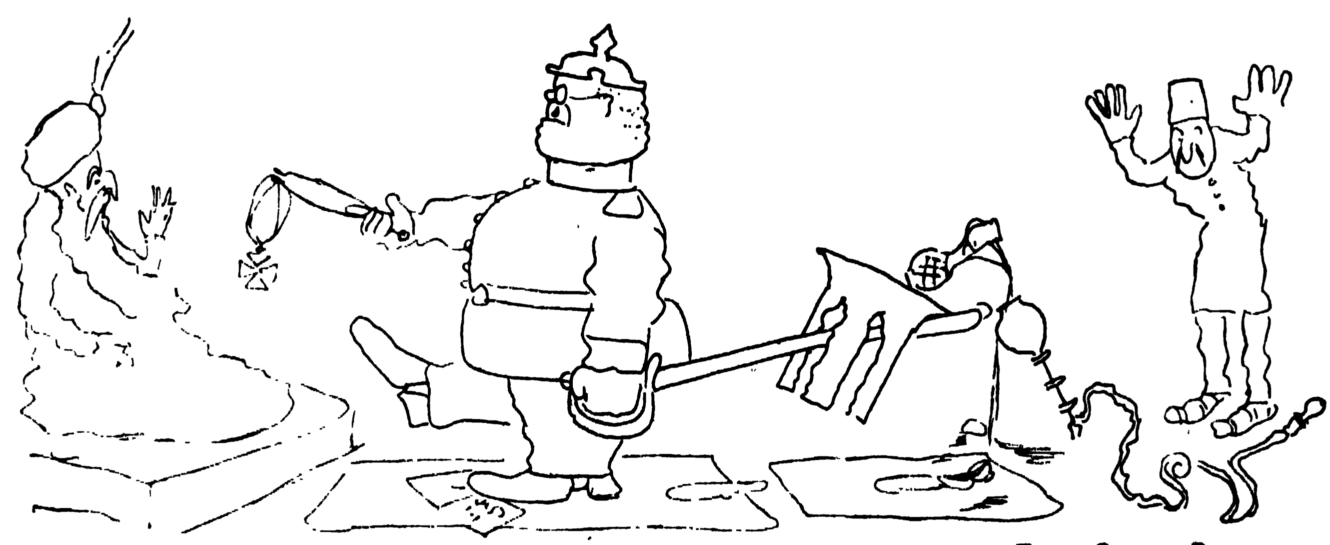
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From Louis Napoleon and the Recovery of France, 1848-1856 (*Longmans*).

LOUIS NAPOLEON RIDING THROUGH THE BOULEVARDS, JUNE 13TH, 1849.

See page 1[illegible]

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The Road leads to the desert of our richest imaginings, the "land of fear," the desert of the drama. Whether or not it is a true picture we neither know nor care, for our eyes are blinded with its sun and sand-storms, our ears stopped with its wild, mysterious music, we are fascinated, hypnotised by the horror and mystery of it Lisbeth of Putney, a badly-dressed, dull, Pett Ridgian type of heroine, seems an unlikely vehicle for a strange, romantic fate. Since childhood she has had a haunting dream "of nothingness and sand and waving palm-trees," and when she decides to elope with the little French dress-designer she meets on Eastcliffe parade and leave her sottish husband and sickly abnormal daughter to the care of her step-sister, Lisbeth feels she has at last begun to fulfil the destiny which lures her South As a Paris mannikin Lisbeth discovers her beauty and a world of are men at her feet Count Vareska, Réné de Ségnier and her second husband, the gnome like Sir Jasper, who belongs to the Arabian Nights. The author understands how intriguing a well-kept secret may be, and she sustains our interest in it and piques our curiosity with it to the very end. A book to read and enjoy.



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Mrs. Baillie Reynolds must have spent considerable time over her plot; it is intricate and closely woven. When fair and innocent Althea, out of work, unattached, agreed to go and spend Christmas with friends she had picked up at a private hotel—a couple called Vanderbrand—she did a risky thing, without knowing it. True she had a pang of disappointment when she renewed acquaintance. "Somehow the Vans were more second-rate than her memory of them." To Curfew Place, however, she travels, and other members of the house party are the enigmatic Philip Garmon and young Penrose, who falls in love at once with Althea. The young heroine is quickly aware that there is something gruesome about Curfew Place; she has an uncanny experience, really well told, trying to go downstairs at night, and finding the passage suddenly blocked by an iron door. She immediately fears and detests Grote, the chauffeur. Very soon it is revealed to her that the house is intimately associated with the gruesome case of Dr. Gillespie, an old recluse, murdered by burglars. Gillespie claimed to have a real cure for cancer. The secret has unluckily perished with him, and many are on the scent. Althea has to play her part; likewise the young men. It is cleverly designed, and done with great sprightliness.



From Line
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The Man with the Muck Rake.

POLLY PEACHUM.

By Charles E. Pearce. 2s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

"The only complete history of Gay's masterpiece" is Mr. Charles Pearce's claim for his book, "Polly Peachum: The Story of Polly and The Beggar's Opera." Coming as it does at an opportune moment, the book should receive a warm welcome from those who have kept the Hammersmith Lyric Theatre packed for so long, and who seem likely to throng to any theatre where "Polly" is appearing. The present success of "The Beggar's Opera" is fully in keeping with its past record; whenever it has been revived (and the numerous times it has been revived will probably surprise even the most enthusiastic of Gay's admirers) the "Opera" has always been successful—from the very first day of its appearance in 1728. In collecting his material Mr. Pearce says he has explored all available channels of information, and this has enabled him to bring to light many new facts and to correct inaccuracies existing about "The Beggar's Opera" and also about the first actress to play the part of Polly Peachum—the famous Lavinia Fenton. Much more than the mere story of "Polly" does Mr. Pearce give us in his book; he strays down many interesting side-tracks, telling us of eighteenth century theatres and giving us sidelights on their management. It is a capital book; the history behind the "Opera" throws still more glamour around Gay's "Polly."

The Bookman

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The Index to Volume LXIII of The Bookman will be given in our June Number.

One has read so much of how Marryat's dashing novels used to inflame boys with a reckless passion for the sea; how the romances of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper have driven many beyond the bounds of civilisation in search of lurid adventure; how stories of the blood-and-thunder variety have sent a lot of young readers to prison and a few to the gallows, that it seemed worth while trying to find out whether literature had ever justified itself by doing some good and being responsible for moulding the purposes of men who have risen to respectable eminence in modern life. To this end it was necessary that the scope of the inquiry should not be limited to writers, but should also include those who did not follow literature as a profession, and so were not bound to read anything unless they wanted to. The questions propounded were: (1) What is the best book you have read in the last few months? and (2) Has any book ever had any influence on your career? and the first results were disquieting, for they seemed to suggest that there was very little reading going on now except in literary circles, where men are bound to read each other's books, very much as the little group of residents on Pitcairn Island were reduced to taking in each other's washing.

The head of one important commercial house replied, apologetically, that he had no time to reply; and the heads of two others responded (not for publication) that they had never been great readers, and of late had read almost nothing, and they could not remember that any book had ever influenced them. A prominent M.P., belonging to one of the older Parties in the House, admitted that though he once used to read a good deal, he can't think of any book that helped him, and adds that lately he has read only newspapers and Blue Books. But happily

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.,

the leader of the Labour Party, has not fallen into any such primitive habits. He has always been a



Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.

good reader, and modern authors may find what significance they like (or don't like) in the fact that he says the best book he has read in the last few months is Scott's "Old Mortality." He names as having had particular influence on his career that admirable and too little known book, Hugh Miller's "My Schools and Schoolmasters."

MR. A. G. GARDINER,

a great journalist, a delightful and popular essayist, under a pseudonym and, with the mask off, author of "The Life of Harcourt," one of the most brilliant of recent biographies, says:

(1) I should give the first place among the books which have appeared during the past year to the "Letters of Walter Page," not because the book is an historical document of capital importance it is that beyond question—but because it is a singularly beautiful revelation of a rich and gracious personality presented with a humorous kindliness and felicity that add to the permanent possessions of literature. Even to those who had the privilege of Page's acquaintance and knew his worth, the book is an unexpected joy. In his mingled wisdom, humour and humanity he is more reminiscent of Lincoln than any other man who has played a part in world affairs, and it is doubtful whether any civilisation except that of America could have produced so fine a flower of true culture.



Photo by Reginald Haines. **Mr. A. G. Gardiner.**

(2) I find it difficult to say what books have influenced me in any definite direction. I know those which have given me joy and have become a part of my emotional life. In these things I cannot distinguish between the different expressions of art. "Twelfth Night" and the "Magic Flute," Hardy's novels and the "Matthew Passion," the art of Botticelli and the picaresque romance of Borrow, the poetry of Wordsworth and the deep-browed genius of Dürer--these and their like are the things that fill the landscape of my mind, regardless of the medium in which they worked. But whether they have practically influenced my life or have simply fed a hunger of the spirit, I do not know. If I had had a creative gift they would certainly have influenced my work, but in the absence of that gift I can only be sure that they have given me a sensuous pleasure that has been perhaps the most real and enduring thing in my experience. That they have made me wiser or better in the actual conduct of life I can neither affirm nor deny. If I can trace any specific influence from books it is derived not from imaginative literature but from more purely intellectual sources. I think, for example, that the impact of Macaulay upon my mind as a boy left a lasting impression on me. The energy, directness and sequaciousness of his style saturated my mind. I sometimes doubt whether the effect was good—whether I did not catch more of his vices, which are easily contracted, than of his virtues, which are less attainable. Among the books to which I trace a definite extension of the interest of the mind I should include Boswell (by whom I was fortunate enough to be "caught young"), Plutarch and the "Early Days of Charles James Fox." These and similar books opened the windows of the mind to new horizons and doubtless influenced me in more ways than I am conscious of.

A. G. GARDINER.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Sir James Yoxall.**

SIR JAMES YOXALL,

a novelist of distinction, as well as a high authority on educational matters, thinks—

(1) "Of books in English recently read by me, the best novel is 'Babbitt,' and in general literature Housman's 'Last Poems.' (2) Matthew Arnold's 'Culture and Anarchy' had a particular influence on my mind forty years ago."

BISHOP WELLDON writes:

It is a little difficult to answer such questions as yours with complete accuracy, but I will do my best. I ought however to tell you that I live much more among the great books of the past than among modern books, and that I am naturally a good deal influenced in my reading by my profession. I should put Dean Inge's "Outspoken Essays" at the head of such books as have lately appeared in general literature; I include both volumes of the Essays; for the second volume, although it is not altogether as good as the first, yet contains some essays, and notably the "Confessio

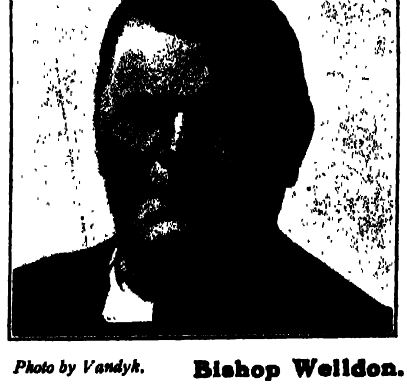


Photo by Vandyk. **Bishop Welldon.**

Fidei," which may be said to equal, if not to surpass, the first in interest.

I think parents and teachers should pay much more regard than they do to the ages at which young people read particular books. Many persons read Shakespeare and Milton too early, and the " Pilgrim's Progress " too late. It was my fortune to gain the strongest intellectual stimulus from Goethe's " Faust," and the richest spiritual illumination from Dante's " Divina Commedia," probably because I did not read them until I was of full years. But, at the time when I stood most in need of a strengthening influence, Bishop Butler's " Analogy " and the Rev. F. W. Robertson's " Sermons " wrought the deepest impression upon my mind and therefore, I may frankly say, upon my life.

J. E. C. WELLDON.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. G. B. Burgin.**

MR. G. B. BURGIN,

well known as the author of more novels than the number of his years and of three entertaining volumes of personal recollections, pays a handsome tribute to a contemporary, saying :

The best book I have read during the last few months is Walter de la Mare's " Memoirs of a Midget." Many enlightened critics share my preference in spite of the fact that one influential " organ " declared it to be impossible to make a heroine out of a female dwarf, although he omitted to explain how an author could manufacture a heroine out of a male one. " Miss Midget " is a fantasy to be read by the old partly because it so vividly recalls the dreams of youth. Its sweetness and mystical beauty, its fragrance and pathos, banish the long and painful years. Old forgotten ideals come back to us although there is a certain sad bitterness in knowing that in the strain of modern life we have forgotten how we started out with them. I never met Walter de la Mare until the other evening, and then he talked about " Monologues." It was an interesting talk, though I wanted to hear how ' Miss Midget " inspired him to tell her story.

Three books have had a marked effect on my career—such as it is—because I devoured them when young. All three of them exercised a curiously formative influence over me. They are " Gil Blas," " Don Quixote " and " Lorna Doone." " Gil Blas " taught me that when a man asks your opinion about anything he has done (see Gil Blas and the sermon story), it is, to say the least of it, unwise to show one's own superior knowledge by finding fault with it ; " Don Quixote " taught me to respect a man who has sufficient imagination to tilt at windmills ; and " Lorna Doone " taught me that " A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." When I was once chatting with Blackmore, he shyly admitted that he did not consider it to be his best book. Which goes to prove that an author is seldom the most discerning critic of his own work.

In spite of all critical considerations, the influence a book has on its readers is largely a matter of temperament. Some responsive key-note is touched or is not touched by the author. There is that hackneyed saying about " the degradation of a popular success." Even though a popular success may not be the highest form of art, there is always something to be found in it which appeals to the world at large. (Take, for instance, the wonderful death scene of old Mrs. Perch in " If Winter Comes.")

There was once a man who honestly admitted that he preferred Chromos to Old Masters because they were " more chummy " and he understood them better. Any author who pines for " degradation," otherwise bread and butter, is sometimes compelled to consider the wants of his readers rather than give the reins to all that is best and highest and most artistic within him.

" A strange world, my masters." There is this to be said, however : If there are some strange readers in it, there are some equally strange writers.

GEO. B. BURGIN.



Photo by Elliott & Fry **Dr. Hugh Walker.**

DR. HUGH WALKER,

who has done much distinguished work in biography and criticism, notably of the greater Victorians, and is Professor of English Literature at St. David's College, Lampeter, finds " your first question is easily answered. Of the books I have recently read, Hendrick's ' Life of Page ' stands easily first. It is a great biography of a great man, and therefore a very precious possession. To your second question I don't think I can give any definite answer. No single book has ever determined my career. The writer who has influenced me most profoundly is, I think, Aristotle, because of the vast sweep of his intellect, combined with an unfailing restraint and sanity."

HUGH WALKER.

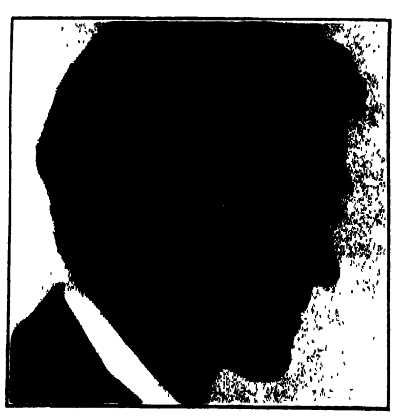


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Robert Lynd**

MR. ROBERT LYND,

literary editor of the *Daily News* and one of the most charming of modern essayists, replies :

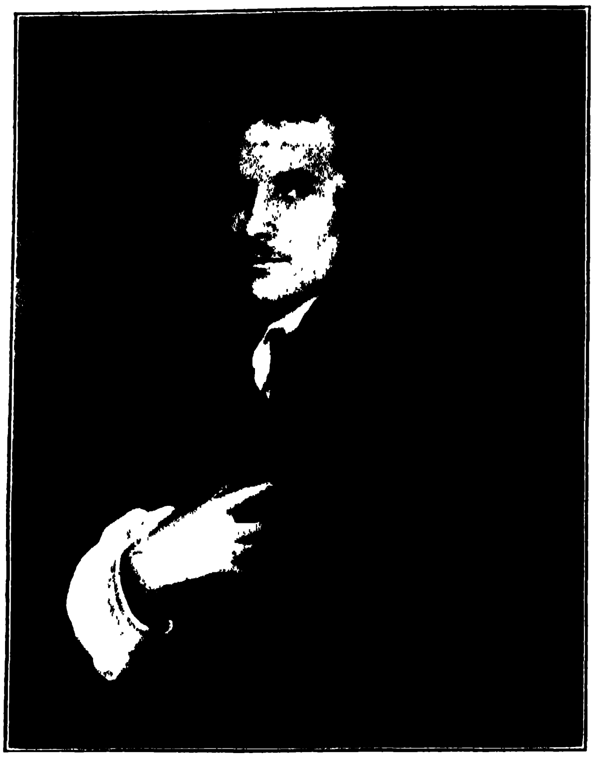
(1) Among the younger writers I

think I should vote for Mr. David Garnett's "Lady into Fox" and Father R. A. Knox's "Memories of the Future," in prose, and the work of Mr. Alan Porter and Mr. Bertram Higgins in verse (so far as it can be studied in Mr. W. K. Seymour's "Miscellany of Poetry, 1922"). Among the established writers Mr. Wells recovered his form as a novelist in "Men Like Gods," and Mr. Belloc his form as an essayist in "On." So that my vote would have to be split into almost as many parts as an orange.

(2) Obviously, books influence their readers' careers—largely without their knowing it as their friends and their geographical surroundings do. The most important influences, I imagine, are the most difficult to trace. It is easier to trace the influence of a contemporary propagandist than the influence of Plutarch or Shakespeare. But I doubt if this means that it is more profound or lasting.

(3) One of the books that "influenced" me as a boy was Stevenson's "Virginibus Puerisque." It turned idleness from a pastime into a duty, and at the same time persuaded me, rightly or wrongly, that to choose the best words was the eleventh commandment. I do not know whether it was Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" that made me a Socialist at college, but that and Ruskin's "Unto This Last" were my Bible for a year or two. The first book of O'Growney's "Lessons in Irish" was another book that opened a new world to me, and Mazzini's "Duties of Man" reconciled Nationalism and Internationalism, religion and the spirit of Socialism, in a way that made this seem like a new revelation. But I cannot be sure that any of these writers really "influenced" me more than fifty other greater writers, from Shakespeare to Sterne, from Plutarch to Lamb, from Keats to Whitman and Browning. God forgive them for not making a better job of it when they were about it.

ROBERT LYND.



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Andrew Marvell (1621-1678).

From the portrait by A. Hanneman, presented to the City of Hull Art Gallery.

Colonel Fairfax Rhodes, of Brockhampton Park, Gloucestershire, has presented to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Hull, for their public Art Gallery, Adrian Hanneman's famous portrait of Andrew Marvell, who was M.P. for Hull from 1659 to 1678. Colonel Fairfax Rhodes is a son of the late Mr. James Rhodes, of Leeds, who acquired the portrait from the Holdforth family, in whose possession it had been ever since it was painted in 1658. No finer portrait of the poet exists. It was engraved by Grosart for his 1872 edition of Marvell, but does not seem to have been reproduced since, except in the memorial volume, "Andrew Marvell: Tercentenary Tributes," edited by Mr. W. H. Bagguley, Hull's City Librarian, and published last year by Mr. Humphrey Milford.

Messrs. Chapman & Dodd have included iu a handsomely produced volume (7s. 6d.) "Gay's "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly," reprinted from the first editions, with the music to the songs.

"The Littlest One Again," by Mrs. Marion St. John Webb, which Messrs. Harrap are publishing almost immediately, is a continuation of her first and most popular book of verse about children, "The Littlest One," which has gone through many editions and is shortly to appear in a new form with music to each of the poems.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw are to be amongst the guests of the P.E.N. Club at the Arden Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon, on Wednesday, May 2nd. The luncheon will precede the special *matinée* of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which is being presented by the New Shakespearean Company at the Memorial Theatre in honour of the distinguished foreign authors who are being entertained by the Club during the first week in May.

There are more memorials to Shakespeare in London than most people are aware of, and Mr. W. Bailey Kempling has done an excellent and timely work in "The Shakespeare Memorials of London" (5s.; Werner Laurie). He gives you interesting glimpses of Shakespeare's life in London, tells of places or sites of places associated with him, and of all that has been raised in various parts of the town to commemorate his memory and the memories of his fellow-players. The present tercentenary celebrations give it timeliness, and no visitor to London just now will find a more entertaining or more useful guide. One can agree with the author that no praise is too high for the twenty-four photographs by Mr. W. J. Roberts which illustrate the book.

As we go to press, we receive from Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., the two first volumes of their very beautifully produced series, "The Player's Shakespeare" (£4 4s. net each). The plays are reprinted



Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole,

whose new and very successful novel, "Vanderdecken," Messrs. Hutchinson have published.

literatim from the First Folio of 1623, except that certain letters are made to accord with modern use. Each volume has an introduction by Mr. Granville Barker, and is under the art-editorship of Mr. Albert Rutherston. Of the two first volumes, "The Merchant of Venice" is illustrated in colour and with line drawings by Mr. Thomas Lowinsky, and "The Tragedie of Macbeth" by Mr. Charles Ricketts.

Few first novels have met with a more immediate success than has Miss Pamela Wynne's "Ann's an Idiot" (Philip Allan), ten thousand copies of which had been called for before publication. The Frederick A. Stokes Company has taken it for America, and, moreover, booked the next half-dozen novels by the same author. Miss Wynne is very well known in Anglo-Indian society. She spends a good deal of her time in travelling, and is at present away in the East, but before going had completed another novel, which has been provisionally entitled "Warning," and will in due course be published by Mr. Philip Allan.

Another new novelist to be congratulated is Mr. William Dudley Pelley, whose first novel, "The Fog," published the other day by Mr. Andrew Melrose, is already in its third large edition.

Mr. John Long is offering another £500 Prize for the best First Novel. Mrs. Emmeline Morrison, who won the prize in Mr. Long's 1921 Competition, has written a new novel, "The Sins Ye Do," which he is just publishing.

Mr. Dornford Yates, whose "Jonah and Co." Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. are publishing, spends most of his time at Pau, returning to England only for the summer months. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, called to the Bar (Inner Temple) in 1909, practised, and wrote in his spare time until 1914, when he became a subaltern in the Yeomanry. When the end of the war released him from service, he found that his practice had all disappeared, so he let it go and adopted writing as his profession. His first book was published on August 4th, 1914, but, he says, of the two events the outbreak of the war attracted most attention. Mr. Dornford Yates is one of the most popular of the *Windsor Magazine* contributors. He has lately written "Valerie French," a sequel to "Anthony Lyveden," which was his last novel but one, his last being "Jonah & Co.," the scenes of which are for the most part laid in the Pyrenees, and it has gratified him that two or three strangers have recently recommended it to him as a book worth reading.



Miss Joan Kennedy

whose new novel, "The Muck Pond," has just been published by Messrs. A. M. Philpot



Mr. Dornford Yates.

One thing needful in books for reading in bed is that they shall be small enough and light enough to hold easily, and these requirements are met by Messrs. Dent's new "Bedside Library" (2s. 6d. each). The first three volumes, "The Life and Death of Socrates," "The Golden Book of St. Augustine" and "The Life and Death of Sir John Falstaff," are ideal books in subject as well as in form for such a series. They are most delectably produced, and even the more expensive edition in limp leather (3s. 6d.) is a wonder of cheapness for these days.

For a series of lectures and counter-lectures to be given at the London School of Economics, in aid of the Hospitals of London, the organising committee has arranged a very attractive programme. On May 8th Mr. Alfred Noyes

and Miss Edith Sitwell discuss "Poetry and Modern Poetry" (which sounds vaguely unkind), and Mr. Gosse will be chairman. The Rt. Hon. C. A. McCurdy, K.C., M.P., and Mr. G. K. Chesterton, under the chairmanship of Viscount Burnham, discuss "Is Modern Journalism worth the Price We Pay for it," on May 15th. Mr. J. C. Squire is to take one side on a subject not yet fixed, with Mr. Justice Darling in the chair, on May 29th, and on June 5th Mr. A. G. Gardiner and Mr. Philip Guedalla will unbosom themselves appropriately on "Biographers and their Victims," Mr. Asquith taking the chair.

Jenner's Literary Society (Jenner's is in Edinburgh the equivalent to Harrod's in London) at a recent meeting held a mock prosecution of Mark Sabre, of "If Winter Comes," the hall being arranged as for an actual trial, with judges, barristers, usher duly robed, and the witnesses dressed in accordance with their descriptions in the novel. A formal indictment charged Mark Sabre with failing to fit himself for the duties of common life, and causing mental and moral suffering to his wife; with inflicting further suffering on his wife by affording protection to Effie Bright and, by his conduct, causing Effie's suicide. The cross-examination of Mark and the speeches of counsel and judge were excellent, and proved that the speakers, like the witnesses, were thoroughly intimate with the book. The trial lasted from 8 p.m. till 10.30, when the jury withdrew to consider their verdict. In their absence the Chairman of the Literary Society asked the audience—which numbered several hundreds—to give their opinion, and on each charge they found Mark Sabre "Not Guilty," a verdict which, on their return, the jury confirmed. Whereupon there was great applause and, in the most approved fashion, the usher threatened to clear the Court. Those present were full of praise for the cleverness with which the whole thing was carried out.

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Dixon Scott's "Men of Letters," the second edition of which has for some time been out of print, is now reissued as the first volume in "The Bookman Library" (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton), with Mr. Max Beerbohm's introduction. Further volumes in "The Bookman Library," which is to include new books as well as selected reprints, will be shortly announced.

For a thrilling, rattling good romance of the old days of piracy you will go a long way before you find anything better than Randall Parrish's "Wolves of the Sea" (7s. 6d.; Jarrolds). It begins just as such a romance ought to, with Geoffry Carlyle, captured in the disastrous Monmouth rebellion, being shipped to the plantations with a motley herd of rascally or pitiful criminals; and it develops into a tale of love and desperate adventure that holds the reader in suspense through all its ramifications to the right happy ending. An ably written, thoroughly enjoyable yarn.

"The Chain," by Charles Hanson Towne (7s. 6d.; Putnams) is a story of literary and journalistic life in America. The chain is that chain of circumstance by which all our lives are bound, and the story is of how John Darrow, with high ambitions and great literary capacity, strove to break away from it. The many and varied characters introduced are skilfully, sympathetically and realistically drawn, and one comes to feel how very like their English contemporaries these American poets, novelists and journalists are. There is beauty as well as pathos in the first love of John Darrow; and Mr. Towne is as subtle and true in his handling of the humorous as of the poignant and darker incidents of his tale. However it may be, you suspect that several of his characters are modelled on actual persons, and much of his narrative of Darrow's doings as editor and author drawn from personal experience. It is a brilliantly written novel, alive and full of interest.

It is curious, as Mr. C. G. Grey says in his preface to "Gliding and Soaring Flight" (5s.; Sampson Low), "that although gliding experiments formed the basis from which all practical flying and a great deal of what is supposed to be aerodynamic science have been developed, nobody has taken the trouble to write a history of gliding or to record what the early gliding experimenters did for the progress of aviation." That omission is made good in this book by Mr. J. Bernard Weiss, who has written a most interesting and valuable survey of the progress of the science of gliding flight from the earliest attempts down to the latest achievements. The volume is well illustrated with drawings and photographs.

Mr. Wilkinson Sherren has studied his period with minute care, and his "Eelen of Bringard: A Romance of Roman Wessex" (7s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) draws us back into the atmosphere of bygone ages when the Romans ruled Britain. The story is woven round the love of Eelen, the daughter of an old British chieftain, for Junius, a Roman patrician soldier; a love with which her nationalism is constantly at war. In Eelen, virile and fearless, and in Cormac, her father, we find the old British spirit, the old British traditions, and the stoutness of heart that would not surrender to the conquering foe. But we see how the wisdom and justice of the Roman conquerors appealed to all that was best in the characters of the vanquished, and how at last love reconciled vanquished and vanquisher and brought them together in a life of mutual trust and service. It is an excellent story, well told, and has a unique and poetical charm which will attract those who incline towards the romance of old days.

Mr. F. H. Pritchard's "Essays of To-Day" (Harrap) is a representative and very interesting selection of essays by latter-day writers, including Joseph Conrad, E. V. Lucas, W. B. Yeats, Hilaire Belloc, "Alpha of the Plough," C. E. Montague, A. C. Benson, G. K. Chesterton, Edmund Gosse, Robert Lynd, Middleton Murry, Roger Wray, St. John Adcock, Temple Thurston, Cunninghame Graham, Augustine Birrell, Holbrook Jackson, A. B. Walkley, and a dozen or more others. At the end is a series of exercises based on the preceding essays, which adapts the book specially for use in schools.

THE READER.

KIPLING, GALSWORTHY AND SHAKESPEARE.*

BY R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE younger men of letters in France are notorious for their sympathy with and knowledge of English literature. It has been said, and not without justice, that the genius of Proust, at present the most admired of contemporary French authors, was essentially an English genius: and certainly in his work we discern something which can be found neither in Hugo nor Anatole France, but which we can find in Browning, in Henry James or in Pater. French literature has always been distinguished by a certain lucidity, an avoidance of fine shades, a subtlety intellectual rather than imaginative, and a passion only too ready to admit the rules of reason. Even the greatest, most universal French authors—Rabelais, Villon, Hugo, Pascal—are a little too ready to think that what can be clearly stated can be clearly apprehended, and that if you describe an emotion you define it. You can get from French literature the sense of mystery—using that word in its strict sense—but you do not often get the sense of sheer magic: and when French artists attempt symbol, in letters or in painting, they are apt to decline into allegory—even Verlaine, the most wonderful of the school, cannot compare for sudden, unexpected beauty with such a poet as Blake, and Mallarmé, the most ambitious, sterilises his symbols by his over-devotion to a formula.

In the past, too many French critics, unwilling to admit the grave lack in their literature of something which is necessary for the highest form of art, have either depreciated much of English literature, or been content to ignore it. There have been exceptions, and to-day a growing body of opinion in France is ready to admit the supreme qualities of English literature, especially where it differs most from their own. M. Chevrillon is one of the most distinguished, the most learned and the most imaginative of these critics. A nephew of M. Taine, he has all his uncle's enthusiasm for English letters, and writes with a greater attention to fact, and no less sureness and ingenuity of interpretation. Even in the brief essay on Shakespeare he contrives to say fresh things on a subject terribly over-written: and he takes the opportunity of putting briefly there a point which he elaborates in the larger studies of Kipling and Galsworthy:



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Rudyard Kipling.**

> "In Macbeth, as in Hamlet and Prospero, we find that strange faculty of metaphysical insight which we have seen manifested at various moments of English literature. Under the rapt gaze of the chieftain who did violence to his own nature when he killed, and of the prince who must do violence to his in order to kill, as under the meditative gaze of the magician, the reality of things vanishes, and over the Shakespearean drama we recognise the spectral light Carlyle saw flooding the vistas and multitudes of History."

One might argue that a truer way of putting this would be to say "reality appears"—but it is all to the good that we should have our literature criticised and interpreted for us by so intelligent a critic from a standpoint at variance with the outlook of Coleridge whose ideals have, for a century, governed the best in English criticism.

We have never had in English a really adequate examination of Mr. Kipling. There is Andrew Lang's brilliant essay on the early stories; there is Mr. Palmer's suggestive but over-short monograph, in which he emphasises the insular, English Kipling, and that is all. Mr. Galsworthy has been more fortunate in that his work provoked one of Miss Kaye-Smith's too rare essays in criticism. M. Chevrillon does not supply us with the final word on Kipling; but his essay is the best we have, or are likely to have, on certain limited but important aspects of the poet's genius. The essay is practically confined to Mr. Kipling's poetry, and displays a surprising sensitiveness to the form and magic of that verse. The whole essay is directed towards showing that Mr. Kipling belongs to the Puritan tradition in literature, and M. Chevrillon finds the influence of Milton where I should be more inclined to find the influence of Bunyan. Unfortunately, as it seems to me, M. Chevrillon dismisses one side of Kipling's art as something which does not matter. He has written with great eloquence and insight on Kipling's boyhood, life in India, life in England, and then of his return to India before he was seventeen:

"He was not to leave her again until he was twenty-four

* "Three Studies in English Literature." By André Chevrillon. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

The Eastern soul which had been reborn in him was to grow and take shape, but was not to be fused into the soul he had brought back from England, any more than the two languages a child learns intermingle. Such spiritual forces are comparable to two widely different ethnic types, which can be brought together but not truly combined, and so their offspring are either of the one or of the other race. In Kipling the two souls co-exist, but remain independent. He himself is well aware of this duality, and thanks the gods therefor in one of Kim's songs :

'Here's a health, my brothers, to you,
However your prayers are said,
And praised be Allah who gave me two
Separate sides to my head.

. . . .

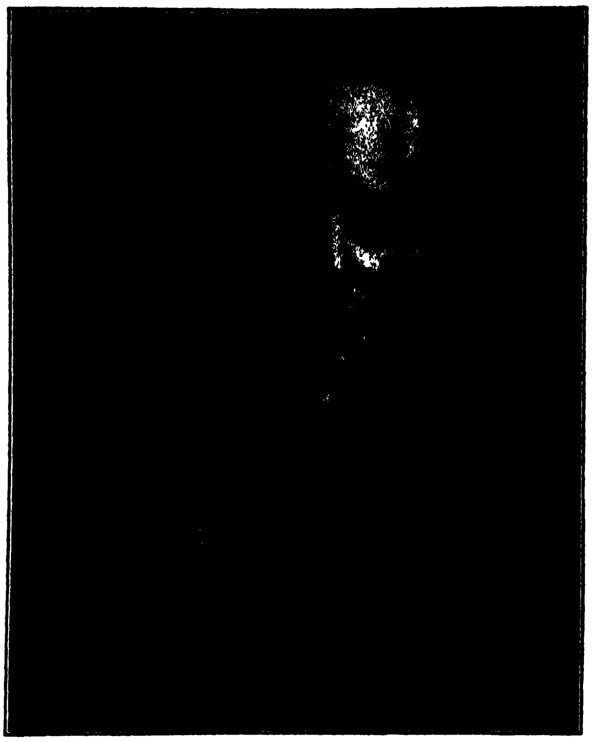
'I would go without shirt or shoe,
Friend, tobacco or bread,
Rather than lose for a minute the two
Separate sides of my head!'

The great difference is, however, that one side of the being is ballasted, and the other is not. Whatever may be the Oriental colour, and even substance of the one, it is the other, the English side, that matters, for there lies the centre of gravity."

Matters to whom, and for what? M. Chevrillon's statement may be true about Mr. Kipling's character or peace of mind, or deliberate, conscious attitude to life: it is untrue of his art. His comparison with a bi-lingual child is particularly unfortunate, for such children notoriously do mix the languages they speak, and indeed from such mingling come most modern tongues, especially English, which has borrowed from many tongues, from Greek and British to French and Hindustani.

M. Chevrillon's essay, however, cannot be excelled as an interpretation of Kipling the Imperialist, Kipling the preacher of action, of duty and order, of the Kipling who is not so much Puritan as Roman, a Kipling important and significant but inferior to the Kipling who dreamed with Purun Bhagat.

In Mr. Galsworthy M. Chevrillon finds a natural foil to Mr. Kipling. He envisages the author of the Forsyte saga as the advocate of rebellious beauty, finds in him the Shakespearean rather than the Miltonic tradition. Here again I think he simplifies and generalises too much. The author of "Measure for Measure" was no Puritan, but I doubt if he would have sympathised with Bosinney or with Irene. Galsworthy really derives from an odd mixture of the schools of Sterne and Mackenzie, the schools of sentiment and sensibility. He can see and can picture gaiety, but he does not ever seem to feel it, to enjoy it. Even the loveliness of the episode of the young people in "To Let" has a sadness which is not entirely the sadness of circumstance. One of the best sections in the essay on Galsworthy is M. Chevrillon's analysis of the author's method in the description of the dinner-party in "The Man of Property." He sees that Mr. Galsworthy, especially in dialogues, is really a symbolist in spite of his apparent realism. He here has an intuitive understanding of his subject which is rare in English critics of Galsworthy who are angry at the apparent over-arrangement, over-emphasis of some of his efforts. The whole essay on Mr. Galsworthy's novels shows a rare understanding not only of the author's art, but of the world which he is endeavouring to analyse, the world of property and convention in which the Forsytes breathe with comfortable security:



Mr. John Galsworthy.

"They are English, capable of intense secret passion, however trivial and vulgar the object of this passion. When you know Horace Pendyce the country squire, George Pendyce the clubman, Bianca Dallison the woman of the world, such a merchant, such a business man, such a lawyer as Jolyon, James and Soames Forsyte, people whose conversation in real life would make you yawn in ten minutes, you understand the reserves of passion and of will people of this class may conceal beneath their ordinary and gregarious aspects, obedient though they be to their conventions. You realise their capacity for love, hate, greed, resentment, suspicion, pride, obstinacy and self-assertion, and recognise the deep hidden energies that nourish their lonely, jealous and irreducible souls."

THE IRISH GUARDS IN THE GREAT WAR.*

BY LIEUT.-COL. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G.

MR. KIPLING and the Irish Guards are both fortunate; the latter in having the most vivid writer of English prose as their historian, and the former with such a regiment as his subject. Æons ago (or at any rate ten years before the war, and that seems almost an eternity) a group of umpires were chatting after a long day, in the days when the Army occupied itself with strange things called Autumn Manœuvres. They were all men with a knowledge of their craft, and between them had probably met every unit of British horse and foot in at least one of the four continents of the globe. The various units which had been fighting valiantly that day in Letspretendia came in for some stark professional criticism. "And the Irish Guards are the best battalion in the service," said one with an air of finality. *Conticuere omnes;* but it was a silence that spelt and was interpreted as consent.

Be it remembered that in those days the Irish Guards

* "The Irish Guards in the Great War," by Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. 40s. (Macmillan.)

were scarcely breeched. Raised to commemorate the valour of Irish line regiments in South Africa, by 1904 they had hardly gained recognition in a school where a unit is a new boy until it has at least a hundred years' proved service behind it. That such a unit should have induced enthusiasm in unemotional critics like umpires from alien and immemorial regiments is certainly a tribute. And there was no falling away from the high standard in the brief decade before the war—certainly not under the command of a man like George Morris, than whom no officer who landed in France in 1914 possessed more of that intangible thing—"personality."

Thus is Mr. Kipling lucky in his subject. And fortune in another way has been good to him too. The regimental diaries—on which even a Kipling, like all lesser historians, has had to lean—have in the case of the Irish Guards obviously been compiled by officers who realised that some day a diary might be searched by men looking for information and not averse from finding swift, whimsical summings up of men, events and things. Most war diaries (as those historians who are no Kiplings, with a friendly Muse to smooth their way, know so well) are as dull, disconnected and uninformative as a shilling pronouncing dictionary.



Copyright of "The Sphere." **Mr. Rudyard Kipling.**

Wise men always skip the introduction or preface of a regimental history (and if it has a foreword as well the book may never have to bare its breast to the paper-knife), but those who pursue such policy with the opening pages of "The History of the Irish Guards" will miss as lofty a piece of English prose as even Mr. Kipling has ever written. The narrative proper, be it confessed, seems for a moment to open in a disappointing way. It deals with the Irish Guards (or, as they were later to become, the 1st Battalion of that regiment) in the Battle of, and Retreat from, Mons. In the first line of his introduction Mr. Kipling has warned us that he intends to give his story "soberly"; but the extreme restraint is at first rather disconcerting. It is true that we are grateful for the fact that the Kipling as the historian of the Great War is far different from the flamboyant and rather jingo Kipling of South African days (there is nothing, mercifully, in the present volumes like "there was a great killing at Paardeberg"), but that the tale of those gaunt, hungry, dirty, weary, unshorn and unconquerable men of Mons should be dismissed in a few terse pages is another thing. Even Villers Cotterêts, where the Irish Guards had their first real experience of war and George Morris met a soldier's death, does not cause a thrill.

We see as we read the book that Mr. Kipling is right and that we were wrong. Children when they draw make the figures in the background of impossible stature. An artist knows that however tempting the background may be, so long as the composition of the picture requires that it *be* a background, the inflexible laws of perspective must be obeyed. Mr. Kipling is above all things an artist, and by the time we have finished his volumes we have got the Retreat from Mons in its true proportion. Inevitably the tale of the old Regular Army playing its lone hand has seized on popular imagination the little mighty Force that "stood fast while England girt her armour on"; but when all is said and done the fighting in August and September, 1914, was child's play to what was suffered later. Le Cateau was a gruelling, but one half of the Old Contemptibles, including the Corps in which were the Irish Guards, had no share therein. Compared with the Battles of Ypres and of the Somme, the Retreat from Mons is as a Victorian croquet party (with a curate; and a queer double hoop with a muffin bell in the centre of the lawn) to a flogging round the fleet.

The very niggardliness with which Mr. Kipling deals with the first few weeks of 1914 allows him the greater breadth of canvas on which to depict the greater issues of the war; and if the treatment be "sober" it is not that the colours are not vivid but that they are skilfully arranged. There is clarity—stark, unrelenting, almost

brutal at times—but there is nothing garish or "for effect." It is just the magic of Mr. Kipling put through a strainer, the meshes of which have arrested the slight sediment of coarseness which once marred his finest work. The engine-room of the tramp steamer, the bazaar of an Indian city or the deck of a New England fishing schooner are merely replaced by the Front Line and No Man's Land, with the same result in actuality, vividness and power. We get, in a word, the war just as the fighting troops saw it—the dirt, the wet, the cold, the mud, the lack of shells; death, wounds and disease; the division in attack, but no less vividly the corporal's patrol; the intensive bombardment, but equally the spent bullet two miles behind the line; the frightful, sweating, panting chaos between two bombing parties in a trench, and a boxing match or friendly game of football in a region of "rest," sunshine and even beer. We see it all; we cannot help doing so. We live, fight, play, eat, get wounded and almost die with those Irish Guardsmen just as Mr. Kipling wills; though it is almost as difficult to prove this by extracts as to know the fighting *Temeraire* by a square inch of Turner.

There are two volumes, each dealing with a battalion, for a 2nd was raised in 1915. The materials available for the historian were the Battalion War Diaries (of which earlier), private letters, conversations with survivors, and genius. The bracketed interjections of surviving N.C.O.'s and men, so plentifully sprinkled through the pages, are not the least valuable feature of the book, always so shrewd, so à propos and so Irish. To these Mulvaneys Mr. Kipling indeed owes much; and no longer are they old alcoholic stage-Irishmen in khaki, but living flesh and blood of His Majesty's Guards. They say things just where, when and how only an Irish soldier would say them. At Gouzeaucourt the Guards secured the supplies of the British Division which had evacuated it. Also the Divisional rum was largely intact. When this fact came to light—as it did, so to say, rum-jar by rum-jar, borne joyously through the streets that bitter night—the Brigade was refreshed and warmed. Then a grim incident occurred:

". . . An enormous Irishman urging two captives, whom he had himself unearthed from a cellar, to dance before him. He demanded the jigs of his native land, and seemed to think that by giving them a drink his pupils would become proficient. Men stood about and laughed till they could hardly stand; and when the fun was at its height a chance shell out of the darkness to the eastward wiped out all that tango-class before their eyes. (' 'Twas like a dhream, ye'll understand. One minute both Jerries was dancin' hard to oblige him, an' then—nothin'—nothin'—nothin'—of the three of them.') "

Woven through the actual narrative of the Irish Guards is a running summary of the course of the war, which is all to the good as making the story easy to follow; though here Mr. Kipling is not at his best and is indeed not immune from error. We could wish that the maps, so vital to a conscientious study of the book, were worthy of it. As it is they are drawn with an affected mediævalism wholly out of place in a military narrative of to-day, making them look like a cross between a chart of Marco Polo and one of those alluring examples of cartography seen in stations of the Underground Railway. It is a mistake, too, to make one map do for four years' marching and fighting, especially when an attempt is made to insert a red line itinerary for each year. This leads to confusion, in no way relieved by the discursive printing and unconvincing little bird's-eye views of most of the towns and villages.

Through both volumes Mr. Kipling seems to be struggling against a bitterness of soul against Press and Politician. That we were unready for such a frightful contest is true—but only in part. Mr. Kipling sees, and no less vividly for a great personal sorrow, the prime of British and Irish manhood beaten into bloody pulp, outmatched in numbers, in guns, in equipment, in shells, and in everything except bravery, because Press and Politician had gone about their lawful and unlawful—occasions in self-complacency and unreadiness. But the Army of a Dream, which Mr. Kipling himself had drawn for us, would have counted for little in such a war; and that insubstantial pageant would merely have been purchased at the price of the old Expeditionary Force and incidentally of the super-efficiency of the British Navy. Nations must cut their coat according to their cloth—as we well realise, at any rate to-day. A full discussion of the whole question would not have been unwelcome, but Mr. Kipling confines himself to an occasional tart comment, and these we think out of place in and unworthy of his "History of the Irish Guards." Some politicians will undoubtedly have much to answer for, for which they will be called upon to reply on the Day of Judgment—but not till then.

No finer book on the war has yet been written, nor will be written, than this splendid history of a splendid regiment.

JAMES RHOADES (1841–1923).

By G. S. LAYARD.

"HE towered head and shoulders above all of us, indeed he has taken his place as one of the few poets (who are the others ?) of the present day. The man is as noble as his work. His poetic genius transfuses his entire being; shines through his personality, glows as an actual physical light in his countenance. He writes what he is and is what he writes, which is more than can be said of most literary men I have ever met. His influence on our little circle was incalculable for good; for to know him, to be admitted to his intimacy, was a liberal education in taste, in culture, in tender and refined thought, in delicate sympathy, in all the qualities which we are apt to think only exist in the dreams of idealists. And that influence was communicated without any affectation, without any of that attitudinising which makes the personality of many writers objects of pity and contempt to the sane man and for ever alienates him from their work. He was, and is, full of fun; he can laugh with the youngest."

That was written of James Rhoades and is quoted from an article on "Sherborne as an Art Centre," contributed to the *Dorset Year Book* for 1922 by Mr. Louis Parker, and it states in language, which I think cannot be bettered, what all those who have been

brought into contact with the subject of this article will endorse to the letter. Certainly, with but the shortest of acquaintanceship with Dr. James Rhoades, I can myself endorse every word of it, for I have been conscious from the first fortunate moment of contact that I was in touch with a personality of rare refinement and taste, of cultured simplicity and, above all, of sympathy and love. Indeed I have shifted the burden of eulogy on to the broad shoulders of Mr. Parker, fearing lest I should, were I to say all I feel, be suspect of unctuousness and exaggeration. Nor shall it be left at that. I shall call other evidence. Here is what Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch wrote in 1916, in a letter which Dr. Rhoades shyly but proudly showed me :

"I've been making friends with your poems and I wish two things.

"(1) That I had known them - and if it may be decently said, known *you* - when I was a boy; that's to say, when everything mattered. I eked out a precarious later boyhood on the inspiration of old Toby Brown, at Clifton; but two of you would have been ten times better than one;

"(2) That I could forgive fate for having hidden from me all these years the 'Farewell' - 'That they who could not see thy sun' - that I could for my own credit (to put it on the lowest grounds) have badgered you for it for 'The Oxford Book of Verse.'

"It's the sort of thing one wants everybody within range to know and get by heart.

". . . It's silly to dwell on one particular poem when the total effect of the several volumes I am so proud to accept has made me feel in so much better trim with life. But I'll swear, of my experience, that the quiet influence of certain schoolmasters for these thirty years past—that's to say for as long as I can bear witness of strict knowledge—has been about the most valuable thing we have *never* acknowledged. I can't tell you how strongly I feel about this. There's no short cut to make the world much better. But I do see in your poems, all the time, what made it so good and what, only, can make it better."

That is a magnificent tribute, coming as it does from the King Edward VII Professor of Poetry at Cambridge.

Then there is this from Edward Hort, the distinguished physician whose death only preceded Rhoades's by a few months, concerning "England's Saints (1914-1918)":

"More than thirty years ago you laid at Sherborne a spell upon me, which has been so compelling that at the sight of your name something has always leapt within me; and now in this morning's *Observer* comes your noble message to thousands. No greater contribution has been offered to the service of man since the war began, and many will love you for it."

Those are but three of the innumerable tributes which might be quoted, but they will suffice to show in what esteem and love James Rhoades was held (I had written "is," but alas! as I wrote so far, he was dying, and the present of a sudden turned into the past) an esteem, admiration and love which would, I have no hesitation in saying, be shared by all, were his personality and achievement more widely known. Indeed I hold it something of a disgrace to myself and others that we should have been so slow to estimate at its true value the jewel laid ready to our hands for the taking, so feebly recognised and so long unsung. For it is now more than half a century since the series of books bearing Dr. Rhoades's name had their beginning. There were the "Poems," 1870; "Timoleon," 1875; the inimitable translations in verse of Virgil's "Georgics," 1883, followed by "The Æneid," vol. I, in 1893, and vol. II in 1896 (the three now included in the "World's Classics" under the general title of "Poems of Virgil"); "Dux Redux," 1887; "Teresa and Other Poems," 1893; "The Little Flowers of St. Francis in English Verse," 1904; "Out of the Silence," 1907; "The Training of the Imagination" (prose), 1908; "Oh! Soul of Mine," 1912; "The City of the Five Gates," 1913; not to speak of the narrative choruses in the Sherborne, Warwick, Bury St. Edmunds, Dover, Colchester and York Pageants, and finally "Words by the Wayside," 1915.

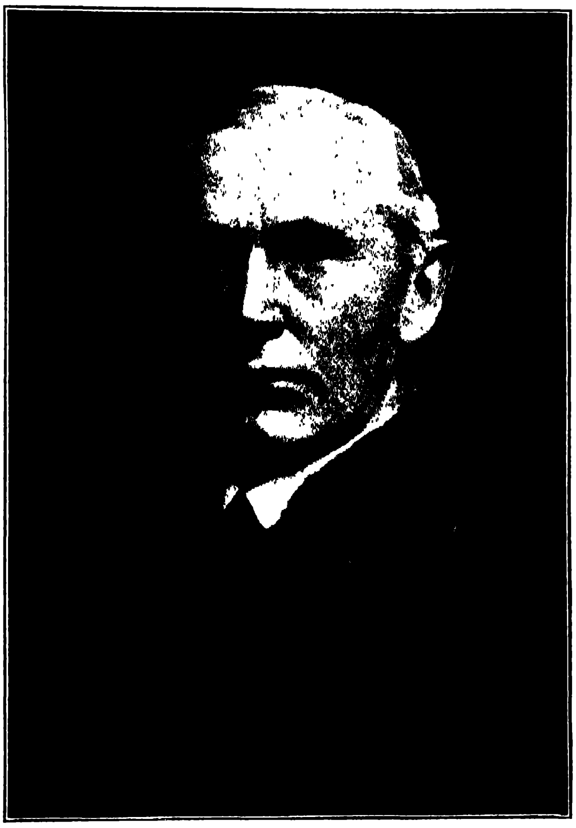


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. James Rhoades.**

Educated at Rugby and a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won his poetical spurs as "Chancellor's medallist for English verse" and graduated in classical honours, Rhoades later held the posts of Assistant, Classical and House Master at Haileybury, 1865–73, and at Sherborne, 1880–93. The intervening seven years were passed at Bournemouth whither, owing to his first wife's illness, he had removed. His last years were spent, with his second wife (whom he had married before going to Sherborne) and daughter, in a charming home at Kelvedon, Essex, a village of fascinating old-world houses, where his alert figure, despite his eighty years, and his beautiful face and more beautiful smile, were to be seen daily up and down the quaint old street, a pride and inspiration to all who were privileged to know him.

But it seems to me it was not so much the material facts of Rhoades's life that mattered. Undoubtedly at his best he was a distinguished poet (did not Austin Dobson always regret that *he* had not been the author of the "Seventieth Birthday" poem?), undoubtedly he was a distinguished classical scholar, but it was his personality that was the outstanding and important thing. I have spoken to many who,

like myself, only had the privilege of meeting him late in life, and with one and all the cry is "Had I but known him sooner!" For properly aware though he was of his unquestionably distinguished literary achievements, it was ever, I think, with him the more important though perhaps less conscious aim to live his poetry rather than to write it, "to be," in the words of his own "Rural Sage":

"Lord of the thoughts that fill me
And bridle the words that flow,
Bring hope to a friend in trouble,
Win over a would-be foe"—

and again in the poem entitled "My Eightieth Birthday":

"The fine-wrought web of our outward mould

. . . .

Is marred or made by the thoughts we bring
To the loom of the mind's imagining,

. . . .

For this is the riddle of life laid bare,
That, as a man thinketh, so is he."

Not as a man doeth. That of course has importance as an outward sign, but it is the habit of thought, the inward and spiritual grace that is the vastly important thing, and it is that, much more than the word or the deed—it is that emanation, aura, "virtue" or whatever you like to call it, that is going to constitute a man's ultimate influence over his fellow-men.

Turn back to the letter from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch that I have quoted above, where he speaks of "the quiet influence of certain schoolmasters, the most valuable influence we have *never* acknowledged." That is the key-note, the strength, of Rhoades's life, which he had in common with such rare souls as John Smith and Bosworth Smith of Harrow, "Toby" Brown of Clifton, and Harry Wakelyn Smith of Malvern, men who made no great public stir during their lives, but whose strong undercurrent of character and principle is working, and will go on illimitably working, in those with whom they have been brought in contact, long after the more obvious surface activities of others have ceased to have any ethical effect whatever.

There is no space here to do justice to Rhoades's poetry. I can but whet the appetite of the readers of THE BOOKMAN by quoting a single sonnet which was a favourite of his own (I only wish I could quote his lines in his voice rather than in cold print), hoping thereby to send them on a voyage of discovery for themselves to the published volumes. The sonnet has the flavour of long ago, for "Norman Neruda," the greatest of women violinists, and St. James's Hall are I suppose but names to the present generation, but surely it has the true ring even at this distance of time:

"She stood with lifted bow in act to sweep
The strings; sound flashed; the silent air caught fire;
And, wave on wave upsurging high and higher,
The waters of our soul—one stormy heap—
Hung menacing. Anon she bade them sleep;
She woke the winds of memory; dead desire
Revived; hope grappled with the eternal liar;
Love saw the end, and deemed the forfeit cheap.
She pierced the bounds of Being; with one breath
Of that prevailing strain she fell on fate
And slew it; back swung the adamantine gate,
Self-opening; there was no more time or death.
And then she ceased. And oh! how steep the fall
From heaven to that dark, disenchanted hall."

From what I have written above it must not be supposed for one moment that Rhoades was so inhuman as to despise public recognition and applause. I think he appreciated it as much as anyone, though at its true value, for he was a very human person. He was frankly delighted when, belatedly in 1921, Durham honoured itself by conferring on him the Honorary Degree of Litt.D. He was highly gratified when I told him only the other day that he was to have an honoured place in Mr. Adcock's forthcoming "Anthology of Living British Poets," which, alas! owing to his (for us) untimely death, cannot now be the case. He was proud to learn that the manuscript of his poem, "On the Death of Artemus Ward," was preserved in a frame in the Authors' Club in the Carnegie Building in New York. So, too, I have no doubt he found proper satisfaction in the *Athenæum's* outspoken recognition in 1915 that he would have been the ideal occupant of the Poet Laureate's office, vacant two years before, for at the writing of verses for occasions he had proved himself peculiarly apt. But he had schooled himself in his own words:

"For honours of earth to fret not
Though still upon Honour bent,"

and never took too seriously either recognition or the lack of it. Nor was there anything of pose or tragedy about him. At eighty he laughed like a boy of twenty. He could look as dignified as anyone, as indeed he did look when he appeared apparelled as Dante in the York Pageant, but he would as joyously have assumed the part of Mother Shipton, with whom as the great Florentine he walked hand in hand, "a truly quaint, never-to-be-forgotten pair"!

It was but the other day that I had the great privilege of hearing him quote, in his exquisitely modulated voice, and quote a second time by special request, his translation of Victor Hugo's poem:

"So be we as a bird
That on too frail a spray
Poised for a moment clings,
Feels it beneath him fail,
Yet pipes away,
Knowing that he hath wings,"

little thinking how soon that great heart, which had never, for all its eighty years, grown cold, was to find itself launched on the adventurous flight, little guessing how soon that noble head which had not grown grey in vain was to pass from the sight of those who loved and honoured him, and will continue to hold him in love and reverence.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II. A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for another line, or two lines, from English poetry as arrogant as Landor's "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mary Frances Nason, of Saintbury Rectory, Broadway, Worcestershire, for the following:

BEAUTY.

There's Beauty in a thousand things:
Butterflies' wings;
And tulips gay,
That deck the sidewalks in the month of May;
The gleam of water, and the throstle's song;
Pure alabaster vases; to all these belong
A meed of Beauty; and my heart doth praise
All things that lovely are,
Each with its divers ways:
The bright, translucent star;
The bird—the cloud—the flower;
Sweet Aphrodite in her garden bower
Wreaths of flushed roses for her coronet—
Whose limbs of loveliness are living yet
In this fair form or that; reflected lies
Her glorious love, shining from other eyes.
My children's sticky kisses
Rank with these lauded blisses!
I bow before high Beauty's regal sway;
And yet—and yet—what often seems the best
And loveliest,
As day doth follow day,
One vision that my heart doth ever keep
In her most cherished place,
Doth—vivid—leap
Into my mind . . .
Your dear, broad, *ugly* face,
Spectacled—shining—kind!

We also select for printing:

ENSHRINED.

Your life has curved from mine for many years.
I wonder—are your steadfast eyes as blue
As when we gathered harebells by the bridge?
Your smile as sweetly grave as when I knew
The secret of your thoughts? And does your voice
Eager, yet soft, make music as of old?
I wonder. . . .
Yet I think, had I the choice
Of meeting you again or living still
With memories of those far, golden days,
I would not dare to see you, lest I found
Your beauty grown a legendary thing,
Your once loved voice an echo's mocking sound.

(I. M. Old, "Park View," Saltburn-by-the-Sea.)



Wrapper Design,

from "The Fog, by William Dudley Pelley, which is just published by Mr. Andrew Melrose.

THE SHEEP.

For one brief moment
The traffic slows
While a tide of fleece
Through the city flows.

Dogs bark and run
And the sheep-men shout
Till the mild-faced sheep
Are a surging rout.

Strong blows they bear
And each pitiful face
In seeming dreams
Of another place:

Where a woman stood
Silent and still
While the drovers took
Her dears from the hill:

Where a woman watched
In the Western light
A cloud of dust
That went to the night

(Wm. Macdermott, 57, Hamilton Street, Govan, Glasgow.)

ADVENTURE.

Life is a wild adventure, but sweetest of all is to tread
The long strange roads in the moonlight, glist'ning and white as with snow,
With dark trees following always, silently over your head
And the tender wind of the night walking with you down below.

Never to know where the end is—by hill or wood or sea,
With the moon alone in the secret and one pale wondering star,
And those hidden ways through the shadows, unbending, stern and free,
With the cool hushed hours before you and the morning undreamt of and far.

Life is a wild adventure, when you pass to the Courts of Love,
Or dazzling with splendour and gold you enter the lists for the fight.
Yet 'tis sweeter than all to walk with a friendly moon above,
Luring and leading you onward through the lost still ways of the night.

(Winnifred Tasker, 20, Burnaby Road, Bournemouth.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by B. A. Abrahamson (Manchester), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), C. A. Renshaw (Sheffield), Mabel Greenwood (London, W.), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), E. M. Venilyea (Vancouver), Jonathan Egerton (St. Leonards), Julia Wickham Greenwood (Gibraltar), Marion Peacock (Horsham), J. Kilmeny Keith (London, W.), Nancy Pollok (Glasgow), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), H. J. Strand (Seaton), Violet Churchman (Felixstowe), Freda Isobel Noble (Walthamstow), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Margaret Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Winifred Mudie (Piercebridge), V. Price (London, W.C.), Marion E. Stark (Wellesley, Mass.), M. Freda Turner (Hove), Margaret Wishmore (Bristol), Ivan Adair (Dublin), H. Mc. I. Homan (Cape, South Africa), Dorothy Cook (Aberdeen), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), J. Peterson (Kirkwall), Margaret E. Riley (Columbia, South America), D. Stevenson Dickie (Bournemouth), Mary C. Mair (Allerford), J. M. Thomson (London, N.W.), O. R. B. (Cape Province, South Africa), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), Olive Robinson (Gainsborough), A. T. Oldham (Bolton), John Richard (Hove), "Cinda" (Scarborough), A. Marshall (Ontario), W. Gladden (Crewe), Molly Young (Pickering), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton), Evelyn D. Bangay (Durham), Dora A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough), A. M. Thomas (Exmouth), Ronald Graham (Port Elizabeth), Dorothy Hope (Southwold).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to G. W. Turner, of 63, Loveby Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.18, for the following:

THE POISONED PARADISE. By ROBERT W. SERVICE. (Fisher Unwin.)

"When Susan comes to live with me,
Her mother comes to live with her!"

THOMAS HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream.*

We also select for printing:

QUEER PEOPLE. By BASIL THOMSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders."

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, Act I, Sc. 3.

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

RAGGED ROMANCE. By A. SAFRONI MIDDLETON. (Jarrolds.)

"She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley."

HENRY CAREY, *Sally In Our Alley.*

(Lorna Leatham, The White House, Neville's Cross, Durham.)

ORIGINAL COMPANIONS. By J. W. HUTCHISON. (The Bodley Head.)

"The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were sitting hand in hand. . . ."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice in Wonderland.*

(S. A. Doody, Laverstock House, Salisbury.)

ELEANOR IN THE LOFT. By GRACE RHYS. (Jonathan Cape.)

"My mother said, Go up;
And up I went."

TENNYSON, *Queen Mary*, Act I, Sc. 3.

(Rev. F. Hern, Rowlands Castle, Hants.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation from English literature applicable to any Member of the present House of Commons is awarded to W. Gladden, of 48, Stalbridge Road, Crewe, for the following:

MR. SCRYMGEOUR, M.P. FOR DUNDEE.

"I will make it felony to drink small beer."

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI (Second Part)*, Act 4, Sc. 2.

We specially commend the replies received from Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (Tunbridge Wells), O. M. Warner (Cambridge), J. Shaw (Harrogate), Alice Wise (Leicester), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), J. N. Banister (Leyland), Charles E. Atkinson (Gainsborough), Marcus Hyman (Clapton), M. W. Balcombe (Bushey Heath), N. Stuart Shepherd (Alfrick), L. L. Ross (Bimingham), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), G. P. W. Lamb (London, E.), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Mabel Dunn (Leicester), Charles Clements (Manchester), A. A. Flashbourne (London, N.).



Photo by Alfred Stieglitz. **Mr. Sherwood Anderson,**

whose new novel, "Many Marriages," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing.

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Douglas Harrison, of Kintyre, Babbacombe Road, Bromley, Kent, for the following:

THE WORLD CRISIS, 1911-1914.

BY THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL.

(Thornton Butterworth.)

Whatever may be the final verdict of history in regard to the wisdom of the policy pursued at the Admiralty during the war, the relentless criticism to which that policy has been subjected has drawn from Mr. Churchill an apologia that future generations will cherish, and keep alive, not only for its historical value and for the clues it gives to a right understanding of Mr. Churchill's baffling personality, but because it is one of the best examples of English prose writing that the twentieth century has so far produced.

We also select for printing:

ZION. BY D. L. ADLER. (Jarrolds.)

Any effort to discover a new field for fiction calls for commendation, but it is not for that reason alone that we welcome this novel which deals with practical Zionism. An Anglo-Jewish couple go to Palestine, to help in building up the new National Home, the man aglow with the glamour of a great idea, the woman petulant and ever mindful of all that London can give. The clash between the materialism of the Western world, and the awakened spirit of a past age, and a suffering people groping towards their apotheosis afford a striking theme, which is treated with an effective simplicity.

(Sidney S. Wright, "Kinkora," Swanley, Kent.)



Photo by Emery. **Mr. John Owen,**

whose new novel, "The Hoarding" (Hodder & Stoughton), is reviewed in this Number.

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

BY THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT MILNER. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We have long known Lord Milner as one of the sagest of our elder statesmen, and one who can wield his pen in masterly style, but this volume will enhance his reputation both as statesman and man of letters. We should like every member of the Labour Party to read what a Tory ex-Cabinet Minister has to say on the burning problems of Labour to-day, for the gifted author shows both great insight and wonderful breadth of views. His book should reach a large public, and leaves us wondering why a man like this does not hold office now.

(James A. Richards, M.I.P.S., Bower Cottage, Tenby, Pembrokeshire.)

CAPTAIN BLOOD. BY RAFAEL SABATINI. (Hutchinson.)



Mrs. Kate Horn,

whose new novel, "Three Blind Mice," has just been published by Messrs. Heath, Cranton.

The heroic pirate is a character fatally easy to overdraw, but here the colour is not laid on too thick. We have an Englishman who after some years of adventurous living would fain settle down to a quiet life, but who is unjustly outlawed and made an enemy of society. He escapes from slavery in the West Indies and by force of circumstances turns pirate. He tempers his depredations with a kind of justice, for he has no real liking for the career to which he has been driven. Finally he wins through to pardon, and the whole tale of his adventures makes a stirring "yarn" with just enough character study to raise it above the mere adventure story.

(W. L. Dudley, Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.)

FIERY PARTICLES. BY C. E. MONTAGUE.

(Chatto & Windus.)

There are nine first-rate short stories in this most aptly named book. The atmosphere, language and polish of "Another Temple Gone" gives it first place in the collection. "Honours Easy" is a satire on the human ornaments at G.H.Q. during the war. There are three other stories of this period sufficiently realistic to bring the tingle of trench memories to life again; the humour of the two Lance-Corporals, whose friendship seemed bound by ties of constant friction, is a real delight. "In Hanging Garden Gully" is the pick of the other four quite original stories.

(Frank Douglas, 47, Albert Road, Hale, Altrincham.)

We also specially commend the reviews by Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), R. M. Stoloff (Cricklewood), Albert N. Williamson (Friern Barnet), R. Barnaby (London, S.W.), Gerald Machanik (King William's Town, South Africa), Olive Jessup (Dawlish), P. H. Hall (Sheffield), V. Price (London, W.C.), Phillis

Rees (Macclesfield), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), Edward Caulfield (St. Helen's), Reg. D. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Winifred Bates (Bridport), Ernest W. Petter (Hampstead), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), C. Fellsmith (Felsted), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Sybil Dean (Exmouth), Wilfred A. Brown (Esher), P. W. M. Catos-Larter (Felixstowe), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, New South Wales).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to H. Ross, 20, Ventnor Villas, Hove, Sussex.

EDWARD SHANKS.

BY R. L. MÉGROZ.

A YEAR after the first shock of pleasure occasioned by "The Queen of China" one had started wondering whether the author was, after all, just another of the cultured and very clever young men with which the universities seem to supply modern literature in embarrassing profusion. Recently and almost simultaneously appear two self-contradictory answers to the half-formed question: Mr. Shanks's "First Essays on Literature" (of which more anon) and his fourth book of verse, "The Island of Youth." Besides confirming a former suspicion that Mr. Shanks as a poet was over-sophisticated, his latest volume of poetry enables us to justify rationally our pleasure at the publication of "The Queen of China." And the appearance of two novels during the interregnum of only three years serves to explain the narrative element in his poetry as something fundamental to the man's mind even while underlining the too constant facility of the poetry.

The sophistication of "The Island of Youth" has produced an extension of the facility which in the previous volume was already replacing the restraint and shyness of an artist intensely conscious of what his forerunners had accomplished. The change may also be due to an intellectual conviction that modern poets are too fearful of stretching themselves out full-length. Mr. Shanks is no longer fearful. "The Island of Youth," which lends its title to the volume containing it, is a well-told story in verse, moving with not quite sufficient impetus, but to the tune of delicate cadences. It opens:

> "Hardly the first sweet day of sun and showers
> On which with dewy lashes the world awakes,
> And in the pale glass of the stretched sky,
> Misty with her own tears, sees blurred and dim
> Her half-forgotten youth hardly that day
> Had stepped from troubled wave to quiet wave
> Before the maidens of the island learnt
> They had a new companion."

No nervousness about the writer of that piece of redundant poetising and of many similar passages in this book. But quotation would be out of place if it were meant merely to serve as the basis of depreciation. Mr. Shanks has a surprising power of poetic recuperation. If we pursue his story (and he makes that easy), we are sure to meet with the musical poet of "The Queen of China" volume. Achilles' mother (even the Greek origin of the story confirms the new self-assurance of the poet)—Achilles' mother, Thetis, had hidden him in the form of a maiden among the maidens of Scyros to avert the doom of a violent death foretold for him by the oracle. It was also foretold that the Greeks should not take Troy without his help. Ulysses, sent to find him, does so by a trick. During his concealment on the island Achilles loves Deidamia, the king's daughter, who is one of the maidens and who searches the island for the beautiful "Stranger" after her sudden disappearance from among them:

> "Deidamia through the olive trees,
> A slip of white that dimly drifted on
> Like sunshine pale in sea-abysms drowned,
> Searched groping and astray."

She comes close to the Stranger, now in the form of Achilles:

> "And by the darkness where the hero stood,
> Only a shadow paler than the rest,
> Troubled that shadow with her gentle plea."

While she pleads:

> "Return to us, return, and we with games
> And gentle love will woo you to ourselves. . . ."
>
> "He stood
> As rigid as a cypress-tree at noon
> When all the mountain sleeps and on her side
> The woods are breathless. Then with painful cry
> At one step from the thicket he advanced
> And in the moonlight tall and naked appeared,
> Saying with harsh, loud voice, 'I am Achilles!'
> Whereat the girl moaned low, shrinking aside,
> And all life's terror flickered in her gaze."

Achilles, with a quiet voice that was like hill-thunder, reproves the shrinking girl for fearing truth as she had formerly feared the lie of his maidenly disguise:

> "The girl
> Raised her sunk face with wrung and questioning look,
> As though upon his breast was written a word,
> Where the hard answer to all questions lay,
> Which she spelt slowly out. Upon her brow
> The weight of unexpected knowledge grew,
> As harsh a weight to carry as may be
> In mortal womb the progeny of a god.
> Yet never did the proud and stem-straight neck
> Sway at the burden; and in those wide eyes
> Horror gave way to wonder, wonder drew in
> A sharp and dolorous ecstasy. At last
> He, bending down, another answer read
> To his own cry. There was in their embrace
> No kindness nor no pleasure, but the strength
> Of floods unloosened, as their spirits rose
> Dizzy, and blind through the void fields of night."

This is both good blank verse and passionate poetry, and if Mr. Shanks would forget modern theories about how narrative poems must be written and refrain from descending so frequently to poetic cliché or to the prosaic, we should be able to welcome in him our twentieth century Keats. There is not much poetry in his latest book which reaches this level, however, and too much

which need not have been written at all, capable and tasteful as it is. Blank verse was the medium of the best work in "The Queen of China" volume, where the poems in rhyme, except that brilliant *tour de force*, "Fête Galante: The Triumph of Love," move with lame rhythms. The most satisfying poems, "A Dialogue" and "The King's Dancer," are both in blank verse, as is the dramatic piece, "The Queen of China," which is justly described by the quotation-preface:

> "How we spun
> A shroud of talk to hide us
> from the sun
> Of this familiar life."

It was just this deft skill of weaving shrouds of poetic talk which suggested a doubt about the author, but the title-poem of "The Island of Youth" clears matters in doubt. One would not now question the validity of Mr. Shanks's claim to the title of true poet, but it is not possible to avoid the conclusion that he is writing much too much. Some 125 more well-filled, printed pages of verse two years after "The Queen of China" appeared, a second novel and a big book of critical essays, besides the heart-breaking grind of journalism to which Mr. Shanks, in common with the majority of living English poets, is forced to submit, does not leave time enough nor energy for the travail of true poetry. It is no lack of knowledge which causes Mr. Shanks often to disappoint us in his poetry, as the most superficial reading of "First Essays on Literature" will show.

Croce made a wise distinction between the poetic and the biographical or practical personality of Shakespeare, between the æsthetic values of his work and the acts and experiences of the man himself. Nowadays when poets earn most of their livelihood by criticism, one must beware of criticising their criticisms in the same breath as their poetry. Yet one may be reasonably grateful for such a peep into a poet's study as Mr. Shanks's "First Essays" affords, and if I am going to ignore the warning just written, I shall lay the blame upon the author of "First Essays."

These are excellently interesting for their matter, and as revelations of the poet turned journalist they are valuable. Mr. Shanks has not even evaded the severity of his handicap as critic by choice of established classics for subject, as Mr. Middleton Murry did so successfully in his "Countries of the Mind." Perhaps "The Old Indispensables" and "The People of the Ruins," Mr. Shanks's two novels, may without undue depreciation be included in the evidences of the poet compelled to serve as journalist, though here is a case where "time-serving" becomes respectable and almost an enviable term. No, not enviable, for it is pretty certain that the novelist will be poorly rewarded for his labours in writing these two already dated novels– the one a rush of rollicking farce satirising limpet-like and superfluous Government departments, the other a clever piece of Wellsian prophesying which with "Men Like Gods," Cicely Hamilton's "Theodore Savage," Morris's "News From Nowhere," Hudson's "The Crystal Age," and Butler's "Erewhon" at hand, we can easily do without, for the gleaming touches of beauty in it which come from the poet either do not belong to this work or else Mr. Shanks sacrificed the best he might have done as one of the prophets of Utopia, so that hints of it fall like grain on the stony desert.



Photo by Swaine. **Mr. and Mrs. Edward Shanks.**

Just as Mr. Shanks is a poet, he is also a subtle thinker. These terms are deliberately selected, because a careful consideration of his poetry produces the conviction that he has not yet put his intellect into it, though he is very close to the stage which Keats had reached at the recasting of "Hyperion." "A good job too!" you exclaim? But every poet must reach this crisis, and surmount it, or else become an echo of himself And profundity in poetry is not didactic preaching, nor philosophical thought-spinning, nor the obscure humour which generally spoils Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's most promising work. Perhaps Mr. Walter de la Mare is the profoundest living English poet.

"First Essays" contains an admirable study of "The Poetry of Mr. John Freeman," in which the author, examining Mr. Freeman's didactic tendency, says: "Truth of no sort, religious or scientific or philosophical, becomes truth of poetry until it is made poetical—until, that is to say, it is exposed to the fusing heat of contemplative ecstasy which is the specific and indispensable condition of poetic creation. When this is absent the truth escapes the clumsy attempt to state it in bare terms; and the result is something which is not poetry, and which as a rule only suffers by being presented with pseudo-poetic trappings and circumstance." If Mr. Shanks shares with other living poets a lack of sufficient leisure to bring contemplation to the state of ecstasy, his essays, in spite of their hasty composition, reveal a mind that is bigger than is contained in the poetry he has written. Since Mr. Shanks is only thirty years of age, however, he is one of the most interesting of contemporary writers for a critic to follow. Pending his next volume of verse, which, it may be hoped, will occupy him longer than another two years, our attention may be devoted to the rich variety of the "First Essays,"

where within the journalistic compass of a few thousand words for each essay (or let us say up to the limit which the *London Mercury* could find space for, which is perhaps ten thousand)—at any rate within a very readable length, authors with as diverse and intellectual a content as Samuel Butler, Goethe, W. N. P. Barbellion, John Masefield, Walter de la Mare, H. G. Wells and Hilaire Belloc, W. B. Yeats and Rabindranath Tagore, are closely embraced by the critic's principles and perceptions. The critic, it is fair to add, disclaims "a definite principle of criticism" and describes the essays as "attempts to find such a principle"; but no essays as interesting as these were ever so written, and no poet with Mr. Shanks's accomplishments in verse can criticise literature without fundamental conceptions of its nature. An unexpected conclusion, however, results from a reading of the essays. Mr. Shanks as a critic is better in sorting out philosophical ideas and attitudes in his authors than in outlining and weighing æsthetic values. When he deals with W. B. Yeats, or Keats, or Shelley, he will illustrate platitudes originally. When he writes of Mr. H. G. Wells he amply justifies Benedetto Croce's warning to critics that they must not confuse biography, even mental biography, with criticism of literature, and the long essay on "The Work of Mr. H. G. Wells" is so occupied with quarrelling with Mr. Wells that the writer is reduced to the absurdity of treating one of the giants of to-day as "a silver tongue" and a master of oratory, not that "of Gladstone even, still less that of Burke or Grattan, but perhaps that of Mr. Lloyd George." It is all very well to strafe Mr. Wells for his "provisional thinking," but for a young man with nothing greater in literature behind him than Mr. Shanks has (and sympathetic as I am to his work, I can find nothing great and nothing perfect in it), for such a stripling to wind up a sermon to Mr. Wells with "I should select for possible survival" such-and-such of his books, is a kind of gratuitous if unconscious impudence. Another unsatisfactory essay deals with Mr. Masefield, and thus also reveals a preoccupation of the critic with non-essentials. Here is a passage which comes from a fellow poet as unkindly as did certain of Mr. Squire's parodies:

> "Assuming that he (Mr. Masefield) has genius, that he did not capture opinion only by pretence, the mere range of his work must be considered and may be reckoned to his credit. He has written lyrics and sonnets and a series of successful narrative poems, plays (both in prose and in verse which have stood the test of production), several novels and a collection of stories, a book on Shakespeare and books about the war. His sincerity as an artist may often be questioned, will certainly be questioned in the pages that follow; but his personal sincerity, in the broadest and most fundamental sense, is beyond doubt. If he has pandered to anything, it has been to his own mistaken artistic ambitions, not to the taste of the public which admires him."

This is a kind of ungenerosity of youthful criticism. Mr. Shanks proceeds to the "vices" of Mr. Masefield, "which, on discovery, rendered his critical following so profoundly distrustful if not completely disillusioned." This will never do, Mr. Shanks! There is malice in every comma! Why, a "following" which could be "completely disillusioned" or even "profoundly distrustful" after, discovering, Mr. Masefield's vices, would be either a jealous or an ignorant following, but never a critical.

Mr. Shanks is so helpful and skilful in finding for us the buried virtues of Mr. John Freeman that his "discovery"—with such innocent pain—of Mr. Masefield's vices will not allow of escape from a fear that somebody or bodies is or are indeed jealous. Certainly Mr. Shanks does deftly turn round (but his space is very limited) for Mr. Masefield's virtues (the existence of which he has already baldly asserted), and finds them, surprisingly enough, completely exemplified in the realism of "Reynard the Fox." Mr. Masefield's exquisite work in the shorter lyrical pieces is dismissed as "a hundred vague and inconclusive lyrics and sonnets," wherein Mr. Masefield "reiterates the abstract noun 'Beauty.'" The only excuse for the author of "First Essays" is that the paper dealing with Mr. Masefield professes to be only "a brief inquiry." But even a brief inquiry might have revealed more than this to the poet of "Fête Galante," and "The King's Dancer," and "The Fireless Town," and certain songs—if only he had been in the sympathetic mood which Mr. John Freeman inspired. In writing of Mr. de la Mare he is much more sympathetic, but still open to damaging argument; which at least suggests that we may easily be unjust to the critic of Mr. Wells and Mr. Masefield. After finding Mr. Masefield's virtue to consist of realism in poetry, he finds that Mr. de la Mare "has not the curious and exact observation of which Tennyson is the perpetual example"; which is as much an exaggeration of praise for the dead Tennyson as it is unfair to the living (the very intensely living and developing) Walter de la Mare. Another surprising dictum follows:

"It is true that Mr. de la Mare's range of rhythmical possibilities is not very wide. There are certain types of metre he has never attempted and which he will never attempt." Doubtless Mr. de la Mare will himself learn this not without interest. But, using a similar classification of ideas, I can invent a much truer dictum:

"It is true that Mr. Edward Shanks's range of rhythmical possibilities is not very wide, though there are few types of metre he has not attempted and none which he will never attempt." For what on earth has "few rhythms" to do with "few metres"? Mr. Shanks's poetry, now we come to think of it, is extraordinarily cultured and sophisticated; in metre it is pleasantly various; but in rhythm, which is the surest indication of the uprising inner force of poetry, it is comparatively monotonous, and hardly ever spontaneously varied.

A wrong impression will be conveyed to the reader if "First Essays" is left on this note. To recapture our pleasure in the subtlety and wealth of Mr. Shanks's mind we have merely to continue reading this fascinating volume, the "Reflections on the Recent History of the English Novel," for instance, or "The Position in the Theatre," or "Folk Song as Poetry." Mr. Shanks is never less than entertaining, and he is not always too busy or too prejudiced to be profoundly wise. At least one reader looks hopefully and with pleasant anticipation for his next work, whether this be criticism, or poetry, or a novel. In the novel Mr. Shanks may produce the "Erewhon" of this generation.

THE GERMAN BOOK WORLD.

By HERMAN GEORGE SCHEFFAUER.

Berlin, April, 1923.

A SURVEY of the German book world after the war reveals astonishing things. Before the war Germany produced 34,000 books a year, England 12,000, France 9,000. The present German figures approximate 30,000. A sudden flood of books held up during 1914-18 descended upon the public. New publishing houses were founded. Young authors, made wise or mad by the war or the revolution, thrust themselves upon the public and, afire with new messages or old dispensations, used books as pulpits and platforms. The New Era was about to dawn! Groups of young intellectuals established Leagues of Mental Workers even the duty of the poet to dominate politics was proclaimed. Many new publications advocating new causes appeared. A renaissance seemed about to break into bloom. Beautiful and expensive editions of new and old works were issued; portfolios of graphic art, largely expressionistic, filled the windows of the bookshops. These, it was said, were bought only by the foreigner with high-potential money or by new-rich German war-profiteers who, by some strange transmogrification, felt a sudden panic stricken rage for culture. The censorship had been removed, so "erotica" and even pornography found excellent markets.



Mr. Herman George Scheffauer.

The demolition of old literary and art forms, by the movement called Expressionism, gave a fresh impetus to most writers. But upon this recrudescence of spiritual and æsthetic forces fell the blight of dismal economic conditions and many fine hopes were blasted. The tremendous increase in the cost of paper and printing, the gradual dropping into the abyss of the youngest and some of the oldest periodicals, the poverty and privation among literary men, the prohibitive cost of the finished book, brought about a kind of chaos. Yet the production was still immense and remarkably varied. Even such works as Hans Vaihinger's "The Philosophy of the As If" and Oswald Spengler's epic and pessimistic "Downfall of the Occident" ran into figures which even Courths-Mahler, the popular sentimental novelist, might have envied.

Satiric political romances such as the revolutionary Heinrich Mann's "The Subject" ran into lofty editions, almost equalled by the contemplative "Considerations of an Unpolitical Mind" by his more conservative brother Thomas. The highly-developed German stage offered a hospitable firmament to new dramatic luminaries—Georg Kaiser with his strange dynamic sensations, "Gas," "Hell-Way-Earth," "From Morn Till Midnight,"—Ernst Toller, the strongest, most fiery dramatic talent born of the revolution (he is still serving out his sentence of five years in a Bavarian fortress for his part in the Communist rising in Munich), with "Mass-Mankind," "The Transformation," "The Machine-Stormers,"—Fritz von Unruh, a liberal pacifist genius emerging from the caste of aristocratic officers, with powerful human-historical dramas, "A Generation," "Prince Louis Ferdinand," "Storms," etc.,—Walter Hasenclever with his modern re-statement of ancient tragedies such as "Antigone," and his revolutionary dramas such as "The Son," based upon the theme of son against father. The latest exponent of this is Arnold Bronner in his symbolic "Parricide."

Even outwardly the German book expressed this unrest, manifoldness and particularism. Every book became an individual, and artist collaborated with printer and binder. The paper-covered book often became a work of art, making its own appeal, or clamorously proclaiming its contents with delightful or bizarre splashes of colour. Many German publishers, such as the sixty-five constituting the "German Society for Foreign Book Trade," organised into groups, with their own official organs, exhibitions and activities. A peculiar and fascinating development took place—the giving of regular book shows, such as the Book Exhibition at Frankfort-on-Main, in which the book was shown in relation to different professions and even trades with charming model libraries—a theatre manager's, a physician's, a society lady's, a mechanic's, etc. There were also such shows as "Thou and Thy Book," recently held at Leipzig in which books were divided according to the taste and temperaments of the readers and built up against symbolical decorative backgrounds (for example, a galleon in full sail against a flaming sky for the Adventurer's Library), the Man of the World, the Pessimist, the Lover of Nature, the Woman of Forty, the Girl of Seventeen, etc.

The lament that is on all lips in Germany to-day is: "Nobody can any longer buy a book!" The prices seem fantastic, fabulous. Yet, compared with the increase in the cost of butter, milk and meat, the book is, relatively, still one of the cheapest commodities. The publishers, weary of attempting to balance prices upon the slippery see-saw of the rising and falling mark, have taken to the simple expedient of stating the basic "peace" price of the book and multiplying this with a variable factor regulated every week by the official Book Exchange. Thus a book costing, say, five marks before the war, multiplied by the current "key-rate" of say, 2,000, would now cost 10,000 marks. An average novel to-day costs 16,000 to 20,000 marks. An edition of 3,000 costing 3,500 marks in 1914, to-day costs 6¼ millions! Yet the publisher to-day must sell 2,470 copies to cover expenses—in 1914 only 1,900.

In spite of the clamour of the hard-pressed German author that "charity begins at home," German publishers continue to show a great hospitality to translations

from other languages, especially the English and Russian. Thus German translations have recently been made of D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, G. K. Chesterton, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, Dostoieffski, Gorki, etc., and there have been various new editions and translations of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Poe, Dickens, Shelley, Whitman, Wilde and others. Remarkable is the vogue of certain "New Thought" writers such as Prentice Mulford, and of esoteric teachers such as Rabindranath Tagore who, with his mild, moonshiny philosophy, attained to an almost feverish popularity. The field of philosophy has also brought forth a number of new beacons. The most significant of these is Count Hermann Keyserling, the founder of the School of Wisdom at Darmstadt, and the author of many pregnant, profound, yet fascinating books. His "Travel Diary of a Philosopher" attained a great, almost sensational success. Certain publishing houses, such as the Insel Verlag of Leipzig, issue handsome series of books in all the original languages. Other firms—Diederichs of Jena, for example, have begun the publication of long series, such as "Atlantis," a kind of African "Golden Bough," to be completed in twenty-five volumes. Wasmuth of Berlin publishes a beautiful series called "Orbis Pictus," dealing with the art of all ages and of all peoples.

The "best-seller" is not a phenomenon or rather not an institution in Germany. There are novels and romances with amazingly high editions, such as Gustav Meyrink's "Golem," a mystical, cabalistic story of old Prague, or Bernhard Kellermann's "Ninth of November," a novel based upon the latter days of the war and the first of the revolution, or "Oberlin's Three Stages," by Jakob Wassermann, whose "Christian Wahnschaffe" has been translated into English under the title "The Great Illusion." But these successes are more in the nature of a gradual penetration than of eruption, flood or avalanche. Waldemar Bonsels, the master of a kind of etherealised eroticism, has gone from success to success—two of his best books are "Eros and the Evangels" and "Maya the Bee." Walter von Molo has become a dominant star in the firmament of historical fiction with his powerful and vivid novels dealing with Frederick the Great, Queen Louise, and Schiller. A new writer named E. B. Kolbenheyer has sprung into swift fame with his remarkable romances based upon that strange personality Paracelsus —"The Childhood of Paracelsus," "The Galaxy of Paracelsus"—an earthen power, a Faustian element goes through this work. The older novelists such as Clara Viebig and Thomas Mann are being issued in collected editions.

The field of lyric poetry has produced many new voices and instruments since the great subversion. Gerhart Hauptmann, who now begins to take on Goethean and patriarchal traits, has lately been apotheosized by a national festival held at Breslau on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. Richard Dehmel and Christian Morgenstern are dead and Rainer Maria Rilke almost silent. Arno Holz, the leader of the naturalist movement, is still filing away at his "Phantasus," a vast verse-picture of life. Theodor Däubler and Else Lasker-Schüler still sing in chorus with the younger men. This group—Georg Heym, Wilhelm Klemm, Albert Ehrenstein, Kurt Heynicke, Alfred Wolfenstein, Georg Trakl, Johannes R. Becher, are imbued with a messianic mission and passion. Among them there are astonishing talents and much genius—and all of them are in fierce revolt against the present—their song is often stammering, staccato, intense and shrill, with tracts of the inchoate and the inarticulate, but dynamically sincere—expressionists of the Inexpressible. The radicalism and world-woe and world-redemption of German poetry is a symptom of the great rift that has been torn in the heart of this people, of its eternal dualism and spiritual groping after cosmic panaceas and millenia, a better world, a more perfect form. There is also an interesting group of worker-poets who seek salvation in song and work, headed by Jakob Kneip, Max Barthel, Heinrich Lersch, of "Haus Nyland." Gerrit Engelke, who fell in the war, struck a deep, new note with his poems, "Rhythm of the New Europe."

Georg Kaiser, the dramatist, who has just achieved a new success with his drama, "The Flight to Venice," built upon the love affair between Georges Sand and Alfred de Musset, has completed another play, "Gilles and Jeanne." Here too love forms the theme, and no less a passion than that of the notorious Bluebeard, Marshal Gilles de Rais, for the Maid of Orleans. Hermann Sudermann, having reached the age for memoirs, has come out with decidedly piquant confessions of his youth.

New Books.

THE PRICE OF ADMIRALTY.*

"We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead;
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"

Apart from the serious demonstration of his quality given us in his Life of his father, and judged even upon work from his pen that is definitely in the category of journalism, we most of us came to recognise some time since that Mr. Winston Churchill can write. Looked at from the literary worker's standpoint, he has been greatly favoured by fortune. For its years, his life has been an exceptionally full one. Almost he might be said to have inherited a specially favoured position in the matter of ready access to the most valuable sources of information—to storehouses of material that are by no means open to every able writer. Withal, it may at once be admitted that many another possessed of similar advantages has fallen far short of Mr. Churchill's achievement when circumstances have led to a literary test of his ability to use the gifts the gods gave him. Making every allowance for the special facilities at his disposal, it still is not to be denied that only a man of parts, and one genuinely and notably gifted as a writer, could have given us "this

* "The World Crisis, 1911–1914." By the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H. Maps, charts, etc. 30s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

tale" of the twentieth century Armageddon, and the conditions from which it arose. It may be that a history should be very much more than a "tale," that it should especially be more than an apologia, and that the personal concerns of its writer should be less prominent than they are in this notable production; but it is also probably true that the style, and the dominance of the personal note which characterise this book, will make it serve the ends of history for a greater number of people than could have been reached by work more academic, more scholarly, more impersonally judicial in texture.

In addition to the undeniable historical value, which entitles it to a permanently considerable place in the literature of the war as this has so far been evolved, "The World Crisis" is extremely readable, there is fascination in it as a narrative; it is rich in the urge, and glow, and power to convince that belong to first-rate historical romance. If from the historian's aloof standpoint there is too much Winston Churchill here, the general reader will find compensation in the strongly pulsing human interest, the intimate and compellingly vivid realism, of a record of great events which grips because it is also the most heroic chapter he has known in the life of an individual fellow man, to whom it was given, for better or for worse, to exercise great and absolute powers in a crisis of unique urgency and magnitude.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **The Right Hon. Winston Churchill.**

Whatever may be thought and said of their more controversial successors, there is the sterling stuff of literature in these earlier chapters: "The Vials of Wrath," "Milestones to Armageddon," "The Crisis of Agadir"; and Winston Churchill will, on balance, gain a great deal more than he will lose in the esteem and regard of his fellow-countrymen by reason of their transparent sincerity, their strong personal conviction, and even, too, their unaffected personal pride. The Agadir crisis had passed, and Mr. Churchill was about to be appointed to the Admiralty:

> "That night, when I went to bed, I saw a large Bible lying on a table in my bedroom." (He was visiting Mr. Asquith in Scotland.) "My mind was dominated by the news I had received of the complete change in my station and of the task entrusted to me. I thought of the peril of Britain, peace-loving, unthinking, little-prepared. . . . I thought of mighty Germany towering up in the splendour of her Imperial state, and delving down in her profound, cold, patient, ruthless calculations . . . I opened the Book at random, and in the ninth chapter of Deuteronomy I read —"

And the author gives us, in Gothic type, too, just what he read from the noble opening: "Hear, O Israel: Thou art to pass over Jordan this day . . ." down to the stirring fifth verse: "Not for thy righteousness, or for the uprightness of thine heart, dost thou go to possess their land; but for the wickedness of these nations the Lord thy God will drive them out from before thee. . . ." He found the message "full of reassurance." And it is in the comparative *naïveté* of many such passages that the general reader will find the material of contentment, and, it may be, the basis of a kindlier esteem for their writer than he has previously known.

Anything approaching representative quotation from this work is out of the question, since the most of its five hundred and odd pages possess undoubted claims in this direction. Regarded as a whole, it may be said to present an ably conceived and vividly presented record of the epoch-making events 1911–1915—which led up to the world war, and directed its tragic course, from the end of the first crucial stage onward; all as seen by a politician of great natural shrewdness, who was well within the nation's councils during the whole period, as the Minister "responsible to Crown and Parliament for all the business of the Admiralty." The volume that is presently to follow this one will cover the dramatic story of the Dardanelles, and carry us on to the armistice and after. It is eight years now since Mr. Churchill left the Admiralty. His opinions, like his statements of fact, are open to the deliberate checking of post-war research; and, judging his work by its first instalment, the verdict of posterity would seem likely to be that he has not displayed less of skill, adroitness and perspicacity, as author and recorder, than he showed as Minister of the Crown and political leader.

A. J. DAWSON.

BABEL.*

How John Gombarov learned the necessity of disguise, of hardening his features into a mask before the world which would betray him if it could read his face, how he hurled himself against the wall that circumstances — the circumstances of poverty, exile and the sad inheritance of Jewish blood—had built across his life, and how he lost himself in Babel, amid the jargon of the world, with its conflicting tongues and its search for a pure language all this is the theme of Mr. Cournos's three novels, the last of which is just published.

I will not call them a trilogy, because it is obvious that the story of Gombarov is not ended. It is not likely that it will end even in one more book.

He is a curious type, this Gombarov, for he embodies different civilisations, the East and the West, the dreaming Orientalism of his Jewish ancestry, of his Russian-Jewish childhood, combined with the typically Occidental struggle of his upbringing in the City of Brotherly Love. The action of the three books starts in Russia, moves to Philadelphia, and finally (in "Babel") to Paris and London. Perhaps, so far as environment is concerned, the Russian scene is the most absorbing because most unaccustomed and mysterious. The typically struggling and typically increasing Gombarov household, its setting of brutality, beauty and novelty, its ways of tenderness and cruelty, freedom and tyranny, all is brought before us with a vividness which conveys a reality as great as the strangeness. The opening chapters of "The Mask" are like the memories of a child's mind - mixed, frightful, lovely, distorted, dreamlike. Little John Gombarov is not sure whether certain episodes have actually happened or whether he has only dreamed them—his dreams are as real as the outward events of his experience.

The members of the Gombarov household—his mother, his clever stepfather, whose name he bore, his brothers and sisters, the servants, his beautiful, morbid governess — pass through his childish memory and come to us not, perhaps, as they were, but as he saw them. We have glimpses too of Jewish life in Russia, more joyful than we should have imagined, for there are high lights against

* "Babel." By John Cournos. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

that dark cloud of hostility and persecution which fills the horizon. There is the delight of eating festival cakes, there is the merry sect of the Cassidim, who marry young and seek joy early; there is dancing and singing and freedom. The Gombarovs are not strict Jews; they keep the law of Moses only in its breadth, ignoring details, and though they are poor and shiftless and the life about them is horrible and ugly, there is no remaining impression of sadness in Gombarov's childhood.

The sadness comes later, when ill-will and misadventure force the family to leave its native village, and, like so many other such families, go westward in search of prosperity and toleration. They go to Philadelphia, and there they learn to join the cry of those Yiddish immigrants who curse Columbus in the City of Brotherly Love. The active persecution of their native land seems almost better than the indifference of their country of adoption, the weight of Slav reaction less crushing than the wheels of American progress. Their poverty now has a squalor and dereliction about it which it did not have before. Little Gombarov sells papers in the street—he loses his childish sleep—his feet are frost bitten—even the cracking of the Cossacks' whips in the market place was not so bad as this.

But the family has the quality of endurance in its blood. It survives conditions which would have wiped out a weaker breed—it lives—and in a feeble way it prospers. The daughters escape the lower walks of trade—one even rises to be a nurse—one son becomes an artist, and John Gombarov advances from selling papers to writing in them. He becomes a journalist, a typically Western product, but the conflict between East and West is not dead in him, only working subterraneanly in queer difficulties and repressions, preventing him from taking his full due share of a man's life.

Most of "The Wall" and the whole of "Babel" are occupied with Gombarov's pursuit of love. He has the Eastern faculty for love, but his Western environment is the wrong setting for its fulfilment, and his early difficulties and persecutions and that sense of disadvantage and inferiority which his Jewish inheritance has brought him everywhere combine to throw up barriers from within. He cannot fulfil himself—his mind is tormented—he finds love only to lose it.

A beautiful, typically American girl crosses his path. He loves her, and the last chapter of "The Wall" and the whole of "Babel" describe how he alternately holds and loses her. She is a type which could scarcely be imagined outside the States, where woman holds a position of superiority which is hers in no other country. In no other country could she have kept her man by such tactics of contempt and outrage. In "Babel" both she and Gombarov are in Europe. On a staircase of Notre Dame de Paris, among the dust of ages, he holds her for one moment of ecstasy and pure passion, but in a few weeks they are separated again, first by outward distance and then by inward misunderstanding. The end of the book sees them still apart.

The book ends on a note of loss and confusion, yet also of expectancy. In time Gombarov will find what his soul seeks, but first he will have to go far—farther than he has been in his journey across the Western ocean, for in all his journeyings from East to West and back to the East again he has really never been outside the narrow ring-fenced park of his own mind.

The character of these novels is episodic—one can see no rounded plan—though doubtless the concluding volumes will give them the significance for which they are striving. They do not deal with the direct and simple things of life, but with emotions and relations which are complicated, warped, perverse. So much of Gombarov's experience is in the mental plane—his sexual life, for instance, is at first all dreams, doubts, questions, fears—that one sometimes has a sensation of morbidity, of repression. But this is only part of the picture, the picture of a mind coiled up and compressed by pain, then slowly uncoiling itself in a wider space. In this story of a wandering Jew Mr. Cournos has put all the power of a nation's unrest, of the cruelties it has endured and the beauties for which it strives. Lovers of literature—of the real and the strange in literature—should watch this epic which Mr. Cournos is unfolding. Let no one condemn his achievement as "uncertain" or "unfinished," because so far he has done no more than aim at an ultimate conclusion and an ultimate certainty. Indeed he will give no satisfaction to those who demand the neatly rounded, brightly shining thing. But to those who ask of literature what they ask of life Mr. Cournos is giving what they seek—truth, reality, beauty, adventure, courage.

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

THE WAY BACK.

Mr. Gilbert has aimed at a double interest in his new book, "The Rural Scene," * the fourth volume of a projected "Old England" series of ten books dealing with an East Anglian corner of the country and forming, the publisher states, one complete work of art and a gigantic conception.

I have not read, save in pieces, the three earlier volumes of this series, and no doubt those who have read them will be familiar with the double interest referred to, namely the interest of social life intensely apprehended, and the interest of poetry. As regards the first, "The Rural Scene" is excellent; as regards the second, it is something less than excellent. For the first I am reminded sharply of Cobbett and Mr. Bernard Shaw; for the second I recall, a little uneasily and regretfully, Crabbe and Barnes and the vivacious author of "Spoon River Anthology." Maybe Mr. Gilbert will demur to the allusion to Mr. Shaw, for in his general introduction he points him out, quite acutely and justly, at the head of our disruptive artists, saying: "After preaching the breeding of supermen and living for three hundred years, he has now joined Solomon and mourns over a universe of heartbreak and vanity. . . . A generation of blind leaders has led a generation into the morass. There is no way forward. The way is back." It seems that it is because he hates Mr. Shaw's doctrines so much that he writes like Mr. Shaw, with the same curt contempt for the world and the same sharpness of speech; only differing in his positive assertion that there is a way back, and that "Old England was, and is, and will be." What is the way back?

> "I picture England returning in the twentieth century to something like Elizabethan days under a modified feudal system, and possibly under Roman Catholicism, with about one-third of her present population. She would retain some of her tropical possessions and administer them for her profit, very much resembling Holland of to-day. She must always be a fairly important shipping and trading nation because of her position across the waterway and airway from the Old World to the New; but the manufactures, the great cities, and the Trading Barons of the nineteenth century will depart."

Mr. Gilbert's view of the sorry scheme of things is, of course, part of the intense reaction against the nineteenth century, which all we who are children of that century are likewise revolting against. Had Cobbett cared for verse he would have chanted Mr. Gilbert's poems on his Rural Rides; he would have found something to welcome in the concrete framework upon which the whole of the poetry depends, as well as in the poetry itself. Indeed Cobbett would probably have liked Mr. Gilbert's verse because he did not like poetry; and although this sounds a rude, imperious way of dismissing the subject, it is to be regarded as a means of showing precisely the nature of this verse. It may be called poetry as the worst of Crabbe is called poetry because it is Crabbe's; and when Mr. Gilbert is at his best the reader will be wishing him that touch of genius, of power of speech or power of song, which alone was needed to make some of these pieces as good as Crabbe's. In a word, Mr. Gilbert has taken himself seriously enough as a sociologist, but not as a poet. Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" contain as good a picture of England as Mr. Gilbert's, but he was a poet as much in his prologue as in "The House of Fame," in the Tales

* "The Rural Scene." By Bernard Gilbert. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

as in "Troilus and Cressida." It seems that Mr. Gilbert has every gift but one—imagination. His measures are admirably easy and varied, he has relieved monotony of note by difference of form, he is fluent and inventive; but usually his verse is dull. Partly this is due to the fact that he has avoided violence and often incident itself in his determination to be truthful and simple, but partly it is due, I fancy, to his inability to see into the soul of his characters and render their diversities, their reluctant secret spirits as well as their outward uniform of feature and habit. He seems to know his people so well that he cannot set them freshly before us; neither to him nor to us do they appear suddenly new, as if we had never seen them before.

But sometimes an impression is set briefly and sharply down:

> "No more I creep, nor crouching, run,
> Nor trail my owd long-barrelled gun,
> Nor listen how the water laps
> About my sunken fishing traps:
> 'Tis eighty years sin, as a boy,
> I first helped at the duck decoy,
> And now—I know but little joy:
> The waters roam no more. . . .
>
> "No more the waters roam the land,
> But hid away on every hand
> Are led in channels to the sea;
> Instead of flowing fancy free,
> Instead of roaring fierce and wild,
> The same as when I wor a child,
> They creep imprisoned and defiled.
> The waters roam no more."

Another such impression is given of the wind blowing from Deadman's Ground:

> "The sun is tempting with a smile,
> The wind is slaying with a knife . . .
> Swift as a flash, hard as a stone,
> Sharp as a flint, dry as a bone,
> It pierces you without a sound."

In another kind a delightful piece, "Soldier John," might be quoted. Had Mr. Gilbert often written so well and truly of what he knows so well and fondly, he might have matched Mr. Hardy's lyrics and ensured for his works a place in whatever small libraries are left for treasure in the diminished England of his vision. Wanting a rarer power, he has still given us a plan of something large and honestly conceived—"Old England" as he knows it, in the truest sense, *by heart.*

JOHN FREEMAN.

THREE NOVELS AND A BOOK.*

One of the authors on my list, warning the reader that his book is not a novel, promises that "later on, God sparing me, I will apply myself to the craft, and study my story as one studies a game of chess; my characters shall be my opponents; I will probe their minds, see what is in them, and so think many scenes ahead; they shall not become out of hand, for that is too much like to the delight and madness of life, and is a slight to Art, that austere creature. And in those wise and dreary days I will print at the beginning of my books some modern fad, such as: 'These characters are entirely the author's creation, and are not intended to represent living people.'"

But that is only Mr. Morton's fun, of course. Because no novel worthy the name was ever written on those lines. Whatever the origins of the novel—and they are disputable—its approved modern form still follows in the tradition of Fielding and Smollett and should still aim at giving us not romance, but a faithful reflection of contemporary life from the point of view of the author: a point of view which may be as well rendered by Chesterton's "Manalive" as by Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale."

But one quality must be implicit, though not necessarily accentuated, in all true novels, and that is—Humour. And especially is this true of English novels, humour being the one unfaltering characteristic of the English nation differentiating us most markedly from other nations. It may or may not be true that the Englishman takes his pleasures sadly; but beyond all question or cavil he takes his troubles gaily; and wheresoever he goes—even on the battle-field—there is laughter. So that to leave laughter out of an English novel is to leave out the very essence of the English spirit.

And it is this rare and refreshing quality of humour which makes "None Go By" so wholly delightful. The story is a secondary consideration. It is the people who entertain and charm us: their sayings and doings, and more particularly the sweet philosophy of Mrs. Clarendon, the first person singular of the book whose art is to conceal the art of her seeming insouciance. In the simplest, subtlest way she makes us see with her eyes and attune our hearts and minds to her feelings and thoughts in regard to the extraordinary assortment of humans that cluster about her and her sublime husband in that far-off Cornish paradise. But well, "None Go By" is one of those elusively intriguing books of which one can only say: "Read it—read it! and be glad!"

"The Soul Sifters" again takes us to Cornwall, but is wrought of sterner stuff than goes to the making of Mrs. Sidgwick's merry chronicle. But there is humour and wit in this book too, of a subdued, saturnine sort. And again the story is a secondary consideration. Wisely so, since the author's explicit aim is to expound the real inwardness of the Freudian system in such a way as to interest the average reader. To this end its incidents and incidental characters are rightly enough of the more or less hackneyed order: a case of shell-shock, an accident in the hunting-field, a designing lady, and a very up-to-date but none the less fascinating English girl; the more intimate studies being the personalities of the subject of the psycho-analytic treatment and the psycho-analysts themselves. The central theme is ably developed. The definite conclusions drawn from the logical processes of the main theory are so well ordered and convincing that the attention, without being for one moment strained, is nevertheless held fast until the last surprising *denouement*, which in its turn is thoroughly well conceived, and most dramatically rendered. Nowadays one is apt to be a little tired of the many old-new fads and faddists that clamour for our notice; but here is something which compels our respect by its quiet note of authenticity, the closeness of the author's reasoning, and that appeal to the detective instinct in all of us which loves to see effects traced back to causes and to have even the most esoteric mysteries solved for us by sheer common sense. Especially is this book commendable for its insistence on a better understanding of the child mind and less stress on the sex obsession in determining motives of conduct.

Mr. Rainsford, author of the third novel on my list, is, I should say, something of a beginner in the art of fiction, though a very promising beginner; and so (I hope) will not take it amiss if I advise him to eschew false idols, however popular, and strive to be more himself. In this story of life in a small provincial town he shows that he has undoubtedly the root of the matter in him. His people are real people. And though he comes perilously near to farce here and there he still retains enough grasp on actualities to save his chief situation from absurdity. "B.B." himself is quite a triumph in the depiction of a familiar but largely misrepresented type of simpleton. And once more that priceless gift of humour comes royally to the rescue in our author's dealings with more conventional types. There are, too, evidences of latent power and force as yet not quite realised which suggest that Mr. Rainsford is going to do something very well worth while before long. Even as it is, "B.B. of Ardlegay" stands out from the ruck of more average, though perhaps more finished work, by virtue of its freshness and vigour.

The hero of "The Cow Jumped Over the Moon" is likewise a simpleton, but alas! not at all lovable. To begin with, he doesn't seem to know how very simple he is.

* "None Go By." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"The Soul Sifters." By A. J. Anderson. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—"B.B. of Ardlegay." By W. H. Rainsford. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)—"The Cow Jumped Over the Moon." By J. B. Morton. 7s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

And then he is a bit of a cad and a bounder, and he doesn't know that either. Which is rather a pity, because otherwise this book has engaging qualities, not the least of which is the unconscious humour of the chief protagonist's fierce pronouncements upon modern thoughts and tendencies. An ingenuous youth, this Michael Cobb, who hobnobs with a comic-opera chorus of rustics at the village inn, rides rough shod over the susceptibilities of the parson's wife and the squire's lady, talks a vast deal of clever nonsense in the rapid, vapid style of smart young men in books, incidentally inveighing a J.P. into countenancing a breach of the peace and, in short, plays the wild ass generally after the wonted fashion of his egregious kind. Yet, in spite of its jejunity, I confess I like the book. It has such tremendous gusto. It rollicks. Above all, its high-spirited attitude of hi-diddle-diddle is such a welcome change from the world-weary pose of other even more unsophisticated sophisters. So that I do sincerely hope Mr. Morton will redeem his promise to write some more books. And it really does not matter what he calls them, so long as he goes on scorning that "terrible doctrine of playing for safety" which, as his own Michael Cobb might say, he does so jolly well loathe.

EDWIN PUGH.

THE RECOGNITION OF MR. EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.*

The poetic experience of Mr Edwin Arlington Robinson has been so wide and lofty that his books have inevitably drawn upon him the cry of obscurity. When the Authors' Club of New York inaugurated an annual award to the American writer who in the opinion of its members should bring out the most significant book of each year, the choice of Mr. Robinson for the first award was peculiarly, and in two senses, happy. In addition to helping on the recognition for which this fine poet has had to wait a couple of decades, the Club has contributed towards his elucidation for the average reader anxious to understand and appreciate him, the award having taken the form of an explanatory essay on Mr. Robinson's work. This was entrusted to Mr. Lloyd Morris, and he has done a very pleasant work with skill as well as sympathy. He would seem to have had Mr. Robinson's assistance in many directions. Perhaps it is this direct association with the poet that has prompted him to lay stress on the exquisite humour of the writings which some critics have complained about as humourless, although, as Mr. Morris says, that very desirable quality runs persistently through them "like a silver thread." It is not always so obvious of course, as it is in "Miniver Cheevy":

> "Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,
> Grew lean while he assailed the seasons.
> He wept that he was ever born,
> And he had reasons."

The glowing beauty of "Merlin" and "Launcelot" is well emphasised, nor does it seem too much, after the re-reading to which this essay persuades us, to venture into the prophecy that sooner or later these two poems will rank high among the poetic interpretations of the Arthurian legends. A section of the essay deals with Mr. Robinson as prose playwright, and the information that neither "Van Zorn" nor "The Porcupine" appears to be outside the range of the art of the theatre stirs in us, with our appetite lately whetted by the plays of an intellectual kinsman in Mr. Eugene O'Neill, an uncommon anticipation.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "The Poetry of Edwin Arlington Robinson." An Essay in Appreciation. By Lloyd Morris. With a Bibliography by W. Van R. Whitall. (George H. Doran Company, New York.)

MR. PHILLPOTTS GOES ABROAD.*

When the postman brings me a book with Mr. Eden Phillpotts's name on the title page, my wife usually remarks gently, "How nice, dear; but don't forget you have your article for the to write, will you?" She knows that flesh is weak and that if I am not watched I shall retire into a corner and bury myself in that book until I have devoured the last word. This is an apologia for myself, not for Mr Phillpotts's new book, "Black and White and Brindled."; if it were not by Mr. Phillpotts I should like it much more. But I have such an affection for my Widdicombe friends that when Mr Phillpotts takes me out all the way to the West Indies I feel lost and homesick. And I venture to think (or hope) that Mr. Phillpotts himself is not quite at home. For instance he makes Peter Paul, a handsome young Chah Chah (said by some to be descended from the Caribs), who proposes for the hand of his white master's daughter, talk like this: "In two years you would have said 'yes' to this; because by that time you would have felt that I was worthy of this huge honour and uplifting. . . . Love is a perilous thing, and I am very sorry this has happened because, without doubt, it will change all my future career. And my wonders would have extended into the married state, Captain. I should have been a very good husband." It positively smacks of cider! But Peter Paul was a young man who improved himself in every possible way, and he may have been wise enough to read Mr Phillpotts's other books and so have acquired a taste for the speech of the West Country. The book contains a number of stories, and of course the author is too good a craftsman to produce a poor thing; nevertheless I must say frankly that I prefer him on his native heath. It is not that I would suggest that an author should never change his atmosphere, but in this case I do not think that Mr. Phillpotts has changed it for a more invigorating one. There is, however, a good deal to be learned from the book of West Indian life and ideas, and its author has not wasted his time. I hope that, having enjoyed a change of scene, he will now return to his homestead upalong and tell us some more tales about the moors.

F. E. G.

* "Black White and Brindled." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)



Mr. Harold Bell Wright,
writing his new novel "The Mine with the Iron Door," which Messrs Appleton are publishing.

TRIED BY FIRE.*

We have suffered little in England from that process of events which culminates in swift, life-destroying revolution. Our own inclinations as a people are in the direction of revolution that comes not by the sword and mob law, but by permanent betterment attained in constitutional methods. In this Diary of hardly one year—autumn 1918 to March 1919—Miss Tormay shows how terrible is the result when unscrupulous agitators gain the upper hand and the unthinking crowd takes charge of national affairs; when clerks become "war ministers" and waiters become "admirals"; and when "everything belongs to everybody."

It was a nightmare through which she went—the nightmare of Budapest, once as secure for its inhabitants as any other fine European city, given over to the rule, first of Karolyi and his socialist advisers, then to the utter disruption of fiercest Communism wherein all law and order were swamped, and rich and poor alike suffered hunger and cold. On November 11, 1918, Mlle. Tormay writes:

"One has to knock at one's own door nowadays, for it cannot be left unbolted. Loafing soldiers pay visits to houses. One hears of nothing but burglaries. As I went upstairs impressions of the streets of the decaying town passed through my mind: the furious, struggling crowd of crammed electric trams, the 'new rich' in fur coats, dirty flags, the remains of last month's posters on grimy walls, coffee-houses with music within, crude noises and lewd conversations, people loafing in front of coal-merchants' cellars."

That was at the beginning; later on comes a picture of the general life round the principal railway station where the author was often on Red Cross duty:

"It is like wading in a dusty, white, ploughed field," she writes, "and even in the covered interior of the station one walks on soft ground, for there dirt and decaying garbage accumulate in heaps. Nobody does any cleaning nowadays. There is the unemployment dole."

There is much in this book which will be found valuable by the student of European history. The assassination of Count Tisza, the appearance of Béla Kun, the secret intrigues, the underhand propaganda of the wreckers, and a hundred other things, help us to understand a chapter of modern history about which little is yet known and, as the Duke of Northumberland says in his introductory note, "throw a flood of light upon the great world-movements of to-day." Not only that, the book is also a dramatic document, a human story, and in its pages the reader will gain an impression of the noble lady, striving hard to stem the torrent of ruin, holding meetings, carrying on a simple life with her mother at home, working courageously in the midst of danger for the dawn she still sees—an impression which will not easily be forgotten.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE.†

Mr. Raymond's biography of Mr. Lloyd George is remarkable for the stress it lays on two facts: Mr. George's Welsh origin and his lack, in youth, of the traditional education given to the English upper classes. He does not exaggerate this second fact, though it has no doubt played a considerable part in the formation of Mr. George's character; and is, I imagine, chiefly responsible for the freshness, the enthusiasm, the astonishing vitality with which he can approach a new idea. It also, no doubt, accounts for the remarkable gaps in his mentality which have at times caused him to greet as new ideas that were by no means fresh. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mr. George's Welsh blood. English people may laugh at his rhetorical use of the geographical formation of his native country, but the Celt will understand that there is nothing of insincerity in those emotional

* "An Outlaw's Diary." By Cécile Tormay. With Foreword by the Duke of Northumberland. 12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

† "Mr. Lloyd George." By E. T. Raymond. 15s. (Collins.)

appeals to the mountains and to the sea. Mr. Raymond evidently thinks that the narrow culture of the Welsh had an ill effect on Mr. George's character; that he sometimes brought to the discussion of national subjects a spirit a little too much attuned to the bigotry which may be found in Welsh, as it is in English, chapels. He certainly quotes some remarkable passages from Welsh papers, diatribes on popery and prelacy; but I think he altogether over-emphasises the significance of such violence. The Welsh journalist loves a vivid phrase, and abuse of priestcraft is traditional. In practice I believe the Welsh, whether in town or country, will be found as tolerant as their less excitable and less voluble neighbours.

Mr. Raymond has written a big book, marked by the qualities of shrewd analysis, of ironic intuition which his admirers expect. I wish he had given more space to Mr Lloyd George's earlier career. His volume has three hundred and fifty pages; and of these nearly two hundred pages are concerned with the years 1914 to 1921. This would have been quite proper, of course, had Mr. Raymond been writing a history of the Government; but it is disproportionate in a biography. Mr. Raymond is at his best in his description of Mr. Lloyd George's early years in Parliament, he is inclined at times to minimise the part which accident and impulse play in all men's lives, and especially in a politician's. A good specimen of Mr. Raymond's distinctive style is the opening of the chapter on the war:

"The main elements in his character were in no way changed, they were to reassert themselves, the moment pressure released, and were indeed ever ready to emerge even in the midst of war, when appeal was made to the spirit of opportunism, those instincts of the smart political window-dresser and counter hand, which are so strangely allied with a temper often approaching the heroic. The war made Mr Lloyd George great because it gave him much scope for action, and very little occasion for thought. There was in those early days no subtlety about the issue; it was a great black-and-white platitude, easily grasped by one who is after all intellectually simple."

I doubt if many of Mr Lloyd George's friends will accept the publisher's description of Mr. Raymond's essay as "impartial"; but it is a notable effort to get into perspective a figure which, after Lord Kitchener's death, occupied the entire foreground of the ordinary citizen's picture of the political world.

R. E. R.

THE HOARDING.*

There is a select company which always anticipates with interest the coming of a new novel by John Owen. They would not insist that he be spoken of only in superlatives, but they would claim that into every book he has put honest workmanship and the fruits of a clean, clear observation and a patient, loving study of his fellows.

In his new novel, "The Hoarding," he has gone back to the world of business for his background and setting. A good generation ago advertising was regarded with a considerable amount of suspicion, and in Beech senior John Owen has given us the story of a man who was among the first to realise the great possibilities in advertising. On a soap-box in the market-place he knew the value of smart patter and overcoats with astrakhan collars and cuffs, and he awakened to the fact that in advertising there were tremendous possibilities, both for making money and stimulating trade. For the life of him he could not see that it was *infra dig.* to build up a business devoted to "boosting" the other man's products.

Beech had a son whom he sent to a public school with a view to making a gentleman of him, so that later he might come into the business and do that more delicate work which he himself could not do. A snob at heart, young Beech hated his father's business and crude, blaring methods; hated the money such work produced, and had the fixed idea that advertising was a low-down game.

* "The Hoarding." By John Owen. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

With characteristic patience and sympathy John Owen has given us a masterly study of the man who hates and despises his job. John Owen has again shown his power to hold the interest of the reader in a character that is weak, yet cannot be despised, neurotic and not strong enough to have the clean vices of human nature, and yet when we have said all, strangely human.

Boxrider is the type of man who knows what he wants and means to get it. There is real strength and not just crude bluster in Boxrider. He only knew the A B C of advertising as we understand it to-day, but men like Boxrider made the whole alphabet possible.

"The Hoarding" has already won the very keen appreciation of leading men in the advertising world, and is being heartily commended to the young members of that growing and important business.

The first article of Boxrider's creed was, there is nothing too good for my work; if a picture is good enough to hang on the line—well, it might possibly be good enough to reproduce for the hoarding the poor man's picture gallery. Not a bad creed for most of us, but it brought Boxrider up against young Beech, with whom he entered into partnership -business makes strange bedfellows! With characteristic energy Boxrider reorganised the office, put Beech where he could not do much harm, trusted in himself and feared no man.

In "The Hoarding" John Owen has given us a wonderfully human study—which would not be seriously weakened if he had left out altogether Claude Coleton and Lesley Senior. Because John Owen knows men and women he has written with insight a gripping story of a very modern business.

A. H.

BAD, MEDIUM, BEST.*

It often seems to me that the ordinary degrees of comparison fail to convey the truth. Of these four volumes you cannot consistently say, "Good, Better, Best," for one is the dullest, most mediocre account of Alpine travel I have read, the second was written by a cheerful fellow fallen into his anecdotage, while the two last are fine, outstanding volumes, embodying in clever phraseology the experiences of thoughtful men *homo sapiens*.

I have no doubt that "Climbs on Alpine Peaks" would hardly have found a publisher if the writer had not been a high dignitary of the Catholic Church. It is a small book 136 pages and forty one of these are taken up by an account of the writer and his career. It should have been remembered that good wine needs no bush.

"The Southlands of Siva" is written by a man who realises that his wares are trivial. A certain youthful philosopher, says he, divided life into three parts. "When a man is young, he thinks of all the wicked things he will do when he is grown up. This is called the Age of Innocence. When he is grown up he does the wicked things he thought of as a boy. This is called the Prime of Life. When he is old he repents of the wicked things he has done. This is called Dotage or Senile Decay," and Mr. Butterworth has employed his third period in doing penance—I am sure a delightful penance for him by writing his reminiscences.

Of a very different kind are the two other books of this group. Let us take them in order. "The Happy Traveller. A Book for Poor Men," is a storehouse of the knowledge a life of observant travel has garnered. Behind the observation has lain a sound sense of values, and consequently Mr. Tatchell's wander-lore will be of use to all who wish to make the acquaintance of the world at first hand. Says he:

"A tourist bustles about seeing sights, speaks no word of the language, turns up his nose at the 'foreign' food, and is frankly

* "Climbs on Alpine Peaks." By Abate Ratti. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Southlands of Siva." By A. Butterworth. (Bodley Head.)—"The Happy Traveller." By Frank Tatchell. (Methuen.)—"Atolls of the Sun." By Frederick O'Brien. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

amused at what he calls the superstitions of the natives, whereas a traveller respects the conventions of the people of the land, lives quietly as they do, speaks their language as well as he is able, and sincerely admires their good qualities. It follows that one man can be a traveller though abroad only for a month, whilst another may go round and round the world and never cease to be a tourist."

It is for the real traveller who has not much of the world's store of money that this book has been written. It should become a classic, be kept up to date and be put as a matter of course into the knapsack of every eager youngster on adventure bent. While it carries us round the globe in an economical way it is not a mere guide. Every page is full of observed fact, closely packed and very interesting. "Happy go lucky travelling," says Mr. Tatchell, "is the jolliest of all, and there are only two rules for a traveller to observe who wants to keep fit and well:

(1) Be cheerful and interested in everything.
(2) Do not bother too much about your inside."

And he goes on to tell you what to wear, what to carry and where to camp. "The cosiest place is under a rock overhanging a dry place near a stream. The draughtiest is under a tree, but if I chance on a walnut tree I sleep beneath it, as it is clear of midges and mosquitoes." He bids you remember that the old Romans justly called luggage "impedimenta," and suggests that you can buy what you want as you go along, and that therefore it is only necessary to take a change of underlinen and a few socks. "I wash my handkerchief overnight, and stretch it on the marble top of the washstand. In the morning it is quite dry and looks as if it had been ironed." This is in fact the book not only of poor men, but of everybody who wants to go quietly about the world trying to understand his fellows—for only by finding things out for oneself ("instead of being pestered with a guide's eternal prattle"), can a man suck the true honey of travel.

"Atolls of the Sun" is a book of wandering among the islands of the South Pacific, a happy, leisurely book written by a man who has thoroughly enjoyed his experiences, many of which are thrilling. Take for example the occasion on which he met a devil-fish at close quarters. It was near sunset and he was paddling in a canoe by the coral rocks, when he caught sight of two large fiery eyes in a crevice. In order to draw the creature out of its niche the native who was with Mr. O'Brien teased it with a twenty-five foot pole. "First one long tentacle and then another seized the end of the stick till the whole number were engaged." Gradually the monster was pulled out of the rock, a body bigger than a barrel, with a mouth like a sack and a great parrot-like beak. The native stood up in the canoe and poised his spear, and the devil-fish's two longest tentacles began to writhe in the air, estimating the distance. Nohea, taking a step back, launched the spear, which penetrated one eye of the octopus. "Instantly the air was filled with the cloud of sepia he ejected, and the terrible arms with their coiling, twisting tips were thrust at us in lightning movements." When they came to measure the corpse it was found to weigh a thousand pounds, while the tentacles were seventy feet long.

Many such adventures are to be found in this interesting account of the Paumotuan Archipelago. Pearl-fishing is the main industry, and when a man brings up the shells he opens them at once. True pearls lie in the tissues of the oyster, generally at the rear of the body and sealed in a pocket. Blisters are pearls which, having a point of contact with the shell, are not perfect in size or skin, but they are often valuable. The shells, which are shaped like a palm-leaf fan, are about eight inches long and ten wide. They are sent to France for manufacture into smoke-pearl buttons, for these Paumotuan shells are celebrated for their black borders.

In "The Happy Traveller" Mr. Tatchell says that it is taboo for a woman to use a canoe, and there his book wants bringing up to date, for Mr. O'Brien tells how that taboo was removed. "A woman, unafraid of sacred things," says the native who tells the tale, "odorous and lovely, but hot to the touch and scorching to know, laughed at the men, showing them that she had actually been in

a canoe for a day and a night alone without the shark god harming her." As a consequence the women are now allowed by common consent—having put the matter to the vote—to use canoes as much as do the men.

The atmosphere of this book is sunny and lazy. The stories are the least interesting part, being somewhat long-winded and often without much point, but in so many-sided a book this does not matter. Mr. O'Brien has managed to transport us to the lovely islands of the southern seas, and we are grateful to him.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

FIVE POETS.*

It has been said a good many times within recent years that there is to be a return to classical standards in poetry, and that a new Pope is a more likely phenomenon than a new Shelley in the near future. But the reaction against romanticism has been more towards realism than towards classicism; and, even so, it has been a very partial reaction. It would seem that the romantic element is too firmly embedded in our national character to be eradicated at the dictates of critical fashion, and that while by the taking of thought it may be put in abeyance, the English poet who writes not on a theory but according to the laws of his own nature will in nine cases out of ten write romantically. Here at any rate are five volumes of verse, four of them apparently their authors' first books, which, while none of them can be said to contain great poetry, all contain genuine and interesting poetry; and in all of them the romantic element is strongly present, in four out of the five paramount.

Mr. Hallward, for instance, who takes the field under the auspices of Mr. Gordon Bottomley, is a romantic *pur sang*. If he looks back upon the war with a disillusioned bitterness, it is only to turn from it into the pleasaunces of a Tennysonian palace of art; which indeed he deliberately reconstructs:

> " Still for his soul's delight, each one
> May rear a loftier pleasure house
> Than that wherein King Solomon
> Feasted and held carouse;
>
> " And though he tread where commerce lowers,
> And though its smoke his vision mars,
> May set his bird-bedizened towers
> To twirl among the stars,
>
> " See, lit by far, celestial beams,
> Without the aid of any spell,
> The shining palace of his dreams,
> Gold domed and wonderful."

These stanzas are very typical of Mr. Hallward's attitude. He does not deny, nor is he afraid of, present fact, however dreary or sordid; but he can always escape from it round the immediate corner into the fairyland of the imagination. And his experiences in the desirable country, where Keats and Tennyson are his chosen companions, he sets down with a precise, delicate and attractive art.

Miss Evelyn Eaton's " Stolen Hours " were, we are told, all stolen and transfigured into verse between her fourteenth and twentieth years. They are therefore songs of innocence, but of an innocence in which imagination plays not inadequately the part of emotional experience. For a young writer's work they are notably underivative. Uncertainties of touch there may be in them, but they are all authentic renderings of authentic feeling. Brief and usually irregular snatches of verse, they are sometimes direct expressions, sometimes pictorial symbols, of mood. The thought in them, as opposed to the feeling, is naturally often crude, but even so it is never banal. What, however, is at once most admirable in Miss Eaton's present work, and earnest of still better work to come, is her economy, unusual in very young writers, in the use of words.

* " Poems." By F. M. Hallward. 5s. (Basil Blackwell.)—" Stolen Hours " By Evelyn Eaton. 4s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.) " Chanteys and Ballads." By Harry Kemp. (Brentano.) " Songs of Love and Grief." By Georgette Agnew. (Constable.) · " Black and White." By H. H. Abbott. 2s. 6d. (The Poetry Bookshop.)

If Miss Eaton's " Stolen Hours " are songs of innocence, Mr. Harry Kemp's " Chanteys and Ballads " are songs of a varied experience of the ups and downs of life both by sea and land. He rhymes vigorously in the manner of Kipling and the earlier Masefield:

> " There's nothing like a ship at sea with all her sails full spread,
> And the ocean thundering backward 'neath her mounting figurehead,
> And the bowsprit plunging starward and then nosing deep again.
> ' There's nothing like a ship at sea,' sing ho, ye sailormen."

But Mr. Kemp has also his quieter and more reflective mood, and in it he displays himself as true a poet as in the swinging cadences of his chanties:

> " Go tell the lying world that Indolence
> Is not a siren sitting on white bones,
> But the sweet muse of fancy and romance,
> Mother of song and every starry art, -
> Go, tell the world that we have found her so—
> We, who weave wonder for the ears of men,
> And, through all ages, beauty for men's eyes."

There speaks the romantic frank and unashamed. Mr. Kemp, like most men of action, is a thoroughgoing romantic, seeing experiences which must often have been uncomfortable enough through englamoured eyes.

Romantic too is Mrs. Agnew's rather mournful muse. " Songs of Love and Grief " she calls her book of quiet and dignified verse, and the second feeling is as constant as the first. Many of her pieces are elegiac, poignant with the sense of loss, but saved by idealism from any littleness.

Thus four out of five of our books of verse are accounted for—the four in which, in their very different ways, the romantic note predominates. There remains Mr. Abbott, whose book is the best of them all. Mr. Abbott is a realist, with a vivid apprehension of life as it is lived. Specially admirable are his country pictures; " racy of the soil," if an overworked phrase, describes them to perfection. He is resolute to face the truth, to value things exactly. In his " Complaint " he echoes Rupert Brooke's " I said I splendidly loved her: it's not true." Yet he is more than merely a realist. He faces life; but he gazes at it with a vision which, if not romantic, is something for which it is difficult to think of a more accurately descriptive word.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

PATUFFA.*

Miss Beatrice Harraden gives us in " Patuffa " a companion volume to " Spring Shall Plant." This is a novel of temperament, the conventional and the tidy minded should not open it. But to all lovers of art and impulse it will make a sure appeal. The first part of the story shows Patuffa, the famous young violinist, being kind to her old master, Stefansky, who has come on hard days, and is forgotten and bitter, and she tries to get him a public engagement.

> ' He wouldn't fail," she repeated fiercely " I want for him a great and glorious appearance at St. James's Hall. The house rising to its feet in homage. Thundering applause. Repeated recalls His name shouted. Papa Stefansky pleased and excited, and all his fun and light-heartedness bubbling over as before."

Patuffa, you observe, is disinterested. Miss Harraden might yet develop the idea and give us a novel about gratitude and its rarity. One of the best bits in this charming book is about Stefansky, when the way is made clear and the date fixed through Patuffa's intercessions with the powers.

> " Ah! I am wonderful. If any change, only a change for the more wonderful. Isn't it so? "
> " Yes, yes," she answered, lying stoutly.

However, he does excel when the time comes. " Who can say what secret renewal enriched his tone, restored his waning powers?" He falls dead on the platform after he has received his laurel wreath.

* " Patuffa." By Beatrice Harraden. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Patuffa of course is miserable, but one of her friends, Madame Tcharushin, remarks sagely: "No one remains pathetic for a long time. And you cannot help her much. People never help anyone. Only things help one. They are the best help because they help unconsciously. Tell Chummy to take her to Rome."

To Rome she goes, and afterwards weaves it into her music--sunsets, blue hills, sapphire light. And here she has her brief love story, which soon comes to a tragic close, as Peter Long's pitiful record had been four years in a private asylum, partial freedom and collapse. The girl takes the blow gallantly, and turns to friendship with the famous pianist, Madam Janeiro, whose moods are described with gusto. Madam took Patuffa to the appartamento of the famous 'cellist, Signor Fragini, in the Piazza Borromeo, and they played with him Beethoven's Trio in E Flat, Op. 70 2. "It was Fragini who told her that the Master had said that three dozens of Imperial Tokay went into the making of the last movement."

And so the story runs on till the close, which is not unhappy. Patuffa is shipwrecked after a triumphant tour in America. As a child, she prayed, in the cathedral at Meissen, to behave well in danger and in prosperity. "She remained a darling in her success, and proved herself noble in danger."

Yes, Patuffa is delightful.

C. M.

CELEBRITIES.*

It too often happens that one who has known many famous people can remember nothing about them when he sits down to write his recollections. Happily Mr. Coulson Kernahan has no such leaky memory; he has known a host of men and women important in their time, and not a few who are important for all time, and he has given us here an ample volume of delightfully entertaining little stories concerning these celebrities and his association with them.

There are stories of all sorts about all sorts of distinguished persons, and a good general reader will be interested in them all. Particular readers may prefer those of great dignitaries, such as King Edward and Lord Salisbury; or those of great soldiers, such as Lord Roberts and General Sir R. Baden-Powell; or those of great actors such as Irving and Beerbohm Tree; and I confess I have found most pleasure in the chapters that deal with authors and journalists of to-day and yesterday—with Meredith and Swinburne, Philip Bourke Marston and his father, with Stephen Phillips, Austin Dobson, Locker-Lampson, W. H. Hudson, Ian Maclaren, Barrie, Jerome, Zangwill, James Barr, Bart Kennedy, Lord Northcliffe, Augustine Birrell, Clement Shorter, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, and many another inhabitant of the world of letters.

To do justice to the book would require far more space than a ruthless editor has allotted to me, for it could only be done by quoting a varied selection of the stories, and though Mr. Kernahan calls them little ones, most of the best are too long to be given here in full and would lose too much of their charm or humour in a bald summary.

That is an excellent chapter which tells of the late F. W. Robinson, in whose magazine, *Home Chimes*, so many authors now famous made their first appearance; so too are the chapters telling intimately and vividly of Philip Marston, of George Grossmith, and the one about Mr. Birrell in which Mr. Kernahan relates a story against himself. There is an amusing account of Stephen Phillips's lamentation over his inability to manipulate a dress-tie and the tragedy that befell his brother when he went to dine with a Duchess in a made-up article. But I could never understand the solemn fuss that is made about this piece of drapery; if I had any trouble in knotting it, Oscar Wilde's dictum that the man who wears a made-up dress-tie is a bounder would certainly not deter me from wearing one, till it had been explained to me why he is.

* "Celebrities." By Coulson Kernahan. Illustrated with portraits and drawings. 10s. (Hutchinson.)

more of a bounder for wearing a ready-made tie round his neck than for wearing a ready-made band round his hat. The thing is of no consequence whatever, except that Mr. Kernahan has been able to make a droll anecdote out of it. I like too the very quaint, touching dedication. It is just a book of good gossip which passes easily from grave to gay, from lively to severe, though Mr. Kernahan is far too genial and sympathetic a chronicler not to mitigate his occasional severities with kindlier afterthoughts.

R. H.

THE ONLY WAY.*

Very much the same idea underlies each of these books—the idea that there will never be peace on earth, that life will never be more than a ridiculous struggle for existence, with the same dissatisfaction in it for those overburdened with riches as for those overburdened with poverty, until men grow sensible enough to put Christ's precepts into practice and make the world actually, as well as nominally, a Christian world. If you ask what it profits a man to gain all sorts of other things and lose his own soul, you are supposed to be meddling with religion; but you can put religion aside and still ask the same question, for it really does not profit a man to lose his soul even in this world. Each of these books is a sign of the times. The war made us realise, as most of us had never realised before, the brevity and uncertainty of life; the meanness of living only for ourselves, the sound common sense and practicability of that old ideal of the brotherhood of men, for nothing but this spirit of brotherhood saved us when we were in danger of destruction. The danger being past, we are some of us forgetting what in our hour of need we knew to be the truth, but it remains none the less true for all that, and it is well that we should be reminded of it.

"Anthony John" is the story of a man who passed through a childhood and boyhood of poverty and grew up feeling that, like his father, he was inclined to be an idealist, a dreamer, and that if he yielded to those inclinations he would never escape from the poverty in which his father had died. So he suppresses that side of his character, works astutely and honestly for his own hand, grows prosperous, marries happily, but remains dissatisfied, and realises at last that there can be no peace of mind for him until he gives up his great possessions for the common good, lives as the soldier had to live in the war, "with self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice," and becomes a Christian in practice as well as in principle.

"The Fool" is a play in four acts, and its story is of a curate who set himself to live as Christ lived, surrendering his wealth to the poor, devoting himself to work among the needy and the outcast, to the service of his fellows and to the promotion of goodwill, justice, human kindness among all men. It is an interesting, at times an impressive and moving drama, and after reading it one is not surprised that it has been extraordinarily successful on the American stage.

Mr. Jerome's is the ablest, the most convincing of these three narratives; his story is well contrived, its characters skilfully and sympathetically drawn, and it has a driving force of sincerity that makes it alive and vital.

The least satisfactory of the three is Mr. Upton Sinclair's "They Call Me Carpenter," which tells how Christ came to Western City in America. The narrator, apparently Mr. Sinclair himself, is injured by a hired mob that is trying to prevent a German film from being shown in a cinema, and flies for safety into an adjoining church. While he sits there in the gloom, the figure of Christ in a stained-glass window comes to life and steps down and speaks to him. They go out into the city together, and their subsequent adventures smack more of the cinema than of real life. Christ is made to talk like an average street-corner orator. He says, "they call me Carpenter," and is thereafter named "Mr. Carpenter"; he is presented all too cheaply and flashily, and when at the end he starts to run back to the church, "hauling up his long robes—never would I have dreamed that a prophet's bare legs could flash so quickly," and we are told that in the church he regained the stained-glass window in "three tremendous leaps," it is only in keeping with much that has gone before. Mr. Sinclair may be earnest enough, but he has neither the temperament nor the imagination for such a theme, and the last touch of futility is given to it when the whole thing turns out to have been a dream. It proves nothing, unfortunately, but the limitations of the dreamer.

But it is something that these ideas of common brotherhood and the need of doing more than talk about the laws of Christ and pretend to approve of them should be so much in the air. Other writers have recently handled the same conceptions, and at least two of these books deal with them adequately, effectively, and all three with a full appreciation of their profound significance.

A. R.

* "Anthony John." By Jerome K. Jerome. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)—"The Fool." By Channing Pollock. 6s. (Brentano.)—"They Call Me Carpenter." By Upton Sinclair. 7s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)

THE DESERT HORIZON.*

In three of his four earlier novels, "Where Bonds are Loosed," "The Mainland," "Shadow and Sunlight," Mr. Grant Watson set himself a high standard. He led us to expect from him drama, a direct, concentrated method, a sense of savage, magic, inexplicable things; not much delicacy, but a strong handling of primitive passion in its tropical nakedness and violence. "Deliverance," in which he tried for a civilised and subtle psychology and missed it, was a comparative failure; it suggested that Mr. Grant Watson was moving about in worlds imperfectly realised. The world he does realise, vividly, intensely, is the world of lonely, untamed, primitive places and people, where nature is more than man.

To this world he has returned in "The Desert Horizon." Here there is a drama, but the desert plays the chief part in it; the struggle is not of man against man, but of man against nature. This novel is less concentrated and direct than its predecessors; it has the vastness and monotony of the desert. It seems longer than it is. Not that there is a dull page in it, or a sentence that could have been shortened. But whatever is happening, whatever is being said or thought or felt, we are conscious all the time of that unchanging background of the Australian bush.

> ". . . Mulga and wattle bushes grow stunted in the hard soil. Eastwards, towards the desert, clumps of spinifex grass form irregular lines over the dusty, red surface, and here and there near the clay-pans, where water has gathered after the spring rains, there will stand a solitary gum-tree or a group of parched-looking saplings, which have the appearance of having grown old without ever having reached maturity. And further east the trees become sparser until they cease; the dusty spaces between the bushes become broader, and the only plants which are able to flourish under the blaze of that arid heat are the spiked tufts of spinifex, which in broken procession lead towards the heart of the desert. Towards the coast . . . are plains where low-growing salt-bushes spread their thick, succulent foliage, mile beyond mile into the shimmering mauve distance."

The picture is renewed for us again and again. It is withdrawn for a moment only to be given back with haunting, relentless reiteration. And in this return to primitive life Mr. Grant Watson has achieved the psychological delicacy he was trying for in "Deliverance." Nothing could be subtler than his drawing of Martin O'Brian, the young bushman. Martin, half civilised, uneducated, inarticulate, has the soul of an undeveloped Shelley. I do not know whether Mr. Grant Watson meant him to have it, but that is what he has. His feeling for the desert is the feeling of the "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" and "Alastor." I do not know how much of this is Mr. Grant Watson and how much is really Martin. At times Mr. Grant Watson's psychological method raises an interesting question: How far should the novelist efface himself when his aim is to present the mind of his

* "The Desert Horizon." By E. L. Grant Watson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

character in its naked reality? When Henry James, in "The Golden Bowl," compares Maggie's happiness with a Chinese pagoda, you know that this is Henry James, and not Maggie. The image of the pagoda never was and never could be part of Maggie's mind, it is used outside her as the symbol of her happiness. When Mr. James Joyce in "Ulysses" says: "Where was the chap I saw in the picture somewhere? Ah, in the Dead Sea, floating on his back, reading a book with a parasol open. Couldn't sink if you tried: so thick with salt. Because the weight of the water, no, the weight of the body in the water is equal to the——. Or is it the volume is equal to the weight? It's a law something like that," he is close to actuality at every point. You know he is giving you something in Bloom's mind in the very form of its appearance there. Mr. Joyce is not there at all; he has disappeared into Bloom's consciousness. Bloom's mind is a thing of limited but precise reflection. His thoughts have the objective reality of pikestaffs. All that Mr. Joyce has to do is to stand aside and watch them going on and on. And so we have the pure consciousness of Bloom with no mixture of a foreign personality. These are two extremes. At times Mr. Grant Watson's psychological method lies between them. When he writes, on page 188: "Martin, Martin . . martin, martin, martin . . . tin, tin, tin . . . martin. . ", he is as close to reality as Mr. Joyce. He is showing something that actually was in Martin's mind. But when he writes like this, of the bush:

"There was a quality which, could he touch it with his whole body, his mind, and with every atom that there was to him, would solace all pains and troubles. It was akin to the effulgence of the sunrise. It was that quality which all the unconscious longing of his youth went out to seek. Somewhere, perhaps, in the awakening glory of morning, in the cruel heat of midday, in the mild clemency of evening, in the mystery of night, it might be found, and when found, held, never to be relinquished. If he were faithful to that vague emotion (and how could he be otherwise than faithful?) it would perhaps, at last, enfold and lift him to the height of his desire,"

he is one degree removed from reality. We have not got Martin's actual reverie, but a brilliant paraphrase of it. Martin's actual reverie would have been a dumb, obscure, half-conscious thing. "He would become empty of thought and volition, an empty vessel through which the quality of the desert flowed on and on." That is true of him. The trouble is that all which is dumb and obscure and half-conscious in Martin's mind has to come to us through Mr. Grant Watson's mind, which is highly articulate, illuminated and conscious. We do not doubt for a moment that Martin feels the enchantment of the desert, but what is given us is not Martin's feeling, but a description of Martin's feeling in which all that is instinctive and primitive is lost. It is transparent, like the water of the desert mirage, but the effect is one of temporary hallucination. Mr. Grant Watson is translating the primitive into the literary.

But there is not very much of this, and when he has left off translating and shows Martin feeling and speaking and acting for himself, he is close to reality all the time, nothing could be closer. The characterisation is perfect. Not only Martin. Almost every figure in the book is solid and alive: Martin's father, the Evanses, Alec Shaw and Nance, Mackay and his wife Clara, and Maggie Linton. When things happen Mr. Grant Watson creates an illusion of reality so great that all sense of illusion is gone, we are there where his people are; their tragedy lies on us with the weight of personal experience.

And there is always the background of the bush, the desert horizon.

It is clear that the story is not ended when Martin takes Maggie home to Quinn's Springs. We know that things are going to happen; the desert has yet to play its sinister part in their two lives. It will do something to them. We have been prepared for conflict from the beginning; we have been shown the terror as well as the beauty of the desert; we know that, hostile and cruel, it waits for Martin and for Maggie. It has taken Martin's mother, and his friend; his father's fate is uncertain. It has taken Mackay's wife, and Martin and Maggie live in the house

where she killed herself. We do not know whether the desert will destroy them in their turn, or whether they will stand up against it and refuse to be beaten. We feel all that has happened yet is only the prelude to what is to come. This end which is not the end leaves us intent on the issue, enthralled and impatient for the sequel. And in " The Desert Horizon " Mr. Grant Watson is again his own formidable rival. He has set his standard higher than before.

MAY SINCLAIR.

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE.*

It seems but yesterday, though it is now some years ago, that there appeared in my class at Aberdeen University a very young girl, and when the first essays were handed in, my assistant and I found among them one by a Rachel Annand, which we placed alone in the first class, adjusting the remaining hundred and more as we could. That was my first introduction to the only heaven-born genius I have known among many students of great and varied talent, the author of " Rose and Vine " and " The Hours of Fiammette," a poet as spontaneous as was ever inspired to write by the love of beautiful words and singing cadences.

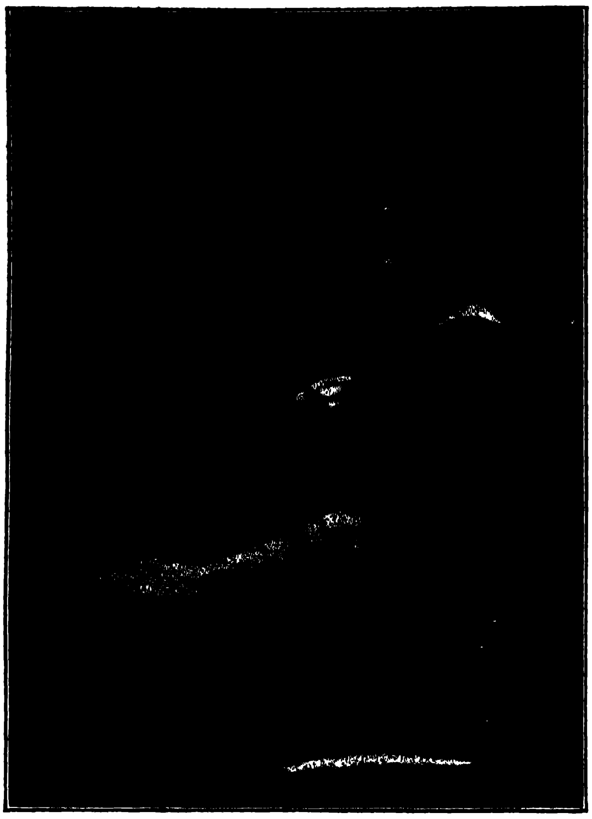


Photo by Window & Grove. **Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor.**

It was a strange product of the hard, bleak soil of Aberdeen, this poetry so intoxicated with the love of love and beauty, so richly jewelled and cadenced, and withal so spontaneous and natural, linked to the work of the Rossetti school by its mediæval symbolism but with no suggestion of imitation, untouched by the sentimentalism and desire to preach—so fatal to our Scottish poets—yet with a sustaining thought, a lesson of living passionately and dangerously, underneath its jewelled texture, a conception of womanhood which is neither domestic nor that of the suffragist, intensely realised and brilliantly expressed.

Yet Mrs. Annand Taylor has the qualities of the race from which she sprung, and this book is the proof of it. She has the instinct of the scholar, and the Aberdonian capacity for hard work. She writes even in her verse from a deeper and more varied knowledge than many of her readers suspect, and in " The Renaissance " this becomes explicit. It is the work of one who has entered deeply into many books and has come out of them—which not every student can do—to give her own view of the whole in a style adequate to the theme, coloured and jewelled, yet so far from being otiosely decorative that every word is clear and telling, a gold or jewel-headed nail in the right place, each sentence as sinewy as it is rhythmical.

The book hardly needed the caution given in Professor Murray's preface, for Mrs. Annand Taylor has not evaded or disguised the dual aspect of the period with which she deals. " It was a period," the Professor says, " which peopled the courts of Italy with precocious and dissipated young men with the manners of Ballarat corner boys." But the manners and dissipation of corner boys are not, æsthetically considered, the worst thing about them, for these may have a certain lurid attraction. It is their tastes and innocent enjoyments which are appalling, not the public-house and the prison, but the picture theatre and pleasant afternoons, for through these we descry the terrible poverty of their sense of beauty and joy. But the dissipated and reckless young men of the Italian Renaissance had another side. In Mrs. Taylor's words:

" They were dangerous, terrible, disastrous; but they knew how to endure the delight and excitement of the spectacle of life, how to obtain by an unreserving expense of the soul those absolute values of passionate experience which are the only excuse for the infinite and intolerable anguish of existence. That human beings can rise so high and sink so low, can be at once so like the beasts, so like the gods, is a meditation that raises the vitality of all but a degenerate age. And no age so firmly believed with Plato that ' the soul that hath most of worth shall come to birth as a poet, lover, philosopher, musician, or artist.' "

The lesson of the Italian Renaissance is not to be read by viewing it all in the spirit of modern humanitarianism or even of Ruskin, determined to prove that only good men can be good artists, but rather by recognising that " good " is a comprehensive term, including intellect and imagination as well as morals and manners, that these men whom Italian history, as Burckhardt has shown, had made so egoistic and unscrupulous had withal certain high virtues of courage and intellect, for men enter the kingdom of heaven " not because they have curbed and governed their passions, or have no passions, but because they have cultivated their understandings."

It is this contradictory strain in the thought and art of the period which is the key-note to Mrs. Taylor's book, and she strikes it in the first fascinating chapter, a poem in prose, on the " Mediæval Dream." For the Italian Renaissance completed what began in the Renaissance of the twelfth century. It was then that, emerging from barbarism, and beginning to shake off the terrible fears which Christianity had inspired, man's secular nature reasserted itself and affirmed the worth of other ideals than those of Christian humility and asceticism—the worth of personal honour and passionate love, " the ethic of courage and courtesy," the " beautiful doctrine of romantic love." But romance was French and Celtic. The Renaissance of the fifteenth century has the temper of Italy, and is fed from antiquity. The reawakened secular nature of man recovers a philosophy and view of life that justifies it. Authority is overthrown: " the human soul becomes *conscious* of itself and its antimonies, while the human body asserts itself as an equal, no longer an excommunicated thing." The Italian temper is both harder and more sensuous. It worshipped *virtu* rather than chivalry, efficiency intellectual and physical, and beauty more than love. Macchiavelli, Cesare Borgia, Leonardo da Vinci, these are the Italian types; and yet the spiritual fervour is there too. " Fra Bernardino purges the fire from the terrible eyes of Siena with tears of repentance, humbles her to walk awhile with pierced feet in the very ways of Christ." " Savonarola was a true revivalist."

Where all is so good, so packed with scholarship, so impregnated with poetry, it is hard to praise adequately. We might close on Mrs. Taylor's sketches of individuals where every word is felicitous—Macchiavelli, Savonarola, Sigismondo Malatesta, Leonardo, Isabella d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia. In all that has been written about

* " Aspects of the Italian Renaissance." By Rachel Annand Taylor. With a Preface by Gilbert Murray. (Grant Richards.)

Donne does anything contain more of the essence of that strange spirit than this: "He had the Renaissance rage of curiosity and its rapture of regret, he was over passionate and over reasoning, he was macabre and scientific, he was realist and idealist. Wrath and sweetness contend in his love, so that he conveys better than any poet the kind of sadism, the *Odi et amo* note of Renaissance frenzy. He was a courtier and a reluctant priest"? Mrs. Annand Taylor has written a learned and beautiful book, a rare combination to-day.

H. J. C. GRIERSON.

LORD RUSSELL'S ADVENTURES.*

Most people in these days write their memoirs fresh from the fray, whether it be actual war, the political arena, or the contest of life. Lord Russell has allowed a quarter of a century to elapse before giving his own account of his eventful and stormy career. And he has been wise in so doing, for he can now regard the pain of the past with a more impartial judgment than would have been humanly possible when he had but recently gone through the fiery furnace. Further, his enemies of the old time are now dead and he is free to criticise them.

Lord Russell has been fated to suffer many trying experiences from his youth up, and although he states he is a man who abhors publicity, all the facts of his private life have again and again been dragged through the public courts of law and fully detailed in the newspapers. To a certain extent he has been responsible himself for many of his troubles, for he has ever disdained convention and law. As he says:

> "I have always tossed my head with impatience . . . at the mere suggestion of any yoke upon my neck or check upon my freedom. . . . I suspect the satisfied, I distrust the majority, I have little patience with acquiescences. For these reasons I have always been ready to support lost causes, to back the under-dog, and to challenge the established order . . . in spirit I am always a rebel."

On the other hand, Lord Russell's greatest misfortune, his first marriage, which embittered his life for six years and cost him £30,000, arose from inexperience and an ingenuous, unsuspecting nature. Heredity, too, is answerable for some of his ills, for he is the product of two strongly characterised but antagonistic races. His father, Lord Amberley, was the son of the first Earl Russell (better known as Lord John Russell, the statesman) by his second wife, a precise and dignified Scotswoman. Lady Amberley was a Stanley of Alderley—that gifted, impetuous, half-Irish family which has produced so many notable, if rather unbalanced, people. Consequently, as he was left an orphan when ten years old, Lord Russell's childhood was spent amid acute contrasts. He would pass from the typical early Victorian atmosphere, quiet and prim, of Pembroke Lodge, Richmond, where the attitude of his father's people was one of "doubts, fears and hesitations, reticences and suppressions, and of a sort of mournful Christian humility," to the babel and freedom of 40, Dover Street, the house of his maternal grandmother, Lady Stanley of Alderley. Here the unruly family, "including the grandmother, screamed at the top of their voices, contradicted each other with the utmost freedom and violence. . . . It was full of instruction, entertainment and pleasure. I learnt things about the great world; I heard matters freely discussed; I was allowed to speak for myself, subject to the risk of being severely snubbed when I said anything silly."

Lord Russell's account of his boyhood is extremely vivid, and one of the best presentations of the influences of clashing heredity and early environment I have ever read. It is also the best part of his book. Despite his early and later Agnosticism, he had his period of emotional "High Church" religion when a schoolboy at Winchester, partly owing to the spirit and traditions of the school itself and

* "My Life and Adventures." By Earl Russell. Illustrated. 25s. net. (Cassell.)

partly to his friendship with his contemporary schoolfellow, Lionel Johnson, and with the Rev. H. C. Dickins and Malise Graham, vicar and curate of St. John's Church, Winchester.

Lord Russell passed on to Balliol, where for two years he was very happy. The mysterious circumstances which then ensued and resulted in his leaving the University reflect no credit upon Jowett. They were the precursors of the worse troubles which were to come. Lord Russell gives a full account of how he, a young man of twenty-four, living alone at Broom Hall, Teddington, met Lena Lady Scott and married her daughter, Mabel Edith. He details the results of this incompatible and disastrous marriage, with all the painful litigation that followed and the charges which Lady Scott and her daughter brought against him and were unable to prove or justify. The two ladies eventually each received a sentence of eight months' hard labour for libel. Lord Russell, in a final effort to free himself from his galling matrimonial chains, contracted a bigamous marriage in America with Mrs. Somerville. This procured him the desired divorce from his first wife, but resulted in his trial for bigamy before his peers in the House of Lords, and a sentence of three months' imprisonment, which he served at Holloway Gaol. All these things are well remembered by those whose memories reach back a quarter of a century ago.

Fresher are Lord Russell's entertaining relations of his experiences in Utah and Nevada, of the pleasure he found in the construction and growth of his home on a lonely eminence of the Sussex Downs; of his four-footed friends, the dogs and cats. He has been an engineer, a scientist, a keen motorist, a member of the London County Council, a barrister, and "something in the City." With so many and varied interests it may be hoped that in the main he has found life pleasant, despite the pain of his earlier years.

S. M. Ellis.

THREE HUMORISTS.*

If you call a man a humorist you are supposed to mean he is a more or less frivolous person, though it is obvious that the only frivolous are those in whom no sense of humour has developed. They are unbalanced and take very seriously things that are not serious at all. They are so gravely preoccupied with trivialities that they never recognise the things that really matter until some of them are knocking with wintry hands of disillusion at their own doors. More important than benevolent Acts of Parliament is the cultivation in the human species of a sense of humour; for when every man and woman has one, national enmities, business rivalries, wars, artificial dignities, social distinctions and other ridiculous self-assertions and swaggerings that bring misery into our quite limited number of years will be laughed off the face of the earth. That is why I am thankful for humorists and so anxious to have more that I would not even discourage the man who tries to be one and can t.

But no such strain is put upon my charity at the moment, for I am dealing here with three who have proved themselves—two of well-established reputations, one who has made a beginning that is brilliantly promising. I don't think Mr. Pett Ridge ever wrote a novel without a laugh in it; I don't think he could—he is too keenly sensible of the oddities, follies, absurdities, naïve pride and amusing vanities that enter so largely into the make-up of most of us. His new novel, "Miss Mannering,"[1] is the story of a sensible, capable, good-looking girl who comes up from the country to take a place in a city restaurant and, too practical and level-headed to succumb to the lures that drew her shallower sister, Dora, into disaster, works hard, improves her position and arrives at last at a sort of unsensational earthly paradise which is within the reach of the majority. He never goes far beyond the ordinary experiences of ordinary people. Miss Mannering herself, her father, brothers, sister, the restaurant proprietor and his degenerate son, the waiters, certain of the customers, the girl's landlady—you come to know all about them all, and each is revealed to you with an easy, vivid lifelikeness. Without shirking sex troubles and ugly facts of existence, Mr. Pett Ridge is too true a realist to overshadow his picture by giving these an importance that does not belong to them. If life were as dirty as it seems in some novels it would be unlivable, but his shrewd, searching sense of humour enables him to see its pathetic or tragic issues in their due proportions, and this reconciling quality gives his book an atmosphere of reality and a broad truthfulness to human character that are not always apparent in the works of our desperately self-centred psychologists.

This same quality is vital in Mr. Neil Lyons's stories, though his humour is widely different in kind. It is quainter, more fantastic, more grotesque. He has no use for plots, unless they come by accident; any odd character, any casual little incident supplies him with all the material he needs for a story, and the subtle, seemingly unconscious art with which he handles it fills with significance what to another might have looked insignificant, and humanises it all into a thing for laughter, or for mingled laughter and tears. Nothing could be slighter or more farcical than "Young Archie,"[2] until the elusively poignant touch at the close brings a deeper meaning into it. Miss Pennyloap Burtenshaw's need of a hasty marriage in "Parish o' Nowhere" might in other hands have been a theme for surging melodrama or squalid realism, but here it is reduced to broad comedy and, given the dispositions of Miss Burtenshaw and her father, you feel it could not rightly have been anything else. Mr. Lyons is the best sort of laughing philosopher, and there is more knowledge of humanity and worldly wisdom in the forty-two stories of his "Fifty-Fifty" than in nine out of ten books that are accepted as more philosophical because they are so serious. He loves a good rascal, and has collected some choice and delightful specimens from town and country in his new gallery. The frailest sketches in the book are amusing; the ablest are little masterpieces; and one way and another they leave you feeling that the things which matter in life are not those that most of us sacrifice our health and comfort to obtain.

That too is Mr. E. V. Odle's lesson. "The Clockwork Man"[3] satirises the modern craze for efficiency, the passion for improving the human man into a reliable machine and organising all life on scientific, smooth-running, perfectly ordered lines. It is during a cricket match at Great Wymering that the clockwork man is seen by Doctor Allingham and Arthur Withers coming over a distant hill, and they note peculiarities of his gait without suspecting he is anything miraculous, until he comes blundering in among the cricketers. Apart from wearing a wig he is not unusually dressed, but he moves stiffly, jerkily, and makes strange clicking or grinding sounds as he walks. I am not going to detail his extraordinary and diverting adventures in the village. Dr. Allingham and his friend Gregg discover to their amazement that he is a man who has been living eight thousand years hence, but something has gone wrong with his machinery and he has slipped back into the present era. Allingham is incredulous. Gregg believes, saying:

> "Time is a relative thing. The future has happened just as much as th· past . . . the present has not yet evolved sufficiently even to consider seriously the possibility of introducing mechanical reinforcements into the human body, although there has been tentative speculation on the subject. We are thousands of years away from such a proposition; on the other hand, there is no reason why it should not have already happened outside of our limited knowledge of futurity."

The theory is that we are suppressing our natural impulses, subjecting our habits and conduct to such mechanical regulation in the interests of efficiency that the clockwork man represents the ultimate embodiment of our practical dreams—a bloodless creature who feels nothing and can neither laugh nor cry, except when the machinery is out

[1] "Miss Mannering." By W. Pett Ridge. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

[2] "Fifty-Fifty." By A. Neil Lyons. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

[3] "The Clockwork Man." By E. V. Odle. 6s. (Heinemann.)

of order. The story is cleverly and imaginatively written; its irony and satire is effective without being bitter, for as he showed in his first novel, "The History of Alfred Rudd," Mr. Odle is essentially a humorist and therefore finds the follies of the race too pitiful or too amusing for anything but laughter or compassion, and in his last chapter he turns somewhat from the comedy of the situation and is quietly compassionate. It is a striking and original book, and there is a notable sermon in it for those who can dissociate sermons from long faces. So I end, as I began, with a conviction that what the world wants is more humour to save it from selling its birthright of human happiness for a mess of pottage that will be very cold, even if it is in a golden bowl.

A. St. J. A.

Novel Notes.

THE DINNER CLUB. By "Sapper." 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The members of the Dinner Club meet periodically for the twofold purpose of dining and story-telling. The membership is limited to six—one might almost call them the "Sapper" Six—the Actor, the Barrister, the Doctor, the Ordinary Man, the Soldier and the Writer. And the only penalty of the club, we are told, is that if the story is not of sufficient interest to keep the audience awake, the offending member must pay a sum of ten pounds to a deserving charity. Well, if the stories continue on the level of the arresting dozen brought together in this volume, the deserving charities will not wax rich on donations from the Dinner Club. For if there is one quality of the successful short story that "Sapper" has mastered it is the quality of keeping his readers on tenterhooks till the very last paragraph. Tantalising tenterhooks. How, for example, will the austere Sir Edward Shoreham, a judge with an undeviating idea of duty, act when he learns that the woman he loves is a murderess? And even though we have guessed that Ruth Granger's was not the hand that shot her brute of a husband, we cannot rest till we know who did the deed and why. "Sapper" sketches his characters crisply and convincingly, and his plots are neatly contrived and deftly handled. He has an affection, of course, for the gentleman-ranker and a cordial detestation for the villain whose code is not "first class public school," and few can equal him at this type of story. One of the best tales in the book, and one that amuses as well as thrills, is "The House at Appledore." Opening innocently enough with a cub reporter setting out to interview the Largest Pumpkin Ever Produced in Kent, it ends in an adventure worthy of Bull-Dog Drummond himself. "The Dinner Club" will certainly keep many thousands from their beds besides its six members.

VARIETY. By Sarah Grand. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

The title of this volume is justified both by the number and the difference of the stories and sketches it contains. Of the eight, the places of horror are given to two long short-stories, both of which turn on feminine vanity and selfishness. "The Turning of the Worm" describes the complete and unexpected revolt of a middle-aged squire whose life had been spent in unquestioning obedience and servitude to a household of female relations. "Vanity and Vexation" tells of the bitter and futile regret of a worldly-minded American woman who in her pursuit of social ambition took no heed of the physical weakness of her brilliant English husband, and realised too late that without his reputation she was the merest cipher. Both these stories reveal the author's unusual gift of characterisation. They are merciless but absolutely convincing, and their truth appeals to us none the less that they are couched in what seems now a slightly old-fashioned literary form. The remaining six are all of notable quality, particularly "One of the Olden Time," which is a delightful character

sketch of a jobbing gardener of the old school, typical of "the loyalty, the endurance, the independence, the old past England of it all! the England that still had a heart, that bore itself bravely, and never whined!"

BLACK OXEN. By Gertrude Atherton. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

It is some years since Mrs. Atherton has given us anything so fine as "Black Oxen." She has taken a subject that might, in less skilful hands, have been ridiculous. Mary Zattiany, once a belle of New York, marries in Austria, and there, when age robbed her of her looks, renewed her youth by some magical treatment of the glands. ("Some day we shall have the proverb: 'A man is as old as his endrocines.'") She reappears in New York, bent on plans for saving stricken Austria; and she is a mystery. So like the old Mary—can it be that she is Mary's daughter? Lee Clavering, journalist and dramatist, of a strong and proud individuality, falls in love with her, and begs her to tell him her story. Beautifully dressed in emerald green, an emerald comb thrust sideways in her soft hair, she is radiant with youth, when she at last informs her lover that in reality she is fifty-four. It is a dramatic situation, and is handled with dignity and brilliance. The texture of the style is firm and smooth, the story shapes itself harmoniously, and is a very real triumph.

THE COPPER BOX. By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Fletcher now numbers his faithful hosts of readers as Mr. Oppenheim numbers his, but they will probably grieve that the mystery of "The Copper Box" is so brief. We have an artist hero, lost in northern wilds, received with hospitality at a strange Northumbrian house where resides a frank and lovely heroine. On the sideboard of this mansion reposes a beautifully elegant little coffer or chest, and presently interest concentrates on the thing, and on its imperturbable owner, Parslewe. There is a great secret, and many are the folk who chase after it. We will not reveal the solving of it here. It must be read in the book.

MY ALASKAN IDYLL. By Hjalmer Rutzebeck. (Fisher Unwin.)

The most fascinating book of this reviewer's childhood was the "Swiss Family Robinson," compact of adventures that described a deserving family finding in the wilds everything that would make them comfortable. In "My Alaskan Idyll," one finds a Swedish Family Robinson, and reads with the old joy. The man and wife go to a tiny log-hut on the shores of a great lake. Around lie five acres of uncleared land, and they obtain enough stores from the shops to carry them through the first year. They had relied on the salmon fishing to pay for the goods, but it failed; also on their crop of something, unknown to us, named rutabagas, and that crop was spoiled by frost. Finally they went gold-mining and had most fascinating adventures; still they did not make good. Then a baby came to town and the need for fresh endeavour. The husband, Svend, becomes watchman at a salmon cannery, and is unjustly accused of setting man-traps and causing murder. Still poor, they again go gold-mining, and have a magnificent flood which destroys all the machinery, and buries the gold many fathoms deeper. In the end all is well. They have a good farm; they are good, hard-working young people, and they not only make money but enjoy considerable comfort and tell one about it till the mouth waters at the thought of the fat wild geese, the cream, wild berries, and—because unknown—those strangely attractive rutabagas!

THE INCOMING TIDE. By Janet Maitland. 3s. 6d. (Melrose.)

A new writer who certainly has the gift of telling a good story, Mrs. Maitland is herself a film actress, and the glimpses she gives us behind the scenes in the "movie" world may therefore be taken as authentic. She draws realistic pictures of film production and the people involved in it; and the prejudice of rural minds against the innovation is typical and quietly amusing. But the cinema interest forms only the background of a tragic plot in which a man's past threatens the life-happiness of a modern, high-minded girl. Hope, an outspoken, joyous young creature, wins our sympathy from the first; she has no narrow-minded bias against the fruits of progress, but the tide of the "movies" carries her to love and friendship which threaten to wreck her whole life. Only a character of unusual nobility could rise from disaster, as she does, triumphant. We shall look for Mrs. Maitland's future work with more than ordinary anticipation.



Photo by Hoppé. **Mrs. Lauderdale Maitland.**

THE PURPLE PEARL. By Anthony Pryde and R. K. Weekes. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

All the strange and tragic adventures recounted between the covers of this book are results of a malicious death-bed jest. Monte Carlo Mereworth hid the family treasure and his wonderful purple pearl, giving to each of his three sons an envelope containing a third of the clue to the hiding-place. The youngest, Bernard, had his stolen by his German valet, Otto Heinz, and in consequence neither of the others would divulge their words, and so the feud began. In the third generation the rift tends to widen, when penniless Martin, heir to Mereworth Castle, is forbidden to marry his beautiful cousin, Violet, and when Bernard, the Birmingham Mereworth, comes on the scene. In 1918 Martin is in Böllendorf prison camp, controlled by Herr Commandant Heinz—descendant of the aforesaid Otto. Violet in a letter tells Martin her "word"; Heinz has the other, and Martin's refusal to part with his draws the Commandant's wrath upon him, and his sufferings are terrible. From this point adventures come thick and fast, now in Sussex, now in Germany. The story is racily told, and though much of it sounds familiar, we cannot criticise it for being réchauffé when we consume it with such relish.

ANN'S AN IDIOT. By Pamela Wynne. 7s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

More often than not, when a novel "booms" the wise wonder why, and chuck their chins and say nobody could have foretold that this would happen. But it is not so with "Ann's an Idiot." Even the most minor of prophets had only got to read it to know that it was going to sell. The sweet simplicity, the charming innocence, the ridiculous, pretty trustfulness of Ann, which so often betray her into compromising or dangerous situations, are in themselves irresistible. She is foolish but lovable; idiotic at times, but always adorable; it is her utter unsophistication that makes her so appealing and subdues that chivalrous, rather blasé, mature, Victoria Cross hero, Major Seymour, in spite of himself and, when she has been entrapped into a house of evil, draws him back to save her, after a discovery that in her infancy he had made love to her mother has shocked Ann and estranged them. Her romance begins when she meets Major Seymour while she and her more discreet cousin Joyce are voyaging to India to join their parents; it develops and is broken in India, and is revived after circumstances have sent both her and the Major back to England, where she is detached from friends who were to have met her and falls into the toils of a plausible dame engaged in the white slave traffic.

This episode seems luridly melodramatic by comparison with the light comedy and romantic sentiment that go before it, but it serves to give the story an exciting conclusion. It is long since we read a first (or a tenth) novel that was more intriguing or more deftly and attractively written.

THE MEREDITH MYSTERY. By Natalie S. Lincoln. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)

We tried this book on a bad case of after-dinner boredom. The patient immediately sat up and continued to do so until the sma' hours. John Meredith is mysteriously murdered at two o'clock in the morning in his country house near Washington. Suspicion falls upon his niece, Anne, to whom a few hours before he had offered the choice between beggary and marrying David Curtis, a blind physician she had only known a few days. Dr. Curtis, terribly handicapped by his blindness, sets himself to find the murderer and if possible to clear Anne, whom he already loves. Even the detective-story expert, who prides himself on putting his finger on the criminal early in the book, will we think be nonplussed here. We are sure neither Anne nor the sightless Sherlock Holmes is guilty, but of no one else are we certain. The house is full of friends and a cosmopolitan staff of servants. Skilfully the author leads us to suspect each in turn. Like a will-o'-the-wisp suspicion darts from place to place and we follow hot-foot, breathless but intensely interested to the very end.

THE DEVIATIONS OF DIANA. By Hutton Mitchell. 7s. 6d. (Philpot.)

"There's something in me that's different to other women," says "Diner." "I never could settle down to cook a man's meals and bring up his kids. There's been something left out when I was made, I think. Anyhow, I don't want to marry any man. Dicky would marry me to-morrow if I wanted him to. It's my fault we're not married now. I'd hate him if I was married to him. . . ." A humorously frank, innocent and perfectly *unmoral* product of the London slums is "Diner" who, through the men she captivates, raises herself from her soul-deadening environment and, while escaping her mother's fate, treads no path of worldly virtue. "There's something in me forces me to make men want me," she declares and, although in conventional circles she would not be considered at all a "nice" girl, there is a charm about her, a courageous recklessness that makes her story one of singular interest. She is a striking personality cleverly realised, and the other characters in the book are drawn with no less strength and ability—in particular Favart, the Italian anarchist, who "would always talk of what he could do if he exerted his mighty intellect, rather than do what he could." He is an exquisite specimen of the underworld, and might almost be a caricature of one of Zola's creations, or a farcical offspring of one of Ibsen's. Mr. Hutton Mitchell is well known as an artist, and if as we believe this is his first appearance as a novelist, he is to be congratulated on having made an uncommonly promising start.

TALES WITHOUT MORALS. By Arnold Palmer. 7s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

"Hotel Windsor," the last of the seven tales in this collection, serves to show better than any other the kind of writing towards which Mr. Palmer leans. His people affect us as do hotel acquaintances. Their talk is that brilliant if often meaningless chatter which at times descends upon the conversation when each speaker, a stranger to his neighbour, is on the defensive. It is clever and it is amusing, and it is a very fair representation of the kind of fencing talk in which we all indulge at one or other moments of our lives. Foolish and fatuous as words then are, so has Mr. Palmer written them down. He has shown no strenuous effort to curb the touch of malice. Two of his studies, "Brown, of Epsom" and "Darling Lisa," with their greater preoccupation with

character-drawing and their firmer outlines, strike a deeper note. We hope that along these lines Mr. Palmer will proceed, for time to the short story teller is money, and a maze of clever phrases may entangle the author as surely as it may momentarily entertain the reader.

THE LUCKY NUMBER. By Ian Hay. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dip into any of these thirteen short stories and you will find yourself following with unabated delight the exploits of one of Mr. Ian Hay's men's men or one of his gay, piquant feminine characters, at once so human and so lovable. The stories sparkle with life and are touched with that droll humour which makes his work popular wherever it goes. Even when he takes us over trodden ground we forgive him, for he does not keep to the beaten track. A man and a girl shipwrecked on a desert island have supplied material for other stories by other authors, but he has the courage to use it again, and gives the situation freshness and makes it all his own. Nor is the shy young fellow who poses as a celebrity and meets the celebrity accidentally quite a stranger to us, though in Mr. Hay's hands he seems like one. Whatever theme he handles he handles effectively, and here we have a variety of themes, all buoyant, all characteristic, and not a tedious yarn amongst them. A canine romance to start off with, a fowl episode at the finish, and the whole collection written over a considerable period of the author's career. The earliest was written eighteen years ago, the most recent last year, and as each is dated we are given an opportunity of noticing the effects of time and circumstance upon his work. He has included thirteen stories in the book to refute the old superstition; but every reader will be sensible of a bit of bad luck when he reaches the last page. That is that there are not more than thirteen.

MR. BAILEY-MARTIN, O.B.E. By Percy White. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

This witty and amusing novel should have been published two years ago, when we were still reeling under the bombardment of awards for war services, which in moral effect was rather more disturbing and harmful than the earlier bombardments by aeroplane and Zeppelin. Time brings forgetfulness, with the result that Mr. Percy White's satire touches a world too tired of the subject to be concerned over it. When we meet a friend who if he had the necessary hardihood might wear the adornment of the O.B.E., we do not remind him of the guilty fact. It seems too cruel. Bailey-Martin, the over-virtuous, self-excusing reprobate, is worth meeting again, for he belongs to the splendid order of humbugs of which Pecksniff and Chadband are the patron saints. His inventiveness, his infinite resourcefulness, are almost too clever; for the reader feels that such brilliance in casually explaining away could have been spent in avoiding as profitably the inconveniences and passing episodes of disrepute that occur to him. Uncle Percival must have had something redeeming about him which does not quite appear; as there was surely something beyond the material and the sexual which made even those dreadfully naughty young women—birds of a sultry feather Mary Stanhope and Diana Fane, stick to him through the thickening tribulations of turpitude that fell upon him. It is a part of Mr. White's cleverness that we always see Bailey-Martin's relatives through the eyes of that ingenious, dissolute and unscrupulous gentleman; and it is well to remember this, as otherwise the world into which he introduces us would be too unspeakably sordid, even for the war-time of the hangers-on who "enjoyed" and reaped profit from the catastrophe which brought out so much that was great in the national heart. The book belongs to that sort which, however witty and amusing—its subtlety is beyond words admirable—becomes inevitably painful through its distorted reflections of moral shabbiness and detected sham; and that is why, now and then, in reading it we felt it was all too much on one sparkling, sordid plane and might with advantage have been shortened. But—a clever book. No question of that!

JOAN OF THE ISLAND. By Henry Holt. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

When a young Englishman swims ashore on a South Sea island whose only white inhabitants are an English girl and her brother, there is but one logical course for the novelist to pursue. He must accept the convention of love at first sight and do his best with any surprises of plot that occur to him. In "Joan of the Island" Mr. Henry Holt does this, and on the whole gets on uncommonly well. Freshness of invention is not his strong point, but he makes a very creditable tale of adventure. Moniz, the Portuguese trader, plays the villain's part with thoroughness and skill. To one temptation the author does not yield, and for this we are grateful. The South Sea island setting provides him with no excess of love-scenes. Other interests fill his pages—the stern business of pearl-fishing, the attendant risks of enemy attack and the circumvention of native treachery. We can imagine an unsentimental schoolboy enjoying this good going story of adventure as much as does his father.

The Bookman's Table.

THE KINGFISHER AND OTHER POEMS. By John Doe. 2s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews.)

There is a wistful simplicity in Mr. Doe's poems, a freedom from affectation and a directness of language which gives force to his sentiments and calls up sudden pictures, beautiful and rich with colour. The poems are all fairly short, and perhaps the more impressive for that reason; some embody a thoughtful philosophy, others express phases of emotion tersely and with genuine feeling:

> "Kiss me good night, remembrance dear,
> And let me go,
> Kiss me and leave me ere I know
> A faltering or a tear.
> Why linger? we have been all day
> Together as lovers near,
> Have looked our last
> Upon the past
> And trod again the long, long way;
> Climbed the steep hill, felt the old fear,
> And slept in the green dales below.
> Why hold me fast,
> Love's arms around me cast,
> You know I cannot stay;
> Kiss me good night, bid me good cheer,
> And, dear remembrance, leave me so."

A slender volume, with much in it of value, and well worth a place on the bookshelves of poetry lovers.

ADVENTURES IN BOLIVIA. By C. H. Prodgers. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Graham. 12s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Mr. Prodgers's book is a rather ordinary narrative of some quite extraordinary adventures in the wilds of South America, where his main occupation is alleged to have been that of a trainer of race-horses—but *not* a jockey, for his normal weight is declared at two hundred and sixty-five pounds! But the turf business was obviously a blind. Mr. Prodgers is really the reincarnation of one of Mr. Cunninghame Graham's "Conquistadores," and his real speciality is treasure-hunting, or any sort of romantic quest that offers a gamble with fortune. He visited a mysterious Indian capital from which no white man who saw it had ever returned to tell the tale. Not being by nature either a lotus-eater or a *renegado*, Mr. Prodgers did come back. He has done other things—located buried Inca treasure and ancient mines of gold, quicksilver and cinnabar. Yet one assumes that though many a capitalist probably

owes his pile to the robustious enterprise of Mr. Prodgers, his own fortune still waits to be made. Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who perceives in Mr. Prodgers " the true Elizabethan spirit that makes a man sell his own land to visit that of other people," contributes a lively preface that strikes us as being perhaps a little too lively. Possibly it is only the reaction from the style of Mr. Prodgers, who is only Chestertonian in the physical sense.

STRAY SONGS. By L. A. Hurst Shorter. 5s. (Bryce.)

> " Ah ! life's true happiness lies surely here :—
> To feel !—to reason not, nor think too deep ;
> To live within the moment, and if that
> Be barren of delight, to live again
> Some moment crowned with happy memories."

Thus sings Mr. L. A. Hurst Shorter in his latest volume of verse, which Mr. W. J. Bryce, of High Holborn, has just published. There is a brave wisdom running through the poems, which are thoughtful, often poignant, and rich in ideas.

> " He's not lost
> Who still can dream, nor reck the mighty cost ! "

he says heartingly to the " so-called failure." This is a book for poets and dreamers who, like the writer himself, strive to take " the bold, long view of life " ; its key-note may be found in the line :

> " Courage—the Happy Heart—is all that matters "

Mr. Shorter writes with easy grace ; his manner is restrained and unaffected, and his work will appeal to all with a taste for modern verse and an appreciation for the wide outlook of the true philosopher.

DECORATIVE WRITING AND ARRANGEMENT OF LETTERING. By Professor Alfred Erdmann and Adolphe A. Braun. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A warm welcome awaits this volume, especially from the many who find it necessary to make use of lettering for the purpose of advertising, or whose interest may be in decorative design for use in printing. The compilers have indeed produced a very attractive and helpful book, brimful of hints and ideas. It deals with the origin, aim, meaning and value of modern lettering, giving throughout definite and clear instruction in this beautiful art, together with a large number of illustrations, including specimen alphabets—both ancient and modern—various type arrangements, pen-drawn borders and designs, also a number of type founts and an admirable selection of modern advertisement designs. The arrangement, grouping and composition of lettering designs are clearly explained and illustrated, while the instructions given regarding tools used in lettering are invaluable, various pens and styles being fully described and the result of their use being shown by drawings. It is a book that will prove of great service to all engaged in decorative writing and design.

DOWN THE YELLOWSTONE. By Lewis R. Freeman. 21s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Freeman is a born tramp of the " Running Road," and he has laboured to make his calling and election sure. Wherever the water is loosely packed and the rocks show their black, sharp fangs, there his heart is always and his body fain would be. Twenty years ago he conceived the idea of riding the Yellowstone river from its source to the Gulf of Mexico. He " struck in " at Yellowstone Park, and after doing as he liked in that vast domain and having a rare old time, he came across Yankee Jim, who made him a gift of a boat. There was not much to the gift seeing that the boat had only been cobbled together roughly by a miner, and for long had been left high and dry on the bank —and in any case it did not belong to Yankee Jim. This lusty youngster did 100 miles on the Yellowstone—" a good part of it on the ice, on the bank, or floundering in the water." The marvel is that he did not finish under the water, for he did the last five miles astride one of the only three remaining planks. During the interim of twenty

years he held to his dream of finishing that trip, and in this volume has given us a thrilling, racy story of the completed adventure. He has much to say of the grim fascination of Yellowstone Park and his great fight with the river. Not the least interesting part of the book is his record of such intriguing characters as Yankee Jim and Calamity Jane, and what would we give to meet Wade, whose instinctive and picturesque profanity was truly more of an art than a vice!

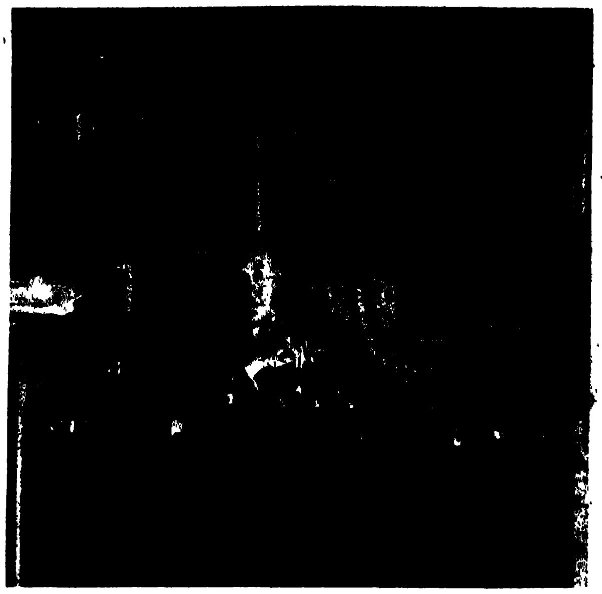
POEMS IN BLACK-AND-WHITE. By W. G. Raffé. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

"O God! O Montreal!" an expression used, according to Mr. Belloc, "to emphasise those occasions when the mind of man has fallen short of its high mission in any department of art." Therefore it is the expression most fitting when a born artist such as Mr. Raffé shows himself utterly lacking in critical faculty. Here is a book whose many and beautiful illustrations any man of taste might wish to possess. Yet here is also a book blemished with much thoroughly bad verse—verse that is often poetic in feeling but strangely unpoetic in the weakness and banality of its expression. Blemished, but not spoilt, for sometimes sincere and simple faith breaks through the flaws of the writer's technique, but lines such as

> "To hymns of soul deep agony,
> To God's orchestral melody"

are a painful reminder of Mr. Raffé's own dictum:

> "Speech is but a clumsiness,
> All words but a snare."



Mr. Robert Nichols,

In his working room, at his Japanese residence, in Tokio, where Mr Nichols occupies the Chair of English Literature at the Imperial University. A new book of his, "Fantastica," containing three tales in prose, will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus this month.

But in the hand that drew the pictures there is no clumsiness. The house of silence, a white road winding to a hill church with the moon behind, horses ploughing, ships in the wind, cloudy poplars by night are mute and delicate reminders of Mr. Raffé's genius.

Music.

A SINGER VIEWS AMERICA.

By Ursula Greville.

AMERICANS are very fond themselves of saying they have no traditions, but if they realised it they have the finest tradition of all. The real American comes of pioneer stock, and it is as stupid to judge England by the cosmopolitan crowd which flocks in and out of London as it is absurd to think that New York represents America. One does sometimes come across one of the real pioneer stock who broke ground and made towns, even if they were but "Main Streets," but the singers do not belong as a general rule to this class. With the exception of an Eva Gauthier, singers in America are just as frightened of their own opinions as we are of ours. Of course one must admit that the agents have a good deal to do with it. If a song in a singer's programme is spoken against by some of the critics, the singer will probably be asked to take it out of her repertoire, and if she be the fool the agents always imagine singers to be she will agree. In every job there are the few who can stand up against anything, and those few have to blaze a trail, more difficult than any cutting down of trees. The pioneer singers of modern songs, or even the singers who desire to sing only good music, must work away against inertia, indifference and an educated knowledge of bad music.

I suppose I must have gone to hundreds of concerts in America; even the most hectic London season has nothing to compare with a New York season. I should say the standard is higher for the average beginner than in London, though the quality of the music seems the same, and the programme suggests many minds with but a single thought. It seems as though singers in America are just as chary of singing modern American songs as we were a year or two back of singing modern British. The same cry is heard: "There are no good American songs." Besides (and here lies the truth of the matter), those who sing them find themselves unpopular. Much has been done for the sake of popularity in this world, and few of us realise how little it is worth in the end, that affectionate contempt of enormous crowds, who know without being told that one has failed to sing the music that one considered worthy, in order to pander to their supposedly low taste. I remember discussing the point with Gladys Moger, that fine, intelligent singer who has done more than anyone else for our music, since she set some of us an example by singing unknown British music before the war, when for a young singer to sing native songs was to court certain disaster. She agreed with me that the royalty ballad, with its sentimental poem and its treacly tune, together with the absurd habit of listening to music instead of helping to make it, is responsible for the low level of technique among our singers to-day. Until singers become musicians—and one does not find that American singers are any more musicianly than the average British singer—more bad music than would fill all the sky-scrapers on Broadway will continue to be bought and played and sung. But as more singers become musicians the standard will rise, for no self-

respecting body of people will consciously sing rubbish day after day. One finds in America this same idea that one can pound a typewriter one year and sing top notes at Carnegie Hall, or Queen's Hall, or whatever hall one may be able to afford, the next. There are more disappointed would-be singers in America than in England, but only because America is larger.

It is almost as hard to make a career in America without a fortune to back you as it is in England. But every appearance you make in America is so much towards your goal, and if you do well you are almost bound to be asked to sing again. There are always people on the look-out for new talent, and even if the fees they offer are in the first place small, they are certain; the States are peculiar in that one year your value may be £20 a concert and by the next may have become £300 in the same town. But it is necessary at first to take small fees which will perhaps barely cover your expenses, for the vastness of America makes it impossible for your name to become known all over the continent without, as I say, either a vast fortune to start, or your own individual work.

People in England have a very exaggerated idea of the fees that artists get in America. They seem to think that after one successful concert in New York the whole of America will flock to seek an artist's services, but this is no longer true. People who have a vast European reputation like Onegin and Chaliapin go to the Metropolitan Opera as a matter of course, and even if they give but two performances it is sufficient to guarantee to the agents that such artists are worth any sum from one to three thousand dollars. But the concert artists *pur sang* have a very difficult, uphill task, and one can hardly expect to make ends meet the first season or two.

Broadcasting seems to have gained a much firmer hold in America than in England. It is nothing to have an audience of 500,000 people listening in to one station, and in my chats to owners of stations I gathered that they were as keen on helping forward the cause of good music as I myself am. Their attitude towards artists' fees, too, is very reasonable, and they quite see that the time is soon coming when it will be as necessary to pay artists for singing over the radio as for any other concert. There is one thing that the radio will do for singers which I think few people have realised yet, and that is to weed out the singers whose voices are so ill-produced that they will not carry well. In this way singing technique will become better. And it needs to do so if the march of modernism is to go on, for only singers of the highest technique can hope to sing the songs which are being created in the world to-day.

In about ten years from now every cultivated musician who wants to be sure that he has heard the best music the world can produce, will be obliged to include America in his itinerary owing to the economic conditions in Europe at the present day. The finest musicians are flocking to America, there to found schools, and while the American's boast that she is the centre of the musical world is not quite true, it has sufficient truth in it to make us realise that here the real development will be. American composers are few, but there are certain men whose work is worth the respect and admiration of all. Such as Stillman

Kelley, Griffiths and Blair Fairchild have produced works which are really significant. The song writers are almost as prolific as in Europe, and there are some gems to be found with a little trouble, but the vastness of America makes it possible too for more rubbish to be produced than even we produce. Naturally the people who are most strongly American are those composers who have recently trekked to America and are now making America their own. They are loudest of all in their acclamation that America is the greatest musical country in the world, and like most noisy minorities they are judged to have more power than they really possess. After all, in the long run the value of music lies not in what the few say it is, but in the effect it has on the great majority of the people.

Public-spirited men seem to lean more towards music in America than ours do here. It is nothing for men to give sums varying from £10,000 to £30,000 a year for music: I met at least a dozen who do. And while one admits that England is not the wealthy country to-day that America is (I am not talking of the wealth derived from her gains in the war, but of her natural wealth), at the same time our wealthy citizens do not seem to care a tinker's curse about music in England, and therefore it is impossible for us to hear orchestras as good as the best of those in America.



Miss Ursula Greville.
Editor of *The Sackbut.*

We have no orchestra in England of the standard of the Philadelphian, which plays the old masters with a precision and point that the Vienna Philharmonic in its best days did, with a wonderful added power of making modern music seem absolutely comprehensible. The leader at Philadelphia, Stokowski, is a very fine conductor, but it must not be forgotten that he has probably the finest material in the world to work upon. It really is wonderful to see how orchestras spring up in American towns, and to realise that schools or *conservatoires* which now teach music to 5,000 pupils yearly had their birth in a back room and with as few as two pupils ten years ago. It is a matter for rejoicing that this sort of thing should be, but to see it elsewhere does make one feel awfully anxious to have music pushed along in England. However one may admire the countries one visits, one resents at heart anything which reason forces one to admit is done better than at home.

One of the jolliest concerts I heard was under the baton of Fritz Reiner, the conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra, which gave a charity concert I should imagine to be unique either in the Americas or Europe. All the orchestral players were equipped in the costumes of the period of Mozart, and the only lights the musicians had were candles attached to their desks. Somehow Mozart, Haydn and Beethoven had never seemed more wonderful than in that dimly-lit ballroom. Mr. Reiner is an amazingly fine conductor; perhaps his Hungarian birth accounts for his marvellously flexible sense of rhythm, and he seems to have done wonders with the orchestra in the short time he has had it under his control.

Americans are realising, much more I think than we are, that to sing well is to be extremely well educated. It means that an extensive knowledge of all literature is a necessity, not a luxury. Why is it that audiences find much of our best modern songs so dull and uninspired? Is it always the music? No. It is because singers of less than average intelligence attempt to sing a modern poem, the outcome of to-day's complex civilisation, with just the same degree of understanding they apply to the words of a Handel aria, where the first line may be repeated seventy times seven and the audience has nothing to do but listen to the music. Not so can they listen to much of the modern music. The poem is of paramount importance, and one of the healthiest signs of the young British and American schools is the importance they attach to careful word setting. Now if the poem is important the average singer is confronted with another problem. Most of us have been trained to sing in foreign languages, having been told, usually by foreigners, that the English language is ugly, dissonant and without music. But for my part I find English the jolliest language of all to sing in—for an English-speaking nation—and when properly sung delightful to hear. Our much beloved John Coates has a diction and enunciation that makes you proud you speak the same language that he sings. The only bit of Greek I know is the proverb καλλαπα τακαλα, and it certainly is difficult to make English beautiful, though of all things it is the most worth while for English-speaking peoples. But until singers will spend time to sing with an immaculate diction, all the technique they may possess will avail them nothing when it comes to singing in English. If some of these great stars of the operatic firmament were put down in a concert hall and called Jones, or Smith, or any other name by which a rose might be called, and were made to sing, even in the language of the country from which they sprang, a programme of modern songs, I warrant the majority would fail completely to give to their audiences any intellectual conception of the poems that had been set.

In the last four months I have heard most of the greatest singers in the world, and it is certainly true that many of them are so popular because the audience

knows almost by heart the programmes these great ones choose to present. But in presenting new works there is no help from the audience, rather a little resistance; so that singers of to-day must possess a musicianship equal to that of the composer; and there lies the trouble. Singers are as lazy as the lotus eaters and hate to be bothered to learn new things. If it is true, as so many of us think, that America will be the hub of the musical universe, let the real American see to it that the language of the people is heard at any rate as often as the foreign tongues.

THE HAND OF THE MASTERS.*

By George Sampson.

For the musically-minded reader—amateur or professional—these are three of the most delightful and thrilling volumes imaginable. They are perfect facsimiles of the autograph scores in the Royal Library at Berlin—now described, by the way, as the Prussian State Library, a pleasing indication of altered times. The reproduction has been most exactly carried out, even to the rendering of the different colours of the paper used by the composers, the faded ink, the dirty marks of use and, of course, the blots, excisions and insertions. Open any one of the volumes, and you feel sure that you have before you an old original manuscript straight from the hand of the Master, and no mere mechanical reproduction.

The books give one an odd and exciting sensation of being in direct personal touch with these giant makers of music. Bach, for instance, had the bad habit of ruling his own staves with a five-pointed instrument. You can still get such things; but they are a false economy. At the best they make bad lines, and, at the worst, as Bach must have discovered, they play the composer false by rendering one or two lines very faintly, or running two and three lines together in one long hopeless blot. Several staves in the Cantata have had to be left unused because of these lengthy rivers of ink. Can't you hear the old Cantor fuming about the waste of precious space? It is a terrible manuscript, full of blobs and smears and alterations, some so bad that Bach has scribbled the letter-names over certain groups of doubtful notes. Even worse than some of his notes is the fearfully scrawled text of the voice part. Bach is the only one of the three who gives his work a clear title, for on the first page is scribbled in large and wildly varying letters, "Dominica XIX post Trinit: Ich will den Kreuzstab gerne tragen: 2 Hautbois o (è ?) Violini, Viola o (è ?) Taille, S. A. T. et Basso Conc: con Continuo di Sigr: Jos: Seb: Bach." It is not clear whether "Viola" and "Taille" are alternatives or inclusives. "Viola" was an elastic term, and we sometimes get in old music a "Viola" part written in the Alto clef and a "Taille" part written in the Tenor clef. Here there is only one line, and its heading looks like "Viola è Taille," as if Bach wanted both. Bach's "Taille" was a kind of light bassoon, or "third oboe."

The Mozart manuscript, as one somehow expects, is a delightfully neat and precise score. A skilled reader could play from these pages with very little hesitation. Directions are few, but the phrasing is clearly marked. It is worth notice, by the way, that Bach gives no directions as to speed and force, and no long phrase marks; but he is careful and liberal with little phrase marks in the groups of quavers. A row of four quavers in Bach is capable of several variations in phrasing, a point we commend to the notice of those interested in metrics.

* Bach's "Cantata for 19th Sunday after Trinity," 6s.; Mozart's "Trio in E major, for Violin, 'Cello and Piano," 7s. 6d.; Beethoven's "Piano Sonata, Op. III." 8s. 6d. (Munich, Drei Masken Verlag A.G.; London, Chester.)

The Beethoven sonata is perhaps the most interesting of the three documents. It is, in the first place, a greater piece of music than the other two. The Op. 111 Sonata is, in my opinion, the greatest piece of pure piano music ever written; and here we have this great thing in the creator's own hand. It begins well—notes very small, but clear. Soon, however, it begins to sprawl wildly and almost incomprehensibly; but nevertheless it is actually legible. I found that by patient reading I could follow every note. The wonderful variations look terrible in the sprawling script, but they are clear even though you may have to count the leger lines to discover which notes are meant. Beethoven leaves you in no doubt about his meaning, for his pages are liberally strewn with time and expression marks. This volume is the most human document of the three. You can almost discern the harassed, deaf creator's impatience to get his mechanical task over—as if the real thing, after all, was not the music he could put on paper, but the music that was singing within his soul. I wonder what "Hamlet" looked like on paper!

We heartily congratulate all concerned in the production of these admirable volumes. Materially, they are delightfully and sensibly bound books and perfect triumphs of faithful reproduction. Less materially, but not less really, they are strangely appealing personal links with the three greatest masters of music.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

SONGS FROM MANY LANDS. Edited by Alfred S. Swan. (Enoch.)

A delightful book of thirty folk-songs arranged by celebrated composers and edited by Alfred S. Swan; the new copyright translations are by Helen Taylor. There are folk-songs from France, England, Scotland, Russia, Spain and North America—three Negro Spirituals being included amongst the North American. Mr. Swan says the collection "makes no claim whatever beyond the giving of some artistic joy to both amateurs and professional singers." And this joy it should certainly give.

MY GARDEN. Words by Maud Carrington. Music by Robert Clayton. (Paxton.)

Six little songs for children, with simple words and simple music. The melodies are tuneful and should please children, but it is doubtful whether the words will quite satisfy them. There is a lack of imagination in the verses, and a tailing off at the end of each song, just when one is expecting a point, or a quaint idea.

AT TEDDINGTON LOCK. By Gustave Lind. (Augener.)

The average player should find this descriptive pianoforte solo a welcome addition to his or her repertoire.

The Drama.

EUGENE O'NEILL.

By Graham Sutton.

Eugene O'Neill found his vocation late in life. He did not turn dramatist till he was twenty-four, by which time (if we count life in terms not of years but of experience) he had attained a ripe and mellow maturity. He was born in New York in 1888 of Irish parents, his father being an actor and theatrical manager. At seventeen he was a Princeton undergraduate. A year later, throwing up a New York clerkship, he became in turn three equally hazardous things—gold prospector, assistant theatrical manager and sailor before the mast. After this he enjoyed, or endured, a comparatively humdrum phase—eighteen months of various kinds of commercial work in the Argentine. Then back to the sea—New York, South Africa, Southampton. And still his wander-lust was unsatisfied. He joined his father's company and for a short time toured through the western states (perhaps unsuccessfully: I am told by one who saw him with the Provincetown Players Group, half a dozen years later, that he was not a good actor). Anyway he renounced the professional stage and became a journalist—"general newspaper hack on a small-town journal in Connecticut, followed by a stay of six months in a sanatorium for consumptives, at the end of which time he decided to become a dramatist, the career which is now certain to be his for the remainder of his life."

The quotation, and most of the information above it, are from the preface to "The Moon of the Caribbees," written by Mr. St. John Ervine, the best introduction to anyone or anything that I have read for a long time. This volume of seven one-act plays of the sea is the second O'Neill book published in England by Mr. Jonathan Cape. The first appeared about a year ago, containing "The Straw," "Diff'rent" and "The Emperor Jones." A third, whose proof-sheets I have been privileged to see, will include "Anna Christie," "The First Man" and "The Hairy Ape." Mr. O'Neill has written nine or ten besides, of which I am told the best is the full-length "Beyond the Horizon." But he had not passed direct from his adventures to the making of plays; from the sanatorium he went off to Harvard for a year's Drama Course, and it is curious and instructive to observe how little that course fettered him. Some of his plays—not many and not the best—are built on the academic plan; "The Straw" and "The First Man" might "pass" with the professors; "Anna Christie," too, if he would consent to their blue-pencil here and there. Elsewhere Mr. O'Neill remains an original. Nor did his stage experience lead him astray; since the war we have had some pretty painful examples of "actor's drama," but there is nothing stagey with him; the plays are distilled at first hand from life as he has known it—from the nervous energy of men who do things, from the hard-breathing, jostling throng, from the rough ways of the sea. Consider these sea-pieces in "The Moon of the Caribbees." Of all settings "the old devil sea" is perhaps the hardest to stage; Mr. O'Neill stages it by insisting always on the sea as a profession, not as a romantic and abstract idea. Now and again his folk speak of its beauty and wonder, but that is for contrast. More often he gives you the sea as it affects their lives each moment; the cramped forecastle, the clanging hell of the stokehole, the outcast life ashore. He will have no truck with sob-stuff such as we have been taught to expect from American playwrights. Nervous and highly-strung his plays may be, wrought to a painful intensity; but they are the work always of that rarest of spirits, a sensitive man who has been through the mill without becoming

either blunted or retrospectively sentimental. All is clear-cut and vital—the mind's wrestling in slippery places, the inhuman endurance, the star-lusts and fears; cruelty that cuts like a whip; and always, in sharp flashes, beauty like sudden flame.

By their technique these one-act plays, his prentice-work, suggest the dramatist who will presently go ahead according to rules of his own making. Yet in themselves they are not too revolutionary. A good one-act piece is not always built to music-hall standards, any more than a good short story is always a "snappy" yarn. Either may be character studies, glimpses of some obscure calling, perhaps only studies of an atmosphere without formal plot. "The Moon of the Caribbees," "Bound East for Cardiff" and "The Long Voyage Home" are of this kind. It is when Mr. O'Neill brings his originality to bear on full-length plays that he knocks the professors endways. "The Emperor Jones" is an astonishing piece of work. Its opening scene—a palace—promises bustle and movement; but the negro emperor is discovered alone; his subjects are in revolt, and a scoundrelly Englishman comes in to warn him that they are brewing mischief, and magic, against him. Far off a tom-tom begins to throb monotonously, and at once the play, which until now has been comedy almost verging on burlesque, becomes a grim chronicle of Jones's flight through the forest, hag-ridden by spectres which his enemies' magic evokes. There are six scenes of monologue, a crescendo of strangeness and terror during which the hunted man sees dreadful visions out of his own and his race's past. There appears the fellow-negro whom he killed in the old days when he was a Pullman-car attendant; the convict gang in which he worked; beyond that, a slave-mart of the Southern States in the last century; further back again, the slave-ship's hideous hold; last, the dread Congo witch-doctor who in some previous incarnation picked him for human sacrifice. And ever nearer and more exultant, the quickening beat of the drum. At last the monologue rises to its climax of fear. The emperor fires his last shot, the silver bullet which was to have been his charm. The hunters' magic has done its work, and the quarry walks out of the wood where he had entered it, straight into his slayers' hands. The Englishman turns up in time to grunt a contemptuous "Blarsted niggers!" and the curtain falls.

All Mr. O'Neill's best plays show this originality of treatment. Yet he has nothing that can be labelled a method, for his method varies with each. "Diff'rent" is not so much a two-act play as two one-act studies, linked by a sequence of theme. In "The Hairy Ape," another tremendous piece, he makes a still more daringly successful experiment. "The Hairy Ape" is, in the sordid-realistic vein, what "Abraham Lincoln" was in the heroic vein—a chronicle-study; on its small scale, you might almost say, an epic. But an epic of modern and western life, be it understood; less leisured, more feverishly emotional than that of the wandering Greek. The man in the street who has never heard of Homer might call it a first-rate screen story; nor do I think he would be far wrong, believing as I do that old Homer may yet prove the long-lost father of the movies art, and that the great epic of the next century will be composed for the screen. But this by the way; I obtrude

my belief only by way of apology for comparing Mr. O'Neill's achievement with a younger art that has not yet found its strength. At all events the screen's influence is traceable in this play of swiftly-changing scenes and contrasts—as it were snapshots of a living soul, driven forward on the rough path to self-realisation. "The Hairy Ape" and "The Emperor Jones" are each magnificent; and if they are not counted as drama to-day they will assuredly be great drama to-morrow.

Great and small, the plays are all alike disturbing. They take the imagination by the throat, so that not even consecutive reading blurs each separate image—a rare quality this. And one feels that they should play even better than they read. "Diff'rent" certainly did so; I saw it eighteen months ago at the Everyman Theatre, which has also given us "Ile" and "In the Zone," and time has quite failed to blunt my memory of Miss Jean Cadell's and Mr. Leslie Banks's acting. "Anna Christie," again, I have enjoyed so much that it seems churlish to complain if the Strand cast are not always equal to their opportunity. Miss Pauline Lord's finished skill outweighs a somewhat dreary delivery; and if she is sometimes mushy when she should be hard, and trivial when she should be taut as a bowstring, perhaps the producer is to blame. The latter certainly sets much too slow a pace for the first two acts, and in the last has missed quite amazingly the central point of beauty, when Mat cries out in sudden dread of what may befall his lover if she forswear herself. Even so "Anna Christie" is a notable triumph, which Mr. Cochran hopes to follow up with "The Emperor Jones" and "The Hairy Ape." The production of any of these three plays is an event of the first magnitude, and to be privileged to witness them a rousing adventure.

"THE STAGE CAT'S" PURRS AND SCRATCHES.*

The volume which Mrs. Fagan has recently edited will add appreciably to the chagrin of leading players and to the amusement of unprejudiced playgoers. "The Stage Cat," who has written it, has a delightfully feline touch, instinct with wit and humour, ever apt to qualify praise and to mitigate censure. In the main she purrs. About Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendal and Geneviève Ward she has nothing but pleasant things to say, and she describes Lewis Waller as "fine in appearance and in character," illustrating her description by a characteristic anecdote of that popular actor's self-restraint. But she purrs and scratches when she deals with George Weir and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Of the latter's talent for making pleasantly unpleasant little speeches she gives numerous examples. Here is her account of the Lily Brayton of twenty years ago: "a mere slip of a thing, with big blue eyes and golden-brown hair, and with the figure of a thin boy; so thin and flat, indeed, that one almost thought she must be consumptive—a little girl from Wigan." But sometimes "The Stage Cat" scratches. She scratches the two Georges, Alexander and Edwardes, rather badly. Generally, however, "The Stage Cat" keeps her claws in. To Willard's huge appreciation of a practical joke, to Fred Terry's disconcerting short-sightedness, to Oscar Asche's "giant steam-roller way of always getting there," to Penley's increasing irascibility in his later years, to Jimmy Welch's wit and "strange attraction for women," and to Marie Tempest's delightful consciousness of her own charm: "I'm an ugly little devil, but they like me"—to all these idiosyncrasies "The Stage Cat" pays a generous tribute. Nor can I close my notice of this very good-humoured if occasionally rather mordant collection of reminiscences without quoting the author's very handsome appreciation of Henry Ainley, the budding Bensonian of the nineties. "He has the sweetest nature possible," we are told. "He would help anyone and do anything he was asked. He would hear us our parts; he would book our lodgings or addresses; he would help us to carry our bags. He was beautiful as the morning." Is not that sweet of "The Stage Cat"! Sometimes, however, Pussy suffers from a bad memory; as when she tells us that Lewis Waller and H. H. Morell produced "The Idler" at the Haymarket. If my recollection is correct "The Idler" was staged at the St. James's by George Alexander. It was Oscar Wilde's comedy, "An Ideal Husband," which Messrs. Waller and Morell brought out at the Haymarket.

LEWIS BETTANY.

* "From The Wings." By "The Stage Cat." Edited by Elizabeth Fagan. 10s. 6d. (Collins.)

AREN'T WE ALL? By Frederick Lonsdale. At the Globe Theatre.

Curiously it is not the principal characters that stand out in this bright, swift-moving comedy, although Miss Marie Löhr acts with all her usual charm and humour, and Mr. Herbert Marshall, as the unhappy husband, plays a difficult part with restraint and quiet dignity. Yet not so much the breach between the young couple remains in the memory after the play is done, as the worldly-wise philosophy of the perennially young old Lord Grenham in his attempts to reconcile his son and daughter-in-law; and the arch determination of Lady Frinton, a lady of uncertain years but most decided character, to lure the old rake into matrimonial bliss with herself. Miss Ellis Jeffreys was, of course, admirable as Lady Frinton, and as Lord Grenham Mr. Julian Royce acted brilliantly and with perfect ease. These two, and Mr. Eric Lewis in the rôle of the sanctimonious parson, kept the house chuckling. The cast could not be bettered Mr Frederick Lonsdale's dialogue is crisp and witty, always to the point and fully atones for any lack of freshness in the plot. Margot Tatham comes home unexpectedly from a holiday and finds a beautiful "vamp" in her husband's arms; infuriated, she refuses to forgive, and it is only when her father-in-law digs up a holiday incident of her own—in the shape of a young Australian (Mr. Martin Lewis)—that she begins to relent. The positions are reversed; the husband suspects and becomes cold and distant, and it rests with the Australian to save the situation. This young man, enraged that Margot has played with and deceived him, is only stayed from taking revenge by her pleading and womanly explanation. He goes, leaving husband and wife to confess to each other and come together again, comforted by Lord Grenham's cheerful (and embellished) avowal that everyone is a fool. "Aren't we all?" he asks of the deeply shocked and annoyed reverend gentleman—and the curtain falls. A play with many dramatic moments, well worth seeing, and as brisk and lively as a comedy should be.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA. At Everyman Theatre.

All playgoers within reach of Hampstead owe a debt of gratitude to the Everyman management for the really excellent production of what is perhaps the most brilliant gem in the Shavian treasure-house. The cast was exceptionally strong, including Cathleen Nesbitt and Claude Rains, who as Mrs. Dubidat and the incorrigible Louis Dubidat gave a fine, tense piece of acting in the deathbed scene. And the doctors—they were as vital and amusing and assorted as ever. To watch their pet theories yielding spark after spark on the merciless anvil of G. B. S.'s wit is to enjoy a Brock's Benefit of the first magnitude. Reginald Bach and Ivor Barnard gave strength and personality to the parts of Ridgeon and Sir Patrick Cullen. But the acting success goes to Brember Wills, whose Bonnington was worth going a long, long way to see.

S. H. W.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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CONTENTS.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the death of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, C.H., D.D., LL.D., the founder and editor-in-chief of The Bookman.

Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.,
Proprietors of The Bookman.

In the death of Sir William Robertson Nicoll modern journalism loses one of its greatest and most influential personalities, and the wide circle of those who knew him one of the kindest and loyalest of friends. After many months of failing health, going on with much of his editorial work indomitably almost to the last, he died at his home, Bay Tree Lodge, Hampstead, on the 4th May.

Born in the Free Church Manse, at Lumsden, Aberdeenshire, on the 10th October, 1851, he studied for the ministry, and for eleven years devoted himself whole-heartedly to service as a minister of the Free Church. Then a serious illness compelled him to relinquish preaching altogether for a long period, and on his recovery he was advised that he must avoid as far as possible any such further tax upon his strength. He had already been giving his leisure to literary and journalistic work, and had come in touch with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, who had appointed him editor of the *Expositor*. He came to London, and in November, 1886, founded the *British Weekly*, and so made a real beginning of that brilliant career which came to a close last month. To say nothing of other periodicals he originated, Sir William founded The Bookman in 1891, and the *Woman at Home* in 1893, and yet, amid all these and other editorial activities, found time to write articles and literary causeries for more papers than I would venture to number off-hand. He found time for the writing, too, of numerous theological and other works. In biography there was that beautifully sympathetic character study, "My Father," and Lives of James Macdonell, of Professor Elmslie, and of Ian Maclaren.

Many of his periodical essays are collected in "The Day Book of Claudius Clear," "The Round of the Clock," "Letters on Life," and "A Bookman's Letters." There were books also on "The Problem of Edwin Drood," that delectable collection of "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century," and the series some value most of all which embodies his spiritual philosophy and includes "The Key of the Grave" and "The Garden of Nuts."

In 1909 he received the honour of knighthood; and in later days, in recognition of his war services—and none but those who were then in contact with him know with what earnestness, unflagging courage, and at what sacrifice of leisure and of health such services were rendered throughout—he received from the King's hands the Order of the Companionship of Honour. Earlier honours conferred upon him were the degrees of D.D. from the University of Halifax and LL.D. from the University of Aberdeen.



Sir William Robertson Nicoll.
From a photograph taken when he was in the Riviera about three years ago.

I have only outlined here the story of his life that was given with ampler detail in these pages when THE BOOKMAN completed the thirtieth year of its existence, and in the special October number of 1921, which was issued to commemorate Sir William's seventieth birthday. Of all the narratives of his career that have recently been appearing in the press, the fullest and most intimate is that by Miss Jane T. Stoddart, in the *British Weekly* for the 10th May. In the same number, among numerous others from distinguished men who have been associated with him in religious work, there are tributes of esteem and affection from many of his literary, journalistic and political friends, including Mr. Lloyd George, the Marquis of Aberdeen, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lord Riddell, Viscount Burnham, Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, Lady Frances Balfour, Sir Henry Lucy, Mr. John Buchan, Professor John Adams, Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie S. Swan), Miss Beatrice Harraden, Mr. Robert Donald, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Sir J. M. Barrie, whose very characteristic note we reprint on another page, with some further personal recollections that have been written for THE BOOKMAN.

The series of lectures and counter-lectures at the London School of Economics, in aid of the London Hospitals, is proving an unqualified success. Under the chairmanship of Viscount Burnham, Mr. McCurdy, K.C., M.P., and Mr. G. K. Chesterton discussed on the 15th May, "Is Modern Journalism Worth the Price We Pay for It?" and whether they demonstrated that it was or was not, if applause and laughter count for anything, their large audience was immensely interested and well entertained. A week earlier Mr. Alfred Noyes and Miss Edith Sitwell, with Mr. Gosse in the chair, debated the very vexed question of "Poetry and Modern Poetry."

Why this question should be so very vexed, as it undoubtedly is, one cannot readily understand. For myself, I keep an open mind. All I ask of poetry is that it should be poetry, and I am glad to recognise it in whatever questionable shape it may come. Mr. Noyes, a very able speaker, made out a convincing case for the poets who are in the old tradition, and "free verse" found a doughty champion in Miss Sitwell, but there was some disappointment that she did not quote it freely and let it speak for itself, for in these matters a little quotation is often more effective than argument. Mr. Noyes recited one entire poem by a poet of the "new" school, which ran:

> "His father and his mother
> stood in the doorway. . . .
> He killed his father and his
> mother;"

but as Miss Sitwell, who spoke first, did not reply, and no general discussion was allowed, no attempt was made to interpret the secret poetry in those lines for the benefit of the uninitiate. Surely if that may pass for the real thing, one might condense the whole of the Odyssey into

> "Ulysses sailed away on a perilous voyage . . .
> When he came home he found Penelope waiting for
> him,"

with some reasonable prospect of being buried in Westminster Abbey.

In a privately printed pamphlet just to hand, "The New Poetry and Tradition," it is evident that Mr. F. C. Owlett is a whole-time enemy of free verse. He writes devastating things about it, and one cannot deny the truth of much that he says. He justly resents the superior attitude adopted by the "new poets" toward living poets who do not conform to their principles. He gives extracts to

justify his wrath, and in the eccentricities and extravagances of the "new poets" finds his chief weapons against them. His quotations disquiet even an open mind. There is, for example, a poem in which we are told that

> "The people that pass
> Seem castles of glass,
> The old and the good
> Giraffes of blue wood."

In the last number of that excellent little monthly, the *Chapbook*, I read a "new" poem in which people were described as looking "like pagodas," and, with the best will in the world, I am bound to own that I have never seen anyone who looked like a castle of glass, a blue giraffe, or a pagoda—which, of course, may be my misfortune, and I will admit, anyhow, that I should certainly like to.



Photo by H. Walter Barnett.

Mr. Duncan Swann,

author of "The Book of a Bachelor," whose reflections of a married man, "The Book of a Benedict," has just been pub'ished by Mr. John Lane

The best book of free verse I have read is Miss Susan Miles's "Dunch" (published, I think, by Messrs. Blackwell, of Oxford), and I hope I have not failed to appreciate the fine things in the work of Richard Aldington, Sacheverell Sitwell, Aldous Huxley, Harold Monro, Miss Charlotte Mew, Miss Anna Wickham, and others, but I am unable to shut my eyes and take in all they offer and say it is good.. Some of it seems to me very bad indeed. But there is bad work even in Keats, and that is why I fancy Miss Sitwell in her lecture might have been a little more tolerant of certain of his early critics. Having read some of the most shameful contemporary reviews of Keats and Shelley, Miss Sitwell seemed to suggest that the new poets equalled them in greatness, and that this was proved by the fact that critics and the public now treated the "new poets" as Keats and Shelley were treated by the critics and public of their time. Such contentions are never significant, and always two-edged. In Keats's time there was a new school of poets known as the Della Cruscans, the critics were equally unkind to that school, and no member of it now survives among poets who are read. One might find an analogy there, except that it were rank injustice to compare the best of our "new poets" with the Della Cruscans. If unfavourable criticism is a testimony to a poet's greatness, hundreds of unappreciated poets may be comforted. Moreover, no poetry met with more scorn than did that in the first volume of Tennyson, who is despised by the "new poets," and they themselves consistently write as disparagingly of Noyes as any critic ever wrote of Keats. If lack of appreciation is so significant in their case, their own failure to appreciate Mr. Noyes may be as significant in his. There is no use in trying to limit poetry to any particular form. Every way of writing it is the best way, for the man who cannot write it better in any other. Most of us will feel that Mr. Gosse was right when he declared "there is no new poetry—there is only poetry." Though perhaps he might have added—"and not too much of that."



"Rita"
(Mrs. Desmond Humphreys),

whose new novel, "The Ungrown-Ups" (Putnams), is reviewed in this Number.

I am very glad to have Trollope's "Autobiography" among the latest additions to the "World's Classics" (2s. 6d.; Oxford Press), with an admirable introduction by Mr. Michael Sadleir. The revival of interest in Trollope continues steadily, and if his very candid, unhaloed revelations of himself, his methods of work and general feeling toward literature, do not show him in any romantic aspect, they show him as a very honest craftsman, a very practical, business-like author, and a bluff, outspoken, likeable, human being.

A new volume of humorous sketches and stories by Mr. F. W. Thomas, "Saturday Nights," is to be published immediately by Messrs. Putnam. We are publishing an article on Mr. Thomas in our BOOKMAN Gallery next month.

A book that should interest musicians and students of the theatre as well as Shakespeareans in general is "Shakespeare's Use of Song," by Richmond Noble, which the Oxford Press is publishing. Mr. Noble contends that each of the principal songs is an integral part of the play to which it belongs and loses in meaning and effectiveness when separated from it.

Dorothy Canfield (Mrs. J. R. Fisher), whose novel "Rough Hewn" was recently published by Mr. Jonathan Cape, has completed a new book, "Hillsboro People," which Mr. Cape is to publish in September.

The two latest additions to the Bodley Head quartos (3s. each) which Mr. E. G. Harrison is

editing, are (1) Robert Greene's "Third and Last Part of Conny-catching," and "A Disputation between a Hee Conny-catcher and a Shee Conny-catcher," and (2) Chettle's "Kind-Harte's Dreame," and William Kemp's "Nine Daies Wonder"—his own story of that famous dance of his from London to Norwich. Mr. Lane is doing a great service by making these and other such lesser glories of Elizabethan literature so easily obtainable.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Flora Annie Steel,** whose new book, "A Tale of Indian Heroes," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Much of the London that Dickens knew has vanished, but there is still much more of it remaining than most persons suspect. Mr. Walter Dexter, who has made a full and careful study of this subject, has put the result of his searches and researches into "The London of Charles Dickens," which Mr. Cecil Palmer will publish shortly.

Now that a collected edition of the novels and stories of Mr. Neil Munro has been published, one rather wonders that it was not done sooner. Mr. Munro is one of our few living artists in romance, with all the gifts of the great maker of such, including imagination and the magic of style, and the reading public is to be congratulated, even more than the author, that Messrs. Blackwood have, at 3s. 6d. each, made his work in fiction (except for his pseudonymous books of humour) readily accessible even to light purses in these ten beautifully produced volumes.

In the "Broadway Translations" (7s. 6d. each) Messrs. Routledge are issuing translations of foreign classics, old and new, each containing an introduction dealing with the author and his work. The four first volumes are "The Girdle of Aphrodite," a rendering in English verse of all the love poems of the Palatine Anthology; Voltaire's "Zadig," and other romances; Petronius's "Satyricon"; and the delightfully quaint "Master Tyll Owlglass," with many illustrations by Crowquill. The volumes are beautifully printed on good paper, and strongly and very tastefully bound.

Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, whose "Aspects of the Italian Renaissance" (Grant Richards) was reviewed in our pages last month, is an Aberdonian born and bred, but there are two kinds of folk in that granite city where the Highlands and Lowlands meet, and she is unquestionably one of the Gaelic Aberdonians. She began to write, she was telling me the other day, as soon as she could hold a pencil, but, being self-critical from the beginning, always burnt, after a while, what she wrote. Her youth was involved in the profession of teaching, and she concluded early that she could not be a genius because she was brilliant at examinations, and according to the biographies real genius is never that. When she was eighteen she went to King's College, Aberdeen University, and became a pupil of Professor H. J. C. Grierson, who recently confessed in print that he was even in those days considerably startled by her cleverness. He discovered, what she had kept a guilty secret until then, that she wrote verse, and she feels that she owes not a little to his sympathy and encouragement. Leaving the University, she was for three years a young but very efficient mistress in the Aberdeen High School, reading, writing and lecturing, and working hard at her calling.

Thereafter for about six years Mrs. Taylor lived an amazingly busy life in Dundee, was involved in all manner of social, political and educational work, lectured a good deal, published her first book, which contains poems she wrote between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, read much, travelled a little, and made the study of archæology and folk-lore her diversions. Later she came to London and published more of her poems, "Rose and Vine" and "The Hours of Fiametta" with Mr. Elkin Mathews, "Poems" with Mr. John Lane. That last book was the first of hers I had read, and I remember how it seemed to me, among the many books of verse coming to me at that time (1904) as an oasis in the desert. But London stopped her from writing; she had a livelihood to earn, and had never been able to regard art as a means to that end, and was so preoccupied with the business of living that she made up her mind she would never have the chance to write again. Then came all the strain and stress of the war, and about four years ago, during the enforced leisure of a severe nervous illness, she found herself beginning to write again, and the new poems so written are to be published shortly by Mr. Grant Richards.



Photo by Swaine. **Mr. Brodie Fraser,** a London-Aberdonian, who writes the literary notes in the *Sunday Times*, of which he is news-editor.

Japan has lately shown her appreciation of English photography

in a characteristically practical fashion. At the beginning of the year an important group of Japanese newspapers—*The Asahi*, Jambun—asked Mr. E. O. Hoppé to send them a selection of his work for exhibition purposes. Four hundred subjects were sent, and promptly recognising their artistic and educational value, the newspaper syndicate purchased the whole collection and has arranged for the exhibition to travel throughout the leading towns of Japan.

"The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle," by Hugh Lofting, published last Christmas in this country by Mr. Jonathan Cape, has been awarded the John Newbery Medal for the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children during 1922. The award is officially under the sanction of the American Literary Association, and the voting is done by the children's librarians who belong to that group. Mr. Lofting was born in England, studied architecture and engineering and, as an engineer, travelled all over the world and gained that knowledge of many countries that he turns to such excellent account in his delightfully fresh and quaint story of "Dr. Dolittle." He fought in the English Army during the War, but is now settled with his wife and two children in New York. He is a clever artist and illustrates his own books.



Mr. Hugh Lofting,
author of "Dr. Dolittle" (Jonathan Cape)

Disraeli's "Runnymede" Letters, which Messrs. Chapman & Dodd have included in the new half-dozen volumes just added to their excellent Abbey Classics series, may not equal either the virulence or the brilliance of the Letters of Junius, but they are vigorously alive and hit off with keen-edged wit and irony various prominent men of his time, and handle current social and political problems with a shrewdness and breadth of vision that make the Letters still historically valuable as well as lively and entertaining.

Although "Sinners in Heaven" is her first novel, and won the prize in Messrs. Leonard Parsons' recent First Novel Competition, Miss Clive Arden confesses it is by no means her first attempt at fiction. She has been writing ever since very youthful days, and was ambitious enough when she was eleven to plan a revision of "Romeo and Juliet," giving it a happy ending. She believes in romance and the happier side of life, and the success of "Sinners in Heaven" would seem to justify her. In less than three weeks it had arrived at a fourth impression; the Bobbs Merrill Company is publishing it in America, and it is being issued also in Canada and Australia.



Miss Clive Arden,
whose new novel, "Sinners in Heaven" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

We have found it necessary to hold over the Index to Volume LXIII of THE BOOKMAN; it will be given in our next number.

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The pirate will never lose his glamour, though we know him for a scurvy rogue and oftentimes a brute. The danger of his calling did much to obscure its more evil traits, and Mr. Hyatt Verrill's accounts, in "The Real Story of the Pirate" (10s. 6d.; Appleton), of buccaneers and swashbucklers make fiction seem almost washy and inconsequent. Mr. Verrill has collected his facts from far and wide, and regales us with bloodcurdling stories of lawless men—and women who posed as men—who robbed and slew and perished on the high seas. Extracts are given from actual pirate logs, the histories of many famous pirates dealt with; some, as in the case of Captain Kidd,



Camera portrait by Ruth Bartlett.

Miss Susan Ertz,
whose "Madame Claire" is one of the cleverest and most successful of recent additions to Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library series.

stripped of their glory; others, hitherto overlooked, allowed due credit for their bravery. It is a valuable record of the bad old seafaring days, and peculiar interest is added to the book by the reproduction of several old prints and pirate maps. Indeed nothing has been spared to make it as complete as possible.

Owing to the continued demand for Miss Gertrude Ford's "Lessons in Verse Craft" (4s. 6d.; Daniel), a new edition of the book has just been issued. Its value to young poets, especially, cannot be exaggerated, and all students of poetry, as well as those who want to write it, will find their understanding and appreciation of verse considerably increased after reading this concise and charmingly written little volume.

Should Marah have confessed her past to the husband she loved—to the husband whose devotion and trust she feared to lose? This is the problem with which readers of Miss Joan Kennedy's "The Muck Pond" (7s. 6d.; Philpot) will find themselves confronted. Knowing all, they can forgive Marah that dark patch in her life, but would Alan Strangeways forgive? The beginning of this book is such a delightful study of a lonely child that one wishes Marah had never grown up to the trials and temptations of womanhood. As a little girl, with her dreams and quaint yearnings, she is more real, more distinct than the woman she grows into. Afterwards, when Gram is dead and she leaves the old cottage, she becomes blurred, a trifle colourless. Nevertheless her story is interesting and should provoke discussion, and although Miss Kennedy's ingenious solution lends itself to criticism, it makes the book more enjoyable and satisfying than it could otherwise have been.

The readers of "The Oldest Letters in the World" by Mrs. Sydney Bristow (5s.; Allen & Unwin), will be most startled by the author's assertion that our new-old friend Tutankhamen did not exist. She gives good reasons for her assertion, and it is undoubted that the priests did all they could to obliterate or falsify the work done by the "heretic" Amenhotep the Fourth, and, where that was impossible, to attribute his achievements to their puppets, his immediate successors, whom, says Mrs. Bristow, they invented. But this novel theory is only a detail in the author's argument, which is that the Phœnicians who inhabited Tyre in its greatest age, who were the boldest voyagers and traders of the ancient world, who founded Carthage and planted colonies up and down the Mediterranean coast and even in these islands, that this inquisitive, indefatigable race was of the children of Israel. She finds her premises in the famous Amarna letters, and she makes a good case for supposing that the conquerors of Tyre and Sidon at the time of Joshua were not Canaanites, but Hebrews. Now and again her reasoning takes a bold leap, but students of the subject will be used to that sort of thing. And she has certainly written a very fascinating book.

Perhaps Mr. Joseph Keating is a little daring in working up the idea of a dead man's double impersonating the dead man, even to the extent of deceiving the widow. The theme is not new, but in "The Exploited Woman" (7s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) it is done so ably, the details woven in with such care, that the probability of the masquerade is soon made convincing, and the most sceptical will find himself carried along by the rapid action of the story, and kept in suspense while a plot concerning love and diamonds and deception is ingeniously unravelled. The meeting of the two men, so exactly alike, in the wilds of Africa, is dramatically described. Swift is dying, raving deliriously of Margaret, the beautiful wife he left five years ago; but it is only the mention of her wealth that suggests to Rochford his going back to England and filling the place of the dead stranger. He takes the risk and goes—to discover more precious things than wealth, and the story of his imposture, alive with dramatic episodes, is told tersely, without superfluous words, and holds the attention to its fittingly romantic conclusion.

For something like sixty years Mrs. Beeton has been doing her share towards settling matrimonial difficulties and making an Englishman's home his castle. And she is still doing it. The practical lady, with her extensive knowledge of household affairs, has long since passed beyond, but Messrs. Ward, Lock have just put out a monster edition of "Mrs. Beeton's Household Management" (12s. 6d.) which answers every domestic question a housewife was ever called upon to solve. Work, servants, laundry, labour-saving devices, as well as more complex subjects, such as etiquette, home nursing, etc., are dealt with fully yet concisely, illustrated with nearly seven hundred illustrations and thirty-two plates in colour. Such a huge twelve-and-sixpennyworth will tempt even the most thrifty and, to be sure, they can scarcely spend the same amount on anything else and procure so much condensed wisdom in return.

It is a long time since we have read a book so full of understanding of the complexities of humanity as "The Beautiful and Damned," by F. Scott Fitzgerald (7s. 6d.; Collins). Mr. Fitzgerald, like the author of "Main Street," appreciates the importance of the little things, but there are moments when he shows a deeper sympathy than Mr. Sinclair Lewis; it is the physician anxious to heal rather than the surgeon eager to dissect. Anthony and Gloria marry in the sunshine of an apparently ideal love. They have money, education, friends and almost all that should make life a success. But it is a tragedy of easiness. Anthony, dilettante and self-conscious, descends the path with a logical progression as pathetic as it is inevitable. And Gloria, who might possibly have arrested his descent—though one is not quite certain of that—is dragged with him. Yet Anthony is no criminal; indeed, if he had been, some robust cleric or pretty Salvation Army lassie might have appealed successfully to his emotions. He was "willing but weak," and his very virtues became vices. It is a book of an unusually high order.

In his "History of Modern Europe from 1878 to 1919" (21s. net; Cassell) Dr. George Peabody Gooch, one of the younger Cambridge historians, has produced a record of the relations of the Great Powers to one another from the Treaty of Berlin to the Treaty of Versailles which the journalist, the publicist and the general student will find invaluable. We have tested the work by consulting its handling of half a dozen of those crises of European history which any man of middle age has lived through, and in every case we have found Dr. Gooch clearing the ground of irrelevances, balancing conflicting contentions in dexterous equipoise, and finally delivering an explicit and clear-cut judgment on statesman and event. The historian is seen to particular advantage in his handling of the new material which the opening of the archives of Berlin, Vienna and Petrograd has furnished.

THE READER.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL.

SOME PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

SIR J. M. BARRIE:

(Reprinted from the "British Weekly.")

As an old contributor to the *British Weekly* I should like to be one of those who come back to sit under its founder in his last number. He was a great friend as well as a great journalist, and, if all of us whom he set upon our way are to say a word, this number will be vocal in his praise. Like many another at this moment, I am back again in early days, climbing for the first time a stair in Paternoster Row that was to become familiar; my garments homely, but redeemed by the tall hat which had been purchased to impress editors. Nicoll never saw that hat again; he probably did not see it then, for our attire was the one part of us to which he had a blind eye, unless, indeed, a book protruded from a pocket, balanced by a book in the other pocket. That, I am sure, was, in his opinion, the way in which all young men should set off whistling to seek their fortune; it was his own way at all times of his life, except that no pockets could have contained all the books he needed for the shortest journey. He carried them "in his oxters" on all occasions, so that often as he walked his arms were extended as if he were about to attempt to fly, and the only valet he needed was one who could follow him and pick up the books as they fell; in protracted travelling he gradually left his clothing behind him in the various hotels, as more and more books crowded them out of his valises. Many will tell of his enormous home library, out of which it seemed to be his ambition to crowd even himself. He never believed there was a sufficiency of books in that vast apartment; he was, perhaps, the only man in the world who thought that more people should write books; he considered that the next best thing to a good book was a bad book. He was so fond of books that I am sure he never saw a lonely one without wanting to pat it and give it sixpence. I should say that he read thousands of them every year of his life, and as quickly as you or I may gather blackberries. He had not the slightest interest in science, but would have been interested in it at last if it could have shown him how to treat his eyes so that he could read two books at once; he grudged two eyes to one book.

And yet he read a great many more newspapers than books. When he was in America, if it was the books that became his sole luggage, it was the newspapers that necessitated his departure to the next city; for those papers are great in bulk, and in twenty-four hours they changed the appearance of his room, as snow may change a landscape; no furniture now visible, only a mighty white expanse, out of which you had to dig him.



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1889.

All this would have been sufficient occupation for most men, but, of course, it was to him only a relaxation. He was, at the same time, doing the work which has made him a name in the land; writing more than most, creating journals that made him a great power. Seldom, I suppose, has there been an editor who was his paper so peculiarly as he was. He made the *British Weekly* "off his own bat"—made it by himself out of himself; it was so full of his personality that he came stalking out of all the pages, meeting every reader face to face, so that it can truly be said he paid a visit every week to every person who took in the paper. Myriads of people must have grown up under his guidance, and learned many of the lessons of life from him, and, next to those who worked for him, they are the ones who will miss him most. But we, his contributors, who helped him to however slight an extent, will miss him most of all, remembering his thousand kindnesses, his glorious enthusiasms and the passion of his soul.

J. M. Barrie.

MR. WILLIAM CANTON:

A note or two had passed between us when I met Dr. Nicoll for the first time, towards the close of 1894. At our second meeting it was arranged that we should keep Saturday evenings for each other. Thenceforth, in summer or winter, the week-end found us together (except in the holidays) alternately at Highgate or Hampstead. In those early years he was a pale, worn and fragile man; and the distress of his great bereavement drew us into very close fellowship. Even at that time, however, one could not fail to recognise the alert and eager spirit, the masterful will which overruled his physical weakness. Happily, as time went by, he grew stronger; the worn look passed away, and its place was taken by the cheerfulness of returning health

in body and soul. In May, 1897, his second marriage brought him new faces, new friends; above all, it lit up the home with happier children and a companionship which insured him a fresh lease of life.

Our brimming and not too solemn Saturday nights were ended by my removal to Berkhamstead. On my telling him of our "flitting" arrangements at our last meeting at Frognal, I remember the melancholious voice and twinkling eyes with which he asked: "And what will the poor whale do?" I did not catch his meaning. That was the question, he explained, of the old Scots "body" when she was told that gas had come in, and there would be no more use for oil-lamps.

One of the delights of Frognal was the great library he had built himself after his trip to America. The man who coined the Latin tag, "Life without books is death," would have become immortal among this countless collection. In spite of its "admired disorder," Nicoll knew where to put his hand on what he wanted. Half a dozen dog's-ears in a volume were clear evidence that he had been busy with it. Numerous as the books were, he might have read them all, with those wonderful eyes which seemed to "snap-shot" whole pages. His memory was even more wonderful. It was no mere "reference" memory of where things were to be found, but a photographer's plate which reproduced the very words in prose or verse. Among these treasures, by no means least prized, were the series of old quarterlies and other periodicals which gave him such a mastery of one range of literature.

Rapidity of reading and unfailing memory helped him immensely in his work; the habit of dictation saved him from great drudgery; but lucidity of thought, facility of expression, and the inspiration of "the right word" were special gifts. He gave me the impression of being always ready, never at a loss through surprise. His ministerial experience went far in shaping his work; the success of the *British Weekly* in particular he ascribed to his regarding religion, literature and the rest, not as isolated manifestations of human thought and emotion, but as one complex of closely related influences.

What struck me greatly was his vast acquaintance with what is termed minor verse. It was amazing how much he could quote of little-known poems which had deeply moved him. In his "Songs of Rest"—the first book he gave me and the forerunner of dozens of others he thought I might find useful—he noted that the poems "had been largely selected from fugitive publications." Bookmen, by the way, commonly hug their books too jealously to be generous book-givers; but Nicoll was many-handed in his giving—generous in sympathy, in appreciation, in counsel, in encouragement, in helping people to chances of work, and, where there was need for it, in using his cheque-book.

With all his love for poetry and for all his Celtic "forbears," it was curious that he never appeared to care for the old Irish legends and poems. I don't think he ever looked into the "Silva Gadelica" or had come across Carmichael's "Carmina" of the Gaelic Highlands and islands. Dr. Parker was his preacher of preachers; he never tired in his praise of him (with striking quotations from the last sermon). Among novelists "Mark Rutherford" (William Hale White) held a unique place in his admiration. There can have been no more faithful adherent of Dickens, and his keen investigation of the enigma of "Edwin Drood" was of a piece with his interest in the psychology and mystery of crimes "without trace."

Nicoll was as inveterate a townsman as Dr. Johnson himself. He loved Lumsden, his native place; he loved Shere in Surrey; but happy associations, I fancy, endeared each of them to him. Two delightful excursions we had into Surrey. One closed with a memorable dinner of—I forget what distinguished brotherhood. Mr. Hardy was an honoured guest; Meredith came down from Box Hill in time for the walnuts and the wine; and one of the most brilliant speeches was that of L. F. Austin, who was always brilliant. The other outing was to Coldharbour in a sunny October, with colour on the trees and silvery mist rolling between our hills and the South Downs. Celt though he was, Nicoll liked beautiful landscape, I think, much as Socrates enjoyed the banks of the Ilissus, the tall plane-tree and the spring flowing under it, the flowering vervain, the grassy slope and the chirping of the grasshoppers. "Like a stranger being shown the sights," said Phædrus. "Yes," replied Socrates, "for I am a lover of learning; the fields and trees will not teach me anything, but men in the city do."

In those nights of ours we must have talked of all things under the sun, and of some further away; but the intercourse which colours life most deeply seldom finds its way into words; and these notes, which can add nothing to what has long been familiar to his friends, can, I fear, convey but a vague likeness of him to those who did not know him.

The news that Sir William has passed away came to us with a shock of suddenness; we had never thought the end was so near. When I was alone I reached down "The Songs of Rest," and lingered over the closing lines of his own poem, "The Taken to the Left":

> "No; it is not dying:
> Sure, unwearied arms
> Are beneath me, saving
> From the last alarms.
> I am sinking thither,
> Very full of rest,
> As a bird with broken wings
> Sinks into its nest."

William Canton.

MR. W. PETT RIDGE:

I cannot reckon the number of Sunday evenings I spent in his company at Bay Tree Lodge, but they went on for years, and the memories of them are entirely happy. The discussion was mainly of arriving men and women in literature; Robertson Nicoll had an open curiosity regarding new people, and any details were instantly added to the contents of an astonishingly well packed mental warehouse. Whatever of confusion there might be in the arrangement of the long library at Frognal, there was no untidiness of thought on the part of the owner. He wanted facts. Opinions he could make for himself.

If any argument happened concerning the printed word, he would hunt among the thick undergrowth of books and papers which covered the floor, and, the reference found, it invariably proved that he was right. Back in his arm-chair, and smoking pipe on pipe of a

mild tobacco, he chatted of folk of the past; men who from small and tentative beginnings had achieved greatness, and men who, getting well off the mark, had failed to stay the distance. His talk was usually serene; nothing irritated him but a suspicion of elusive behaviour, and I recall two instances of the kind that aroused him to something like vehemence. I was never allowed to go until close upon one o'clock in the morning.

"You'll come up again very soon!" The appeal followed me as I made my way down the slope of the grounds.

At lunches and dinners there was a charming hostess, and there were jolly children, and one could be sure of meeting somebody who had hitherto been but a name on the title page of books. Walter Besant I encountered at Bay Tree Lodge, and George W. Cable, and Maarten Maartens and others. The meal finished, there was an adjournment to the library upstairs where, I think, he felt best disposed for conversation. He owned a kind of whimsical frankness. There was critical talk one evening of a well known Londoner.

"He's a blunderer," agreed Robertson Nicoll; "he's a fool; he's a mass of astonishing ignorance. But he's the only friend I have!"

At public dinners he occasionally showed restiveness. Himself a good speaker, he endured with a self-sympathetic look on his features the garrulity of those unable to find a peroration. I sat next to him once when a visitor was making a long and prosy reply to the toast of "Literature." Robertson Nicoll turned and remarked in a perfectly audible voice:

"I always said the man was a bore!"

It is not clear whether his place, as a discoverer of new talent and as a praiser—he was never afraid to be enthusiastic—will be filled. I only know that he was kind and generous to me at a period when generosity and kindness are very welcome, very useful. I like to believe he had an affection for me; my own tribute to him can be expressed in familiar words: "I do love 'ee, for you was a good man, and you did good things!"

W. PETT RIDGE.

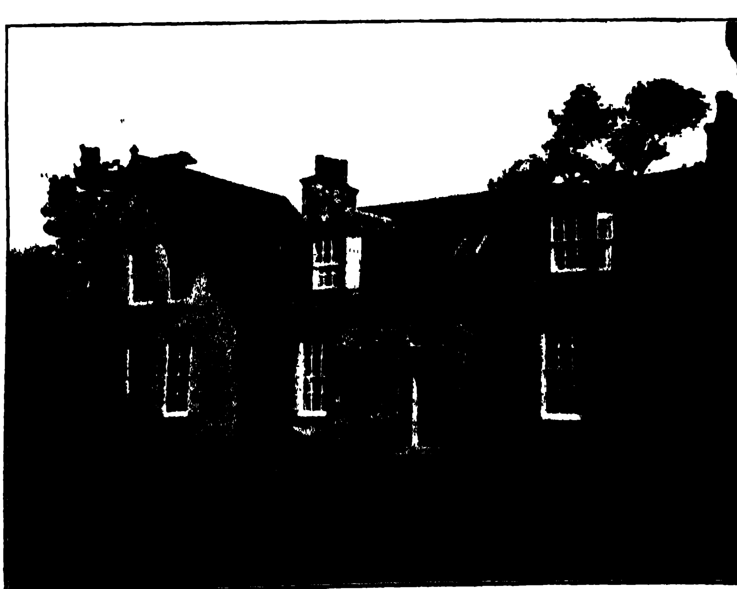


Sir W. Robertson Nicoll in 1920.

MR. FREDERICK WATSON:

Thirty years ago I remember W. R. N., indescribably surfeited with topcoats and shawls, alighting from a four-wheeler on a foggy night at our house in Liverpool. To our harsh youthful scrutiny from behind the curtains he appeared incredibly old and frail, and to my father, who possessed great bodily strength, he was then and always a perpetual source of wonder.

Round that visit, memorable enough for us, was associated the writing of the "Bonnie Brier Bush," and my father's literary life. The book was more than an author's achievement—it was an extraordinary instance of Nicoll's genius for publishing. I cannot imagine anyone less suggestive of a successful novelist than my father. Born and reared under the austere shadow of the Scots Kirk, his life work was a sacred call to the cure of souls, which devoured his whole energies and time. Nor was he at that date a young man with the customary symptoms of the author. He was almost entirely uninterested by modern fiction, had no desire to meet professional writers, and remained faithful to the great Victorians as the summit of creative work. To besiege my father with such a project, to induce him to consider it seriously, to actually prevail upon him to earmark an occasional hour out of a life that commenced at eight a.m and concluded at midnight, was phenomenal enough. But when my father, still treating the idea with some impatience and scepticism, failed to reach the standard that was his, Nicoll, with unwearying determination and persuasiveness, urged him to the end. It was this infinite capacity for seeing the book—not in the agent's hands, but in the man—especially in the most unlikely places, that amongst the abundance of his gifts struck me in a fashion personal and lasting. For all his apparent frailty he lived for sixteen years after my father had worked himself to death. In collaboration with him in "The Life of Ian Maclaren," I met him again after an interval of some years. He was to me a very lenient and sympathetic friend, and looking backward I am astonished at his patience and good nature. We worked, I recall, very late at



The Old Manse,
which was Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's home at Lumsden Aberdeenshire.

night in the company of a large indulgent cat; and whatever the result of our labours, they gave to at least one individual an enduring and rather pensive memory.

FREDERICK WATSON.

MR. J. M. BULLOCH:

When I say that it was Sir William Robertson Nicoll who was the means of introducing me to London, just thirty years ago, you will understand that I have good and grateful reason to remember him. The fact, which was one of far reaching importance to me, was not a mere accident for him: it typified his intense and abiding interest in his calf-country from which I came. That, like everything about him—and it is this which has made him somewhat of an enigma to many people—had a rational, as well as an emotional, side to it. When I had called on him in London, in the early nineties, against all my inclinations (and I felt against his) with an introduction from an Aberdeen friend, who had known him in Kelso—for so does clannishness work round—I found he knew all about my origins, most of all about my grandfather, whose Shakespearean investigations placed him in the "D.N.B." But then he knew about everybody, and that, together with his uncanny criticalness, awed me in a way that I never quite got accustomed to. But despite his interest it was not till he had noticed what I could do—in the columns of the University Magazine, and in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, which he always read religiously—that he recommended me, two years later to Mr. Clement Shorter, who was then starting *The Sketch*.

I never got to know Sir William very intimately, for as I have said, I was always rather awed by his incisiveness: but I understood his mentality very well, for it was strongly racial, at times recalling the atmosphere of "The House with the Green Shutters" far more than, say, "The Bonnie Brier Bush," or what has generically been called the Kailyard. Indeed, nobody but a Scot, and a northern Scot at that, could really understand Sir William.

The atmosphere of his father's manse at Lumsden, of which so much has been written, and to which he clung to the end, was not peculiar to the Nicoll family. It was typical of the whole country-side, which, just because of its separation from the big centres of population, sought to keep itself in touch with the outside world by a tense mental curiosity, even among the poorest people.

Founded on the Spartan conditions of life, due largely to a very trying climate, which created a sort of mental asceticism—as dominant in Sir William as his unchangeable Scots accent—his interest in books was ultimately ethical. He tested books, not by other books—and he was nothing of a bibliographer—but by the ideas underlying them as represented by life itself. This ethical quality kept him away from certain avenues of literature which fascinate a more robustious temperament. For instance, he lacked some of the "couthie" qualities of Burns, and he was hardly in real sympathy with the broad English spirit, seen at its best in Elizabeth literature, in Fielding, and in the Henleyesque type of critic: though he was fascinated by the mystical trends of the literature of all times—that was due to his Highland origin—not least with men of the build of Donne, George Herbert, Henry Vaughan, down to thinkers like Amiel and his type: leading right into the closely allied world of theology and politics in which Sir William had a great place, of which I am not competent to speak. Indeed, no one man could evaluate the whole Sir William: he had so many facets.

It was this which made it possible for him to live on two distinct planes with a subtlety, for which casuistry is much too strong a word. On the one plane he could be intensely shrewd and practical, reading and praising books which had a big popular appeal, and mixing freely and hopefully with men of the world, with whom he had ultimately no real affinity. He was intensely interested in the whole mechanism of journalism; he gathered from various sources an extraordinarily intimate inside knowledge of its helpers and servers: and he was keenly alive to the ideas (as well as the sales) animating it: wherein he displayed a dominant characteristic of the northern Scot, who searches for the active principle underlying everything.

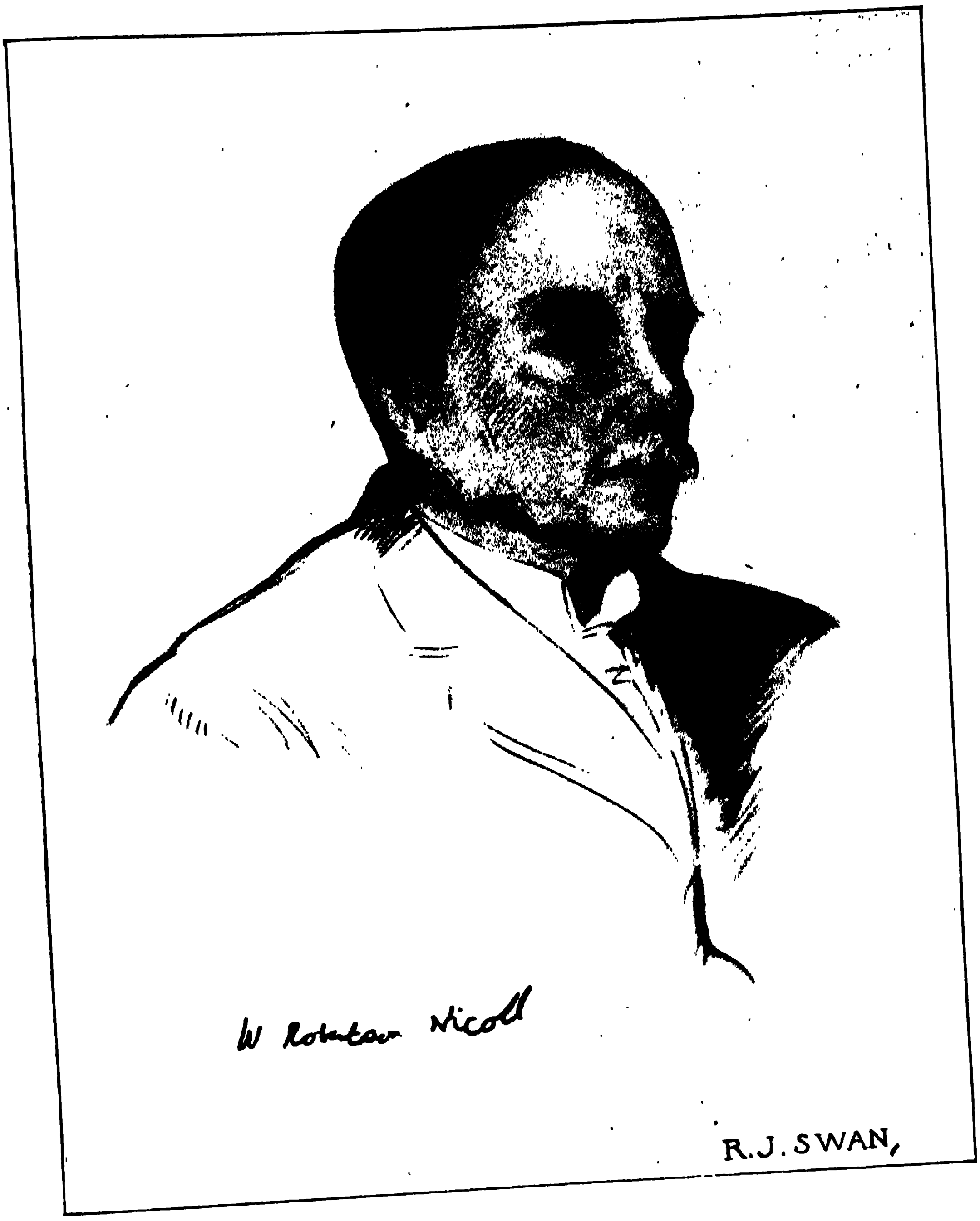
Equipped with this definite aim, he would get at the heart of a book in an incredibly short space of time, while his industry and power of work were simply amazing. With the exception of Mr. Saintsbury, whose range is admittedly much wider, and much more English, he had perhaps a keener and wider knowledge of nineteenth century literature than any of his contemporaries. That knowledge was really encyclopædic, and constantly illuminated by a sense of personality, of the human equipment of writers, which would have made him a magnificent diarist. That was because he himself was a triumphant example of the power of mind over matter, for it was his spirit which kept alive his frail, inadequate body till over three score years and ten.

Sir William, in short, missed nothing. In losing him we miss a unique figure, almost a "character," who will not readily be replaced in the sort of world in which he was tenaciously interested.

J. M. BULLOCH.

PROFESSOR JOHN ADAMS:

I have written some of my personal recollections elsewhere, and would like to supplement them here with a few general notes. Sir William Robertson Nicoll liked to call himself simply a bookman, but only by such a wide term as Man of Letters can we cover his activities. He was a great journalist, a great editor, a great critic, a competent authority on politics and a learned theologian: but he was not all of these separately: he was not built up on the watertight compartment system: he remained his complete self in each of these connections. His personality was not distributed among his many functions, but was present as a whole in each of them. The French psychologists would have had no difficulty in classing him among the *equilibrés* or *pondérés*. His personality was all in the whole and all in every part of his many-sided life. In the Biblical sense of the term he could be all things to all men, not after the fashion of the chameleon by taking on the external colouring of his environment, but by entering into the experience of his fellows, and projecting their opinions against the enormously rich background of his own experience. Rare indeed were the occasions



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.

From a drawing by R. J. Swan.



Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal, Hampstead,
the London home of Sir W. Robertson Nicoll.
From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

and some of his very best work is to be found in his "Claudius" letters on this theme. His aim was to make them real letters, and he succeeded. His general style was particularly well suited to this end. "Be interested in what you write, and in the person you write to," he said to a young writer once, "and you will be a successful correspondent." His own principles of style were easily expressed in his own words: "Know your subject: be natural: write short paragraphs: never use the semi-colon: never underline." To be sure there is more in it than that, though the rest may be very difficult to express. The secret of Sir William's success as a writer lies, I think, in his exceptional power of putting himself unostentatiously in the place of his readers. He was able to envisage the types of those that made up the circulation of the *British Weekly*, and in his writing he made sure of not being incomprehensible to any of them. This is far from meaning that he had a contempt for his readers: it merely implies that he started out with the assumption that whatever he wrote must embody something within the comprehension of the least gifted of his readers. In the police-court trinity of "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," he felt that the first and third elements must be within the reach of every reader, though the whole truth may not be available to any but the elect. What he did, in fact, was to appeal to the universal element in humanity, as in fact do all great writers. His dull readers, of course, could not take out of his work all that was there. It requires training and background before the full meaning can be mastered, but Sir William made it possible that in every case some sound meaning could be extracted by the least learned among his readers, while even the most learned found something worth while.

on which that background did not provide all that was necessary to establish sympathetic relations with those into whose society he was thrown. No doubt, towards the end, he withdrew more and more within himself, and approached the introvert type that our Jungian writers are bringing once more into prominence. But he never lost touch with the world of books in which he may truly be said at all times to have lived and moved and had his being.

He was full of surprises even for those who knew him well. It was never safe to take it for granted that he did not know any fact, however far it might be removed from his line of greatest interest. He would come out with the most unexpected pieces of information about matters that were certainly not connected with what might be legitimately termed his beat. The truth is that nothing that is personal could be regarded as alien to him, in whatever walk of life it was found. Personality had a peculiar charm for him, and if anything could justify the introduction of a new term, his special gift would almost entitle us to speak of him as a great "personalist." We often admire the positive genius some women have for understanding and applying genealogies. Sir William had a similar gift on the higher plane of personality. At the mention of an individual he would bring out of the storehouse of his memory, all manner of correlations between this individual and a score of others. Readers of his letters of "Claudius Clear" in the *British Weekly* can supply myriads of examples in which their wonder has been aroused by the width and intricacy of the personal correlations he was able to establish.

Sir William's genius for personality did not limit itself to literary matters. He was at home among the characters of fiction, but he loved the ordinary flesh and blood personalities of real life, and could write about them in the most understanding way. Problems of conduct had always an especial attraction for him,

JOHN ADAMS.

MR. W. W. JACOBS:

My only impressions of Sir William Robertson Nicoll are of the agreeable type. The first time I met him I sat beside him at a literary dinner where, owing to his efforts and those of a quick-change waiter, my entertainment was more intellectual than nourishing. I always thought of him as a very kindly and thoughtful man, whose obvious frailty of body was by no means allowed to stand in the way of a keen and delicate enjoyment of good fellowship. He must have been a man of great industry, and, if the story is true that he refused an offer of the O.M., a man of great strength

of character. Most of us, I think, take what the gods give us—and ask for more. We certainly do not question their judgment when they come bearing gifts.

W. W. JACOBS.

MR. JAMES MILNE:

My friendship with W. R. N. began when I first came to London, now alas! years and years ago. Our families were native to the same remote, historic corner of the Aberdeenshire Highlands and that told, for he had the lovely "clannishness" of the Scotsman. It happened that I fell into the part of Fleet Street, literary journalism, where he was already a prophet and a prince, and that told onwardly. We did not, in a whole quarter of a century, meet very often, just now and then, but our signals of friendship, as he happily called them, were frequent. My point in telling what has no interest for others, is that behind the great bookman and the fine journalist there dwelt, from the beginning to the end, the simple man who liked his friends, liked them to be fortunate, and helped them naturally, gladly. Sometimes I asked him for a word to put in the *Book Monthly*, a magazine which was a personal venture, and so not always easy to carry. He might, if he had been a different sort of bookfellow, a different sort of editor of THE BOOKMAN, have "declined with thanks." He never thought of thinking like that at all, but straightway obliged, and when my modest literary ship sank in the rough post-war seas, he sent me a warm letter on having navigated it so long, rather a feat, he was good enough to say. There you have my W. R. N., not merely as John Morley said of Gladstone a "Highlander in the custody of a Lowlander," but a Highland gentleman and a Lowland gentleman, for to me he was both and more; a friend on the hills or in the valleys, and that is not forgettable.

JAMES MILNE.

REV. W. S. CROCKETT:

With the passing of Sir William Robertson Nicoll the greatest journalist of our generation has gone, and one of the greatest bookmen on record. The son [illegible] great bookman it was [illegible] that he should found THE BOOKMAN and put so much of his own loving spirit into it. No man in recent times had read so widely, and probably no one ever accumulated a vaster mental store-house of literary allusion and illustration, which he could draw upon without hesitancy and with an always charming aptness and freshness.

My recollection of him goes back to the time of his Kelso ministry, but I was only a boy then, devouring the stories of R. M. Ballantyne, and knowing little or nothing about the great Sir Walter, except that he had lived near my own birthplace and was a poet and the writer of what the old people called "no-vells."

By and by came my real introduction to Scott and all the glorious fascination of the Waverleys, and Lockhart's masterpiece. With the publication of my book on the "Scott Country," Dr. Nicoll invited me to join his staff as a reviewer of Scottish books, and for twenty-three years it has been a pleasure to be thus associated. Sir William was the kindest of men His wise and gracious counsel was never lacking. He was interested in all the literary projects of his friends, and he had many projects of his own which, alas, have never been completed. He had hoped, he told me, to edit a revision of Lockhart, and he had collected much on the subject.



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's Library at Hampstead.

From a drawing by Harold Oakley.

No one could have done it better, but as far as I know, the work was never begun. He had a thorough knowledge of Scott, and it was this that drew me to him as much as anything. He was " a very perfect gentle knight," a true lover of his country, a born journalist, an insatiable worker, a sound and fearless critic, a warm-hearted coadjutor, one of the best of men. His departure means an irreparable loss to the forces of British journalism, and it makes a sorrowful blank in the ranks of those who find their own in all men's good.

W. S. Crockett.

MR. COULSON KERNAHAN:

My first book had just appeared, anonymously, and I was anxiously awaiting the verdict of the reviewers when a letter, sent to the care of my publishers, was forwarded to my address. It was headed Bay Tree Lodge, Frognal, Hampstead, and was signed " W. Robertson Nicoll." After some kind words about my first volume, the writer went on to say: " I do not know who you are, nor where you live, but if it would be possible to call here some time convenient to yourself, I should particularly like to meet you."

As I had been a reader of the *British Weekly* from the very first number, I knew not a little about the writer of the letter, though he knew nothing personally about me. Already the *British Weekly* was a power in the reading world, and being young and inexperienced, with small confidence in myself, and standing somewhat in awe of an editorial magnate, I was not a little nervous when I arrived at Bay Tree Lodge.

Looking at my watch, I discovered—a not uncommon experience with nervous folk—that in my over-anxiety not to be late, I had come too early. That being so, I walked backward and forward so many times (taking little detours and turning up side streets, lest I should be impounded for intended larceny by a watchful policeman, or suspected for a burglar by an observant resident) that I could, with my eyes shut, even now, find my way about the precincts of Frognal, or summarise the geography of the district for a local Guide.

When, at last, opening the gate, and walking up the lengthy and winding path to the house, I stood on the threshold, I was reminded of the line:

> " Doors where my heart was wont to beat,"

for my heart was plying the knocker within, more vigorously than I had dared to ply that of Dr. Nicoll's door.

But once within the great library, where the army of books, aligned in ranks of equi-distant and shelved tiers which stood out rectangularly from the walls like a regiment aligned in " quarter column " for inspection, my nervousness vanished.

A graciously gentle lady, Mrs. Nicoll, set me instantly at my ease; and my dreaded host, so far from proving an editorial Jove, with thunder in his voice and lightning in his eye, came forward to greet me in a voice so low, slow, and drawling, that the words seemed dragged out of him. But the eyes which looked into mine under high and level brows were shrewd and cautious. A " wee body " as Dr. Nicoll was, somewhat frail of physique, and stepping forward as softly as if with slippered feet, I was conscious of watchful alertness which told me that the visitor's measure was being taken.

We talked of many subjects, of many writers, known or unknown, and then Sir William brought the conversation back to my first book. Reading it, he, who missed nothing in his reading, said that he had noticed that the strongest religious influences perceptible were Frederick Robertson and George MacDonald.

" You cannot owe more to Frederick Robertson," he said, " the greatest preacher and teacher of his generation, than I owe. I remember, as you cannot, the first publication of his sermons. They came to some of us, to me especially, like a revelation. I am not saying that in Germany, and among our own theologians of to-day, you will not find riper scholarship and higher intellectual attainments, but the glow and fervour which in those days some of us found in Robertson is like to last to the end of our lives. I am glad that you love your Robertson. Do you mind that Emerson once said that ' 'tis a tie between men to love the same books ' ? " That " tie " was the first link to be forged in a chain which, later, became to me what I count as the high privilege of his friendship. Not many months ago he referred to me in the *British Weekly* as " my constant and most helpful friend." If the constancy be true of me, the helpfulness was all his.

Nicoll struck me at our first meeting, which was at the end of the eighties, as " tired." He was then only in his thirty-fifth year. Some years after, when he had turned forty, he said to me, " You are only a young man yet, Kernahan, and have all a young man's energy. But—you will remember Thackeray's line—' Wait till you come to forty year! ' Then you will begin to feel the burden of years."

He spoke as one who has already come within sight of life's limits; who felt in Emerson's words:

> " It is time to be old,
> To take in sail "

yet half of Nicoll's life was not then spent: Looking back on that life, I say with conviction—this has not been touched upon in any tribute to his memory that I have seen—that Robertson Nicoll's courage and cheerfulness under physical conditions (the languor and inertia of body which often mean languor and inertia of mind) were nothing less than heroic.

Coulson Kernahan.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON:

I met Sir William Robertson Nicoll for the first time in the year 1893. He asked me to call upon him at Bay Tree Lodge, and I saw him in his library—one of the few occasions when I found him out of bed. The great respect his character and attainments commanded and the warm friendship he inspired were experiences from the outset. I came to work with him closely during the years I represented Dodd, Mead & Co. in England; and it was not long before I perceived that he was about to become the outstanding literary figure of our time—the Johnson of his age, but with a wider cha[illegible] than the Doctor, and little love for asperities o[illegible]

We had differences of literary opinion, of co[illegible]

I have known him to admit that he was wrong. The merits of that great American writer, Gertrude Atherton, were a case in point. I saw a short story of hers in a San Francisco newspaper, and asked her to write a little book for me. She wrote "A Whirl Asunder," and Nicoll thought little of it. He refused to agree with me that she was a genius, and it was not until she published "Patience Sparhawk" that he owned himself mistaken. From that time, the gifts of that truly remarkable writer had no warmer admirer.

For some years I used to spend Saturday afternoons at his bedside. He had an omnivorous appetite for news, and was a stimulating talker. I never remember being wearied by any anecdote of his, or hearing from him any of those tiresome narrations in which literary men are apt to indulge. His mind was ever alert, and his knowledge encyclopædic. A cheerier, more delightful companion could not be found.

Unhappily, when I left London to live in Suffolk, I saw much less of him than I could have wished; but his letters were always reminiscent of our warm friendship and he was a man in whose company one seemed to live even when distant. He must have made few enemies, but his friends were unnumbered.

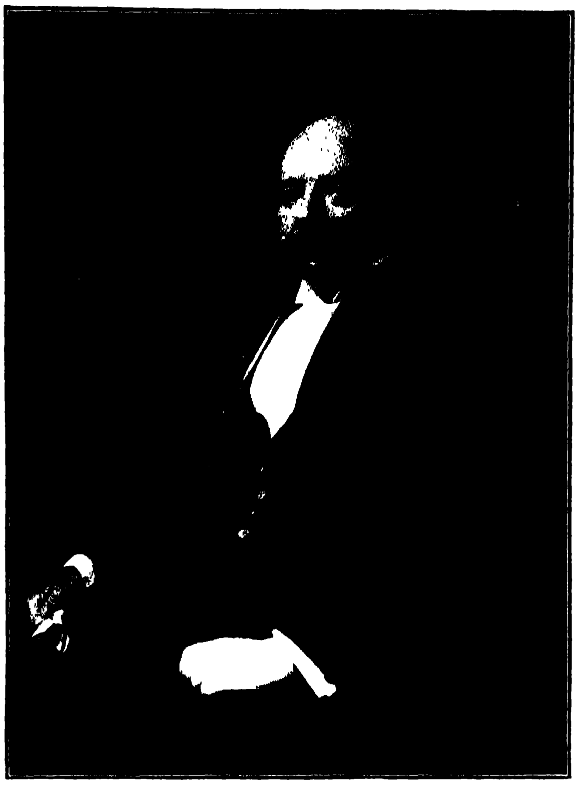


Photo by Dover Street Studios **Sir W. Robertson Nicoll,** taken at the time he was knighted.

Let me dare to tell a story illustrative of his sense of humour. A minister, who had never been to the theatre, came to London to stay with him, and was taken to see "Charley's Aunt." He did not laugh throughout the performance. But next day, when he and Nicoll were walking across Hampstead Heath together, he stopped suddenly as though a great inspiration had come to him: and in a loud voice, he asked: "Was Charley's aunt a man?" He had but just perceived that important fact.

MAX PEMBERTON.

MR. ST. JOHN ADCOCK:

Unless I had counted them for myself, I could scarcely believe that since I first met Sir William (or, as he was then, Dr.) Robertson Nicoll, twenty-six years have passed. Our first meeting came about mainly through my doctor happening to be just then acting as *locum tenens* for his and bringing me, while I was down with influenza, a very friendly message and an invitation to go round and see him, for I was living near by, when I was out again. Before that, he had made pleasant references in print to things that I had contributed to various papers, to one thing (a frivolous affair on the "multiple-review" controversy, pulling several legs, including his own) that was published anonymously, and to this day I don't know how he knew it was mine; but I was not long in finding out that few secrets of the present-day literary world were hidden from him.

After I had spent two or three evenings with him in his great library at Bay Tree Lodge, he was away from town for a while, probably came back to accumulations of work, and for some three months I neither saw nor heard from him. Then I met with a rather bad accident; got myself considerably burnt in trying to extinguish a fire that had broken out in my house, and was laid up at home. There was a report of this in the local paper, and next day he came round to see me, sat talking for half an hour, and seemed more worried about it all than I was. "This illness is going to cost you a lot, and you'll have to go away for a change when you can get up," he said, in his soft, slow voice. "I know what the free-lance business is; while you can't work there is nothing coming in, so you mustn't mind my asking—how are you off for money?" I assured him I was all right on that score; was able to go on writing comfortably in bed, had just received decent payment for a serial, and had everything I needed. I don't think he quite believed me; and probably, in my bandages and splints, I looked a more desperate case than I was. He hovered uneasily, turning over the books on the table beside me. "You mustn't be foolish over this," said he. "I've been a free-lance in my time, and know what it means, but now I have more than I can use, and if you should want anything I shall rely on your treating me as a friend and letting me know." I said I would, but assured him again that I had all I wanted, and after lingering dubiously he shook hands and went, and some time after he was gone I found he had left a five pound note on my table.

Later, when we met again, he asked if I would care to walk round and spend Sunday evenings with him. He had two free evenings Saturday and Sunday—and liked nothing better than to have a friend sitting on the other side of the fire-place talking the hours away. I was very glad to go, and for the following three or four years, when he was in town, I passed nearly every Sunday evening in his company. I would arrive between eight and nine, and rarely came away before one or two next morning. We would sit smoking in silence for a while, in the deep arm-chairs on opposite sides of the hearth, with a good fire going summer and winter alike; he seeming to be always refilling his pipe and letting the tobacco trickle over the sides, and always letting it go out and relighting it. Presently, one of us would ask

a question, or begin telling something of the week's happenings, and once started we went on without many pauses. He was an extraordinarily good, interesting talker, with a delightfully quaint humour; moreover, he was an excellent listener. We talked of anything and everything; it was just the best of good gossiping, with intervals when we came upon graver topics. We found an early interest in common in our enthusiasm for Donne's poems. I chanced to mention that somebody had asked me why good verse, like some of Longfellow's, was not considered good poetry and, cornered for a definition, I had quoted two lines of Donne and suggested it was the magical use of a single word there that made poetry of them. He agreed, but promptly quoted divers other lines from Donne that would have answered my purpose, and from talk of Cowley and Crashaw, we drifted into talk of Donne's attitude toward death, his mysticism, and the profundity of his religious feeling. Usually, however, we kept to lighter matters, and agreed or disagreed about politics, books, and people in general. I recall those evenings among the most enjoyable hours I have had, and regretted it much when circumstances took me to live outside London, and so brought them to a close.

But my early and later recollections are too many to be summarised here in a page or so, and I shall content myself with saying that long before I saw him for the last time I had grown to have a sincere regard for him; and I think it sufficiently significant when you can say that of any man with whom you have worked for so many years as I worked with him. To his greatness as a journalist, and the power he exercised for so long in the religious, political and literary worlds others have testified, and hardly less remarkable than the brilliance and effectiveness of his work was the quickness and apparent ease with which he did it. The late William Sutherland was an able, much experienced journalist, and it took far more than ordinary journalistic efficiency to surprise him. During the great Tariff Reform struggle, years ago, he was connected with the *Daily Chronicle*, and told me of a little incident that had filled him with admiration. It had been arranged that Dr. Nicoll should call at the *Chronicle* office after a big meeting and write an article on the whole business for next morning's paper. "He drove up near half-past eleven," said Sutherland, "and I met him on the stairs carrying a bunch of Blue Books under his arm, and looking almost too frail to be fit for work. 'Can I have a stenographer?' he asked. 'I am going on somewhere else and can't spare more than twenty minutes.' No shorthand writer was available at the moment, so I took him to my room, and said I would take down for him myself. He dropped into an armchair, turning over the Blue Books, and I was barely seated when he began to dictate. He went on in a low, even voice, without a break, touching in statistics from the Blue Books as they were needed, and never hesitating for a fact or a word till he was done. As he said the last word he got up, tucking the Blue Books under his arm, said in his subdued, Doric accents, 'Thank you, Mr. Sutherland. Do you mind correcting the proof for me?' and was gone before his twenty minutes were over. It was a masterly little article, concise, clear, closely reasoned, on a complicated, controversial, highly technical subject, and there was no necessity for him even to hear it read over after it was dictated. He is the perfect journalist."

He was that and very much more. Few journalists have read so widely, with so catholic a taste, or had his amazing memory for what he read: and I have met few who had so sensitive an appreciation of the great and fine things in literature. Being impressed with this during one of our Sunday evenings, I told him I fancied he had been wrong in giving himself so much to journalism. "I don't know," he said. "Life has a way of taking hold of you and putting you in the way you were meant to travel"; and he went on to say very much what he wrote afterwards in "The Acacias of Lausanne"—the last essay in that best collection of his essays, "A Bookman's Letters":

> ". . . I count those happy—even those journalists happy—who for many years have before them the vision of something that shall last in literature, and which shall worthily occupy their thoughts, and the scant margin of their days. The outcome may be nothing. It may extend to little more than a mass of notes intelligible only to the compiler. Yet if it has been a happiness to think of it, if it has made the days short and delivered from *ennui*, if it has led the mind along congenial paths, and if it has given life an undertone of hope, it is well that the plan was in the heart, that the dream assisted and consoled to the end. . . . For the rest, the journalist has his consolations. Unknown as he is, he may plod along under his umbrella with the consciousness that he is doing something to forward beliefs and causes that are dear to him."

He has left among his papers such notes for some such books, and reading that essay now I can hear the kind of wistfulness that was in his voice when he said certain of the things he has written in it; and when I looked down into his grave, the other Tuesday, I remembered some lines he quoted, with evident delight in them, that night, years ago, when we were talking of Donne; and I dare say they came to his mind again in those last days when he knew he was at the end:

> "As the tree's sap doth seek the root below
> In winter, in my winter now I go
> Where none but thee, the Eternal root
> Of true love, I may know."

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

PAPINI'S STORY OF CHRIST.*

By Dean Inge.

Of making many lives of Christ there is no end. The one supremely important and infinitely interesting figure in history, He seems to need a fresh interpreter in every generation, and almost every year. And yet we must remember that nearly all the biographies belong to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. After the Gospels there are no more attempts to rewrite the life of Christ till quite modern times. It would not be true to say that no interest was taken in the human Jesus, for books were written on the Imitation of Christ; but until the awakening of the historical spirit Christians were not led to attempt to reconstruct the career of the Saviour as it was lived amid the surroundings of Palestine under Augustus and Tiberius. This is a modern demand.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Dean Inge.**

Strictly speaking, no biography of Jesus can ever be written. The materials are wanting. The Synoptic Gospels were compiled, in an uncritical age, for the use of the churches. It is probable that Matthew is the Gospel of the Palestinian Church, Mark of the Roman, Luke of the Antiochene. As for the Fourth Gospel, it is the only extant specimen of a class of literature which was then familiar, but which is so strange to modern ideas that its character has only recently been understood. The "spiritual Gospel" is not history, but a mystical interpretation of history. It is no longer possible for a scholar to construct a "harmony of the four evangelists."

The modern lives of Christ might be classified by their attitude to New Testament criticism. Some ignore it altogether, others make a few concessions; others make an honest attempt to apply strict historical methods. But there are other differences, in that some of the biographers are most interested in the scenery of the picture, the manners and customs of the Palestinian Jews, and even the natural features of the country; while others wish to interpret the life and character of Christ in such a way as to throw light on the moral or social problems with which we are now confronted. A few, like Strauss, have written about Christ with an anti-Christian bias.

A scholar who undertook the task of writing about the historical Jesus would be obliged to define his position with regard to the so-called "eschatological" question, which Albert Schweitzer brought into prominence. Schweitzer and his school believe that Jesus was an enthusiastic prophet who fancied that the existing world-order was about to be terminated by a miraculous interposition which He called the Coming of the Kingdom of God. All that part of His life and teaching which we prize was, according to these critics, quite subordinate to this illusory apocalyptic expectation. This has been the storm-centre of New Testament criticism since the beginning of the present century. The theories of Schweitzer have been widely accepted, not by Liberal Protestants, but by Catholic Modernists, who are not sorry to have a weapon put into their hands to discredit the theology of German scholars like Harnack.

Papini is not a scholar in the modern sense. His book is as frankly and absolutely uncritical as if he had lived a hundred years ago. The four gospels are for him all on the same level. Adam and Eve are mentioned as historical characters. The miracles cause him no difficulty. The book has, in fact, no scientific value whatever. As a contribution to historical research, it will count for less than Farrar's Life of Christ.

Nevertheless, it is likely to be popular in England, as it has been in Italy and France. The speculations of recent critics have, quite naturally, been disturbing to many minds. The interest which most readers take in the life of Christ is purely religious. They wish to make the Divine figure more real and more vivid to their minds and imaginations. It will be a comfort to many to know that no breath of controversy will come near them while they read these pages.

Papini follows Renan in trying to bring before our eyes the scenes in which Jesus and His disciples moved. He has not the delicate art of the French man of letters, but his descriptions are strong and lifelike, and we are spared the frivolous handling of the Saviour's character which makes Renan's book so offensive to Christians. Papini is, for the time at least, a fervent believer. He has passed through so many phases in his stormy intellectual career that we cannot be sure that he will not change again; but the Catholic Church has a strong grip on those whom it has once secured, and in all probability Papini will remain a dutiful son of the Church.

His has been a strange history. He first became known as a daring and violent critic of established ideas, making no pretence to consistency, but defending and attacking one position after another. His restless and tormented intellect has at last found repose in the most uncompromising form of Christian belief; and some readers will be more attracted to his writings by the knowledge that he has passed through the fire of unbelief and come out on the other side.

Apart from the vivid scene-painting, the chief value of the book is to be found in the pungent expositions which it contains of the teaching of the Master. Sentences like the following abound: "The greatest craven is ready to suffer mutilation if only his life may be spared. But when it is a question of maintaining the health of the soul, without which the body is but a meaningless mechanism, we deem any sacrifice monstrous." "For the cleansing of an inanimate object only a little water and a towel are needed; but for purifying the soul one needs tears of love and the fire of purpose." "Were it but in indemnification of the suffering of which

* 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

we are so often the cause, direct or indirect, we should meet hatred with love, bitterness with benevolence." "By virtue of the supreme law of renunciation, the poor man possesses even that which is not his, that is to say, the universe; and by virtue of the cruel law of perpetual desire, the rich man does not possess even that little which he believes to be his own." "Were the poor better loved, they would be more perfect; will those who have neglected them have the courage to condemn them?" "Not knowing in what other way to make the great pay for their greatness, fate punishes them with disciples." "We listen only to the voices of the dead, and what slight amount of veneration we possess is lavished upon those whom we have sacrificed."

These quotations will lead the reader to expect that Papini may sometimes be too rhetorical and violent. This is certainly the case. No good purpose is served by such exaggerated language as this: "He who is branded with the sign of wealth has committed an awful crime, one of those mysterious and unspeakable crimes that have no name in the language of man." This is not the way in which Christ spoke to Zacchæus or Simon of Arimathea. There are too many passages like this, which breathe the spirit of a Bolshevik maniac rather than the calm sanity of the Master.

We lay down this book with mixed feelings, but it contains much for which many English readers will be grateful.

STEPHEN McKENNA.

By Wilfrid L. Randell.

When a man has written a round dozen of books, without, as far as is known, having made any apology for doing so, he has provided enough material for a considered judgment of his work. It is also to be assumed that he wishes to be accepted as an author, and to be judged by the stiffest tests, the highest standard, that any reasonable critic may suggest. There are no half-measures, then; we must put him with the care-free purveyors of pleasure to the multitude because it pays, or recognise him as an artist, for whom the joy in his work comes first, the question of profit second.

I am speaking, of course, of novelists, and it is as a novelist that Stephen McKenna wins his chief approval, though there is sound reason for the belief that he would make one of the finest philosophic essayists and biographers of our time, given subjects that appealed to him. "While I Remember," published by Thornton Butterworth in 1921, alone proves this. It has been called "autobiography," but it is much more a picture of a period than of a person; only here and there does the reader gather, by inference and obliquely, some information about the author. He was a Westminster boy, an Oxford man; and the chapters wherein school and college life are described are the most charming, though not the most important or valuable, in a memorable book. Apart from them, the book is a masterly analysis of life—chiefly London life—from the years just preceding the outbreak of war to the climax of Mr. Lloyd George's coalition; an analysis brilliant, but not pyrotechnic—glowing steadily, with strong feeling behind it, a conviction of grievances still to be remedied, griefs still to be comforted; a sense that all is yet very far from right with the world though God may be in His heaven. "Sheltered indeed," writes the author, "must be the life of any who have not found, in twenty years, a daily vent for the compassion which is the living breath of liberalism. . . . It is more than time for the young liberals of twenty years ago to recognise that the liberal faith has lost its prophets and that the prophets have lost their liberal faith."

Another book, to be read with full understanding only by those who have known a great friendship interrupted by death, which supports my impression of Stephen McKenna as a biographer, is "Tex: A Chapter in the Life of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos," published last summer; one doesn't like the book—one loves it. It is the record of a gallant soul, who went through life with laughter, boy at heart, scholarly and wise and writer of most delightful letters, foolish in season, as are all wise men, with the irresistible fun of the grown-up child. It is also the record of a friendship; and with that I will leave it, since one does not take so delicate a thing to pieces. Mr. McKenna spoke of this book to me, and of his friend, and showed me his portraits and caricatures of "Tex," and I was grateful.

It is as a novelist, however, that most readers of The Bookman will be familiar with Mr. McKenna's name. His first stories, "The Reluctant Lover" and "Sheila Intervenes," appeared in 1912 and 1913; entertaining trials of his pen. Then came "The Sixth Sense," and, in 1917, "Sonia," which had immediately to be recognised as something of stronger texture; a "war-novel" in which we find the impressions of an acute and sensitive observer concerning a highly emotional and idealistic period. With his special opportunities for watching the political scene from within, Mr. McKenna here, as with some of his other novels, introduces politics either as a background or as a definite part of the story's scheme. "Sonia Married," a sequel, hardly proved the success of its forerunner. In my own opinion there are two novels which stand out beyond these, and which are still unrivalled even by "The Commandment of Moses"* just published: they are "Midas and Son" and "Soliloquy."

It might be imagined that no amount of wealth could prove embarrassing to a young man. In the character of young Deryk Lancing, however, Mr. McKenna shows that it would have been far better for the boy to have had to earn his own living than to feel behind him his father's millions. Deryk, it is true, did for a while make his way as a journalist; but influential friends placed stepping-stones for him across every troubled stream. "Midas," Sir Aylmer Lancing, an invalid, loves his boy, but goes the wrong way to work; concealing his affection, he behaves as though

* "The Commandment of Moses." 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Deryk had no right to a mind of his own, no right to fall in love; and Deryk not unnaturally "clears out." He has ideas; he has studied and thought; here is a little sketch of him as he stands in the library of Ripley Court:

"It was here that he had gathered the material for what he once hoped would be the work of years, perhaps the study of a lifetime. In certain respects the Greeks of Pericles' day had raised civilisation to its high-water mark, and hitherto no one had worthily written their social history. He wanted to know more of their daily life than the books gave him—what the slaves did in the evening, whether they had a sort of working-men's club to go to—recognised meeting-places. He wanted to know how they lived, how they dressed—it could be very hot and very cold in Athens—where they got their imported clothes from, *how* they got them, how they did their chartering, whether you definitely had a corner down at the Piræus where people bid against each other for freight, how far they understood insurance and dealt in that—human requirements were always so similar and so unchanging, when you came to read history. You had a labour problem now, *they* had a slave problem then; a feminist movement now, a feminist movement then; and, if you wanted warm clothes and didn't grow furry animals yourselves, you had to build ships, put them into the fur trade, insure them—which brought him back to his point, that you might be certain, even without your Demosthenes to back the hypothesis, that the Piræus *did* have its own primitive Lloyd's, that they had their insurance brokers and underwriters. . . ."

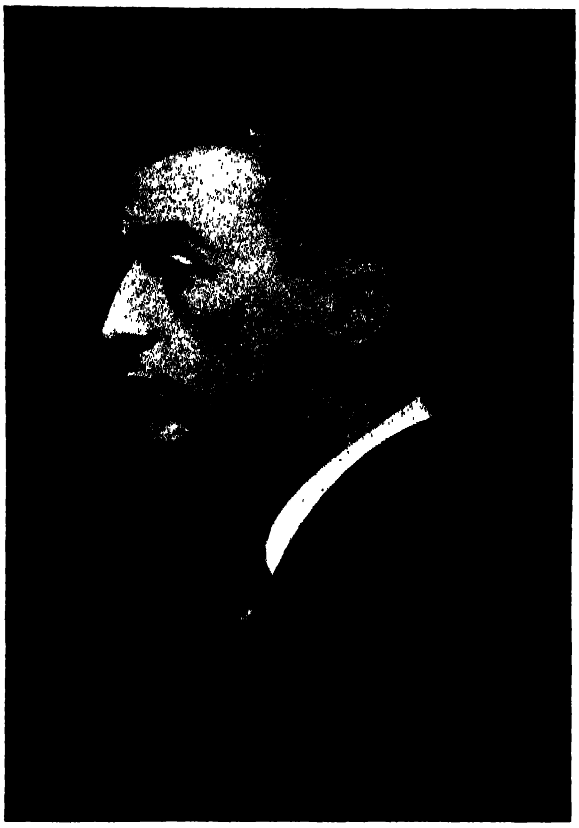


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Stephen McKenna.**

Deryk is not a "fine" character. He needs serious work and serious trouble, and gets neither; hence he becomes more unbalanced as time goes on, spending money and time feverishly upon inessentials—a town house and its extensions, for example—and ending his almost useless career tragically. With women his relations are also unsteady. I think the more fascinating half of this book is the first, closing with the long letter of Sir Aylmer to his son, which Deryk reads on the day after his father's funeral. It is a wonderful letter, with glimpses of politics, a briefly-drawn contrast between America and England, and through it all the old, crippled father's longing heard as an undertone—his longing to see his son *doing* something—almost anything, rather than waste his life.

There are a dozen characters in this clever novel of which their creator may be proud; of more than one the reader gains the impression that they are portraits rather than "creations." The most lovable is Felix Manisty, archæologist, whose proposal to Yolande Stornoway, in Hyde Park, is perfectly delightful—an interlude of gentle humour, not far from tears. He wants her to come abroad with him, "excavating":

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"My dear Professor, I *can't*."

"B-but you don't understand; I want you to marry me. I w-wish you'd had that letter of mine; I put it quite plainly there, but I suppose I must have forgotten to p-post it. You know the w-worst, of course; I'm over forty and b-bald and I c-can't tie a tie and I've no small talk, but I'm quite a good sort, you know. I should be awfully k-kind to you."

For another page-length they talk, and then, as he asks her again; "Why won't you marry me?" comes the very beautiful finish:

"Suppose I said I didn't love you?" she suggested.

Manisty traced a pattern in the gravel with the end of his cane. Then he replaced his hat on his head and stood up.

"Yes. I hadn't thought of that," he said gravely.

"But have I ever said or done anything——?" she began in agony.

He shook his head.

"No. I'd quite forgotten about that s-side; I was thinking only of myself. I must s-seem very vain."

He held out his hand, looking at her in perplexity, as though uncertain whether her refusal meant that they were never to meet again; anxious, too, to grave the memory of her auburn hair and grey eyes upon his mind.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked.

"I don't know. I want to think. You don't suppose you're likely to g-get to love me?" he inquired diffidently.

Yolande had to lower her eyes before his.

"It isn't that!" she said. "I should be in your way, you'd get slack——"

The outstretched hand closed on her wrist.

"Are you re-considering?" he demanded excitedly. "I don't know, you see; I've never asked anyone to marry me before——"

"My dear! You needn't tell me that!" Yolande interrupted, with a little sob.

There is a sure touch in all the dialogue of these novels—one of the severest tests of a novelist (supposing him to wish also to be an artist) is his management of conversation. Meredith's most successful dialogue was not the dazzling give-and-take of "Diana of the Crossways" or the scintillating epigrams tossed to and fro between Chloe and Beau Beamish in "The Tale of Chloe," but the talk among his too-rare rustics, where he gave them natural, unstrained speech. Mr. McKenna has attained the secret of making his people converse naturally, interestingly, of achieving that rapid exchange of identity, potentially bewildering, which comparatively few novelists can manage without serious lapses.

"Soliloquy," though not a better novel, is a *tour de force*, and I am not surprised that Mr. McKenna

names it as one of his favourites. That a man should interpret so thoroughly the mind of a woman (and women readers have given the author their complimentary evidence that he has succeeded) is something in the nature of an unnatural phenomenon; at any rate, the book is uncanny in its cleverness. The whole thing is a soliloquy by Marion Shelley, the daughter of an Oxford professor. She is an uncurbed egoist, intent only on worldly, social triumphs, political power; and only towards the close of her career does she realise that her magnificent political parties, her successful wire-pulling, her power over even governmental forces, her exchange of suburban North Oxford for a London *salon*, are as dust and ashes. She has overlooked love; deliberately overlooked it. The son of the man she loved and disdained twenty years before comes to her; she adopts him, and tries to alienate him from his widowed mother, and finally falls in love with the boy, to be quietly set aside, of course, for the girl he loves. Her agony of mind is almost too vividly shown. She comes, at last to full knowledge of herself, to realise that the two sisters whom she has scorned for their humdrum marriages, their little homes, their children, their limited world, have after all chosen the better part; and the knowledge is bitterness distilled. It is a terrible exposure of a woman's selfish soul, and, I think, the most powerful work which Mr. KcKenna has done.

Other books—"Lady Lilith," "The Education of Eric Lane," "The Secret Victory," "The Confessions of a Well-meaning Woman," "Ninety-six Hours' Leave"—I need not do more than mention here: the latest one, "The Commandment of Moses," is a novel which sustains its author's repute. It has a "problem"; and this problem, affecting a woman's whole future happiness, is handled with skill. But before the interest of the plot my inclination is to place the clear, lively picture of the life of Londoners to-day given throughout the book. The story opens in one of the temporary park-offices of a government department in the last year of the war; it continues, keeping to a certain set, through the reckless after-war period, and finishes at a country house in Scotland, with little difference in the general atmosphere, the tension being in the situation, which is solved actually on the very last page of the book. I have already said that I place this novel below two others in value; as a critical estimate, I think it has not the strength of "Midas and Son" or "Soliloquy." It is, to my fancy, a good novel—no bad one will ever bear Mr. McKenna's name—but one of those we pass over when glancing at the row on the shelf and picking out the best.

My own hope is that between his novels, which from time to time will undoubtedly continue to charm us and to play their part in keeping up the standard of English fiction, Mr. McKenna will still find the leisure to note a few characteristic stages in passing political life, and thus provide the framework for another study of a lustrum or a decade. He need not wait for another generation; it is much too long an interval. We shall welcome his intent observation, his satire, his keen analyses and interpretations whenever he gives them the dress of print—and whether in the guise of fiction or with the graver mien of the historian.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JUNE, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from English literature, in prose or verse, offering solace to a rejected suitor.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MAY.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to G. Laurence Groom, of 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park, N.W.1, and Molly Young, of Cropton, Pickering, Yorkshire, for the following:

TO PHYLLIS, HESITATING.

Sweetheart, stay not for ribbon'd hat,
Nor yet for buckled shoes.
Leave whatsoe'er you may be at
And not one moment lose.
For the may's out over the hill,
And the wind's at sport with the rain,
And there's laughter awake that night may still,
Nor dawn bring back again.

Come out, Sweetheart! the thrush and wren,
The gold-billed blackbird too,
Do put to shame all laggard men,
And teach them how to woo.

The fields are buttercup-gold,
The pollen shakes from the bough.
There's never a moment hands may hold,
And life is passing, now.

Stay not, my dear, stay not to think,
Nor con the when, nor why,
But take love's rosy cup and drink,
While the noon sun's in the sky.
While the may's a cloud on the tree,
And the heart a song in the breast,
For long enough is Eternity,
When Love perforce must rest.

G. LAURENCE GROOM.

REMEMBRANCE.

When I am tired and sad and near despair,
Weary of all the tasks that I must do,
When loneliness and pain seem everywhere—
Then with a glad heart I remember you.

I think of you—no far-off saint who prays,
Tranquil of soul among the shining stars—
But moving gaily in our sorry ways,
With gentle hands made beautiful by scars.

MOLLY YOUNG.

We also select for printing:

MARTINMAS GOLD.

Whilst cherry leaves flit in the gossamer dew,
Burning crimson and burnished gold,
It seems as a story once heard were told,
Well-nigh forgot as the long years pass:—
'Tis the leaf-fall in Forest toward Martinmas;
And there's gold in my prayers for you!

Lowly I kneel with my hands afold,
Down in the paths which once you trod,
And pray that your faith stand firm and bold,
True to yourself and true to God;—
For like Heaven's own streets as the daylight fleets,
The ways they are paved with gold!

And I pray that our story be told anew,
Though parted our roads, lost our days' delight
For awhile;—when the cherry leaves flit in the grass
With the leaf-fall in Forest at Martinmas!—
In the heart of the woods there's gold to-night—
Deeper gold holds my heart for you!

(Alice E. Gillington, "The Caravans," Lilliput Hill, Parkstone, Dorset.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Thora Stowell (Maadi, Egypt), I. M. Old (Saltburn-by-the-Sea), Teresa Hooley (Derby), Una Malleson (London, W.), Marion Peacock (Horsham), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.W.), H. M. Hare (London, W.), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), Muriel A. Grainger (Hampstead), Fredericka V. Blankner (Chicago), Constance M. Baskett (Cambridge), F. W. Kuhlicke (Patras, Greece), Isobel Sim (Natal), Arthur R. Brown (Cardiff), L. M. Priest (Norwich), W. Ward (Felixstowe), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), "M. T." (Hampstead), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Anne Macdonald (Bridge of Allan), Fred Harvey (Uitenhage, South Africa), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), Evelina Ida San Garde (Oswaldtwistle), S. R. Clark (Oxford), H. Ross (Hove), A. M. Hillier (Highbury), "Evergreen" (South Tottenham), W. L. Morton (Bolton), A. M. Thomas (Exmouth), S. Marguerite Goode (West Croydon), Sidney Taylor (Anfield), Kathleen Elwell (Beverley), T. Oldham (Bolton), Phyllis M. Carver (Birmingham), Paula Letchford (London, W.), A. A. Pollard (Kendal), Anne W. Gough (Bristol), J. Archer Bellchambers (Highgate), Muriel M. Thomas (Merthyr), Joyce M. Westrup (Tonbridge), H. J. Strand (Seaton), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Gladys Echlin (Victoria), Ella Rivers Noble (Forest Rise), Carrie Mann (Weston-super-Mare), Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), Marguerite Gutierrez (San Sebastian, Spain), Audrie Wilks (Sheffield), Liam P. Clancy (Tufnell Park), I. L. Watts (London, S.W.), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), "Angus" (Bath), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Freda Isobel Noble (Forest Rise), Nina Maud Cooke (Wallasey), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Stanley Stokes (Exeter).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mrs. Annie Browning, of "Strathcona," St. John's, Cheltenham, for the following:

LESSONS IN VERSE CRAFT.
BY S. GERTRUDE FORD. (Daniel.)
"Gently! gently, Miss Muse!
Mind your P's and your Q's!"
The Wedding Day, Ingoldsby Legends.

We also select for printing:

A ROOF AND FOUR WALLS.
BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON. (Putnams.)
"Oh, what a hope beyond measure."
BROWNING, *Misconceptions.*

(M. Hoskin, St. Oswald's School, Ellesmere, Salop.)

THE LITTLEST ONE AGAIN.
BY MRS. M. ST. J. WEBB. (Harrap.)
"An infant crying in the night."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

(W. L. Dudley, Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.)

MARY OF MANY LOVES. BY AMY BAKER. (John Long.)
"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Ivan Bergh, P.O. Box 3037, Cape Town, South Africa.)



Major G. H. Putnam,
head of the famous American publishing house who is now in London, and is to lecture here on Lincoln, and on International Relations between England and America. A new portrait.

THE HOARDING.
BY JOHN OWEN.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

" Great is advertisement."
OWEN SEAMAN,
Ode to Spring.

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells.)



Miss Phyllis Austin,
whose successful novel, "The Lovable Lunatic," was recently published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the most arrogant line, or two lines, from English poetry is awarded to A. E. Hadwen, of Didsbury College, Manchester, for the following :

" As I all other in all worths surmount."

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet LXII.*

Among the numerous replies received, fourteen competitors have sent Henley's " I am the master of my fate " ; nine Shakespeare's " I am Sir Oracle " ; and many other quotations have been triplicated or duplicated. We specially commend these competitors, but not the several who sent " I am monarch of all I survey," for this, being said by a man on a desert island, is not arrogance but a mere statement of fact. We specially commend also M. Joyce Jones (Buckhurst Hill), C. J. Harris (Bridge of Earn), J. M. Winterbottom (Highgate), Emma Browne (Upminster), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Mollie Sands (London,W.), H. M. Riley (Leicester), John Thom (Harpenden).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Dr. G. N. Meachen, of Marston, Crowstone Road North, Westcliff-on-Sea, for the following :

AUTO-SUGGESTION. BY M. DOLONNE.
(Dent.)

Whatever may be the verdict of scientists as to the practical possibilities of auto-suggestion, there can be no doubt in the minds of impartial students as to its value in the affairs of everyday life. There is nothing mysterious in suggesting to the subconscious self ideas which, according to a psychological law, will be acted upon in the ordinary conscious state. Following on the lines of M. Coué, his compatriot has, in the present volume, given the best account we have met with of the science of auto-suggestion which, when rightly practised, he shows to be capable of alleviating much human suffering.

We also select for printing :

PONJOLA. BY CYNTHIA STOCKLEY. (Constable.)

Desmond, the hero-heroine, is a rattling good character and very lovable in both rôles. The sudden switch from the unnamed *madame*, tired of life and about to end it all, to the " tall, rather graceful youngster," Desmond, is somewhat disconcerting at first, but as a suspicion of the truth dawns one chuckles with delight and thoroughly enjoys the secret. Lindi Duro—in spite of the ponjola—is a fine fellow and well worth Desmond's trouble, sacrifice and love. The story is written in the author's usual sparkling style ; there is not a tiring page or wearying character in it.

(Egbert T. Colley, 11, North Marsh Road, Gainsborough.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND.
BY MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash & Grayson.)

This is a book of deepest tragedy. Clouds of darkness, with not a glimpse of silver lining. Gissing more than ever remains one of the mysteries of literature. Those who regard " The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft " as morbid will think so no longer, after reading " Henry Maitland." To fathom the depths of his abnormal life needs the skill of the expert psychologist. When one remembers that this same writer is responsible for that charming work of descriptive travel, " By the Ionian Sea," one's amazement is intensified tenfold. Truly there is nothing under the face of the sun so mysterious and baffling as human nature.

(Mannington Sayers, Orchard Close, Monmouth.)

We specially commend the reviews by A. M. Pagan (Largs), Ivan Bergh (Cape Town), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Bertie van Thal (South Hampstead), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Ruth Bevan (Bede), James A. Richards (Tenby), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), H. M. Clark (Chelmsford), Mildred Brennan (Jarrow-on-Tyne), F. H. Overell (Wimbledon), Annie L. Vale (Bridgwater), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Phillis Rees (Macclesfield), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), Alice Yorke Hind (Brighton), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), P. M. Catos-Larter (Felixstowe), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Edwin L. Gregory, of 17, Victoria Avenue, Alma Park, Levenshulme.

THE REAL SHAKESPEARE.*

BY GEORGE SAMPSON.

PERHAPS, after all, even in the present age (about which I will not at the moment open my mind) we are learning how to listen-in to the real Shakespeare. Certainly we show a wholesome and increasing disposition not to follow the nineteenth century in accepting the Shakespeare handed down by the eighteenth. I was always a great admirer of Henry Irving—the one English actor in my time with the incalculable gift of genius ; yet I will cheerfully admit against him that his attitude towards Shakespeare was not a step in front of Garrick's. He mangled the plays differently ; but he mangled them nevertheless ; and handed the tradition of mangling to his successors and imitators. Mangled Shakespeare on the stage and

* " The Players' Shakespeare." Edited by Harley Granville Barker. Vol. I, " Macbeth " ; Vol. II, " Merchant of Venice." £4 4s. each. (Benn Bros.)—" The Companion Shakespeare." Edited by J. A. Green and Kenneth Bell. 2s. each. (Christophers.)—" Much Ado About Nothing." Edited by Arthur Quiller Couch and John Dover Wilson. 6s. (Cambridge University Press.)—" On the Site of the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare." By George Hubbard. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)—" Shakespeare's First Folio." By R. Crompton Rhodes. 4s. 6d. (Blackwell.)—" Shakespeare and the Universities." By F. S. [illegible] 12s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

mangled Shakespeare in the books: that is all the ordinary man ever got to represent the greatest of English poets and the greatest of English playmakers—it is necessary to lay stress upon both these "greatests," for one or other of them is being constantly overlooked. Scholarly persons, of course, could always go to the original sources; but the ordinary reader had to take what editors thought Shakespeare ought to have written, and the ordinary playgoer had to take what managers thought Shakespeare ought to have invented. Incredible as it may seem, Augustin Daly, having a matchless Viola in Ada Rehan, put on "Twelfth Night" (the most exquisite of all romantic comedies) with the essential first scene put second.

Still, as I said, we are learning to do better. I have long been grateful to Mr. Granville Barker for his production of "Twelfth Night" and "A Winter's Tale"; and I now find new cause for gratitude in his literary activities; for he appears to be in large part responsible for the magnificent "Players' Shakespeare" produced by Benn Brothers. A sumptuous Shakespeare, with no expense spared in luxurious embellishment: reader, can you recall certain Victorian efforts in this direction? One shudders at the memory! But here we have the combined skill of editor, artist, printer, paper-maker and publisher applied to produce, not a high-priced book meant to lie unread in its grandeur upon the middle-class drawing-room table, but the actual text of Shakespeare, set forth without any pedantry of archaism, yet spelt and pointed and put down as Shakespeare spelt and pointed and put it down.

Now here is a proposition upon which too little stress has been laid, but which I am prepared to maintain against all comers: that Shakespeare "in the original" is vastly easier to understand and much more pleasant to read than Shakespeare adapted, altered, simplified, trimmed up, respelt, repointed and generally thinned out by well-meaning editors. There is much for editors of Shakespeare to do; but most of them have been busy in doing not merely the wrong things, but the unnecessary things. To read the mass of editorial ineptitudes (called "emendations") assembled in any volume of Furness is an amazing and even infuriating experience.

The "Players' Shakespeare" is authentic, aboriginal Shakespeare: a wondrous strange thing, and therefore as a stranger we give it welcome. It is Shakespeare presented as richly as he deserves, but it is Shakespeare "in the original": let that, for the moment, be its chief title to our gratitude. I defer discussion of many individual points of beauty (chief among which I reckon Mr. Granville Barker's illuminating essays) until more volumes have appeared.

At the other extreme of cost, but not of worth, comes the "Companion Shakespeare," planned by the late Professor Green and produced by Christophers at an amazingly low price. I wish Christophers would go and bite some of the other publishers! One recent volume is edited by Mrs. Green, and another by Mr. Kenneth Bell, who has succeeded to the general editorship. The aim of the editors is to "companion" the unaccustomed reader and help him over the main difficulties—for it must never be forgotten that Shakespeare has his very great difficulties. As Mr. Granville Barker properly reminds us, we have to learn how to read Shakespeare before his complete beauty is revealed to us either in book or in theatre. The excellent "Companions" of this edition endeavour to show the student how to approach the real Shakespeare. The text is the usual modern version.

The "New Cambridge Shakespeare" is really new. It has some peculiarities of high excellence and some of less exalted eminence; but, good or bad as people have variously found it, it does represent a fresh and spirited approach to a great matter. The introductions by "Q," full of the charm that is his secret, contribute much to the reader's delight. The text, with its elaborated stage directions and its tripled full stops, is a little apt to suggest a collaboration between Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells; but Mr. Dover Wilson steadily seeks to edit his text "with brains, Sir," even if he is now and then inclined to be a shade too ingenious.

I ask pardon of the other three authors for the brevity with which I must dismiss them. Mr. Hubbard seeks to prove that the Globe Theatre was not where some people think it was. I am not sure that this matters greatly; but I am sure that his book is a delightful study of Elizabethan London, made doubly delightful by a separate pocket full of fascinating maps and pictures. The low price and fine production of this volume deserve special note.

The volume by Mr. Crompton Rhodes on the "First Folio" is a Shakespearean study of high importance. It clears up most of the difficulties (and the mystery) with which two centuries of commentators have clouded that Shakespearean Bible, and it shows how the varied provenance of copy helped to produce the oddities that puzzle us. Mr. Rhodes is specially to be commended for the clearness with which he differentiates between his admirably assembled facts and his own inferences from them. The student armed with this volume and a facsimile "Folio" will be on the way to a sound understanding of Shakespeare.

Dr. F. S. Boas manages, as usual, to combine the patient scholarship of first-hand research with a fine essayistic touch in his prose. He is thus as delightful as he is profitable. The dozen chapters of this volume contribute either directly or indirectly to the understanding of Shakespeare. Four of them deal specifically with certain Shakespearean problems, and, strange as it may seem at this time of day, produce new facts culled from actual accessible documents. Perhaps the most illuminating of the essays are those upon the miscellaneous collection of old plays known as MS. Egerton 1994; for here we have actual theatre copies, some of them certainly autograph, in just the state in which they would have been sent to the printer. Shakespeare's own "papers" (like most others of the time) did not survive the printing-house:—what was the good of scrawled and tattered manuscript to anybody, when printed copies became available? But here are other "papers" of the same kind; and they help us to understand what Shakespeare's own copies were like. The whole volume is an enlightening contribution to the history of Elizabethan drama. Dr. Boas and Mr. Rhodes are not in agreement upon all points; but of both we may say that they carry us a step nearer the real Shakespeare.

New Books.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.*

It might seem a happy chance which has brought these two books together for review. They are as dissimilar in matter as in style, they approach poetry from opposite standpoints and at different points in time, but they prove thereby both complementary and a foil to each other. They enable a reader to measure the forces which have been working for change in human consciousness during the last thirty years and also to test the respective merits of two kinds of criticism. A critic may judge poetry from without or within; he may study its form or its idea. For practical purposes, whatever the philosophers may say, such a dualism exists, and there are few critics in whom the two attitudes are perfectly combined, as ideally they should be. Lafcadio Hearn belongs to the one class, Dr. Strachan to the other. Both are interesting exponents of their method.

Certainly this latest selection from Hearn's published lectures reveal at his best one who in the art of delicate appreciation was a master. If the requirements of a Japanese audience compelled Hearn to indulge in a degree of superfluous paraphrasing and verbal explanation, we owe at least partially to the same cause the simplicity of his style, a style so gentle and limpid that a child could follow the sense of almost all he wrote. In the analysis of technique, too, and as a subtle interpreter of the emotion or the psychology of a poem, Hearn was remarkable. To take a single example, his exposition of the situation implied in Browning's "A Light Woman" seems to us to exhaust the possibilities of understanding. Indeed we can well believe that he understood it better than Browning himself! It is the same with his running comment upon such a poem as Rossetti's "The Staff and Scrip" or his illustrations of the purity of tone in Bridges's lyrics.

Hearn in fact represented that ideally sensitive audience of which a poet can only dream. He registers each ripple and shadow and flicker on the face of the stream. But so fastidious and generous a sensibility seems often to impoverish thought. Certainly it was so with Hearn. His taste was exquisite, but his values were apt to be vague. His very love of choice detail, above all his devotion to a "vague, charming," and we might add rather perfumed, "romance" led him astray. He could be as perverse in his general judgments as he was scrupulous in his particular. An error of style would never escape him, but of an emptiness of substance he was often strangely oblivious. It is for this reason that his praise of Rossetti, Swinburne and Morris, to which half this book is devoted, is rather characterless. For an English audience at least he fails sufficiently to discriminate. Yet that he was to some extent aware of the line which modern criticism must take in its estimate of Pre-Raphaelitism is suggested by the quality in Rossetti's poetry which he selects for special praise. When you are reading "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," he said, or even "Christabel," "you feel that you are reading a fairy-tale, but when you read Rossetti you are looking at life and feeling human passion." It is by this criterion that the whole movement can be most essentially judged. The legendary or the mediæval can invite an escape from reality—"a degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation," as Wordsworth rather pontifically described it—or it can by the very strangeness of its romance excite and liberate the imagination. In the mid-Victorian age it frequently represented only a revolt from the tame propriety of the times into realms of the decorative, violent or fantastic. Indeed for a modern poet to reconcile a world of antique manners with his new and personal vision, or to renew imaginatively a scheme of legendary events, is no easy task. The temptation to indulge in the fanciful must be very strong. Yet to exploit romantic material for effects of quaintness, to clothe it in a riot of imagery, as Swinburne often did, or merely to manufacture out of it an old-world tapestry, as occasionally Morris did, may prove a pleasant exercise in ingenuity, in decorative word painting, but it is to sacrifice the soul of art to the body.

The poet's office, as Dr. Strachan writes, is not to adorn life, but to create it. And the critic of romantic poetry must walk with an equal wariness and sincerity if he is not to degenerate, as Hearn is apt to do, into a gratified connoisseur. Dr. Strachan's illuminating study of the modern spirit emphasises this necessity and incidentally Hearn's weakness, who in his devotion to the East was but little affected by modern influences and suffered at times from the limitations of the art specialist. Dr. Strachan's value, on the other hand, lies in his catholicity, his comprehension of ideas and his attempt to relate the expression of poetry to thought, morality and life. This, in spite of the lyrical bent of modern verse, is most necessary in so far as the lyric of to-day has moved far from its origin in spontaneous song. Three circumstances in particular have dictated the modern consciousness and hastened the reaction, which Dr. Strachan remarks, "from a weak æstheticism."

Industrialism has instructed us in ugliness, science in a regard for fact, and war in the nakedness of pain. These influences in combination have impressed the modern poet with the need of pity, of caution and of truth. They have forced him to question vague and magnificent optimisms and to suspect the consolations of sentiment. Nature, no less than formulas of virtue, is come up to judgment and life's values are centred upon the individual. As Dr. Strachan writes, "Modern tragedy, unlike the ancient, shows Man magnificent not in his defeat by, but in his superiority to the evil and hostile forces in Nature." Science has both enforced honesty and invited experiments. The poet no longer indulges in large gestures and splendid pomps. He observes the small things of life with a minute and wistful scrutiny. He neither escapes from life into a world of sensational romance nor drugs his pain or his anxiety with soothing narcotics, but he explores reality with a studious and, so far as he can, a disinterested vision.

To quote Dr. Strachan again, "The modern poetry of life is not a tinge of colour which the poet splashes on the actual, or a mood of his own in which he bathes it." This spirit Dr. Strachan pursues through its many variations with excellent judgment and apt quotation. He traces its lineage and he is alive to its limitations, particularly to its lack of coherency and power, its contented impressionism and its occasional insignificant realism. He is probably wise to touch but lightly upon its more extreme manifestations, as for example its latest tendency to sanctify the unselected whims of the subconscious, but, although we disagree with him in certain details, his handling of the subject is so sincere, so free from prejudice and dogma, that we can commend it heartily to all readers. The modern poet is often doubtless of smaller stature than the Victorian, but in his shocked refusal of the gilded lie he is more scrupulous, we believe, of values; and beyond his own personal attainment he is preparing for a time when the disintegrated elements of life may come together again in a new and deeper harmony.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

* "Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets." By Lafcadio Hearn. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Soul of Modern Poetry." By R. H. Strachan, D.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

CALE YOUNG RICE'S NEW POEMS.*

Some seem to have a notion that the poet of to-day cannot demonstrate his modernity unless he writes without rhyme or metre. Mr. Cale Young Rice is under no such illusion. He is, as one of his critics says, "modern in the

* "Mihrima and Other Poems." By Cale Young Rice. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

broadest sense of the term "—that is, he is modern in feeling and outlook, which are the essential things, and he rationally uses any form of verse, old or new, which is best qualified to express the idea or emotion he wants to fashion into words.

His new volume opens with a poetic drama, " Mihrima," whose scene is laid near the Holy Sepulchre, in the sixteenth century. Mihrima is married to Phranzes, the son of an astrologer, and, influenced by her scheming mother, has concealed the fact that she was married earlier to a dissolute Turkish noble, who is believed to be dead; and in a fated hour her first husband, Murzinos, intrudes upon their happiness and claims her. The strange setting of the story, the air of mystery and the occult that environ it give the needed touch of reality to the miracle at the close which wins back the man she loves and restores his faith in her. It is a curiously poignant episode, dramatised skilfully, imaginatively, and flowering into those felicities of phrase that are a distinguishing characteristic of all Mr. Rice's work in this kind.

The shorter poems in the book are in every way worthy of the author of " Shadowy Thresholds " and " Earth and New Earth." There is emotional as well as pictorial beauty in the vivid little series of " Etchings "- the blend of these qualities, in varying degree, is, indeed, the life and soul of all this writer's verse, of the breezy " Skipper's Chantey," of the five narrative poems, " Lurid Lives," of such snatches of song as " Lights," or " West and East," and of so charming a lyric as " Transiency (To A. H. R.)":

> " Come, let us watch that rock drown in the tide
> (So many things must go, so many things !)
> Once we were young and the sea was not so wide,
> Or love had wings. . . ."

Mr. Cale Young Rice has long been recognised as one of America's most authentic poets, and his latest work cannot fail to enhance his reputation on this side of the Atlantic.

R. H.

POUSSIN AND GAUGUIN: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS.*

It is a pleasure, only too rare in these days of hastily produced books, to find on one's table two volumes which can be unreservedly praised.

Mrs. Sutro's study of Poussin, human rather than critical (but none the less welcome for that), is an excellent piece of work; whilst Gauguin's letters, really well translated by Ruth Pielkovo, are a self-revelation of inestimable value. And how instructive a contrast are these disclosures of two men, so different in temperament, outlook and aims, and yet identical in whole-hearted devotion to their art. " At all events I have done my duty," wrote Gauguin within two years of his death, " and if my work does not live, at least the memory of an artist will remain who freed painting from many academic shackles," words which might well have been written by Poussin two hundred years before, Poussin who, sickened by the insincerities and mannerisms of the French school of his day, broke with it all and boldly set himself to revive, by his own great personal expression and profound individuality of thought, the sincerity of the dying Italian Renaissance. Yes, both revolutionaries, but as I say with what singular differences, both tortured by a divine discontent, but the one searching for ease by reviving the genius of the past and grafting it on to the present, the other daring everything in art in the name of the spirit.

Let us glance for a moment at these several differences as so pointedly displayed in the parallel reading of these two entrancing little volumes, with the recommendation that artists and students of art should get to the books themselves and elaborate the instructive exercise. See the differences of origin and upbringing. Poussin, destined to become the most learned of painters, the son of a peasant mother incapable of writing her own name; Gauguin, destined to outrage the learning of all the schools, the grand-nephew of a Borgia of Aragon, Viceroy of Peru, of surpassing wealth, the grandson of a *bas bleu* who wrote sentimental novels of incredible length, delved deeply into the study of economics and sociology and outraged a husband who, as Victor Sagalen delightfully expresses it, " loved her with such devotion that after three years of wedded bliss and eighteen of separation he gave her the greatest proof of devotion that a husband can give his wife, and attempted to kill her," the son of a mother who, having squandered the Viceroy's great fortune, could find nothing better for her luxuriously raised son than a modest post in the French Mercantile Marine. Then the difference of approach to the artistic life. Poussin, bitten at the earliest age, breaking away from school-teaching and taking surreptitious lessons from a vagrant artist, and finally, without a word to his mother, packing his wallet and quietly setting out for Paris; Gauguin for four years a sailor, for eleven years a successful stockbroker, conforming to all bourgeois standards, marrying and procreating five children, then suddenly seized with a fever to express himself, launching on the tangled and mysterious bypaths of Art, escaping on Sundays and holidays from his immaculate home in the Rue Lafitte to the outlawry of Montmartre, and finally at thirty-five abandoning family, social connections, ease, everything, to devote himself to his new-found and exacting mistress, living from hand to mouth, sometimes without a *sou* in his pocket for bread or paint, raising the needful by such menial jobs as pasting up advertisements in the Gare du Nord, but always in spite of everything painting, painting, painting as though very life depended on it. Then their fundamental characters; Poussin austere, intellectual, conventionally moral, *premier peintre du Roi*; Gauguin whose very life was a protest against material success, laws, morals, religion; Poussin ordered and disciplined; Gauguin desperate, agonised, a tortured soul. You have only to look at the self-portraits of the two men, frontispieces to these two books, to recognise a Poussin with the tired eyes of the midnight student and porer over books; a Gauguin, the hungry seeker after new and personal experiences not to be discovered in any book whatsoever. Then their sources of inspiration. Poussin worshipping the past and exiling himself to Rome, the centre of culture, the Rome of Carracci and Domenechino, whither all the intelligenzia of the day flocked to ransack libraries, search for antiquities and feed on classical tradition; Gauguin, a tremendous and terrible individualist, also exiling himself, but to savage Tahiti and the Marquesas, by which to get away as far as possible from the shackles of organised thought, or allegiance to anyone but himself and his art. Then compare the attitude of their common mother, France, to one and the other Poussin called back to paint for the king, assured of a fine income with choice of being lodged in whichsoever of the royal palaces he chose; Gauguin, whose masterpieces (at the present day almost priceless) were not at the time of their painting worth the cost of transit to Paris, indeed, in his own words, " made people shriek "—and who could be expected to buy pictures which sent people into hysterics? True, Poussin later fled again to Rome and poverty from the ignorance, philistinism and insincerity of the Court, but he had savoured adulation and honours, whilst Gauguin from the first instinctively recognised their true worthlessness, indeed refused to soil his threadbare dignity by allowing his friends to beg a pittance from the State which might just serve to keep body and soul together.

It cannot of course but be admitted that Gauguin was as uncomfortable a citizen as Poussin was the reverse, and due credit must be given to the last named for his respectability and uprightness, but even his correctitude did not exceed Gauguin's fine honesty in the disposition of his work. The proper way, says Gauguin, to retail my work is " to leave a picture six months or a year with a serious

* " Nicolas Poussin." By Esther Sutro. With an Introduction by William Rothenstein. 6s. (Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society, Ltd.)—" The Letters of Paul Gauguin to Georges Daniel de Monfried." Translated by Ruth Pielkovo. Foreword by Frederick O'Brien. 8s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

amateur, and when he has seen it over and over again, compared it, learned to love it, then he can buy or give it back," and he the while starving, diseased, at wits' end to keep going at all!

Again, compare their attitude towards technique. Poussin a " sedulous ape " of the R. L. S. order, arriving by strictest discipline to Greek and Roman tradition at his own conclusions and so justifying his intuitions; Gauguin vehemently disclaiming anything of system, painting as he pleased, bright to-day, dark to-morrow, declaring that the artist must be free or he is no artist, that technique must change according to the mood of the moment, a capricious vagabond, claiming the absolute and legitimate domination of thought over nature, maintaining the artist's duty, indeed, to outrage nature if by so doing he may the better express himself, seeing stupidity in precision, futility in being chained to material reality. Finally compare their influence on contemporaries. Poussin, heir of the ages, in a very real sense the parent of the greater art of France, the spiritual father of Puvis de Chavannes, Corot, Vuillard and a host of others; Gauguin a very Melchisedec, without father, mother or descent in art, a solitary portent leaving but a bastard progeny of uninspired imitators.

I have attempted to stimulate interest in these two most suggestive books by recording the impressions left by them upon my own mind. Probably these conclusions will not commend themselves to everyone, will indeed arouse in many a healthy antagonism. But that will be all to the good if it sends readers of The Bookman to study them on their own account. " Art is very terrible and difficult to fathom," wrote Gauguin. So indeed is life, religion, painting, literature, music, everything, in its higher development. And there is at least one great matter which it appears to me will emerge from the study of both Poussin and Gauguin, in common with other great artists of the world, and that is that no true art, whether the art of living and dying, which was Christ's, the art of painting, literature and music, which are lesser matters, will ever be worldlily and immediately successful, but will have to wait for ratification on the verdict of posterity.

G. S. Layard.

TOTO DIMINISHED.*

As we know, Victor Hugo, with his titanic proportions, was also a man of colossal vanity. It was one of the many aspects of Toto of which the writer of this volume seems not aware. So that if one Titan, sitting on his throne among the immortals within that Panthéon of eternity to which such as he—and it is to be hoped his devoted Juliette—are translated, is aware of it, he will be mightily displeased over this clogged and muddled tribute. Why, he will say in those accents of tremendousness which Colonel Haggard has unwisely endeavoured sometimes to translate—why, after Madame Duclaux did me the honour of offering me her admirable volume two years ago, is this poor thing thrown at my reputation?

But probably, with the sublimity that Victor Hugo cultivated rather earnestly in his later days, he will ignore the book as one merely belonging to the enormous library of the inadequate. The greatness of the poet, of the man, of the Frenchman, hardly appears; and, so to speak, as little is seen of those warm-hearted weaknesses which to a corresponding degree made him human. Colonel Haggard evidently did not think of visualising his subject before he began his work. He regarded Hugo as little Toto, the pursuer of amorous episodes, the writer of sensational novels, the rather absurd politician—in all respects an essentially small man, which emphatically this Titan was not. He has missed an opportunity because he was unequal to the opportunity; otherwise, surely, he would not have thought that justice would be done to Hugo as a man of letters by the mere detail and outline of his novels, with their more fireworky passages translated into execrable English, the English which is obviously altered French made laborious and grotesque in the process.

We are shown no clear view of the man, and in consequence are given—in this volume—an insufficient idea of his relations with Juliette Drouet. Despite his many infidelities, his perversities through vanity and jealousy, his amazing weakness before the pleasant persecutions of amorous women, his relations with her belong to the great love-affairs of history. To try and translate their letters, as in one or two instances Colonel Haggard has done, is to offer artificial flowers for the living roses of passion. He has no glimmering of the greatness of that union, no recognition of the fact that the devotion of Juliette, even as the devotion of Adéle—for Hugo's wife was devoted too—would not have been possible had Victor not been in spiritual values great—great of heart, great of mind; otherwise he would have been incapable of rousing such a vital and long-lived passion as he did arouse. No, we are shown a fussy little Frenchman, a diminished Toto, a shrieking fictionist, a shrill politician, whose small soul is completely comforted by offerings of flattery, clean linen and pleasant comestibles. Such is the impression produced by this volume; but of course that is even grotesquely inadequate. It is worse than a pity when such books are written about great people. Their effect is to belittle; and indeed we need greatness—and to be reminded of greatness—even when the idol or giant has feet of clay—especially in the present world with its many noisy mouths in the responsible places.

C. E. Lawrence.

* "Victor Hugo: His Work and Love." By Lieutenant-Colonel C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

THE PURE IN HEART AND ART.*

The reviewer, striving to be impartial and to set aside mere prejudices and prepossessions, finds his path strewn with many obstacles over which it is difficult for him not to stumble, and perhaps the most formidable are certain accepted phrases in criticism that for ever threaten his equipoise. One of these phrases crops up again in this present reviewer's reflections on the three books he has lately read.

It is often said that there are books which make a universal appeal. But surely no book has ever quite done that. Human nature is so very varied. Meredith remarks in one of his novels: " There is human nature and Welsh nature." Substitute for " Welsh " not only every other nationality, but every social grade, every passing era, and even the differences that mere longitude and latitude make to our mental and spiritual attributes, and it becomes at once manifest that after all proverbial philosophy has its uses and that one man's meat is another man's poison, as well in his moral and intellectual as in his bodily tastes.

There is, for instance, one quality in Mr. Beresford's work which has an irresistible appeal for me, and so of course for numerous others, or he would not be assured of his steady sale among a certain class of reader. It is the quality of clean-mindedness. Mr. Beresford does not shirk the plain issues of life. At the same time he is careful not to over-accentuate the sexual factor in his studies of human conduct and development. He is not daring in the sense that he strips the divinity from his men and women and reveals the animal in them in all its raw nakedness. He dares more than that. He dares to affirm that the best type of man is pure in heart. And this is all the more refreshing at a time when there is so much talk about and apparent approval of the ethics of the caveman, whose brutality is glorified as essentially manly. Surely the more the godlike strain in man triumphs over the animal strain the more manly and less bestial man becomes.

In " Love's Pilgrim " Mr. Beresford deals intimately with the mind and soul of a young man suffering from a slight physical malformation which his sensitiveness exaggerates into a tragic disability. He feels that because

* " Love's Pilgrim." By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—" Victoria." By Knut Hamsun. 5s. (Gyldendal.)—" The Marsden Case." By F. M. Ford. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

of his trifling affliction no woman can ever really love him. This tends to make him morbid, and indeed threatens to mar his whole future happiness. He is only sure of his mother's love: the love of a mother being so often strongest for the least favoured of her children. He is cruelly torn between this mother-love and the love-o'-women. It seems that he must sacrifice the one to the other. Which is the greater, which the less? That is the problem Mr. Beresford states with the most delicate art and profound feeling. Perhaps such problems are never finally soluble. Perhaps that is why the author seeks adventitious aid at last and introduces a new and not quite inevitable climax into his story in drawing it to a conclusion. Nevertheless the book is a fine achievement in its originality of theme and masterly handling.

Knut Hamsun also is one who echoes the Scriptural saying: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Victoria" is a very beautiful tale, very beautifully told. Its simplicity is the simplicity of greatness. This is not the sort of art that apes simplicity; this is the art which needs nothing but its inspiration to be clear and strong as sunshine, changing even the dust into glowing particles of light, transmuting even ditchwater into a magic mirror reflecting a world beneath its turbid surface that comes true when you raise your eyes. It is impossible to label books of this consummate sort. To call it an idyll or a fairy-tale or a prose-poem would be banal, futile. It is of course a story of real life; that is to say, if one may indulge in mild metaphysic, life as it is realised, not by the gross tests of materialism, but by the finer tests of spiritual affinity, so that one is not only in the world and a part of all that therein is, but one also with infinity and eternity, heir of the ages, forerunner of the future. The story? It is about a miller's son whom poetry changes into a lover and love changes into a poet. And who is yet a realist in that he dreams dreams and sees visions and knows that they are the only things worth living for. This is a book for the elect, not for the quidnunc and criticaster. It is a book to be read in a sylvan shade or over a cottage fire, when the heat of the day is burdensome or the terrors of the night encompass us about. No one who loves truth and beauty can afford not to buy this book; it is the very bread of life.

And "The Marsden Case" is a sort of *pâté de foie gras* sandwich. What little meat it contains is too pungently flavoured to be wholesome, whilst the bread reminds one painfully of war-bread. It is a clever book, horribly clever and sophisticated and world-weary and casual and all that. And most of the characters are just real enough to make you want to kick them into a certain liveliness. The theme revolves about the old silly worriment of illegitimacy, but with the added complication that it happens during the late war, when not only the truth about one's parentage but the nationality of one's parents mattered a good deal. The author describes his book as a romance, possibly as an afterthought, or, more probably, as an excuse for its shortcomings. Not that he needs to enter any plea for indulgence. As I have said, the book is clever. It is also entertaining, and does succeed in achieving a certain distinction by virtue of being strenuously, conventionally unconventional, alike in its style, its character-drawing, and—what shall I say?—its philosophy. And it surely is original in its passing reference to a police constable who has so completely forgotten all that he learned in order to pass the necessary examination enabling him to join the force that he cannot even write an official letter in the customary and approved formula of official English.

EDWIN PUGH.

THACKERAY'S LONDON.*

Mr. Beresford Chancellor, one of the best known topographers of London, has been well advised to write a book on "The London of Thackeray." Though the novelist takes his characters into the provinces—to Brighton, Tunbridge Wells and other watering places—and not infrequently sends them for holidays on the Continent—to Pumpernickel-Weimar and elsewhere—yet London is the head-quarters for all his dramatis personæ, as it was indeed for himself. Mr. Beresford Chancellor has not written of the London that Thackeray personally knew, nor of those districts in which he lived nor of those which he frequented, for the ground, as he says, has already been covered by others; with great self-restraint he confines himself to the London of Thackeray's books:

> "It is the London of Thackeray's characters that I endeavour, in the following pages, to recall: the London known to the Newcomes and Pendennis; the London where Brand Firmin and the Little Sister had their struggles; the London of Beatrix Esmond and the wits, of Costigan and the revellers. The Curzon Street we visit is the Curzon Street of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley; the Russell Square is the Russell Square of the Sedleys and the Osbournes. When we go to Kensington we go not in search of the house in Young Street or the larger dwelling in Palace Green where Thackeray lived and laboured, but to the Square where Lady Castlewood dwelt and Prince James Edward visited."

That there is ample scope for an interesting work on these lines the present volume very conclusively shows. Thackeray, himself no mean expert on the London before his day, in his books roamed at will around many localities and through several periods.

> "These" (says Mr. Beresford Chancellor) "may roughly be divided into two sets: the first dealing with the city as it was from the time of Anne to the close of George III's reign; the second, from the period of the Regency to the middle of the nineteenth century. 'Esmond' and 'The Virginians,' 'Barry

* "The London of Thackeray" By E. Beresford Chancellor. 15s. (Grant Richards.)



Hyde Park Corner, circa 1800.
From an old colour print.
From "The London of Thackeray" (Grant Richards).

Lyndon' and 'Denis Duval,' with a sort of general introduction based on 'The Four Georges' and 'The English Humourists' are the material for the earlier section of the subject; the rest of Thackeray's novels, tales and miscellaneous sketches form the basis of the latter half."

From this it will be seen how thorough is the plan of the book, and how it gives full scope for the display of the wide knowledge of the metropolis that Mr. Beresford Chancellor possesses, which happily he is delighted to share with us. There is no part of London that Thackeray writes about, no street, scarcely indeed a house, to which the author does not conduct us and add to our information. There is nothing of the pedant about Mr. Beresford Chancellor, nothing of the superior person; he writes as if saying to his readers: "We are all interested in this place and that, let us come and see it and compare notes."

If you have never read a line of Thackeray you will enjoy reading the book, for its subject-matter, and the way in which it is presented, is most fascinating; but if you do know your Thackeray you will be profoundly grateful to Mr. Beresford Chancellor for this, his labour of love, which is and will remain the standard work on Thackeray's London.

With Mr. Beresford Chancellor we may go to Paternoster Row, where Warrington played off Bungay against Bacon for the privilege of publishing Mr. Arthur Pendennis's first novel; or to old Parr Street, where the scoundrelly Dr. Firmin practised; or to Fitzroy Square, where Colonel Newcome and James Binnie, on their return from India, rented a house. We may wander with him around the Charterhouse where many of Thackeray's characters were educated, and to that part of it devoted to the Poor Brethren, the ranks of which Colonel Newcome joined. We may stand in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and gaze upon the house where Becky and Rawdon Crawley lived on nothing a year, and where for the first time that fascinating, unscrupulous little devil admires her husband when he gives Lord Steyne the thrashing that ruins him for life. "When I wrote that sentence," Thackeray confessed subsequently, "I slapped my fist on the table and said: 'That is a stroke of genius.'"

Lewis Melville.

BITTER HERBS.*

Mrs. Dawson-Scott's new poems are agreeably distinguished in substance and form from most of the slim collections published to-day. Half of her book consists of dramatic pieces dealing simply and directly with tragic episodes, subjects which Mr. Wilfrid Gibson has made his own and used with a bare, realistic power. Mrs. Dawson-Scott, however, employs a different poetic style, her equipment as a poetic writer being different, though not always lower. Her method, like Mr. Gibson's, is economical and spurns inessentials, but her outlines are softer and her realism is subdued. Her best poems of this sort are not so good as the best of "Fires," and nothing approaches the quick, insistent passion of "The Hare," which is perhaps the finest of all Mr. Gibson's imaginations; but none of her pieces, on the other hand, possesses that forbidding austerity which the author of "Daily Bread" has sustained both in the volume so named and in many others. Mrs. Dawson-Scott, in a word, never loses sight of the aim cherished by many of our friendliest poets; she never *refuses* to charm.

These comparisons may, I hope, be suggested without offence, and should serve as a discrimination of the kind of poetry in which our author most easily succeeds. In the matter of verse-form she is readily distinguished, for the present volume does not contain rhymed pieces, but irregular verse very near to prose yet seldom failing to conform to the silent enactments of the English poets who have shaped the traditions of English verse. Had her conformity been more rigid her work might have been better, for the reader of the dramatic poems will be conscious at times of a lack of resistance, and so of a lack of fire. How well, nevertheless, she can use her simple forms is shown in "Amo," where Mrs. Dawson-Scott attempts a Scottish ballad-theme over again without being aware of any inhibition:

"The beggar rides
In pride of scarlet, and the bridge
Is down.
He rides and, from the tower above the gate,
The noosing rope
Drops to his shoulder, draws about the throat,
Lifts.
'I share my lover,' quoth she,
'With the crows.'"

The poem entitled "The Knife-Grinder" shows better her quality both in regard to form and content:

"I have been all day at the wheel
Setting the edge for other men.
While you
Were at your wifely marketing.
Mud on your skirts?
Must have gone far, my Lovely, must be tired,
Tired of the streets.
The darkness takes the glimmer of your hair,
Once gold—still gold:
And if I hold you in my arms
(As—was it yesternight or yesteryear?)
You will sleep soft.
You are all mine.
A kiss,
I had your first—last—
Your bosom swells with this last beat of love.

* * * * *

Last, wanton—for we fix it there,
The knife and I."

For all the comparison with Mr. Gibson it is only by quoting lavishly that the true character of this poetry can be made clear; and in default of quoting whole pages I must content myself with one more brief instance:

"The bat shall heir
Your house of many lights, the lizard slip
Between the stones;
And you shall be
A name
Writ on a stone in the church acre,
Writ at end
Of a long line."

It is easy to overlook simple and sincere things such as this writer is capable of presenting. The fact that this is the author's fourth volume of verse suggests that it is time to look a little more steadily at her work, and to recognise in it some of the qualities that make poetry worth writing and worth reading, even if those qualities are mixed with crumbling characteristics which Mrs. Dawson-Scott might herself dismiss in preparing another volume.

John Freeman.

* "Bitter Herbs." By C. A. Dawson-Scott. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

BATTLES THAT MATTER.*

There are battles and battles; some bloody, some that cost comparatively little loss of life. But when Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G., set out to write his latest book, "The Decisive Battles of Modern Times," he used the word "decisive" in the sense in which it was used by Hallam as meaning "battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." No one, I think, will quarrel with such an interpretation of the word; what is more interesting still is the selection of the conflicts which Colonel Whitton considers decisive. The plan of this book has been in his mind, I believe, for years—what time he wrote his "Moltke," his "Marne Campaign" and other works, and his chief difficulty was to compress large slices of history into the compass of a single volume. That difficulty he has surmounted with complete success.

The battles with which he deals are: Vicksburg, 4th July, 1863; Königgrätz, 3rd July, 1866; Mars-la-Tour, 16th August, 1870; Tsushima, 27th May, 1905; and the Marne, 6th–10th September, 1914.

* "The Decisive Battles of Modern Times." By Lieutenant-Colonel F. E. Whitton, C.M.G. 12s. (Constable.)

Each of these great clashes of arms he describes with the meticulous care and attention to detail of a military historian; but he does more, for in each case he prefaces the account of the fight by a brief sketch of the events which led up to the battle itself. For such an undertaking a singularly capable pen is needed. With the mass of material which was at his disposal, Colonel Whitton had not merely to record facts, but also to discard those things which, however interesting in themselves, were not strictly necessary to his narrative.

It is difficult, indeed, to *criticise* the book; I am tempted simply to praise it. But one tilt I cannot resist at the author—not the first I have levelled at him through these columns. In dealing with the Vicksburg battle—the turning-point of the American Civil War—Colonel Whitton is writing of the position of General Grant and his relation to the Federal commander-in-chief, Halleck, at Washington. Halleck had urged on Grant certain steps which Grant, at the front, considered unwise. Grant struck out a plan of his own, and here Colonel Whitton says:

"With great prudence he refrained from revealing his new plan to Halleck at Washington, and kept the commander-in-chief quiet by non-committal despatches until it would be too late for him to interfere. . . ."

This raises the old problem of how far a subordinate commander is justified in disregarding the wishes of his superior. In Grant's case his action was justified—or, at least, rewarded—by victory; but had he *lost*, would Colonel Whitton (with his traditions of service on the Staff) then have congratulated him on his "great prudence" in concealing his intentions from his chief? Nothing succeeds like success; nothing destroys like failure!

But do not let me give the impression that this book is meat only for the military mind. On the contrary, there is very little of the "filthy but necessary technicality" in it, and such as there is he who runs may read. It is a book of value to the student of history, and of interest to the man who enjoys a thundering good yarn.

The five battles are interesting each in its separate way, and if I enjoyed the first—that of Vicksburg—more than the others it is perhaps only because I have always been keenly interested in the war of the North and the South. Here Colonel Whitton again points out what is too often forgotten—that the Civil War was *not* fought on the slave question.

There are seven good maps at the end of the book, and they are so arranged that any one of them may be pulled out and consulted from time to time as one reads, instead of putting the reader to the wearisome necessity of opening and closing the volume a dozen times in the hour.

The chapters which sketch Continental history are, of course, of peculiar interest to-day; not only do they show something of the causes which culminated in the Great War of 1914 but they cannot fail to suggest to the reflective mind some important possibilities of the future.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON
(Captain).

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY.*

Within a mile or two of the Bank of England—which no American visitor ever misses seeing—lies a world which no American visitor ever sees and into which very few Londoners except those born and bred in it ever penetrate. It is a world of factories and workers, of pathetic monotony, of patient women, of roughness and kindness, of one- and two-roomed "homes," of grey streets and alleys; a world with very little to redeem it in the way of beauty. It is not the London of Mr. Pett Ridge; it is several shades darker than that.

Mr. Adcock in this volume of short sketches gets right into the heart of this world; tells us of its sadness, and sometimes of its humour; pictures it for us so vividly that the effect is far stronger than any mere descriptive essay or philosophic moralising could be; makes us see that to blame a man for hard drinking is futile when that man lives in surroundings of depression and disorder and overcrowding. Story after story he gives us—of hooligans and their way with knives, and of the girls who love them; of thieves' lodging-houses and their rows; of romance springing up like a flower on a dust-heap, sometimes cruelly cut down, sometimes slowly dying; of love and rivalry; and there is not one story too many.

It is no easy matter to present such material in the right way. Style counts; too much Cockney dialect wearies the reader; mere narration is not enough. Therefore we can appreciate Mr. Adcock's decision to combine narrative with dialogue, and to adopt, wherever it may be done without offence, what may be termed the oblique method. "George had manners, carried a walking-stick, and conscientiously tempered his conversation with grammar," he writes of one of his heroes. "He was thin, pale, diffident, and afflicted with a nasty, interesting cough." And—it is human nature—when Wat Bolter, George's muscular rival, set about him and wiped the street up with him, "Helen of Bow" took that "beaten, submissive figure by the arm and hustled it away through the crowd as if it belonged to her."

The finest—and longest—sketch is "Don Juan of Haggerston." It brings a sigh; it is tragedy pure and simple; an indictment of the "civilisation" that can remain unconcerned while such breeding grounds for material for our prisons are still existing. The most humorous sketch is "The Seat of Repentance"—pure comedy, with a revelation of the kindliness that often lurks in the roughest quarters. To spoil any of these little vignettes by giving away the "plots" would be unfair; besides, in several of them Mr. Adcock's wit reserves a climax for the last sentence or two—not a surprise in the effort for cheap sensation, but a legitimate finishing-stroke of power, or of delicacy, according to his theme. We can only admire, appreciate and recommend. And though the sadness of the London thus pictured lingers with us, the book is impressive without being melancholy. Few writers could have so completely expounded this aspect of life from the inside with such detachment, and no reader can possibly doubt that Mr. Adcock has special knowledge of his theme. He has written a book here which should be read by all students of social problems; it will give them something to think hard about; and even those who seek mere entertainment will be wiser for their reading of it.

W. L. R.

* "With the Gilt Off." By A. St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. (Philpot.)

IN BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.*

One does not often find two authors, dealing with the same subject, quite so diametrically opposed to each other temperamentally, racially, from the standpoint of mentality and from the standpoint of political convictions, as are the Dutch lady who gives us "My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia" and the Canadian who has written "Russia Before Dawn." Yet both of them came to Bolshevik Russia with almost the same illusions and left her almost with the same despair. Mr. Mackenzie, however, went of his own accord to visit the Earthly Paradise, while Melle Odette Keun was deported from Constantinople to Russia by the British authorities. Her record of this painful experience has appeared in French, her writing language, under the title "Sous Lénine," and she has now re-written the book in English. Naturally there are severe comments on the way she was treated at Constantinople, and it certainly did not induce her to perform the work of a British spy in Russia of which she was afterwards constantly accused.

Mr. Mackenzie who, for his part, had no grievance against any particular nationality, examined things in Russia at first hand for himself, and saw at once how and why

* "My Adventures in Bolshevik Russia." By Odette Keun. 5s. (John Lane.)—"Russia Before Dawn." By F. A. Mackenzie. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lenin had been compelled to make the extraordinary *volte-face* that contradicted the dreams of Communists all over Europe. Private ownership, it seemed, was after all the one means of economic salvation in modern Russia. And during the interim of idealism from west to east and from south to north, what had the fanatics actually accomplished beyond the ruin of a great empire? Mr. Mackenzie is obviously anxious to give them fair play, to accept even, occasionally, the will for the deed, to retain an open mind, to detect beneath the surface outlook of filth, disease, hunger and megalomania some outstanding gain to compensate for so immense a loss. He finds this something in the Red Army and, curiously enough, Melle Keun comes to precisely the same conclusion.

The Dutch lady was not merely an examiner of the Che-Ka, but one of its victims. The pictures of her Russian visit are difficult to forget: "Twelve women and two children packed in a sort of hole filled with vermin—a sun which made the brain turn into water; a pound of black bread a day for each prisoner—mainly composed of straw, and sticking to the fingers like glue—tea that was made with some sort of acorns; tobacco too strong to be smoked; and at three o'clock in the afternoon, a nameless concoction that masqueraded as soup and on the top of which two laurel leaves floated." And this external degradation had a curious psychological force which was experienced by the foreigner: "In a word, just like everybody else in bolshevist Russia, I rapidly reverted to the ape-type, and fell into barbarism again." It is no wonder that she is impatient with those who, inside or outside Russia, proclaim that the West is to be redeemed by the East. As a European she considers Russia Asiatic; as a socialist she derides the Russian for his passion for individualism. One imagines that she has forgotten the Mir, but not at all. Only she sees in that much-exploited Russian institution merely a relic of the past from which the moujik thankfully freed himself at the first opportunity.

Her quarrel with Leninism is not the mere protest of discomfort and hardship. It goes deeper than that. She detects that modern Russia has flung, so to speak, upon a world screen a caricature of the whole socialist programme. Practically they have arrived at admitted failure. Spiritually they have been null from the beginning. It is the Che-Ka, irrational even in its brutality, that has, as it were, focussed the whole malady of Russia: "Its spirit leers from the Tchekists' faces—either brutes or foxes, their glassy eyes veiling the depths of the loathsomeness in them, treacherous and slimy, cold-hearted as bogs." Like Mr. Mackenzie she notes those "twin curses"—officialism and corruption. Both writers see new wealth arising from the rags of the old. Both, search as they may, miss the warmth of brotherhood in modern Russia. As for equality, had it not been noted long ago that inequality is demanded by the very nature of work?

It is always Melle Keun who gives the darkest pictures, the scene, for example, of twenty naked women driven in a car with soldiers:

> "The prisoners were led to a field, where the president of the tchresvitchaika, who then happened to be a Lett (by nature the Letts are among the most sanguinary beasts that can be found in Russia), told them that he would give them a signal, that they were to start running at once, and that those who ran fastest would be saved. They were lined up, in their nakedness, amidst the lewd gibes of the tchekists; the signal was given, and as they fled straight before them, the head of the tchresvitchaika had *machine-gun fire opened on them*, and every one of those twenty women, mocked at to the very last second of their agony, fell dead. I repeat that this occurred in Petrograd in the middle of 1920. I do not believe it calls for any remark."

But because this writer is singularly sensitive to the psychology of alien races it is only in certain moods that she confounds the spirit of the Che-Ka with the soul of Russia. Very well she knows, as Dostoievsky knew, that there is something permanently deep in the real Russia of which the Che-Ka is but the passing scum. And so when a victim of the Che-Ka told her a strange love story, she was able to say of it, "All Russia was in it,

with her madness, her heroism, her longing, and her sins and sadness that we cannot understand." But neither of these widely different writers sees as yet the dawn for Russia. "If I could give one message," exclaims Mr. Mackenzie at the conclusion of his fair-minded, clear exposition of actual facts, "to the rulers of Russia to-day, it would be, 'Enlarge the boundaries of freedom.'" As for Melle Odette Keun, she has no message to the Soviet dictators, and almost her last words are "Bolshevist Russia has broken my heart."

J. A. T. Lloyd.

MYSTERIES.*

I wonder whether Mr. de la Mare knows the answers to his riddles. I am sure he believes that the only way to guess at the answer is to put down the problem, but the worst of it is that directly you come to statement, the use of words suggests solutions which may be wrong. Impatience or a conviction that there must be a clear meaning somewhere may overcome the author, and force him to state a solution which is not the right one. Mr. de la Mare has felt this danger and has sometimes reacted from it too violently. He is so anxious not to say anything which will, while professing to solve, really only evade the mystery, that in some of the stories I think he mistakes obscurity for mystery. It is after all the essence of mystery that the initiate should know its meaning; and in "The Riddle," in "The Creatures," even in "The Tree" there are things which are not unintelligible because they are hard, but because they are vague.

Yet in these stories, as in all, how beautifully Mr. de la Mare has written his wisdom. It is the wisdom of a child, whose sensations are imaginative, not intellectual, who apprehends rather than comprehends, and who knows, however terrible life's manifestations may be, there is always beauty and there may be truth. Two stories here, both concerned with terrible things—"Seeton's Aunt" and "Out of the Deep"—are full of a rare beauty; they rank, I believe, with the best which have been written of the kind, better than anything of Poe's, at least as good as the "Turn of the Screw." "Out of the Deep" is, externally, simply the story of a man dying, dying haunted, yet in a way entertained, terrified yet amused. His visions are of things indifferent, things horrible, things beautiful; and in symbol his dying is every man's dying, but is every man's life, for what is life but a long or a short passage to the great darkness of death? Of death there is a wonderful image in "The Riddle." Death is, if you will, the chest into which, one after one, the seven children depart:

> "It was evening twilight when Henry went upstairs from the nursery by himself to look at the old oak chest. He pressed his fingers into the carved fruit and flowers, and spoke to the dark, smiling heads at the corners; and then, with a glance over his shoulder, he opened the lid and looked in. But the chest concealed no treasure, neither gold nor baubles, nor was there anything to charm the eye. The chest was empty, except that it was lined with silks of old-rose, seeming darker in the dusk, and smelling sweet of potpourri. And while Henry was looking in, he heard the softened laughter and the chinking of the cups downstairs in the nursery; and out at the window he saw the day darkening. These things brought strangely to his memory his mother who in her glimmering white dress used to read to him in the dusk; and he climbed into the chest, and the lid closed gently down over him."

Some of the stories are the recollections of children. Mr. de la Mare is sensitive to the dangers which an imaginative child can undergo in the world, and he is not insensitive to the strange callousnesses of which children are capable. "Miss Duveen" is a wonderful study of a friendship between a boy and an insane woman; "The Bowl" presents with a realism far truer than the realism of more actual authors, the reaction of a child to conventionally held dogma. If you are curious about Mr. de la Mare's technical ability I would recommend a tale rather out of his usual manner, yet a triumphant success—"The Three Friends." It is mostly in dialogue, dialogue in the bar of a London public-house; and it tells how Mr. Eaves dreamt about "the state after death." The concentrated power of this story, the extreme simplicity of it, are amazing; and in it Mr. de la Mare has refrained almost entirely from description, as he always does from explanation. The most beautiful of the stories is perhaps the first, "The Almond Tree." It is a child's vision of the breach growing between his parents; and if you would see how any subject gains from treatment by a poet, you have only to compare this with that great novel, "What Maisie Knew." It is impossible not to say a word about the production of so important a book as this. It deserved a beautiful setting; and we expect beautiful books from Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, but in the production of "The Riddle" they have disappointed us. The paper is ugly in colour and texture. The type is so worn that on nearly every page many letters are faulty and much of the punctuation is incorrect. No doubt it will have its value as a first edition; but I hope that the publishers will soon issue an edition which the booklover will feel is fit in appearance to put with Mr. de la Mare's other works.

R. Ellis Roberts.

* "The Riddle." By Walter de la Mare. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

MR. MENCKEN ON MEN.*

Murmurs of perturbation reached this country from Munich as well as New York ere an opportunity to examine the cause of them—Mr. Mencken's "defence" of women—has been presented to us by the truly daring enterprise of an English publisher. The inverted commas accompany the word "defence" because the title of the work is, surprisingly in the case of one whose book-names are usually plausible and telling, a misnomer. For Mr. Mencken has written a defence of his own sex, or rather an apologia. "Men are strong," he declares. "Men are brave in physical combat. Men have sentiment. Men are romantic, and love what they conceive to be virtue and beauty. Men incline to faith, hope and charity. Men know how to sweat and endure." And yet, compared with women, in the vital matter of love and sex they are "a truly lamentable spectacle: babies with whiskers," and so on. Therefore men cannot hope to evade marriage so long as women desire it, and the consequences, Mr. Mencken believes, are generally such that the bachelor humbly whispers, "There, but for the grace of God, go I."

The whole thesis, as we might expect from an author so individual, is characterised by similar cynicisms, spiced on too many pages with the sort of phraseology that a callow youth of twenty might be supposed to employ for the specific purpose of shocking his mother and sisters. It is natural that excellent cases should be made on behalf of both sexes, and if only we refuse to be dismayed by his inexhaustible boyishness, his sly exuberances, we shall find sufficient in Mr. Mencken's book to justify the writing of it. Women are clever in every way, he frankly admits; they take a better grip on realities; they are much colder, he thinks, than is usually believed. Men, on the other hand, in addition to possessing the pleasant qualities already enumerated, are "poltroons and fools." An illustration of this he finds in the way that, for the sake of the women who have compelled them to wed, they remain at dull toil like that of an office, with its devastating routine and lack of any sort of liberty. Mr. Mencken overlooks the equivalent fact that, for men's sakes, the majority of women continue to scrub floors and wash soiled linen and mend clothes not their own. In overlooking this he proves himself to be, as are most of his sex, quite oblivious to the true causes of women's revolt during recent decades. A woman does not become a "suffragist" and "social reformer" necessarily because she is so ugly that she cannot "nab" a man. Mr. Mencken need spend only the amount of time in considering the spouses of his married acquaintance that he took to write down the paragraph

* "In Defence of Women." By H. L. Mencken. 6s. (Jonathan Cape.)

in which he fondly imagines he has scored a palpable hit to see how very impalpable it really is. Are there no ugly ones among these wedded women ?

A sounder reason for feminism in politics is that women are no longer able to tolerate male imbecility of the kind which characterises the author's lay figure—for throughout his book he appears to be arguing from a postulated position, one which (more's the pity) is that of the average man. It is surprising to find Mr. Mencken unaware that there are women who feel shocked and degraded to discover that practically all of the opposite sex must in the end be approached through the medium of the senses. The humiliating fact is pretty certain to have its consequences sooner or later in contempt and revolt of some kind. For a woman cannot help realising that her mind however brilliant, her whole personality however rare and beautiful, are absolutely valueless beside her power to cajole or allure. One of Mr. Mencken's admissions in defence of men is that they are altogether "too simple." Unfortunately theirs is the simplicity of animals. And women are demanding that their mates shall be more evolved, more civilised. The highest bliss which the lay-figure of Mr. Mencken's argument can conceive is that of his evening hours, after the day's arduous toil is ended, when, lolling on a sofa he dozes fitfully in the quiet lamplight, while a shining-haired woman talks in a soft voice. . . . It would, of course, be thought an illegitimate surprise if, on one such evening, such a person started up from his dozing to find the woman with the soft voice completely vanished ; she has suddenly preferred the unwomanly occupation of carrying suffragist banners or taking one of the thousand modern ways of escape from a life of make-believe and self-repression. He would be still more startled to find that by his criminal undevelopment and animal aspirations he had been relegated by the whole feminine sex one fine day to the position of being considered an elemental incident instead of a lord of creation, a scullion instead of a woman's partner. A new matriarchate is by no means improbable if the hero of Mr. Mencken's "Defence of Women" continues much longer to loll sleepily while the shining-haired lady talks and talks in a soft voice. It is hardly necessary to add that women do not desire their men to be scullions or loungers, but comrade-lovers.

Still Mr. Mencken must be applauded for making his admissions so frankly. His "leg-pulling" process has in this book become unconsciously pathetic, for by it the average masculine mind is exposed far more completely than men generally like it to be. It really ought to bring the subject back into "practical politics." In this way the book would be valuable as well as pathetic.

BESSIE MOULT.

ABOARD AND ABROAD.*

An easy—almost free-and-easy—breezy flippancy is the dominant note of the book which Mr. W. H. Koebel has written as the fruit of 'umpteen voyages between England and South America. In a lively series of chapters he introduces the reader to all aboard one of the great liners going south-westward ho! and in the course of the presentation indulges in much "frivolous" comment on them in particular and things in general :

"On every kind of ship you meet all kinds of people—most especially so on the South American route ! Here it takes four languages on a printed notice to explain which bell you should push, and here the most commonplace sailor knows three useful swear words apiece in four languages, while the barber might have been born in every compartment of the Tower of Babel !

"You may, if they will let you, hob-nob with cattle kings from Argentina, who think in estates the size of counties ; overlords from Brazil who treat their heaps of diamonds as roadside stones ; coffee princes from São Paulo who could float the fleets of five nations on their brown liquid if the idea occurred to them, and Chilean emperors of nitrate who could make a

* "All Aboard : A Frivolous Book." By W. H. Koebel. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman and Others. 6s. (South American Publications, Ltd.).—"Pamela in Paris (Forty-five Places to See)." By Rose Mary Kaplan. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

garden of the Sahara or the North Pole if they chose to dump their products there, free of charge."

With that kind of ready flippancy Mr. Koebel proceeds to set forth all sorts of particulars concerning the types of people met with on a long voyage in the " floating palaces " of the big shipping lines, and in doing so has shown himself a shrewd observer as well as a humorist. His chapters read like a series of familiar letters written by one prepared to find laughter in every travelling companion, a jest in every contretemps and fun in everything. Mr. Koebel has so long been known as a serious writer on South American affairs that many readers may be surprised to find him among the humorists; those who know him personally will find much that is delightfully characteristic in this engagingly irresponsible work. No passenger liner with the smallest apology for a " library " can henceforth be regarded as fully equipped if that library does not include a copy of " All Aboard."

Though very different in matter and manner there is a point of connection between the books of Mr. Koebel and Miss Kaplan here grouped together. It is to be found in a certain lightness of touch which, in the sea book, is utilised to indicate the people inhabiting, for a voyage while, a great liner; in the Paris book it is employed to give us a goodly dose of the powder of information in the jam of a narrative. Pamela, an American girl of vivacious ways, comes to stay in a small Paris flat with her friend Betty, and Betty, in a series of forty-five chapters, tells of their goings and comings, and in a deft and easy fashion slips in particulars concerning the number of places visited. The work is indeed such a neat blending of guide-book information and story-book form as might well have seemed impossible of attainment. Miss Kaplan has made her narrative of the simplest, and has incorporated her facts in such a natural conversational way that the reader is almost insensibly, as it were, led on from chapter to chapter, and is scarcely conscious of the fact that definite information is being imparted. The book will prove a pleasant companion to visitors to the French capital—and a delightful reminder of much that they know to those who have already sojourned there. It is illustrated with a number of photographic views.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE LITTLEST ONE.*

Here again is that most lovable " Littlest One," explaining himself in that charming, quite characteristic way of his. About Aunt Matilda's children, who, having grown so awful big an' tall, behave so unattractively:

" They laugh, an' sit about on chairs
But don't lie on the floor,
An' play at bein' rabbits
The way they did before.
An' Mother says they go to school—
That's why they've grown up more.

" It isn't fair to go to school,
An' then go out to tea,
An' laugh becos I'm littler,
It isn't fair, you see.
Becos there's more of them to grow
An' only one of me."

The initiated will be aware that this question of size and getting condemned for it is a very true problem of babyhood. Here is even a better sketch of a real childish mood:

" I don't like big an' 'normous things,
You can't see what's on top;
I don't like drefful rushing things
That nobody can stop."

That slightness of thought, that sudden fancy, that picturesque roaming of the imagination familiar to observant mothers is most difficult to put into words. Mrs. St. John Webb has the art; she seizes the attitude more successfully than anyone we remember. Here is the boy feeling wistful as he gazes at the bustling servant-girl who has no time to play with him:

" I do so wish a nugly witch
Would fly across the town,
And put a magic spell on Jane
An' make her all squeedged down."

The book is daintily illustrated by Miss Margaret W. Tarrant and published by Messrs. Harrap. We like " the Littlest One " in his pink smock particularly, among the hollyhocks.

C. M.

* " The Littlest One Again." By Marion St. John Webb. 2s. 6d. (Harrap.)

ALDOUS HUXLEY AND OTHERS.*

Hitherto, in reading Mr. Aldous Huxley's books, one's enjoyment has been tempered with a certain misgiving. In " Crome Yellow," especially, there seemed to be implied such vast rejections, so refined an eclecticism, that it was difficult to see whither development could lead but to nihilism; having reached which either Mr. Huxley would cease to write altogether or, were he unwilling to forgo the use of his talent, his writing would become but a contentless fabric of choice words. " On the Margin " shows how futile were such fears; for, if the rejections are as uncompromising as ever, in these essays are displayed the acceptances on which they are based. Mr. Huxley is still the exclusive and scornful dandy of letters. He still trifles elegantly with things which the sentimentalist holds sacred. His scepticism goes beyond Voltaire's. " *Il faut cultiver notre jardin*," he quotes in his charming paper " On Re-reading Candide "; and then—" Yes," he adds, " but suppose one begins to wonder why? " He is a pessimist, disliking intensely those manifestations of the modern spirit which in one place he sums up as " the Peace, Mr. Churchill, the state of contemporary literature," and not too hopeful, it is to be gathered, of improvement in the future. He finds the state of the world (as well he may) acutely depressing. " Of late," he writes, " I have found myself almost incapable of enjoying any poetry whose inspiration is not despair or melancholy. Why, I hardly know. Perhaps it is due to the chronic horror of the political situation. For heaven knows, that is quite sufficient to account for a taste for melancholy verse." And again, in the essay in which with lightly carried learning he traces the development of " accidie " from a sin to a disease (the " spleen " of the eighteenth century), and from a disease to " a literary virtue, a spiritual mode," he says: " The *mal du siècle* was an inevitable evil; indeed, we can claim with a certain pride that we have a right to our accidie. With us it is not a sin or a disease of the hypochondries; it is a state of mind which fate has forced upon us."

But his pessimism does not come from a distaste for life itself. Rather it is the result of his clear-sighted contemplation of the gulf which yawns between life as it should be and life as, here and now, it actually is. This is exemplified by his paper on centenaries, in which he contrasts the pompous solemnities of the sentimental professors who paid their homage of wind and fustian to Shelley with the joyous absurdities of the Dante celebrations in Italy; and again by the admirable essay on the most human and healthy of poets, Chaucer, in which he makes it abundantly plain that he is far from " incapable of enjoying any poetry whose inspiration is not despair or melancholy." Nor is his pleasure in laughing Chaucer and bicycling modern Italians to be accounted for by the attraction of opposites. Excellence, whatever the form it takes, attracts him directly, and not by reaction: he has a breadth of sympathy which enables him to appreciate the poetry of Edward Thomas and the limitations of Mr. Lytton Strachey. Though his scepticism is complete, he is yet aware of " the inenarrable, but, to those who have

* " On the Margin." By Aldous Huxley. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—" The Mancroft Essays." By Arthur Michael Samuel. 10s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—" Oxford Oddities." By V. J. Seligman. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)

penetrated it, supremely real, world of the mystic." His mockery is the mockery not of the cynic but of the satirist. If he is pitiless to shams, it is because he acknowledges, and respects, realities. And one of the realities which he acknowledges and respects, however much he may deplore its present trend, is civilisation. His essay on Wren, one of the best in his book, is an expression of his belief in the possibilities of man as a civilised animal, living a life of taste and decency. Its conclusion may well be quoted in full, as a very adequate exposition of his attitude, as an example of the fine quality of his writing, and as exhibiting an unaccustomed hopefulness:

"To-day, however, there are signs that architecture is coming back to that sane and dignified tradition of which Wren was the great exponent. Architects are building houses for gentlemen to live in. Let us hope that they will continue to do so. There may be sublimer types of men than the gentleman: there are saints for example and the great enthusiasts whose thoughts and actions move the world. But for practical purposes and in a civilised, orderly society, the gentleman remains, after all, the ideal man. The most profound religious emotions have been expressed in Gothic architecture. Human ambitions and aspirations have been most colossally reflected by the Romans and the Italians of the baroque. But it is in England that the golden mean of reasonableness and decency the practical philosophy of the civilised man—has received its most elegant and dignified expression. The old gentleman who died two hundred years ago preached on the subject of civilisation a number of sermons in stone. St. Paul's and Greenwich, Trinity Library and Hampton Court, Chelsea, Kilmainham, Blackheath and Rochester, St. Stephen's Wallbrook and St. Mary Abchurch, Kensington orangery and Middle Temple gateway—these are the titles of a few of them. They have much, if we will but study them, to teach us."

Conduct, said Matthew Arnold, is three (or was it nine?) parts of life. Mr. Huxley's point of view is not so very different from Arnold's. We knew before that he was as well able as anyone to appreciate "the nice conduct of a clouded cane." "On the Margin" shows that he applies his sense of that "exquisite aptness" with which Denis Stone quoted Landor to every sphere of thought and activity.

Well, I have been allowed a thousand words for the discussion of three books, and I have used them nearly all on Mr. Huxley; leaving few for Mr. Seligman's entertaining fantasies on after-war Oxford and Mr. Samuel's quaintly erudite explorations into the by-ways of social history. My excuse is that, while "Oxford Oddities" is amusing and "The Mancroft Essays" both informative and interesting, the best things in "On the Margin" are literature of such rare quality that it is a pleasure not only to read but to write of them.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

MISS SITWELL'S "BUCOLIC COMEDIES" AND MR. GRAVES'S "WHIPPERGINNY."*

It is both strange and amusing to review these two poets together. In the work of Miss Sitwell and Mr. Graves alike there is a clear and strong personality; in the former brilliantly and restlessly responsive to the smallest sparkles and refractions of eternal light; in the latter a glowing, sullen, fuming and irregularly powerful personality. Miss Sitwell astonishes on every page, so easily that it cannot be, you say, intended, but must be involuntary and natural. There is an insect-like alertness and lightness in her flight across a scented garden, and if she hovered but for a moment, for the least division of a moment, she would seem like a dazzling and beautiful dragon-fly. But she does not pause, and in her flight, if flight it be that consists so often of quick incalculable returns, she seems to resemble in rapid succession a host of native and alien lepidoptera. . . . Always brightness:

"Queen Circe, the farmer's wife at the Fair,
Met three sailor-men stumping there.

" . . . From the Indian seas,
All bright as a parrot's feathers, and these

* "Bucolic Comedies." By Edith Sitwell. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—"Whipperginny." By Robert Graves. 5s. (Heinemann.)

"Break on gold sands of the perfumed isles,
Where the fruit is soft as a siren's smiles,

"And the sun is as black as a Nubian."

Elsewhere:

"Those rustling corn-sheaves the gold stars
Drop grain between the window-bars

"Among dark leaves all velvety—
(So seem the shadows) and we see

"Crazed Martha tie up her brown hair
With the moon's blue ribbons."

Sometimes it is pure artificiality, prettification of something transient, as of the Marquise who sits in the muscadine-glowing moon and:

"Laughs like the sharp rockage
Of her gallant grottoes, cold as water-wells,
And shakes her curls, as pearly as their shells!"

"Bucolic Comedies" is her contradictory title, the book being almost anything save bucolic. She imitates nobody but mimes everything. Here you may be teased, there exasperated, anon enchanted. Sometimes Miss Sitwell, leaving her intellect at home, goes out and dreams and phrases her dream with the dark and lovely suggestiveness of:

"Then, clear as the note of a clarinet, her hair
Called Pan across the fields, Pan like the forlorn wind,
From the Asian, African darkness of the trees in his lair,
To play with her endless vacancy of mind!"

The dull reviewer may murmur that there is much that he cannot understand in these odd comedies, but Miss Sitwell would probably scorn all murmurers. For the understanding of poetry is a deluded effort: one does not try to understand the golden rods of sunbeams, or the motes dancing in them, or the shadows clutching at and shrinking from the beams. And one need not in any laborious way try to understand, but rather to apprehend this strange poetry, which is all light and quivering reflection from hard and brilliant gems. A mind as vivid as her own is needed, maybe, to answer her glittering imaginations, and to perceive that her seeming extravagance at times is but a clustering brightness—brilliance untempered, metaphoric alertness past the wan reader's pursuit. And so the reader may sink, half delighted, half perplexed, and picking up verses one by one may ungraciously wonder how it is that the technical flaws intercept so little of the light, and how it is that the poet herself can tolerate even a single flaw in the crystal and coloured panes of her house.

Mr. Graves's personality appears, I said, as plainly as Miss Sitwell's, but because it is shadowed it eludes and provokes brooding thoughts. Some of the poems are simple and easy joy, as "The General Elliott":

"He fell in victory's fierce pursuit,
Holed through and through with shot;
A sabre sweep had hacked him deep
'Twixt neck and shoulder-knot. . . .

"And paint shall keep his buttons bright
Though all the world's forgot
Whether he died for England's pride
By battle, or by pot."

And in another kind, "An English Wood":

"No bardic tongues unfold
Satires or charms.
Only the lawns are soft,
The tree-stems, grave and old.
Slow branches sway aloft,
The evening air comes cold,
The sunset scatters gold.
Small grasses toss and bend,
Small pathways idly tend
Towards no certain end."

Other poets will look curiously and enviously at some of Mr. Graves's metrical devices, notably in "A Lover Since Childhood" and "An Idyll of Old Age." What is far more startling, however, is something of the spirit, that tells with unquiet frankness of inner and else speechless experiences. Seldom is it that a poet speaks so plainly and with so little sophistication of the crises of a soul at odds with itself and fate:

"Monsters of thought through earth we stray,
And how remission comes, God knows."

And the spirit's crisis is shown as clearly in satire and sardonic phrases, which I have no room to quote here. Mr. Graves is the author of some of the most beautiful modern poems, and many of the pieces in the present volume remind one that there may be something even more precious and rare than beauty. His style honours, and is clearly meant to honour, his subject; form and substance are here equal partners. It is this that makes "Whipperginny" remarkable.

John Freeman.

BIG LITTLE DOSTOIEVSKY.*

The miraculous thing about the life of a genius is, not that he is unlike other men, but that he is like them, and here we have a true biography which makes our hearts warm to Dostoievsky because he was so human, so ordinary, just a "common-or-garden" great soul like any one of the nameless thousands who find their only monuments in works of fiction and the mind of God.

The book consists entirely of new material, and the delightful thing is that what seems at first sight a haphazard handful of letters, with a few leaves from the diary of Dostoievsky's wife, has, in fact, been so well selected that the whole is an imaginative portrait of which Augustus John might be proud.

We start with a very touching letter—from Dostoievsky to his brother Mihail, written on the day of the novelist's sentence to penal servitude in Siberia. He had been respited that morning when already tied to the pillar for execution. And yet, though he laments that the "head which was creating . . . has already been cut off from my shoulders," his spirit is unbowed.

That was in 1849. He disappears as a young revolutionary. We find him again, in 1868, writing to the poet Maikov as a fervid nationalist who thinks that Russia, under the beloved Tsar, has a secret ideal of goodness, of true Christianity, which she must convey to the world, if necessary from the mouth of her guns. But though it is essential to note that Siberia and the galleys had failed to prevent the enthusiast from finding his true self as the apostle of Pan-Russia, it is the man that interests us.

He is married (for the second time). And, at the sending of the first letters, Anna Gregorevna is about to present him with a child. They are living in poverty at detested Geneva ("what a stupid, dull, insignificant people!"), pawning to the last coat, beggaring their credit, sending every "spare" kopek to his first wife's son Pasha (a worthless fellow) and Emily, widow of his brother Mihail (insolently ungrateful). He is freezing with cold, struggling with epileptic fits, and writing "The Idiot," instalment by instalment, against time, behind time, for the *Russky Viestnik*. And here he is an exile again from Russia, now so well-beloved, daring not to return because of debts shouldered from his dead brother Mihail, to whom that first letter was written.

The ecstatic belief in the truth of his visions comes out in brief flashes; mainly he is full of doubt about the way he has recorded them—so hasty, alas! it must be dull, poor, unworthy. His wife is a dear creature, but she does not understand his business. What does Maikov think? Does he like it, does he like it? And, my God! Pasha and Emily, what will happen to them? He can send them so little money . . . And that little might have prevented the wrinkles deepening in Maria Gregorevna's pretty and, when turned to her husband, happy face. All of it, ecstasy, doubt, feverish anxiety, love, and (for Turgenev and those beastly Germanised Russians) suspicion and hate pours out in a flood. And all the while his beloved Anna is keeping him fed, writing shorthand for him, and sewing the clothes for the coming child. And understanding her big baby, we must add, from the hoofs up to the laurels!

* "Dostoievsky: Letters and Reminiscences." Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and J. Middleton Murry. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Yes, he guesses her greatness, but how well she understands his! That you see more plainly in the charming leaves from her reminiscences, written when he faced the prospect of imprisonment for debt, and brought her, homesick, home. How she protected him from the harpies who preyed on his unguarded generosity, how she worked for him! And wanted to work more—as a paid shorthand writer for others, and he one of Russia's most famous men! The tale of their hired furniture, the tale of how he raved when a bewildered hero-worshipper of the great man kissed the hand of the great man's wife, and how she ran after him, caught him, and scolded him, and how he placated her with Turkish delight and sturgeon; how intimate and touching it all is!

And then he is writing to his wife from Moscow, where he has gone for the Poushkin celebration, and where a storm of glory greets him. How he loves it all (and fidgets at the suspected opposition of Turgenev and his crew!). He worries shall he wear a frock-coat for this reception or a dinner-jacket for that! He laments the loss of half a cuff link; the breaking of the plate of his denture; the cost of the memorial wreath he must buy; his ill-manners at having twice sent back his coffee at the hotel when, unknown to him, he is the free guest of the Town Council; the few, few letters he gets from his dear, darling friend Anna, Anya, Anyechka, whom he loves so well!

He is to make a speech—there are countless doubts and perturbations about that. He makes it, and Moscow goes mad. Not with mere artistic enthusiasm, but with the ecstasy of a religious revival. He is Russia's saviour, her prophet. Even Turgenev embraces him; a young man falls unconscious at his feet, and a group of ladies deck him with a wreath a yard and a half long. With a sweet, innocent vanity he tells all this to his wife, who has been complaining of his long absence, and telling him of the birth of a foal. Was not this worth waiting for? Everything will be all right now, for her, and him, and the children. "Good-bye, for now, my dear, desirable and precious one. I kiss your little feet. I embrace the children, I kiss them—bless them. I kiss the foal. I bless you all. My head is queer, my hands and feet shake." And no wonder!

Here is the postcript to that day of glory! It occurs in a letter from Pobiedonoszev to Alexander III. "There is no one now to replace him. He was poor, and left nothing but his books. His family are in need."

But he did not die in debt. He (and Anna) paid the last of Mihail's debts one year before the Grand Procurator to the Holy Synod wrote that splendid Finis to the Tsar.

W. R. TITTERTON.

Novel Notes.

SCISSORS. By Cecil Roberts. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Cecil Roberts accurately describes this as "a novel of youth," for the very spirit of youth, with its ardours, generous enthusiasms, courageous dreams, its idealisms, its intense joys and sorrows, lives and breathes through all his pages, as soon as John Narcissus Dean has left his childhood behind him and begins to take a boy's share in the life around him. The story is the story of young John, whose fanciful second name brings ridicule upon him till it is corrupted to "Scissors." His father, an impracticable, unlucky man, accepts an appointment in the far East, and goes out with his wife and their child, and his wife dies there. In those three early chapters the feeling and atmosphere of the Orient are vividly and imaginatively realised; so too are the relations between John and his father, and the influences that were about the boy in that formative period. But the larger part of the story passes in England, after Scissors has been sent home to school, and his school life, the masters and his school-fellows, are all touched in with an extraordinary sense of



Zona Gale at her home in Wisconsin.
Her new novel, "Faint Perfume," has just been published by Messrs. Appleton.

reality. John spends his holidays at the homes of certain of his friends, and you are made intimately acquainted with the members of these families, and there grows up betwixt him and the sister of one such friend a boy and girl love affair that is destined to be more lasting than such charming romances usually are, and yet is to arrive at no orthodox ending. Both as a story and as a curiously interesting study in character and temperament, "Scissors" is a very notable achievement. We know Mr. Roberts as a poet and miscellaneous writer; here we meet him for the first time as a novelist, and a novelist of uncommon charm and capacity.

THE GRAND TOUR. By Romer Wilson. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

This is a novel of extraordinary vitality, although not perhaps one which the ordinary story-reader will find easy to enjoy. To begin with it is written in the form of letters from one person to another, and there are two prejudices against this method of rendering the lives of other people interesting to follow: one is the slight feeling at the back of one's mind that the correspondence is, in part at least, authentic, and therefore private; the otner is that "Nothing happens." But Miss Wilson evades these criticisms by displaying the same power of invention that characterised "Martin Schuler." The successive letters are employed merely as chapter headings; and for whole pages the reader forgets that the action is being related at second-hand. "The Grand Tour" which Alphonse Marichaud makes of his mind and soul embraces as well a variety of entertaining experiences in different grades of Parisian life: we are introduced to a circus lady, to Grock in his early environment, to a host of artists and their family affairs. When an artist turns from the act of creating for its own sake and employs the rich material in his mind for the purpose of considering the more ordinary phenomena of existence, the result is bound to be a strange medley of vivid impressions and quixotic adventure; and if Miss Wilson makes her sculptor a little prolix at times, he is never tiresome, often amusing, and occasionally profound.

SINNERS IN HEAVEN. By Clive Arden. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

At the announcement of a Prize Novel the critic pricks up his ears—and sometimes "gets his back up" as well; so many prizes go to the wrong people! With "Sinners in Heaven," however, he has no reason to complain; he has every reason in fact to applaud the selection of this story as one to be distinguished for special merit. The author is equally sure in touch when dealing with the little country town of "Darbury," where the opening scenes are set, and when describing the adventures of hero and heroine on an island in the Pacific, whither they are carried by aeroplane. It was a position demanding skill on the part of the author: Barbara, already engaged to good, slow-going Hugh, is thrown for many months into intimate companionship with Alan the pilot, and the gradual breaking-down of all barriers between them is finely shown. The finest part of the story is reached in the return of Barbara to Darbury when, believing Alan dead, and having given him her love, she has to face her former lover and the criticisms of the narrow-minded. In a brief notice we have no space to do more than mention the brilliant study of an admirable woman, Mrs. Field, who saw beneath the surface of life and brought healing to troubled souls. "Clive Arden" has begun excellently, and the publishers are to be congratulated upon their choice. The book is daringly conceived, and its problems are frankly handled, but only "Darburyites" of the baser sort will find any reason to criticise adversely—and they do not matter.

LASS OF THE SWORD. By C. E. Lawrence. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Although, as Silas Wegg would drop into poetry, Mr. C. E. Lawrence has occasionally dropped into realism and given us such admirable novels as "Mrs. Bente" and "The Iron Bell," it is evident that his natural inclination is toward stories of fantasy and the braveries of old romance. In "Lass of the Sword" he has escaped from "the weariness, the fever and the fret" of the modern world and is far away back among the chivalries, adventure and picturesque villainies of the Middle Ages, and he recaptures the atmosphere and spirit of that glamorous time, and tells his tale with a direct simplicity of style that is sensitively in keeping with his theme and period. He begins in the right manner with "Once upon a time," and unfolds imaginatively and with quiet touches of humour the romance of the delightful "Drudge" who, to evade an abhorrent marriage, runs away from her taskmaster and mistress disguised as a boy and, passing through many perils, finding friends and enemies by the way, discovers at last that she is no peasant's daughter but a lost princess with an ideally happy ending awaiting her. The episodes of the Witch, the Spectre Valley and the Haunted Vigil are especially well handled, but the whole story bristles with intriguing incident and makes most enjoyable reading.

THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR. By William Johnston. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

An enthralling detective story that keeps the reader guessing from the moment the mystery is introduced until it is unravelled. The action takes place during the Great War. The plot centres round Jane Strong, a well-to-do young girl who lives with her parents in a flat next to a couple of suspected German spies. How she comes to suspect the spies, and how her services are given to secret service work for the Government, and how in the course of her work she makes some amazing discoveries, is all told in a thrilling and entertaining way by Mr. Johnston. Jane Strong's detective activities are disturbed by her finding to her dismay that she has fallen in love with one of the two suspected men next door. An elaborate system of signals used by the spies is described, and one enters thoroughly into the feelings of Jane as she makes her various discoveries, and gradually builds up a blacker and blacker case against the man she loves. The solution of the mystery of the German spies is as exciting as the rest of the story. Altogether a capital detective yarn.

THE SURVIVORS. By Lucas Malet. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

After the war novel, the post-war novel, the story of the survivors and their struggle to adapt themselves to changed conditions. This is Lucas Malet's subject in her new book. The bigness and indefiniteness of the theme present difficulties. A period still going on is being described. Seated in a forest, one may find it difficult to see the wood for trees. Lucas Malet has done the best thing possible by taking a large canvas, filling it up with many characters, and picking out the incidents which interest her in their individual lives. This piece-work treatment is conducted so skilfully that it suggests a greater whole than it actually covers. It makes very real the puzzle of everyday living, the restlessness, the conflicting tendencies, the hopeful journeying, the elusive goal, the cry of the girl who, not overmuch in love with love, is unwilling to accept the shadow without some certainty that the substance is behind. One is tremendously interested in the author's treatment of Lydia, her heroine. A curiously dual attitude is here seen. Lydia

is drawn from the inside, shown as a living creature of hopes and fears. In many a mood and moment we see life from her point of view, her attitude to Francis, just how much she cares for him, how detached she sometimes feels from him. With an unhappy tactlessness Francis presses his suit by bringing Uncle Rupert in. "Lydia, marry me. Try. Not only for my sake but for Uncle Rupert's." That was fatal. But again, and quite frequently, Lydia is drawn from the outside. Here a curious point emerges. The writer's references to her heroine as "our sagacious maiden" trace unbroken her lineal descent from the Victorians. And it will be remembered that Lucas Malet is Charles Kingsley's daughter. "The Survivors" is a book among the best which the present season has so far offered us.

THE FOG. By William Dudley Pelley. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

"So Nathan and I set our little feet upon the long journey that begins in veils of opal mystery and the wonder-time of early childhood, winds pathetically through twenty years of fog while growing boys are groping to find themselves and hew their niche and accomplish their task." The reader wishes at times that the author had restricted himself to Nathan and his chum, for every page evidences that he could have given us a gripping interpretation of adolescent psychology—the glory of a growing soul, the tragedy of parental neglect, the pitiful desires which overtake uninstructed youths and maidens, solely because they are not helped to understand themselves. They are surrounded by adults who have walked that way before them, have supped the same bitter waters; but each generation is suffered to walk alone, and the easy redemptive help is withheld. "Most growed folks don't make themselves much trouble forgettin' their own kid-hood or how they felt about life's big problems while they too was growin'. . . . Among all the animals, Man, the highest in development, is the only one that don't take much trouble to show their young how to hunt a livin' or dodge life's traps. And more's the pity!" The author has chosen to work this out on a large canvas, showing that the rich as well as the poor commit the same offences against their children. The educated and the illiterate are alike ignorant of the help and knowledge which every child has a right to claim from its own parents. We have here far more than a problem novel—that is, if we want or can have anything better than the right sort of problem novel, for where there is life there most certainly will be a problem! The author sometimes has to bring a character to the remembrance of the reader by main force, and we are too interested in one character to relish this violent introduction of the others. Though his reach has exceeded his grasp—his conception at times not equal to his uniform high level of execution, William Dudley Pelley has given us a good, full story to read and many things to ponder.

POSSESSION. By Mazo de la Roche. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

This is, we believe, the author's second novel. The other was "Explorers of the Dawn"; and this shows distinct progress. In it the reader is taken right off the beaten track. It has a quality of unusualness and bigness that sets it apart with, say, to take recent examples, "Maria Chapdelaine" and "The Bridge." The action takes place at Grimstone, a farm in the fruit-growing district west of Quebec, where Derek Vane comes into possession as his uncle's heir. Thither come the Indians in the season of fruit, just as our hop-pickers come to Kent. Easygoing Derek weakly succumbs to the fascination of an artful but lovely Indian girl, Fawnie, with whom he is tricked into marriage, while loving a sweet woman of his own kind. The tragedy is not so great as we might expect. Fawnie has the vices without the virtues of civilisation; she is slatternly, deceitful, ignorant and cruel, but Derek, weighing all this in the balance against her beauty and cuteness, seems fairly content. The author gets plenty of

atmosphere in his work and some of his descriptive passages, such as that of the Indian girls bathing by the beach firelight and the Indian chief's funeral, are unforgettable. The characterisation is excellent, and the vein of humour that runs through the tale is rich indeed.

THE UNGROWN-UPS. By "Rita." 7s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

It is not difficult to discover the secret of "Rita's" popularity. Perhaps her latest novel discloses it the more readily because it is written in the first person and behind the diary of Philistia we glimpse the large sympathy of a mature understanding. Tolerance, a wholesome outlook on life, a freedom from all that is narrow and petty—these characteristics have endeared Mrs. Desmond Humphreys to her wide public. Many budding writers might profit by a realisation of the fact that a novel owes its popularity to the personality and charm of the writer far more than to brilliance of style or clever psycho-analysis. "Rita" does not strain after these qualities. She lets her heroine tell her own story in a frank, simple fashion, presenting to us from a girlish standpoint the household of the literary father and unhappy mother, and the career of Philistia herself through the *sturm und drang* of youth, with its romances and adventures, to the verge of womanhood. The father, in particular, is vividly portrayed—irritating and self-centred, yet not without pathos, waking suddenly to the "loneliness of a literary life." The keynote of the book is a cheerful one, breathing the glad spirit of girlhood; and after the dark years of war, Philistia, with love and joy new-found treasures, faces unafraid the truth of her father's statement: "Yes, child. You have grown up at last."

THE YARD. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

As refreshing as a breath of cool country air blowing into a stifling building is this sporting tale amid the too numerous novels of sex-psychology. There is an air of breeding about the characters that comes of straightforward sincerity and clean, good living. We would like to grasp the honest hands of Tom Kinsman, the horse dealer, Roddy Selwin and the others, feeling sure that the late war was won in part at least on the hunting field of the New Forest. To the expert the book talks "shop"; to the novice it is a liberal education in the jargon of the stable, the etiquette of the chase and the tricks of the trade. For the rest the story is as well knit and sound in limb and wind as one of Tom's own horses, and is as fresh at the end of the 290 pages as at the start. Roddy, a Zeebrugge hero, but a mug on a horse, takes to the field in the hope of winning Diana Pundle, the daughter of a hunting race, and ends by falling in love with Missy, Tom's daughter, and the finest horsewoman in the county. The author knows men and horses in all their moods and tenses.

THE SCENT OF THE ROSE. By Margaret Peterson. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Those weary of the realism—more or less real—provided so lavishly in the novels of the day, turn with relief to writers like Margaret Peterson. The tale is full of trouble and misunderstandings, certainly, but we know from the beginning all will be right in the end, so we regard these stoically. There are points of resemblance to the previous novel, "Ninon." There is the same vivid writing, strong contrasts of character and scene. Pauline makes the same mistake as Ninon and the setting also is in the heart of Central Africa, that stage across which a really bad man can move and do his worst without restraint. Such a one as Hardcastle, for instance, whose brutality drove his wife to run away with a native and who treats his daughter Pauline in the same way, until she escapes by marrying Robin Sterne and brings other troubles on herself. It is a pity Mrs. Peterson has followed the revolting example of another popular woman novelist by introducing flogging on a grand scale. One writer with that idiosyncrasy is one too many.

ONE WORLD AT A TIME. By Margaret Fuller. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The title of this book proclaims its philosophy, which harmonises with the life in the island of witching beauty where the story is set, of Dawn Island and the Isle of Tides. There is something nightmarish, though, about the opening chapters—a little girl alone in the big, shadowy bedroom, the midnight visit to her of one of the island's lunatics who are allowed to wander at large to save expenses of incarceration; the sleepy child hostess entertaining a guest at 2 a.m. Later, as our British prejudice sloughs off, we experience an ecstasy of delight in the natural beauties we encounter in company with the child's uncle, a big-hearted, eccentric, large-minded disciple of Linnæus, the calm of whose philosophy can only be invaded by the thought of death.

PICCADILLY. By Kathleen Coyle. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

This is Miss Coyle's first novel and, if a little untidy, is a book of considerable performance. We so often say a book shows promise that the phrase has grown stale. The promises made are not perhaps often fulfilled. Sometimes the writer slips into a married obscurity, more often she continues to write, but no better, if no worse, than she did to begin with. As a matter of fact, life is discouraging to the fine writer. She finds that a few critics appreciate her effort, but that the general public prefers coarse fare—chitterlings and tripe washed down with a muddy port. The magazines will not take anything that is not mechanical or backed by a well-known name, and she cannot hope to earn her bread by writing. Yet write she must and presently she will obtain stray oats of fame. Kathleen Coyle belongs to this class of writers, and one is glad and at the same time sorry for all that she must suffer because of it.

The Bookman's Table.

OLD DUTCH POTTERY AND TILES. By Elizabeth Neurdenburg. Translated, with annotations, by Bernard Rackham, Deputy-Keeper, Department of Ceramics, Victoria and Albert Museum. £4 4s. net. (Benn Brothers.)

This glorious book has over a hundred illustrations, eight of which are in colour. Readers will linger long over the clear and lovely tints of the "Two handled drug-pot, with the arms of Haarlem and Amsterdam painted in blue, yellow, brown, green and manganese purple on a greyish-white ground. Dutch majolica: dated 1610." Exquisite also is plate fifty-eight—"Jug painted with Chinese figures on a white ground in colours of the grandfeu and muffle-kiln." But all the plates are a joy. The letterpress, translated from the writing of the distinguished reader in the history of Art in the University of Groningen, is of high interest and scrupulous scholarship. There are sections on "The Process of Manufacture," "Dutch Tiles and Tile Pictures," "Delft Earthenware," and many other things. In the part concerning "Blue and White Delft," mention is made of that master among pottery painters, Frederik van Fritjom, and there is an enthusiastic note on Samuel Eeenhorn, and one on Rochus Hoppesteyn. "By the irony of fate," we read, "it was from seed sown by two Dutchmen that a tree sprang up which was to overshadow, and at last to take the life from the once so flourishing growth of Delft. About 1690 the brothers, John Philip and David Klers, began at Bradwell Wood, near Burslem, the manufacture of red teapots. . . . The soft, pleasant enamels and cheerful, harmonious colouring of the wares, which had been the pride of Holland, went under before the output of the new industry in Staffordshire, to which the Dutch craftsmen had given a start." The book before us is a magnificent production, and full of learning.

OUR BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS: And How to Know Them. By E. Fitch Daglish. 6s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

There are a great many busy people who really long to know about butterflies and moths, but time goes on, and

when they take down a book on the subject that has been long awaiting study, they probably find it of enormous size and full of takings-for-granted; so they remain confused, and turn away with impatience. There is no taking-for-granted here. Mr. Daglish explains everything in the simplest language, including the differences between butterflies and moths. He has keys and groups and tables and explanations which will enable the stupidest person to identify a captured specimen. Our only protest must be made regarding the price of this delightful book. It is on the expensive side. We hope for a cheap issue very soon.

LIFE'S TRUE VALUES. Forty-eight Selected Essays from *The Times*. Arranged by Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D., with Introduction by the Archbishop of York. 5s. (Allenson.)

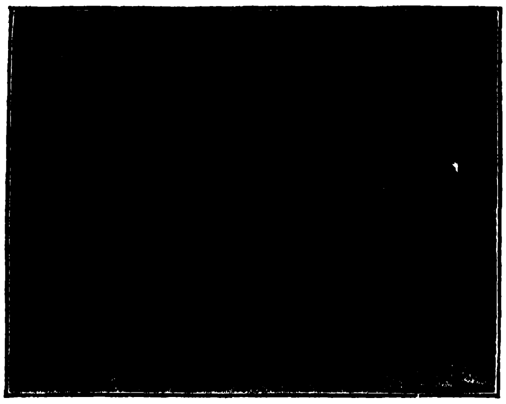
No light is shed as to the authorship of these brief essays. "I have no personal knowledge of the anonymous authors," says the Archbishop in his Foreword, "I write simply as one of the many readers of *The Times* who, Saturday by Saturday, have been interested, stimulated and helped by these essays. We found it a relief, a welcome change to turn from the record of passing things to those reminders of the things that are eternal." The papers are on the whole well chosen. Many pregnant sayings are scattered through them and many are written with real dignity and wisdom. "The pathos of self-ignorance," we read in an essay headed "Obstacles to Religion," "is almost overwhelming to a thoughtful spectator of the drama of life. When men speak of the obstacles to religion they should not forget that the most obstinate may exist in themselves." People of all types will find something to arrest their interest within these sober blue covers.

THE STORY OF LAMBETH. By Miss S. O. Ambler. 2s. (Sampson Low.)

An unpretentious little book for children, cordially commended in a foreword by Mrs. Randall Davidson. We follow the fortunes of the place from the time when it was a desolate swamp to the days when it was transformed into a busy, populous borough. Speaking of the library at the Palace, our author glimpses the past. "Try to picture it with an earthen floor strewn with rushes, a large hearthstone for a fire in the centre, and ranged on each side, long tables, accommodating the many guests entertained." William Blake was of course one of the most famous Lambethians, and the story of the fairy funeral is recounted here. For ourselves, when we think of Lambeth we think of dear Mrs. Benson, to whom early walks down Lambeth Road, with interest of fish shops and costermongers, were dearer than ramblings under the flaming beech trees of Addington.

MY FATHER AND I. By Alice Hughes. 15s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

This is a slight anecdotal work that has as its central point the late Edward Hughes, who in his day was a popular portrait painter. Certainly if the admirable reproductions in this volume may be taken as specimens of his work he must have been very popular indeed with his sitters, for all these portraits portray the ladies he painted as tall and divinely beautiful—than which no one could ask more. Miss Hughes, a photographer of great artistic merit, has in these memoirs apparently been unduly cautious, for it is inconceivable that she and her father, with their wide circle of acquaintances, cannot have received letters of much more interest than those reprinted here. Mr. Hughes, once he had established his reputation, devoted himself mainly to the portraits of ladies, and so well known did he become that wealthy dames came to him from all over the world, as the list of people he painted shows. The Royal Family especially patronised him, and he painted portraits of Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, and of many of the others. Miss Hughes said that someone speaking of her father's pictures remarked: "He painted beauties



Ruth Comfort Mitchell and her husband.

Mrs. Mitchell's new novel, "Corduroy," was recently published by Messrs. Appleton.

and the beauties came," and this perhaps is as fair a criticism of his work as any that has been or is likely to be pronounced. In the days before Hughes had very definitely arrived, he was invited to paint a presentation portrait, and some of those who were arranging for it came to his studio to settle the details as to size and so on. As they left one of them murmured to him in anxious tones: "And mind, Mr. Hughes, the best of paint and varnish." It is not without interest to note that Hughes sat to his friend Frith for the young dandy handing a lady out of the carriage in the famous "Derby Day," that most popular of Victorian paintings.

DE SENECTUTE: MORE LAST WORDS. By Frederic Harrison. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

Had the opening and titular paper been omitted there would have been scant indication in its contents that Frederic Harrison's last collection of miscellaneous essays was the work of a very old man. Vigour and clarity of thought and of expression are undiminished; old enthusiasms—for Shakespeare, for Dante, for the Greek and Roman Classics, for Oxford, and for Comte and the Religion of Humanity—are unabated; while on every page is stamped the impress of a mind no less catholic in its sympathies with all forms of human activity than unswerving in its beliefs and unfaltering in its loyalties. "De Senectute" can indeed dispense quite easily with the adventitious recommendation of having been written by a veteran of ninety-one. The force with which the essayist demolishes the tradition of "the Victorian type," the sound basis of criticism with which he supports his preference of Greek to Elizabethan tragedy, the cheerful stoicism with which he enumerates the consolations of old age, and the new points he makes in revaluations of Fielding and of Smollett—all these are worthy of Frederic Harrison in his prime.

Music.

TWO NEW COMPOSERS.

By Watson Lyle.

The two composers whose songs are here reviewed regard their art from very different points of view. To fulfil the behest of the poet's inspiration, C. W. Orr relies upon creating an appropriate harmonic atmosphere and background. Vivian Hickey, on the other hand, writes more as the melodist who takes heed of the programmatic suggestion of the words in his musical expression of them.

Both these composers are new to me; both quite obviously wish to avoid a hackneyed style of writing; and both to a certain extent succeed in attaining their aim. It cannot be said that either of them manages to avoid what is somewhat ridiculously spoken of as "the beaten track"—ridiculous, since there are as many tracks as there are types of travellers—but each in his own little by-path has caught a reflection from the central illumination of truth that lights the main road and robs it of its terror for the adventurous. Who would ask more than this of contemporary musical art?

Most forbidden progressions have long since been relegated to the misty past, in the technics of musical composition. The modern composers have cheerfully drawn a damp sponge across nearly all the commandments recorded on the tablets of musical history by the patriarchs of their art. An exception is the one that all communities—artistic and otherwise—are compelled to recognise. Its essence is "Thou shalt not bear false witness." For whether the modern composer chooses the methods of Monteverde or Stravinsky, or any of the prophets between them, he must write from the promptings of the truth that is in him if he would write enduringly.

Inventive cleverness and technical facility may draw admiration from the pedants, but unless they happen to form the material body for a divine spark of inspiration, the composition will have no after-life in the esteem of future generations.

In the six songs * by C. W. Orr I am afraid the composer displays greater technical facility than inspiration, or even inventive cleverness. Four of the songs are settings of poems by A. E. Housman.

"'Tis Time, I Think, by Wenlock Town" shows a square-set, harmonic pattern in six-four time which is chiefly of service towards the close of the song, in meeting the wistful conclusion of the poem. But even the free use of chromatics—avoidable and inevitable alike—does not prevent dreariness.

The part given to the voice contains several examples of the composer's light regard for the distribution of syllables. This mannerism is neither good art nor likely to appeal to singers. Why should words be wedded to music save to increase their intelligibility and inner content to the listener?

The same fault annoys one early in "Loveliest of Trees, the Cherry," where otherwise the effect, in the accompaniment, of trusses of snowy blossom, pendulous in the breeze, is aptly suggested.

Altogether stronger, rhythmically and emotionally, is "The Carpenter's Son," which moves steadily as a march from the outset. There is a strong sense of climax towards the end, produced by an effective change in both rhythm and harmony, and the composer here rises finely to the spirit of the poet. Intelligent vocalists should find it well worth study. One is glad to be able to praise wholeheartedly "Plucking the Rushes" (the words of which are a translation from the Chinese by Arthur Waley). This music is inspiration expressed with technical facility. All through a swiftly-moving accompaniment figure suggests the swaying of the reeds; and in this there is woven a melody of placid mood, different to the eminently singable voice part. The song is in very truth a poetical conception.

Neither of the two remaining songs, "When the Lad for Longing Sighs" and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Silent Noon," can be regarded as happy settings of the poems.

There is in general a freer spontaneity about the four songs * by Vivian Hickey. His melodic inspiration comes lightly and his accompaniments are comparatively simple, suited to the delicacy of his style. These songs reveal an appreciation of vocal requirements that promise well for the future of the composer as a song writer.

The simple melody for the late Alice Meynell's "At Night" follows the rhythm of the poem. At the words, "Which with the straightest, and swiftest flight," a fine effect is secured, while the clever juxtaposition of an augmented and perfect fourth follows the thought in the last line of the poem.

* Published by J. & W. Chester, Ltd

* Published by Augeners Ltd.

The quaint and delicate fancy of two of the poems by Marion St. John Webb, which surely express the child mind, has evoked sympathetic response from the composer. There is a real touch of genius in " The Sunset Garden " where a sudden change of key and increase in tone from *p.* to *f.* suggests " the daylight " that " comes climbing up over the hill." Then follows a sensitive programmatic suggestion of the charming fancy that makes the child wish he could look down from the hilltop at sunset, " And see what the sun looks like when it's asleep."

There is a similar appreciation of the spirit of the words in " Ambition." A clever vocalist should easily manage to give point to the fascination which " the steps that go down to the water " (and especially the idea of " the water ") has for the child.

The music for John Masefield's " Roadways " is dominated by a broadly sweeping rhythm, suggestive of the ocean swell. There is also an appreciation of tone colour, but the manner of writing is more hackneyed than in the three preceding compositions All can, however, be heartily recommended, and none are really difficult for either singer or pianist.

MASTERY OF THE KEYBOARD. By George Denham. 5s. net. (Cecil Palmer.)

This interesting book, which deals exclusively with the systematic training of players in manipulating the key-board by " the sense of ' feel ' only, without looking at the hands or fingers," should certainly be read by all pianists. The writer is convinced, after years of experience as a teacher, that the habit of looking at the fingers instead of keeping one's eyes fixed upon the music, is a great enemy to progress. " If one were asked," he says in his introduction, " how it is that so many who have spent much time and trouble in the study of the piano have completely failed to master its difficulties . . . the answer by anyone who has given the subject serious consideration must be the inability to *feel* one's way at the keyboard without looking at the fingers." This idea is amplified and explained at length in the book. There is a useful chapter on playing from memory, and overcoming nervousness. Players of varying ability, no matter what their age, should find this book helpful.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

COVENT GARDEN. Lyric by Eileen Carfrae. Music by C. Armstrong Gibbs. (Enoch.)

A jolly, lively song. Goes with a swing. The verses won the prize a short time ago in one of THE BOOKMAN lyric competitions.

RENOUNCEMENT. Words by Alice Meynell.
BEAUTY. Words by John Masefield.
} Music by Muriel Herbert (Augener.)

There is an arresting quality in the music, which grips the fancy, and makes one turn to it again. That the settings are worthy of the words is perhaps the highest praise we can give.

LISELOTTE. By Leon Adam. Arranged by Charles Ancliffe. (Augener.)

This is a waltz-time version of the delightful " Liselotte Minuet." We prefer the melody in minuet time, though it makes an attractive waltz.

THE WHITE PATHWAY. By Edgar L. Bainton. (Elkin.)

Three easy, tuneful pieces for the pianoforte.

VILLAGE PICTURES. By Robert Clayton. (Paxton.)

Just the sort of book that young pianists will like. The pieces are short, not difficult to play, and yet are full of character. " The Postman," " Waggoner's March," ' Village Gossip " and " The Village Children," are four of the items: and there is also a Maypole Dance and ' Going to Market."

THE PENGUINS' WALK. Fox-trot by Joseph Holbrooke. (Paxton.)

Players of dance music will be curious and eager to get this new fox-trot by so famous a composer as Mr. Holbrooke. Deserting his symphonic and operatic works, he is for the time being turning his attention to writing popular dance music. "The Penguin's Walk," though a popular fox-trot tune, has the unmistakable Holbrooke touch. It was played for the first time at the Chelsea Arts Club Ball at the Albert Hall recently, the composer himself conducting, and proved a success.

JENNIFER. Lyric by Royden Barrie. Music by May H. Brahe. (Enoch.)

"Jennifer" has a pleasing, catchy melody. It contains all the elements of a very popular song, and should prove as big a success as "I Passed by Your Window."

KING DAVID.
O, MY DEIR HERT. } By Herbert Howells. (Winthrop Rogers.)

The words of "King David" are by Walter de la Mare. "O, My Deir Hert" is a cradle song with a quaint tune which gains an effect through its simplicity.

LAVENDER DAYS. By Frederick Drummond. Words by Ed. Teschemacher. (Cary.)

The music is pretty and tuneful, though rather ordinary. The words are of the hackneyed drawing-room song type. One wishes Mr. Teschemacher had exerted himself a little more, and given a fresher turn to his verses.

THE SONG OF THE BROOKLET. By Leonard Butler. (Augener.)

Beginning in a slightly hesitating manner "as a brook runs," this charming little piece for the piano presently grows broad and flowing. It is skilfully contrived, and not difficult to play.

THE LEDBURY PARSON. By Julius Harrison. (Enoch.)

A pianoforte solo with a rousing air that has the following intriguing dedication: "To the memory of those two inimitable artists, Bob and Abel Spragg, who could be heard interpreting this disreputable Worcestershire song over many glasses of beer, any Saturday evening in the nineties, at the Bridge Inn, Stourport."

The Drama.

MARIONETTES.

By Anthony Clyne.



Mr. Anthony Clyne.

THE season of the Theatro dei Piccoli at the Scala Theatre enables us to learn the capabilities of a form of drama novel in this country; and it is to be hoped that it will inspire British playwrights, producers, designers, and so on, to co-operate to create a Theatre of Marionettes of our own, not imitating slavishly the Italian model, but evolving naturally along indigenous lines. There is indubitably room for it, in the present sad dearth of new plays, especially new plays of merit. There is, it may be, need for it, for dramatic art in both its phases, of creation and of performance, seems now to be passing through one of those eras, inevitable in all the arts, of repetition and lack of originality, stagnation and sterility, awaiting some stimulus to move forward upon the next stage of its development. Why should not this stimulus come from the marionette opera, with its complete alteration in the relative importance of different factors in the performance, its possibilities enlarged in some respects and deficient in others compared with the ordinary stage, with its new angle of vision, in short, from which conditions, problems, and aspirations may be viewed? We have become obsessed by formulas we imagine are axiomatic principles that may not be discarded, whereas they are nothing but modes devised, as others possibly better may be devised, by imperfect art. "The little people" may assist us to emancipate ourselves from thraldom to conventional ideas.

They may, for example, remind us of what we seem to have forgotten—that, after all, "the play's the thing." In how many notices of a new production is the mediocre or false or vulgar nature of the actual play commented upon briefly for the sake of dwelling upon the talent of the performers. It is proper, of course, that the acting should be discussed, but not, with a new play, so as to obscure the importance of the thing acted, not as though the excellence of the performance could compensate for the faults of the drama itself. We do not regard, in a concert, the technical skill of the artists as in any way atoning for ugly or unmeaning music. And even with plays not new, plays which have been discussed fully before, are we not often under the tyranny of well-known names? When we speak of going to see Mr. So-and-so as Hamlet, we reveal our artistic snobbery. Mr. So-and-so, whoever he may be, is of infinitely less significance than Hamlet. We should go to see Hamlet played by Mr. So-and-so. We are too sophisticated, in a disparaging sense, too much inclined to attend as connoisseurs of acting instead of feeling the pathos and humour, the beauty and significance of the play or opera. We are too sophisticated, perhaps, in demanding a superficial realism, the realism of elaborate illusion, of real Chinamen in a Chinese scene or the aroma of coffee floating over the footlights in Reinhardt's famous reproduction of a "kaffee-klatsch," instead of the deeper realism of truth to the essentials in human life, to character and circumstance.

Puppet-shows are an ancient species of entertainment, as we know from the jointed figures found in Egyptian tombs and in Etruria. They were popular in Greece, whence they travelled to Rome. It has been suggested that the Greek origin is discernible in the Punch and Judy show of to-day, the traditional squeaky voices being ultimately derived from the Greek showman's imitation of the actors in tragedy. In Italy puppet-shows have been popular ever since, and especially in mediæval

times as "Fantoccini." In China, Japan, India, they are favourite diversions. The limitations of puppets are in accordance with the conventions of Oriental art, and the shows in Japan especially reached a very high level of beauty. In England as religious drama declined, as morality plays and Biblical pageant plays were suppressed, "motions," as they were called, took their place. As Payne Collier says, "the most ancient puppet-shows dealt in stories taken from the Old and New Testaments, or from the legends of the Saints." Towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth historical and other fables began to be treated by them; but still Scriptural subjects were commonly exhibited. Ben Jonson alludes twice in "Every Man Out of His Humour" to a puppet play, "Nineveh, with Jonas and the Whale," which must have been one of the most popular, since twenty other writers speak of it. At the Restoration the puppet-shows, after being frowned on by the Puritans, came into high favour. There were "Dives and Lazarus," "Susannah and the Elders," "The World's Creation." An advertisement of the last, or "The Old Creation of the World, with the addition of Noah's Flood," describes the principal scene as follows: "Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the animals two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is the sun rising in a gorgeous manner; moreover a multitude of angels in a double rank." This show included also "several figures dancing jiggs, sarabands, and country dances, with the merry conceits of Squire Punch and Sir John Spendall." Pepys saw Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show, "Patient Grizell." He took his wife "to Bartholomew Fair, and there did see a ridiculous, obscene little stage play, called 'Marry Audrey,' a foolish thing but seen by everybody." A few days afterwards he was there again to see this play, and not long after at Southwark Fair, "and there saw the puppet-show of Whittington, which was pretty to see; and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too!" There is no lack of evidence that these shows did "work upon people." The *Spectator* printed a letter supposed to have been received from the sexton of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, complaining that the congregation took the warning of his bell, morning and evening, "to go to a puppet-show set forth by one Powell under the Piazzas." This Powell was a famous master of puppetry, his repertoire including "Dr. Faustus," "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," "Robin Hood," "Mother Goose." He could "melt a whole audience into pity and tears when he made the poor starved Children in the Wood miserably depart in peace, and a Robin bury them." During last century many puppet-shows existed, especially touring country fairs, and some became renowned. We are told of one presenting five hundred figures at work at various trades, of the representation of topical events and scenes—the battle of Trafalgar, Napoleon's army crossing the Alps, Grace Darling rescuing the shipwrecked crew. Some of the ingenuities astonished our own childhood—animals that moved realistically, jugglers and acrobats, dancers, and especially the skeleton. When the curtain rose, the stage was littered with bones, which gradually came together, one after another taking its place, until at last the complete skeleton except for

the skull seized this in its hands and clapped it into position and danced a macabre jig.

But abroad, especially in Italy and parts of Germany and to a lesser extent in France, the puppet-show, while it catered for the vulgar in this fashion, also performed operas and classic dramas, and was a genuine artistic form. Mozart and Haydn composed music for the plays; Le Sage and Goethe wrote for them; Lessing studied them. Lately there has been an immense elevation of the art. Maeterlinck and D'Annunzio have written, Gordon Craig and Bakst designed, Busoni and Stravinski composed for them. The Theatro dei Piccoli was founded in Rome in 1914, and it has performed a score of times before the King and Queen of Italy. According to one report, "the Ministry for Public Instruction, the Ministry of Fine Arts, the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome have awarded special diplomas of merit, and the Governments of countries as far apart as Japan and Czecho-Slovakia have sent special commissions to Rome to study their interior economy and way of doing things." In London the repertoire includes twenty-five operas, five plays, five ballets, and a very large number of variety turns. "The Sleeping Beauty," "Puss in Boots," by Cui the Russian, "Cinderella" by the French Massenet, "Don Giovanni," "The Barber of Seville," are some of the items. English singers are engaged to render the operas in English. The operators have gained their technical skill mostly from their parents, it being a profession carried on by families from generation to generation. The acquisition of the difficult technique would be the greatest obstacle in forming a British Theatre of Marionettes.

A BOHEMIAN LOOKS AT THE WORLD.*

The Western miner, when the camp missionary told him the tale of Balaam's ass straight after that of Jonah, merely said, "Waal, sir, I shan't believe that fish story now!" I have seen "The Insect Play" at the Regent Theatre, and I have seen "R.U.R." at the St. Martin's; and now I don't believe that bug story either. "The Insect Play" (which I found entertaining and disgusting in equal measure) is a fairly convincing parable or parody of human life, if we eliminate all our pleasanter traits. "R.U.R.," an infinitely better piece, is somewhat harder to swallow. There are some flaws in its construction—in its dramatic Robotry, so to speak, which has not quite been carried to the last stage of perfection. It is not easy to see why the destruction of the Robot formula weakens the position of the only people likely to re-invent it—why indeed they are not still more indispensable now than when the formula was accessible to any burglarious Robot. And then the nature of the Robots themselves: for representation's sake we must allow their human shape and even their division into sexes; but their strange fusion of mind and matter is a tougher proposition. A machine surely should remain a machine even in fantasy. Let it talk and hear as the telephone talks and hears, see as the camera sees, think and remember like a ready reckoner; mechanical perfection, however marvellous, is still comprehensible; and a consistently mechanic Robotry, destroying mankind in mere senseless strength, would have been both more dramatic and more true to the allegory than a Robotry which turns sentimental in the last act.

The last act, indeed, might have been better away. Yet as it stands the play is much too good to be altered, and I for one will not complain of a piece that has kept me dreaming of Robots ever since I saw it. "The Insect Play" by comparison has none of this quality; it is more openly didactic, it "protests too much"; we are the "bigger fleas" of Dean Swift's implication; size is our one superiority; the play shows us our own selves through the wrong end of the telescope, and lest we fail to draw the proper moral there is a tramp-*raisonneur* to keep reminding us that there but for the grace of God (or rather in any case) go we. Whereas the whole strength of "R.U.R." lies in its reticence. It teems with half-expressed ideas. There is a sermon in the story of Alquist, spared by the Robotry because like them he is a manual worker, and for that very reason proving as impotent as they. There is a sermon in the fate of the Robots, who for all their efficiency are still helplessly dependent on that old motive power of life—imagination. There is a sermon in the contract between the idealist, conceiving Robots for the moral betterment of mankind, and the politicians who can find them no better employment than that of war, till mankind is exterminated. There are a dozen sermons in the past history of Robotism, which has been tried as often as slave systems have been replaced by quasi-educated democracies—an experiment bringing no more contentment to the ex-slaves than Dr. Gall's sentimental experiment brought to the Robots. And yet not one of these sermons is allowed to spoil the play. They are merely hinted, never explicitly preached. Nor will I preach them here—partly because they won't allow me a BOOKMAN all to myself, partly because I fear that criticism, limping after such creation as this, cuts but a sorry figure. Rather let me commend this most provocative play, no less for what is left out than for what is put into it. Now and again (thank heaven, and despite movie influence!) we can still see a piece that neither precludes thought nor tries to do all our thinking for us.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

* "R.U.R.," by Karel Capek. At the St. Martin's Theatre; "The Insect Play," by the Brothers Capek. At the Regent Theatre.

T' MARSDENS. At the Everyman.

This refreshing Yorkshire comedy by James E. Gregson received and deserved a very hearty greeting on its first performance at the Everyman Theatre. To the easy-going sophisticated Londoner it must come as a shock as well as an agreeable novelty to be transported into the bosom of this blunt West Riding family of Marsdens, and to listen to the constant scolding of their razor-edged tongues. For a good comprehensive "dressing-down" what tongue can compare with the Yorkshire tongue, unless it be its Lancashire neighbour! The Marsdens are chapel folk, and they quarrel bitterly, and often wittily, thanks to old Ezra's interpolations, over the question whether or not a life class shall be permitted in the local art school. Their cousin Philip, the minister, whose mind is clean as well as clear, fights hard for the life class, and all the big guns of the chapel are brought to bear upon him. A climax is reached with the arrival of the model from London. She proves to be a member of the Marsden family, and the fat is now fairly in the fire. The play from this point does not build-up dramatically. It owes its peculiar grip not so much to the plot as to the characterisation. And, curiously enough, the people that seem most pungently real are not the principals, not Philip, nor the pretty model, nor old Ezra, cleverly portrayed though they all are. The people that make us forget we are in a theatre are the Sim Umpleby of Charles Grove, a fanatical convert who has done time for wife-beating, the Alex. Wright of Edward Rigby, the John and Ann Marsden of Ivor Barnard and Dora Barton, and certainly the Olive Marsden of Nadine March, whose shrill sweethearting with Cecil Ellis (Frank Pettingell) is a gem of comedy-acting.

S. H. W.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896).

By John Freeman.

PATMORE was born on July 23rd, 1823, and at the end of a hundred years we are driven to ask why it is that his best work is neglected, and even the early "Angel in the House" has lost its old popularity. Praise may be as extravagant as neglect, and Patmore has enjoyed both extremes at the same time. He has been called the poet's poet, and although it is a true phrase it is false if it is allowed to exclude the attention of readers who are not poets.

There are some writers who exalt Patmore's work and see in it the ultimate flower of Victorian verse. Mrs. Meynell was sparing enough in her eulogy of the moderns, but her response to the ardours of the great odes (in "The Unknown Eros") was quick and adoring; Mr. J. L. Garvin, in one of the few essays he has spared from politics, uttered a very noble tribute—how long ago I can scarce remember; and Mr. Edmund Gosse has written (in "The Literary Lives" series—objectionable title!) a most delightful and just eulogy of Patmore; while a more recent study by Mr. Osbert Burdett shows how well the whole of the poetry sustains a close philosophical examination. And here and there, with the keenest of mutual recognition, lovers of English poetry flash into sudden delight as they meet others who admire as they do and find, in the solitary rapture of this mystical poet, a quality and a power which are found united scarce anywhere else.

Against these there are to be set the formal literary historians, and to take but a single unwelcome instance from a book that falls into my hand at the moment, there is Professor Hugh Walker's "Age of Tennyson," in which Patmore is included with two lords as "difficult to classify. . . . He is seldom if ever great, but his verse at its best has a simple sweetness, with an occasional dignity, that is exceedingly pleasing. . . . The meaning is often obscure," and the professor goes on with his depreciative phrases about surprising lapses of taste, frequent sense of effort, preciosity of diction, etc. Ears have been given in vain to them that will not hear.



Coventry Patmore.

Let us leave the witnesses, however, and look at the subject for ourselves. "The Angel in the House" was published when the author was but thirty-one, and followed by "The Victories of Love" nine years later. The two poems may be read as one narrative. Their story is the familiar one of courtship in cultured circles —a dean's daughter, [a smooth progress, a wedding]; and in the later poem, the consolation of a luckless lover, his attainment of a scarcely lower bliss, and the wedding sermon that was preached at him. Obviously the whole value of a poem using these tame materials must consist in the attitude of the poet, his narrative skill and the quality of his style; and who would not predict the meekest of verse, the dullest of sentimental tales, the most tedious of moralities, from a glance at such a theme? Yet you find in the few thousand lines of these poems a thing of beauty. The verse sparkles with light, the narrative is gemmed with wisdom, the poet's attitude to his subject is almost wholly original and intensely sincere:

> "Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
> On her sweet self set her own price,
> Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
> How has she cheapen'd paradise;
> How given for nought her priceless gift,
> How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine."

. . . . . .

> "Day was her doing, and the lark
> Had reason for his song; the dark
> In anagram innumerous spelt
> Her name with stars that throbb'd and felt;

'Twas the sad summit of delight
To wake and weep for her at night;
She turn'd to triumph or to shame
The strife of every childish game;
The heart would come into my throat
At rosebuds."

What gives it the chief value is the treatment of the relations of man and woman as a parable, a symbol. It has been pointed out that Patmore was possessed completely by the idea of sex, masculine and feminine representing for him the motive principles of the whole creation, and appearing in all his work, of whatever kind, as the prime distinction. Now it is not easy to put plainly in prose what Patmore has uttered in the parable of his verse, but I may perhaps express it crudely by saying that the sex relation, in his view, tokened the relation of the individual soul to God. In an essay on "Love and Poetry" he wrote that "nuptial love bears the clearest marks of being nothing other than the rehearsal of a communion of a higher nature"; and his later work is an intensification of this theme, an intensification so complete that it results in a confusion of light.

The theme in fact mastered him. Under its impulse his poetry became subtly metaphysical; it was like a wind, "rippling his spirit's cold deep seas into delight," and sometimes agitating his peace to tumult. The appearance of things did not content him, because it did not deceive him; his sensitive response to natural phenomena (shown in scores of beautiful passages) did not exercise his full spiritual faculties; those faculties reached beyond and everything became a metaphor, a symbol, a "rehearsal" of something withheld but far more real, something unapparent but far more permanent. Gradually his absorption became complete, and his primary concern was no longer with poetry and the life of man, but with Catholic doctrine and the communion of saints. Here he found his satisfaction; the idea of "the relation of the soul to Christ as his betrothed wife" had long been, in his own phrase, a mine of undiscovered joy and power, "the burning heart of the universe"; and now it possessed his imagination, and he laboured at a prose essay, "Sponsa Dei," in which the theme was boldly developed; so boldly that, at a doubtful word from a priest, he burned the manuscript and destroyed what Mr. Gosse tells us was a beautiful piece of prose.

II

His biography and other studies reveal him as a man of salient character and by no means a mere amiable pietist; he could be humorous, and even at times sardonic; he was humble in his faith but proud and impetuous in his natural temper. He gave the world of his best, and he endured neglect without the bitterness of complaint. When he died, in 1896, it was only not quite true to say that there was none to praise and very few to love him.

One of the few who loved and praised—Mr. Gosse—describes the visible man, in words which should be read with Mr. Sargent's "marvellous portrait" in mind:

"He was exceedingly unlike other people, of course, even then, but his face possessed quite as much beauty as strangeness. Three things were in those days particularly noticeable in the head of Coventry Patmore: the vast convex brows, arched with vision; the bright, shrewd, bluish-grey eyes, the outer fold of one eyelid permanently and humorously drooping; and the wilful, sensuous mouth. These three seemed ever at war among themselves; they spoke three different tongues; they proclaimed a man of dreams, a canny man of business, a man of vehement physical determination. . . . No sooner did he begin to walk than he became grotesque at once, the long, thin neck thrust out, the angularity of the limbs emphasised in every rapid, inelegant movement."

The central theme of Patmore's work is found more or less clearly in the early narratives, but it is dominant in the odes entitled "The Unknown Eros." In one he asks:

"What if this Lady be thy Soul, and He
Who claims to enjoy her sacred beauty be,
Not thou, but God; and thy sick fire
A female vanity,
Such as a Bride, viewing her mirror'd charms,
Feels when she sighs, 'All these are for his arms!'"

He sees himself "a beggar by the Porch of the glad Palace of Virginity," and again as a child who gives back to the Giver the golden coin he does not know how to use:

"Endow'd so I
With golden speech, my choice of toys to buy,
And scanning power and pleasure and renown,
Till each in turn, with looking at, looks vain,
For her mouth's bliss,
To her who gave it give I it again."

These odes are at once simple and profound, dark yet bright; they are the finest examples of English mystical verse. Others of them bear a slighter weight of thought but a greater emotional power. Poems such as "The Toys" and "A Farewell" are too famous to justify more than their naming; and perhaps only a little less well known and not less perfect is:

The Azalea.

"There, where the sun shines first
Against our room,
She train'd the gold Azalea, whose perfume
She, Spring-like, from her breathing grace dispersed.
Last night the delicate crests of saffron bloom,
For that their dainty likeness watch'd and nurst,
Were just at point to burst.
At dawn I dream'd, O God, that she was dead,
And groan'd aloud upon my wretched bed,
And waked, ah, God, and did not waken her,
But lay, with eyes still closed,
Perfectly bless'd in the delicious sphere
By which I knew so well that she was near,
My heart to speechless thankfulness composed.
Till 'gan to stir
A dizzy somewhat in my troubled head—
It *was* the azálea's breath, and she *was* dead!
The warm night had the lingering buds disclosed,
And I had fall'n asleep with to my breast
A chance-found letter press'd
In which she said,
'So, till to-morrow eve, my Own, adieu!
Parting's well-paid with soon again to meet,
Soon in your arms to feel so small and sweet,
Sweet to myself that am so sweet to you!'"

Patmore has a singular and terrible power; he reaches, in a single phrase, the most secret places of the heart and awakens the dead there. In his aspiring odes,

quick with a subtle metaphysic, he may seem at times difficult and rare, and it is hard for our grosser spirits to follow him ; but in these others he speaks to the common heart, to the man and woman in every one. Here, at any rate, he is a " universal " poet.

III

I have said nothing of his form ; it is as individual and fine as his theme—a released rhythm, winging with large, lovely movement into the heaven of heavens. Nor have I spoken of his prose essays, not so much written with a pen as distilled from rare herbs—an essence of the author's isolated, perverse, powerful spirit. Looking back over a hundred years there are many clamorous voices that one might better spare than this of :

" A lonely thrush's throat
At latest eve,
That does in each calm note
Both joy and grieve ;
Notes few and strong and fine,
Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun."

GORDON BOTTOMLEY.

By R. L. Mégroz.

WHENEVER the enterprising Mr. Basil Dean reaches Mr. Gordon Bottomley's " Gruach " in the Playbox summer season, London will have the all too rare opportunity of seeing staged a play that is as dramatic as it is poetically beautiful. True Glasgow, thanks to the Scottish National Theatre Society, enjoyed this treat six months ago, but it passeth the wit of man to understand why only one other of Mr. Gordon Bottomley's plays, " King Lear's Wife," has been acted. There is no question here of heroism required in the manager, heroism such as the staging of Mr. Binyon's " Arthur " at the " Old Vic " certainly called for. There need be not even the perhaps excusable nervousness of Mr. Nigel Playfair in producing Mr. Davies's long-promised " True Travellers," the true tramp's opera, at Hammersmith. Mr. Gordon Bottomley's plays are well charged with dramatic action. There is no superfluous rhetoric in them. The characters which his imagination by long brooding has created are rich blooded human beings ; his kings and queens and princesses live, if with a grander gesture, as fiercely true as his peasants, his kitchen girls and waiting-women. Moreover these plays, which have been collected by Constable into two compact volumes, " King Lear's Wife and Other Plays " and " Gruach, and Britain's Daughter," are finding the growing public which noble poetry will always ultimately find. There should be no question of commercial speculation ; there is scarcely one play published of Mr. Bottomley's which would not, well acted, thrill and delight the big audience who will welcome at any time Shakespeare unadulterated on the stage. But this is a grievous subject, and we may now turn with more pleasure to the man and his work.

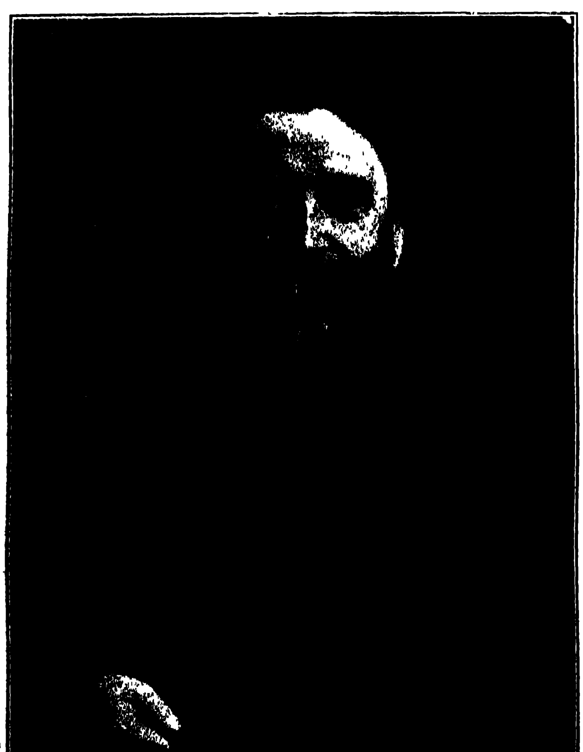


Photo by Annan & Sons. **Mr. Gordon Bottomley.**

Mr. Gordon Bottomley is a Yorkshireman born and bred, but he dwells at Silverdale on the Lancashire coast, where westerly winds may soften the northern climate, for he is one of those inspiring artists whose work has been done in despite of a Fate which wanted him, it would seem, dead and buried long ago. Now forty-nine, he has, ever since his nineteenth year, been in delicate health, and his rather sedentary existence has been compulsory. " I have no biography ; there is nothing that ever happened to me," he said once, when I was asking him about his early days in Yorkshire. One understands better how this man of passionate energy, whose eyes, grey and stormy, look at you from a face almost haggard with past sufferings—one understands completely, how he has triumphed over difficulty when one reads his dedicatory poem to Mr. Sturge Moore fronting " King Lear's Wife." Living in his northern valley, he declares, he has withdrawn from life, watched life pass, and formed a state in his heart " which doth not thus depart " :

" For twenty years and more than twenty
I have found my riches and my plenty
In poets dead and poets living,
Painters and music-men, all giving,
By life shut in creative deeds,
Live force and insight to my needs."

" Music-men " is not an idle phrase. Mr. Bottomley feels no privation more, when he is compelled to stay for a long period at home, than the lack of great music greatly interpreted, and one of the magnets which brings him, like a ghost, to London streets, is the music so poorly appreciated by Londoners.

His lovely blank verse, too, is full of music which cries, shouts, sobs, boasts and rejoices with the surge and resurge of his drama. Here is a characteristic passage which, remember, is exquisitely appropriate and essential to the dramatic *dénouement* to follow.

Goneril, eldest daughter of the heart-stricken and dying wife of Lear, comes into the queen's bedchamber to find her mother deserted by the waiting-woman. She has reproached herself for neglecting Hygd, being "rapt in joys of breath and life." She has been out hunting that morning :

"I dreamt that I was swimming, shoulder up,
And drave the bed-clothes spreading to the floor :
Coldness awoke me ; through the waning darkness
I heard far hounds give shivery aëry tongue,
Remote, withdrawing, suddenly faint and near ;
I leapt and saw a pack of stretching weasels
Hunt a pale coney in a soundless rush,
Their elfin and thin yelping pierced my heart
As with an unseen beauty long awaited ;
Wolf-skin and cloak I buckled over this night-gear,
And took my honoured spear from my bedside
Where none but I may touch its purity,
And sped as lightly down the dewy bank
As any mothy owl that hunts quick mice.
They went crying, crying, but I lost them
Before I stept, with the first tips of light,
On Raven Crag near by the Druid Stones ;
So I paused there and, stooping, pressed my hand
Against the stony bed of the clear stream ;
Then entered I the circle and raised up
My shining hand in cold stern adoration
Even as the first great gleam went up the sky."

Another play, "The Crier by Night," has so lovely a music in the verse, and as a play it is so brief, that one reads it and thrills to it as to a glorious lyrical poem of mystery and human despair. Then there is the cruel, barbaric beauty of "The Riding to Lithend" and "Britain's Daughter," in which plays I first came into contact with the native quality of the author's mind, a quality which perhaps, knowing that he is a thorough Yorkshireman, one might term Englishry. Perhaps it is only because I am an Anglo-Frenchman steeped in English literature that this Englishry mingled with a sensuous, fastidious desire for the exquisitely beautiful first fascinated me in Mr. Bottomley's work. But I see that another thoroughly English poet, Mr. John Freeman, writing in The Bookman about Mr. Bottomley's plays, said : "The beautiful images flow in and out with the ease of light on water ; the rhythms have the natural movement of thought, and the secret discipline of masculine habit."

The fierce austerity in the most dramatic of the plays would seem to be the product of the poet's maturity, for the contents of "A Vision of Giorgione" consists mainly of earlier work, in which the sensuous element, though appearing often in very beautiful imagery and verbal music, sometimes seems to lack strength. An indication of a certain immaturity may be detected in the frequency of hyphenated epithets like "sweet-voiced," "kiss-tossed," "green-dark" and "cerule-circling." Yet these leave loveliness for our delight just as Keats's "Endymion" in spite of its crudities and cloying sweets is still rich in beauty. This southern richness has been controlled and used with splendour in the plays "Midsummer Eve" and "Laodice and Danae." When Mr. Bottomley's "Collected Poems" (now in prolonged course of collection) do appear, with, among other treasures, all that we have lost by "Chambers of Imagery" going out of print, something valuable there will be for this century to add to English poetry.

HANDEL.

By Gerald Cumberland.

To read a bare record of Handel's life is to feel oneself in contact not with a human being, but with some gigantic natural force. Somewhere or other Sir George Grove compares him with a volcano throwing out huge rocks. Handel's rocks were operas and oratorios. These, arranged in as compressed a form as possible, fill no fewer than ninety-two volumes. But composition occupied only a small part of his life. He taught innumerable pupils ; he spent uncounted nights in the *salons* of London's nobility, rubbing shoulders with kings and princes ; he travelled ; he dreamed away thousands of hours at his harpsichord and at the organ, extemporising in his ecstatic and rapturous way ; he rehearsed often and violently ; and, above all, he engaged himself in matters of business, gaining fortunes and losing them, and meeting adversity with a stoicism that neither ill-health nor the subtly practised malice of enemies could undermine.

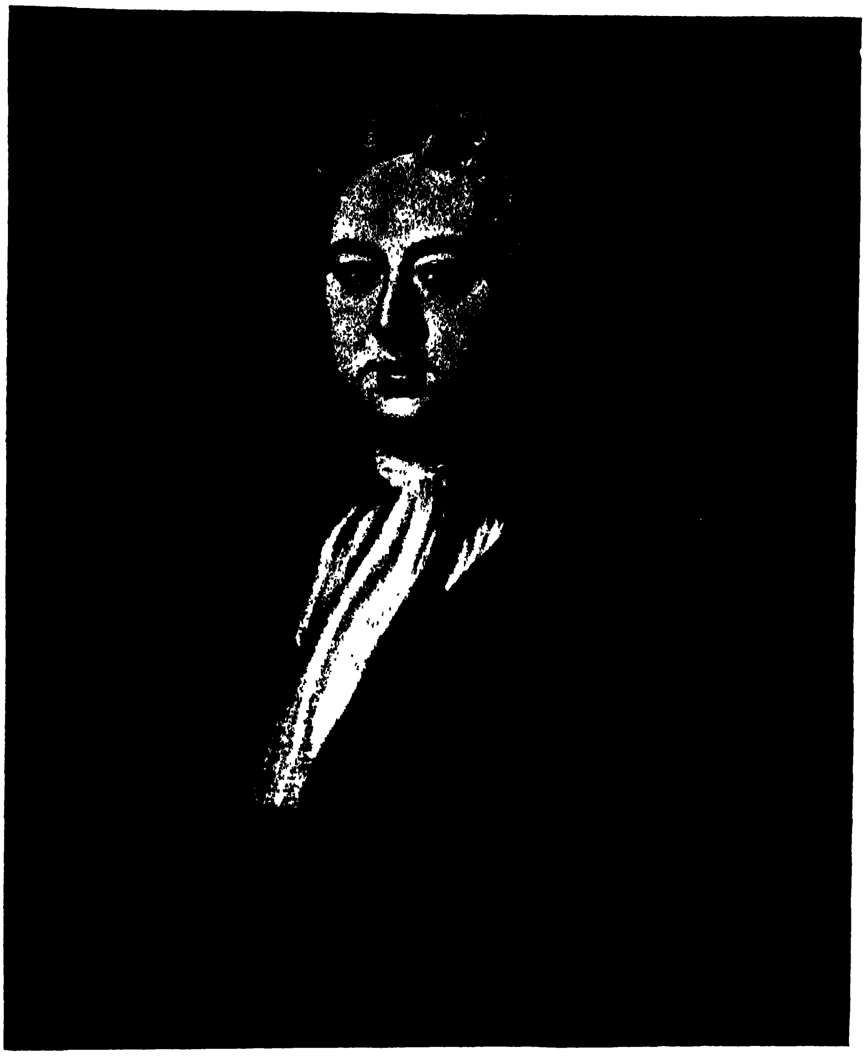


Facsimile of some of Handel's score of "Jephtha."
From "George Frideric Handel," by Newman Flower (Cassells).

But in Mr. Newman Flower's extraordinarily graphic and important biography,* this natural force is humanised : the volcano becomes a man. Mr. Flower has done what many writers have tried and failed to do :

* "George Frideric Handel." By Newman Flower. 21s. (Cassells.)

he has given us a full-length portrait of this colossal figure and, without attempting to resolve Handel's inconsistencies, the apparent contradictions of his character, has succeeded in making him a living creature—a man of rare nobility with a few almost childlike weaknesses that endear him to us and, in a sense, make that nobility real. Too often have foolish scribblers presented Handel's personal superficialities—his sometimes eruptive temper, his enormous capacity for food and drink, even his broken English—as the indicative traits of a grotesque character; to the small these things are the real things; but to those who estimate character by its core, they are not even the excrescences that mar a noble character. Like all artists who are great in their art, Handel was great as a man; he was one of a thousand examples that refute the theory that genius is a *malaise* of the soul, or a "peculiarity" that functions apart from, and irrespective of, the intellectual and moral faculties.



Handel in middle age.

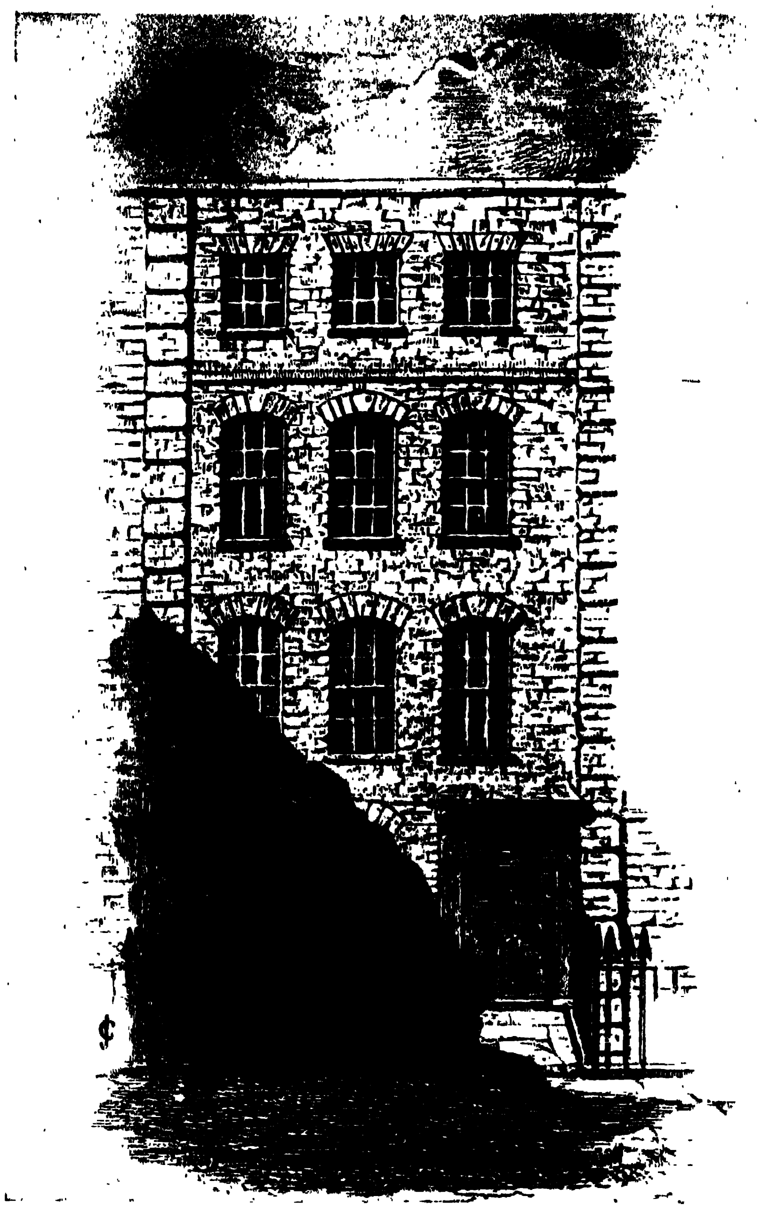
From the portrait by Kneller By permission of the Governors of the Foundling Hospital.
From "George Frideric Handel," by Newman Flower (Cassells).

All great men have been indomitable workers. To the artist creation is life; it is the bodying forth of life. To him it is nothing if the act of creation is excessively painful, as it is with Mr. Joseph Conrad; better far to embrace a crucifixion of the soul than remain sterile, for sterility is death. Handel created passionately no matter what his outward circumstances might be. In the midst of poverty, the hostility of his fellows, and much physical agony—he suffered terribly from what, in all probability, was neuritis—he withdrew himself into the spacious and lofty chambers of his own soul, and there tasted the agony and delight of remoulding the world to his own desire. After his first English failure, Handel sat down and wrote an opera, "Teseo," in twenty days; in twenty days also he wrote "Tamerlane"; the same space of time was spent on "Alexander's Feast"; "Giustino" was begun and finished in three weeks, and "only eight days after he had completed 'Giustino' he began 'Arminio,' finished the first act in four days, and completed the whole opera in eighteen days"; finally, "Messiah," the work that, above all others, has carried his living genius down to these strange times, was set upon paper from beginning to end in twenty days. This amazing lust for work was not an occasional phenomenon; it was a radical part of his psychology. He had the rich fecundity of a tropical soil. Mr. Flower says that "when composing Handel sat at work all day, on through the night and through the day following. Food was put on his table. He ignored it. Sleep twitched at his eyelids. He forced it away. . . . The wonder is that he did not die before he was forty, for he treated his body as some brute would treat a mongrel that followed at his heels."

Injured pride was frequently the spur that set Handel on to work; he was never so productive as when all the world seemed lost and his fame was in the dust. He had a godlike pride. And yet, so inconsistent was he (but who among us is not inconsistent?) that he was for ever trying to give the public what it wanted. Throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, all the capitals of Europe were under the domination of the Italian musical school; so this Saxon, who had travelled in Italy and had learned the Italian language more thoroughly than he was ever to learn English in spite of a forty years' residence in this country, came to London to compose Italian music for the English. He engaged Italian singers—strange *castrati*, untamed and violent women, men of flamboyant and ridiculous lives. When London tired of Italian opera, Handel began, at first tentatively, to write oratorio, and when oratorio was found to be to London's taste, he abandoned opera without a qualm. An opportunist! Very well: let us admit it. But if he changed the mould of his work and even its style to suit the public taste, he

never changed the quality of that work. Hidden away in those scores of forgotten operas are hundreds of melodies of as pure a beauty and choruses of as majestic a style as any that may be found in "Messiah."

It is this Herculean man, who stamped his personality on London's music for nearly half a century, that Mr. Newman Flower so vividly, so truly and so energetically presents. The large volume, with its wealth of prints, coloured portraits and facsimiles, is the best musical biography to be issued in this country since the publication of Mr. Ernest Newman's study of Hugo Wolf. It has breadth, concentration and a scholar's accuracy; it has humanity and sympathy; and it has an imaginative insight that by no means invariably accompanies hero-worship. Twenty or thirty prominent figures of that picturesque but ill-mannered and frequently very cruel time are etched with a mordant acid—Heidegger, the ugly impressario; Charles Jennens, the pompous parson who employed a "ghost" to compile the libretto of "Messiah," and greedily took the credit to himself; George Handel, the father of the composer, dour, mysterious, implacable; Senesino, vain, sexless and cowardly; Christopher Smith, impulsive and not always kind; Mrs. Delany; Queen Anne, ill-treated and tragic; George I, fickle and amorous; Mrs. Cibber, generous and faithful; Cuzzoni and Bononcini and Porpora and many others. Mr. Flower puts life into these men and women, many of whom are now forgotten; he recreates their time, their London; and, by a hundred delicate and almost unobserved touches, shows us that he is a genuine and very gifted historian.



Handel's House, 57, Lower Brook Street, Hanover Square.

Handel lived here for 34 years—1725 till his death in 1759—and here "Messiah" was composed. From "George Frideric Handel," by Newman Flower (Cassells).

The biography, in the main, is uncritical of Handel's music: it is a portrait of the man rather than of the musician. It will, I believe, remain for all time the standard work on Handel, for, though it possesses a few faults of style, it has a completeness, a knowledge and a vitalising energy that belong only to a mind that is at once conscientious and enthusiastic. Many legends are here finally corrected, and Mr. Flower's vast reading has been so well digested that his learning is always unobtrusive.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most apt brief comment in prose or verse that could be quoted from English literature by a man or woman beaten at tennis.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Julia Wickham Greenwood, of The Haven, Gibraltar, Spain, and to Irene Maunder, of 68, Lessat Avenue, London, S.W.4, for the following:

THE SEEKER.

A soul like mine—as rich, as poor—
Knocks both at Hell's and Heaven's door.

It cries all night, it seeks all day,
And never finds the faith to pray;

But flutters on its feeble wings,
Searching about for precious things.

To have had some dreams my heart has had
I think might make an angel glad;

So I believe, if God there be,
His love is given to fools like me.

JULIA WICKHAM GREENWOOD.

TREES.

The poplar is a soldier,
The beech tree is a queen,
The birch, the daintiest fairy
That tripped upon a green.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the drooping larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The oak tree tells of conquest
And solid, dogged worth.
The elm of quiet homesteads
And peace upon the earth.
But oh! my love and lady,
Just two trees speak of her,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

They speak of shady woodlands,
They tell of windy heath,
Of branches spread above us
And crackling cones beneath.
And oh! I fain would wander
Where once I went with her,
Beneath the golden larch tree
And the rough Scotch fir.

The ash is bent with weeping,
The cypress dark with doom,
The almond tree and hawthorn
Are bright with hope and bloom.
But there are only two trees
That set my heart astir,
They are the swaying larch tree
And the bleak Scotch fir.

IRENE MAUNDER.

We also select for printing:

HAPPINESS.

What laughter rings a happier bell
Than waters through a morning dell?

What mirth can equal gnats' that shake
The air for joy that they're awake?

Who gayer than the butterfly
Whose every moment is Good-bye?

Who more contented than the snail,
Whose patience leaves a silver trail?

What theologian, poet or fool
Grasps Heaven like a calm rock-pool?

And what combines a holier fun
Than sea and sky and wind and sun?

O heart that leaps, O soul that sings—
We are less happy than these things.

(Cyril G. Taylor, "The Tamarisks," Reed Vale, Teignmouth.)

NOCTURNE.

I think the candles were alight when Chopin played
Exquisitely, this thing of light and shade.

I think he sat with slow tears of delight
Bright on his cheeks, working, into the night. . . .

And as you play, across wide wastes of years
Something steals near you, more profound than tears,

A passionate soul that seeks to feed its pain
On love's responsive beauty once again.

And on your red-curved mouth a new kiss lies,
An odorous flower of some far Paradise.

The last note dies. About you faintly stir
The homing footfalls of the Wanderer.

(Marion Peacock, The Grammar School, Horsham.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics sent by V. P. Kitchin (Château d'Oex, Switzerland), J. Bernard MacCarthy (Crosshaven), Elsie G. Chapman (London, S.W.), Hugh R. Williams (Hove), Miss B. B. Horton (Westerham), Mrs. E. M. Smeall (Skipton-on-Craven), John P. Jones (Bolton), Irene L. Watts (London, S.W.), B. J. Pendlebury (Harrogate), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Marjorie Oddie (Luton), E. Minor (Liverpool),



Dorothy Canfield
(Mrs. J. R. Fisher),
author of "Rough Hewn," whose new novel, "Hillsboro People," Mr. Jonathan Cape is publishing in September.

Marjorie Kidd (Birkenhead), Evelyn D. Bangay (Auckland, co. Durham), Vivien Ford (London, S.W.), Miss M. Thorneycroft Booth (Oxford), B. Worsley (Llandaff), Dorothy G. Clegg (London, N.), Rev. E. A. Cooke (Betchworth), W. Mudie (Darlington), Ina M. Stenning (London, W.), Ellys Long Thomas (Bristol), H. Drury (Streatham), Maris Johns (Harrogate), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), Eleanor Watson (Hull), W. L. M. (Bolton), K. V. Chears (Watford), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), Ian Kelway (Moretonhampstead), Dora A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough), Helen Aldridge (Bingley), Sadie C. Clay (Tingley), David Mort (Regent's Park), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), A. S. Laycock (Natal), E. C. Wallis (Palestine), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Ivan Adair (Dublin), E. D. H. (Antofagasta, Chili), G. E. Glazier (Northampton), Zoe Provis (Auckland), May Rowland (Eastbourne), Una Cheverton (Chatham), "Vagabond" (Whitehaven), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), M. E. Holmes (Kensington), Gladys Echlin (London, S.W.).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Edward Ward, of 51, Leighton Road, South Shields, for the following:

THE RULE OF THREE. BY ESTHER DEAN. (John Lane.)

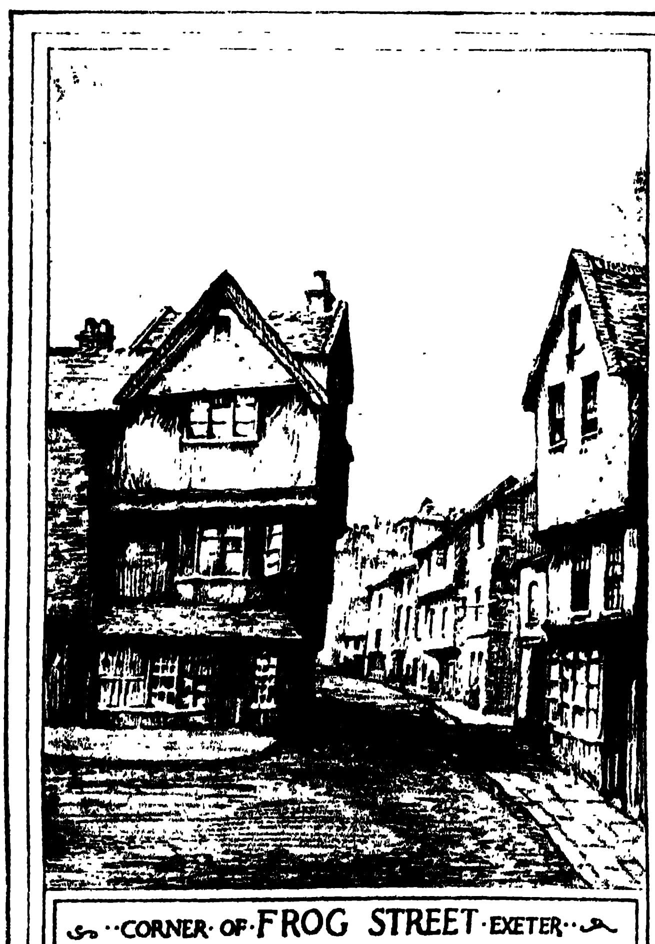
> "Never—the time and the place
> And the loved one all together."
>
> R. BROWNING.

We also select for printing:

PIANO PIECES THE WHOLE WORLD PLAYS. (Appleton.)

> ". . . A thousand twangling instruments
> Will hum about mine ears."
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, Act III, Sc ii

(C. F. Rathbone, "Garlenda," Meols Drive, Hoylake.)



CORNER OF FROG STREET EXETER

From "Old English Towns," by William Andrews and Elsie M. Lang (Werner Laurie), reviewed in this Number.

WHEN WOMAN RULES. BY A WELL-KNOWN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. (John Long.)

> "The hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rules the world."
>
> W. R. WALLACE, *What Rules the World.*

(Grace H. Hill, "Northcote," Mill Hill, N.W.7.)

THE GRAND TOUR. BY ROMER WILSON. (Methuen.)

> "Round the world if need be,
> And round the world again."
>
> HENRY NEWBOLT.

(D. Hodgson, All Saints' Nursery College, Harrogate.)

SIDE SHOWS. BY I. A. R. WYLIE. (Cassells.)

> "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la,
> Have nothing to do with the case."
>
> GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, *The Mikado.*

(Gladys H. Cocks, 84, Commercial Road, Newport, Monmouthshire.)

THE AMBITIOUS LADY. BY J. S. FLETCHER. (Ward, Lock.)

> "Are you a married man or a bachelor?"
>
> SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar.*

(Mollie Van Noorden, The Downs School, Brighton.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief quotation in prose or verse offering consolation to a rejected lover is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells, for the following:

"This is a sorrow which must needs be borne with a smiling face, and with a life unaltered in its aspect toward the world. Much which might in your judgment have ministered to your happiness has been denied you, but it is still left to you to trust, to aspire and to labour. Our human life is full of compensation, and there is no greater mistake than to suppose that shattered purposes and defeated hopes bear no fruit, because they do not bear that particular fruit which we have sought and sighed for."

R. P. DOWNES, *Unrequited Love.*

We select for special commendation the quotations sent by Barbara E. Tedd (New Soberton), A. G. Skinner (Bude), C. Rennie (Forest Hill), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), M. C. Jobson (Hornchurch), Miss Martin (Exmouth), A. Short (London, W.), Kathleen Joyce Blake (Wickham Market), W. Webster (Southport), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), J. N. Banister (Leyland), Emily Middleton (Dundee), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), A. Henshaw (Birmingham), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), W. Swayne Little (Dublin).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to W. L. Dudley, of Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland, for the following:

REMINISCENCES. BY E. F. KNIGHT. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Knight is one with the Elizabethans not only in the variety of his achievement but also in the vigorous prose in which he narrates his experiences in the many distant corners of the world to which his calling of war correspondent has taken him. He has ranged from the Baltic to Bulawayo, from the Parana to the Pamirs, and here exhibits a canvas crowded with more incident than would suffice for half a dozen careers. The tale he tells of his life adventurous forms the most interesting collection of reminiscences published for some time past.

We also select for printing:

THE PACE OF THE OX. BY F. E. MILLS YOUNG. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It is so seldom that one discovers a really readable and sensible South African novel that it is with genuine pleasure one recommends Miss Young's latest and best story, "The Pace of the Ox." Here the author not only demonstrates unusual ability as a story-teller, but she also propounds some wholesome, common-sense views. The moral underlying the book is that the peace of the veldt brings that

tranquillity which the fret of the towns cannot. The hero, Martin, realises this and shuts his heart for ever against the romance with Gwen, remaining faithful to his self-sacrificing wife.

(Norman Hamilton Pakeman, 10, Steyn Street, Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, South Africa.)

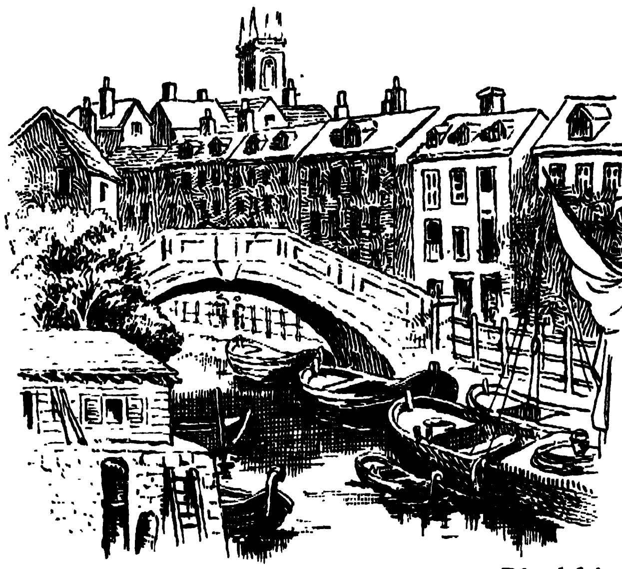
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS TO-DAY.

BY ROTH WILLIAMS. (Allen & Unwin.)

Mr. Williams urges that the alternative to a successful League of Nations is a world concentrating its skill and resources on the art of slaughter. Sensing the mood of the hour, he calls for an endeavour to convince the nations that the existing League does indeed provide the germ of a better order, and believes that a full and frank discussion not only of its successes and promises, but its weaknesses, its failures, and its half-achievements, will do much towards this desired end. This timely book is undoubtedly the best-informed and most considered contribution to one of the world's most vital problems.

(Sidney S. Wright, "Kinkora," Swanley, Kent.)

We specially commend the reviews sent by J. A. M. Hunter (Ventnor), Winifred M. Davies (Derby), Gladys H. Cocks (Newport), J. Kilmeny Keith (West Kensington), Rita C. M. Gayford (London, S.W.), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), Harry Barnes (Dalston), Beatrice Helena Woods (Esher), Reginald May (Chelsea), Winifred Simmons (Parkstone), Phyllis Pearsall (Bombay), G. M. Faulding (London, W.), Jean W. Main (Kelso), Phillis Rees (Macclesfield), Joan Vale (New South Wales), Dorothy Child (Canterbury), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Catherine Eleanor Abbott (London, W.), B. Vanthal (London, S.W.), Mrs. E. M. Oliver (Altrincham), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill).



The Fleet River at Blackfriars (1760).

From "Father Thames," by Walter Higgins (Wells Gardner), reviewed in this Number

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to G. P. W. Lamb, of 5, Vicarage Lane, London, E.16.

DICKENS AT GAD'S HILL PLACE.

BY MAJOR GORDON HOME.

It is probably not known even to the most enthusiastic Dickens-lover that the great novelist's garden boy at Gad's Hill Place is still living. He is Mr. George Woolley, and is now head gardener to Sir Drummond Cunliffe Smith, Bt., of Suttons, near Ongar, in Essex.

Although close on three score years and ten Mr. Woolley is alert and active, a fine-looking, white-haired, upright man, possessing an excellent memory of his youthful days in Kent when, from the age of twelve to sixteen years, he was employed in the garden of Gad's Hill Place. For about two years after the novelist's death George Woolley remained there while the young Charles Dickens continued to live in the house.

One of the facts Mr. Woolley remembers with great pleasure and speaks of with real enthusiasm, is the extraordinary kindness of his first employer, his thoughtfulness for every one in the village and his generosity. As a consequence Dickens was exceedingly popular at Higham (the village close to Gad's Hill Place), and on his return after his lecturing tour in the United States, the villagers gave him a tremendous welcome, bedecking the cottages with flags and showing by every possible means their pleasure at his return.

Woolley remembers how one day not long before the departure to America for this tour, when he was working by some frames screened from the house by a laurel hedge, he heard someone declaiming in a fairly loud voice, and thought that it must be "someone rather out of his ordinary senses." Peering through the hedge he saw Dickens standing on the top of the stone steps leading to the garden at the back of the house. In his hand were long slips of paper from which he was reading, and as he did so he waved his hand and gesticulated to the vacant lawn!

There was much entertaining in these days, and Woolley remembers the visits of Wilkie Collins, Longfellow and Clarkson Stanfield. Among his friends Dickens was, from what the gardener's boy could see and hear, a most genial host, full of gaiety and good spirits, and peals of laughter from any group of which Dickens was the centre were always to be heard.

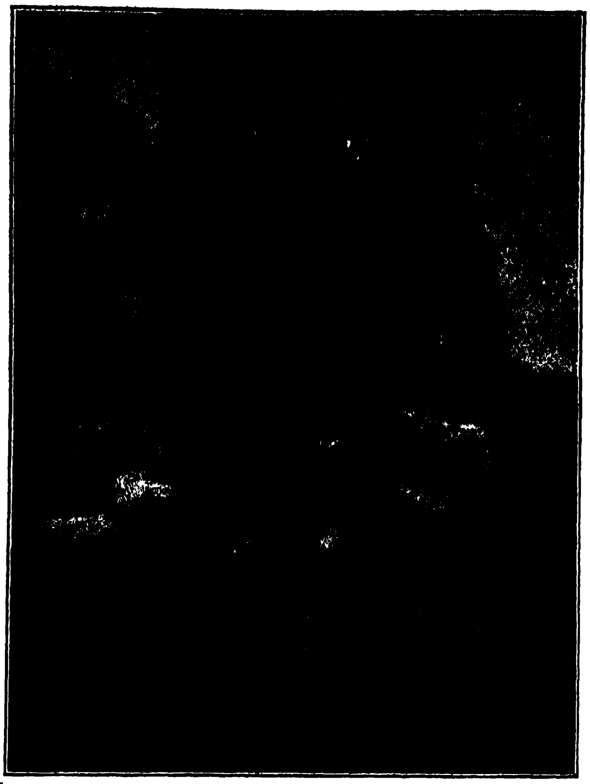
If there were guests staying in the house the usual routine of work might be broken through, but in the ordinary way mornings were rigidly employed in writing, and during that time no gardening could be done near the chalet, in the upper floor of which Dickens worked.

Dickens would come into the garden and run with great energy for ten or fifteen minutes round the paths and walks before breakfast, which was at eight-forty-five. He would then carry his papers over to the chalet and write until two, and no one was allowed to break into this period. After lunch, however, the novelist was generally at the disposal of his household, and his delight in the country surrounding his Kentish home showed itself in long walks during the afternoon with one or other of his family. A favourite ramble was to start out on the Gravesend road, work round through the woods to Cobham, and then continue towards the Medway and so home—a round of seven or eight miles.

His intimate knowledge of the country naturally led to the inclusion of certain spots in his books, and Woolley learned that Cooling was the church described in the beginning of "Great Expectations," also that Pip's brother-in-law, the kindly blacksmith, had his original

in the village blacksmith of Chalk. There seems to have been much discussion among the staff of Gad's Hill Place as to the location of "Dingley Dell," and no decision was ever arrived at by Woolley or his friends, although there was a tendency to place Mr. Wardle's house among the hills between Rochester and Maidstone.

To his employees Dickens was extremely kind and generous, and at Christmas time there was a real spirit of festivity at Gad's Hill Place. Every one employed was allowed to bring in a friend, and from the midday dinner to supper there was fun and feasting in the kitchen, the Dickens family being always represented by one or two of the sons for part of the evening. The real spirit of Christmas one feels in so many pages of the novelist's works was, according to Woolley, fully realised at his home at that happy season of the year.



Mr. George Woolley.

The keen interest in the welfare of every member of his household which was characteristic of Charles Dickens is shown in the following incident. Woolley's wages were at one time some weeks in arrear, and as his mother depended a good deal on this source of revenue the situation had become rather difficult for the small home when it chanced that Miss Hogarth called, and in conversation heard of the trouble. She felt convinced that something was wrong and wired to her brother-in-law who was in London. He came down by the next train, at once sent for the gardener and asked him to explain what had happened. As it turned out he had been holding back the wages which he had received for the boy, he had a *mauvais quart d'heure* and notice to leave.

At the time of the great writer's death there was no butler kept, but a boy named Isaac Armitage acted as page. He was waiting in the dining-room when his master had the seizure which caused his death, and it was into his arms that he fell when he collapsed in his chair.

Speaking of his thought for the villagers, Mr. Woolley states that Dickens was really concerned if word was not sent to Gad's Hill Place when anyone was ill, and a good proportion of the numerous presents of wine and spirits which came from warm admirers of the writer found its way into Kentish cottages near by. Dickens was not fond of spirits, so that there was always an ample supply of such available. A gift on one occasion which Mr. Woolley remembers having been sent to Dickens was an eighteen-gallon barrel of whisky.

Two plates of the author's dinner service and also a cup and saucer were given to Woolley on leaving Gad's Hill Place, and these he still treasures.

WILLIAM ARCHER.*

By George Sampson.

To prevent misunderstanding I will say at once that I propose to permit myself the luxury of almost unmitigated praise. I believe that Mr. William Archer has one of the clearest, strongest and soundest minds of the age, and that for many years he has exerted with characteristic quietness a sane and wholesome influence that has been a public benefit. Those who admire him think (as he of course would not) that he has never had anything like the recognition or reward he deserves. Not, indeed, that he is unknown, even to the young omniscients. True, the other day, a very reverend dignitary declared that he had never heard of Mr. Archer; but that was to be looked for. It is a defect of deans that (like Diogenes) they find it difficult to discover a man incapable of compromising with his conscience. For over thirty years Mr. Archer was a prime power in the theatrical world. He was admired, respected, feared and possibly hated; but friend and foe alike knew this about him, that he could not be bought or flattered or cajoled into the least suggestion of the false or suppression of the true. In that strange, hectic, shrill and shabby world of the footlights, he moved always aloof, a just, generous, austere and passionate critic.

Passionate? asks the reader with surprise. I insist on the word even though Mr. Archer himself should repudiate it. His greatness lies (as I think) precisely in the fact that in addition to his judicial endowment he was granted a pure and sincere passion. I use the word "judicial" as deliberately as I used the word "passionate"; for I think what a judge he would have made, had he given to the law (he was called just forty years ago) what he gave up to the theatre. The great view, the immense patience, the large generosity, the grasp of detail, the coherence of knowledge, the power of synthesis—he has them all. He has even the judicial ignorance; for though he would not ask "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" knowing Connie being, so to speak, his *métier*, yet once, when others at table were discussing an imminent fight, he did ask me in a whisper, "Who is Joe Beckett?"

* "The Old Drama and the New." 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

But the judge is only part of Mr. Archer. There is, as well, the devout lover. How it is to be explained I know not, but there is the fact that this Scotsman from Perth and the University of Edinburgh found himself in London, at the age of twenty-three or thereabouts, a dramatic critic with a great passion for the theatre. Observe, he not merely loved the jade, he believed in her, against all appearances. Let us quote from him what appears to be a kind of Credo:

"I should like to see in England a body of playwrights, however small, whose works are not only acted, but printed and *read*. They might, of course, belong to every species of dramatic composition enumerated by Polonius or Geneste, but the large proportion of them would probably deal with phases of modern life. In this sphere there would be room for comedy as light as Marivaux and drama as intense as Augier, but always, except in the merest farce, there should be at least an undercurrent of seriousness. Even the merest farce, be it noted, should be free from puerility and vulgarity; but with this reservation it might be as wild and fantastic as Labiche himself, if it were only half as witty. In comedy and drama again the element of seriousness might be purely poetic or sentimental, but it would generally arise from the relation of the work to some moral, social, political—may I add religious?—topic of the day, or better still of all time. . . . That is quite ambitious enough for the present, considering how small are the germs from which this literary drama must grow, and how unfavourable the surrounding conditions."

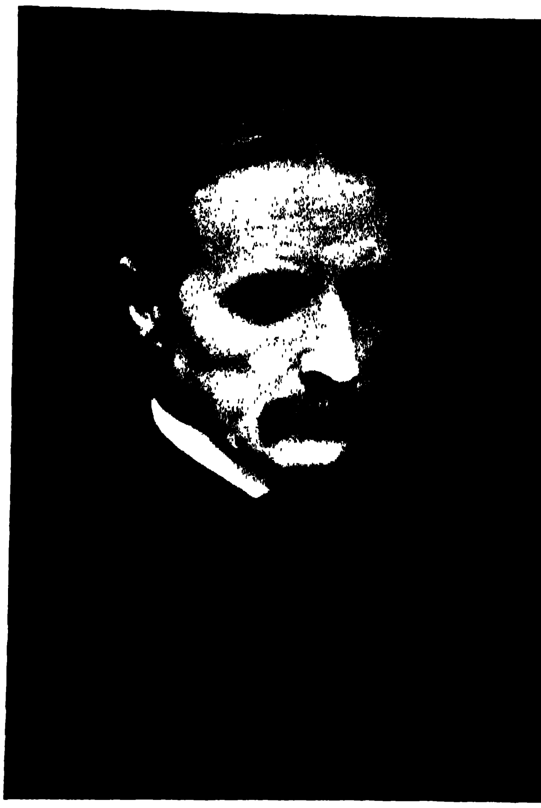


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. William Archer.**

You will observe that this aspiration towards the future is also a condemnation of the present. But it is not a jeremiad culled from last week's "Highbrow"; it is taken from Mr. Archer's volume "English Dramatists of To-day," published over forty years ago. It is the faith that he has professed steadily and preached unweariedly ever since, in the face of gibes and jokes and scorn, and it is a faith in which he has been justified; *for it has all come true;* and he has written this latest volume to confute the doubters and hearten the believers.

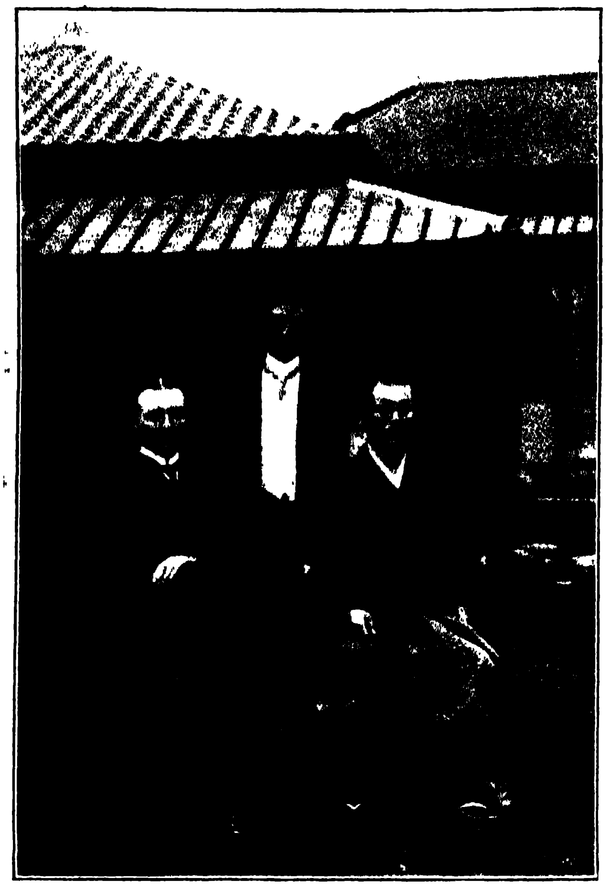
It may be interesting to note who the English Dramatists were when To-day was 1882. They were sixteen in number, and they were (alphabetically) James Albery, F. W. Broughton, F. C. Burnand, H. J. Byron, W. S. Gilbert, Sydney Grundy, Bronson Howard, H. A. Jones, Paul Merritt, Herman Merivale, A. W. Pinero, Robert Reece, George R. Sims, Theyre Smith, Alfred Tennyson and W. G. Wills. What a set! The theatre of 1882 clearly had to be loved ere it could seem worthy of one's love, for, of the now known writers, only one (Gilbert) had begun to produce characteristic work. Tennyson, of course, hardly counts, for "Becket," his one stage success, was not yet published, even if it was written. H. A. Jones was an immature melodrama merchant, his greatest triumph even in this line being yet to come. A. W. Pinero, in his quiet steady way, had just made a hopeful beginning, and we may note as a tribute to Mr. Archer's acumen, that he puts his faith in Pinero from the first. Let us also note that he is full of praise for the good journalistic quality in Sims, and full of disdain for the sham Elizabethanism and alleged blank verse of Wills, whose "Charles I," once glorified by Irving and Terry, someone recently revived with no Irving and Terry, and hopefully waited for a public which never came.

I have referred at some length to this old volume because it shows how true to himself Mr. Archer has been—true, not with mechanical consistency, but with the intellectual and emotional sanity that has from the first endeavoured to "see into the life of things." He has always loved the theatre and has always believed in it. The volume of 1923 is worth many volumes of 1882, but the germ of the great was already there in the small. What he hoped for has come to pass, and, for once, a prophet has recognised the embodiment of his own vision.

And not merely recognised; for the present volume is written with a certain fine heat. Here, at last, Mr. Archer exclaims, we have an acted and printed drama of which any nation might be proud; and what happens? Our highbrows ignore its solid worth, declare the stage to be degenerate, and devote themselves to the glorification of Elizabethans, Jacobeans and Carolines. The dramatists who have, so to speak, lain in the grave four days are disinterred, and declared to be living and wholesome. Our young bloods (encouraged by elderly anæmics) forsake Shaw for Shirley, sniff at Barrie, jeer at Galsworthy, and proclaim the splendour of "The Duchess of Malfi" and the brilliance of "The Country Wife." They even sneer at Shakespeare.

Let us briefly examine the position. The drama, says Mr. Archer, takes two main forms, the realistic drama and the poetic drama. Three centuries ago, the material conditions of theatrical performance were of a kind that made the drama of realism impossible. Without the modern stage, modern lighting and modern built-up scenes, no illusion of reality could be attained. Accordingly, we had the poetic drama, that is, the kind of play in which dramatic effect was secured,

not by an attempted representation of reality, but by a heightening of the situation by the dramatist's art of rhetoric and the actor's art of declamation. That is, the poetic drama approached the conditions of the older grand opera, in which there is no pretence to reality—in which Siegfried, having had Hagen's spear plunged through his back, is propped up by obliging bystanders, and proceeds to sing three pages of powerful tenor solo against a full orchestra. Mr. Archer's thesis is that the passing from this conventional drama of impossible situation helped out by rhetorical solos and duets to the drama of actual human relations—the passing, in fact, from "The Broken Heart" to "The Silver Box"—is a definite piece of artistic progress, and that any attempt to go back is treason to a great achievement.



Mr. William Archer,

with Dr. Tsubouchi (seated) and Professor Shimamura, leaders of the forward movement in the Japanese theatre. Taken in Japan, 1912.

This thesis he maintains vigorously in nearly four hundred pages of first-rate criticism. Both as history and commentary his book is thoroughly sound and entirely delightful. I have enjoyed every word of it. Shakespeare, we must remember, is as exceptional in the old drama as Mozart is in the old opera. Mr. Archer's argument is directed, not against the lone regality of Shakespeare, but against those who conspire to thrust crude and revolting pretenders into his awful and solitary seat. Shakespeare belongs to his own time, and so far transcends it, that he can be interpreted in the terms of every age; the minor Elizabethans belong merely to their own time. They are of great importance historically, and of small importance intrinsically. No one denies them their virtues; but it is less their virtues than their vices that appeal to the *épuisés* who seek for violent stimulus in stage displays of blood-boltered corpses and Grand Guignol horrors.

I feel just a little doubtful whether Mr. Archer does not tremble sometimes on the edge of a fallacy—an Aristotelian argument that the realistic drama and the poetic drama are two degrees of the same kind of "imitation," one being more true than the other. But there is a respect in which "Twelfth Night" and "John Bull's Other Island" are alike and comparable, and a respect in which they are unlike and incomparable, being different, not merely in degree, but in absolute kind. Mr. Archer's charge against the minor Elizabethans seems to be that their kind is bad; my charge would be that they are bad of their kind, the kind itself being good. He distinguishes very clearly between the plays as poetry and the plays as drama. What he says, in effect, is something like this: "Here is a vast body of theatrical literature. Do not confuse the issue by telling me that some of it contains (as Lamb shewed long ago) very quotable poetry. The point is that the writers produced their compositions, not as poems, but as plays, not as matter for the library, but as wares for the theatre. Let us therefore examine them as plays; let our criticism of the drama be dramatic criticism."

I had meant to offer some consideration of Mr. Archer's other works—his literary essays, his translation of Ibsen, or rather, his acclimatisation here of that tremendous dramatic influence, his publicist volumes on Spain, India, America and Germany, his many volumes of dramatic criticism, admirable as literature and invaluable as history, and of his own dramas—one of which has just been having a tremendous success in America and is shortly to be produced over here; but I have already overrun my space. His plays are a theme for a separate article. Upon one point I should like to say this; that the Epigoni who now write their little theatrical articles in the superior weeklies offer us nothing like *The World* gave us in the early nineties; for that mere "society" paper printed week by week the musical articles of G. B. S. and the dramatic articles of W. A.—long, serious, revolutionary discussions (mitigated with a little judicious levity), both first-rate journalism, both first-rate criticism, and both entirely independent of the commercial element. The result was that Shaw helped to reform the opera, and Archer helped to reform the theatre. Where is their like now? At present there seems to be only about one paper that believes in its contributors as Edmund Yates believed in his.

I conclude, as I began, with an affirmation of praise for a man of great qualities. Personally, I cannot think of William Archer without affection, for his weekly articles were a great educative influence on the mind of a certain raw and ignorant boy. But I think of him, too, in his public aspect, as a rare and excellent combination of intellect and feeling—one of those

> "Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
> That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please."

Mr. Archer has been a critic with a genuine passion; no one has less been passion's slave.

SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON NICOLL'S LIBRARY.

By His Daughter.

THE library at Bay Tree Lodge was to my mind one of the happiest places in the world. However long the weeks you spent in it, there was never any end to the treasure or to the surprise. Arrived at the top of the old house in Hampstead, you went into the great room on the right, and on each side of the door, welcoming you, were bookcases; on the left a shelf crisp with the latest biographies, such as the "Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley," the "Life of Sir Victor Horsley," McKenna's Reminiscences. To the right, Poetry, all in a merry disorder, with plenty of copies of all the best. No need whatever to bank on one set. This poetry overflowed on to a side bookcase, where Katharine Tynan, whose work my father liked, stood with William Barnes and a lot of Yeats, padded always with innumerable vague volumes which swelled the pleasure of it all. There lived the most modern anthologies, pressing up against Burns and Milton. The first window was wide and very attractive, looking out on greenery. On the broad ledge, supported by a host of old magazines, lay a Library of the World's Best Short Stories, and directly beneath was a set of friendly *Macmillans* (read and noted).

And so on to the first fire-place, round about which the Johnsons and the Pepys and the big claret-coloured Ruskins had their home. Of course these were not all; you never knew what delight would be sandwiched between delights. Opposite was a long and lovely bookcase which may be seen well in the photograph, to the right. This picture must have been taken in the earliest days of the book-room, so tidy it is and so bare the floor. When my father died that floor was crowded on each side with volumes. The long case was full of friends: a charming but incomplete family of elegant, cream-coloured Brontës lived there, rather high up, near to some Pett Ridges. And there were some wistful-looking little grey-blue copies of the lesser-known Gaskells near by, and a green issue of "The Caxtons" which always seemed to hail one cheerfully as one passed. A set of red classics had their home high up, half-way along, published by Messrs. Service & Paton; and from them I stole an illustrated copy of "Ivanhoe" for one of the grandchildren. I never found my father cared about giving away books; he loved them so, and I understood this.



Sir W. Robertson Nicoll's Library, at Hampstead.

Towards the end of his life I mentioned I had been reading a book he valued greatly—Grace King's "New Orleans"—and he looked at me doubtfully, thinking I had got his copy, but I immediately mentioned the word "duplicate" and all was well.

The Andrew Lang edition of Scott, in its brave green and gold, took up the middle of the case and was read up to the very last. "Rob Roy" was most worn of any. A Centenary Dickens was under it, and all round it beamed isolated copies of Dickens, from different editions, so that one read "Nicholas Nickleby" in purple and "Martin Chuzzlewit" in grey.

A bookcase to hold the bound volumes of the *Spectator* was put up between the two rugs shown in the picture, at the right hand side. Here many times the secretary and I have stood with anxious hearts, searching the great indexes to find some special review. The particular volume wanted was so often absent, reclining no doubt under a pile of old provincial newspapers, somewhere or other.

To the left of the inner room there was the most mysterious and satisfactory alcove, so dark that one could hardly penetrate it—a choice place, where many books were ranged. Here dwelt Mrs. Atherton's capital "Julia France and Her Times," a few mild-looking brown Smolletts, and some of Dr. Parker's sermons, with many other amazing books that had disappeared for ages from our everyday lives.

Followed, on the right, my father's own special bookcase, where he kept some of his peculiar favourites. At the top spread the rich purple of the Expositor's Bible, with "Isaiah," by Sir George Adam Smith, always seeming to preside as king. Lower down were the Dora Greenwells, tenderly bound in morocco, marked and thumbed and cherished. They leaned up against

the Hamertons, the Mark Rutherfords (also specially bound). W. R. Greg's "Enigma of Life," Spender's "Comments of Bagshot," Francis Paget on a Disciplined Life, were also there. The sermons Neale wrote, also highly favoured, adorned a shelf near by. And every volume of them was dog-eared.

My father always marked his books in this way, and so did the family. Thus one volume would have pages turned down by mother, some by son, some by daughters, some by father. Anything that appealed, horrified, gripped the interest was brought into permanent remembrance by the symbol of the turned-down leaf. When the book was caught up for review the day after it had been read, perchance, the point of interest could be found without waste of time. Two books that I remember he turned down on almost every page were Eleanor H. Rowland's "The Right to Believe" and Rebecca West's delicious volume on Henry James.

Towards the end of the long inner wall of books stood, near my father's chair, some novels especially dear to him—three-volume copies of Hardy ("The Woodlanders" in dark green, "Tess" in soiled gold), a row of Dumas, worn with reading, and a little set of thin blue Merrimans to which he could always turn contentedly. Round about were the George Macdonalds he knew so intimately—"Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," "The Marquis of Lossie."

Immediately by his chair on the ground were stacked the newest books. It was here one delved secretly for the latest things to look at; delved, read, and anxiously replaced, for in all the chaos he had a good idea where the books were. I remember, however, some terrible swift searches, and one especially. The printers waited for "copy," (so often calmly delayed till the last moment), and the sun was darkened, and the wheels of life seemed to stop, because a little book called *The Quintessence of Ibsen*, by Bernard Shaw, was hiding.

Behind my father's chair the gallant rows of biography began. No "Life," however amateurish and feeble, was ever cast away, as we were taught that every human story held something of importance. As I sat opposite him talking, my eye would often rest with refreshment and joy on the names I saw looming out from these shelves, lovingly arranged by a faithful secretary. A.'s and B.'s they were—Arnold, Ainger, de Bunsen, Ward Beecher, Browning, Gabriele von Bülow, Bernard of Clairvaux. . . . To the right of the fire-place, high up, lived the well-known copy of "Amiel's Journal" and the Swanston Stevenson, not much used, as the Edinburgh edition was here, there and everywhere.

There was more biography down the passage. Also, there was a private corner in which some highly-prized mystical works were lying, much A. E. Waite, Mead's "Mystical Adventures" and some of Rufus Jones, with volumes of *Horlick's Magazine*, secured because Waite had edited and contributed to them. Down that passage stood various books that he made important to me—Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Edward Irving," Mrs. Panton's "Leaves From a Life," the terra-cotta "Life of Keble," the "Life of Tennyson" in green, and others.

By one of the windows stood an oak coffer, hopefully termed the Ark. Many a famous book has meekly awaited its chance here; here many photographs, proofs and poems have rested for years. Important long envelopes addressed in the cramped hand of the theologian—ultimately destined for the *Expositor*—were shot neatly through a slot made in the top.

Photographs of Barrie, signed, were up beside the fire-place at the end of the room, near to the great shelves full of dictionaries and rows of *Westminster Reviews*. There was also a photograph of Lord Riddell in Court dress on the mantelpiece, and a picture of Walter Bagehot, the name carefully written underneath in my father's own hand.

Splendid talks have been enjoyed by this hearth, he had so many intimate friends. . . .

I have not spoken of the masses of review books that streamed along the floor, of the stores of papers and the piles of *Cornhills* and *Hibberts*, of the weekly parcel containing the newest publications (spilled in a comfortable medley near the door), of the mysterious varied mountain near by, that might contain anything from a Somersetshire Year Book to a booklet by Mark Hambourg on Piano-Playing. Nor have I mentioned the much-disturbed shelves on which the *Academy* and *Athenæum*, bound, had their place. Nor have I spoken of the long passage in the outer library where the theology was spread; the hard-read "Parochial and Plain Sermons" of Newman, in their crimson and silver; the Dennys, the Ramsays and the rest. Very often, when too ill to get into his library, he would send up for a bound *Blackwood* from this place. A dark cupboard at the end of it held bound volumes of the *Guardian*.

There were other books. Some in the dining-room, notably "Le Recit d'une Sœur" and a pretty old scarlet Scott. In the drawing-room reposed many autograph copies, including the manuscript of "The Little Minister." In the bedroom, for light reading, a row of Oppenheim was always in waiting. But it was in the library that my father really lived, with the countless friends of real life, and the countless friends of imagination. Though his books might be strewn riotously around him, there was no untidiness or haziness in his way of thinking. Every book was grasped, and every essence clear. In that room, after his work was done, he would reach out for a book with the purest satisfaction. In that room, even now that he has gone, happiness and keenness haunt the air.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY:

ERIC LEADBITTER.

IN Mr. Eric Leadbitter's literary career, rain may have fallen before seven; but it has certainly cleared before eleven. His first novel went the round of the London publishing offices for two years before it was finally accepted by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin in 1915. But to-day, though he has not yet reached the high noon of life, Mr. Leadbitter, with six novels to his credit, enjoys a secure and commanding position among the more serious of our younger novelists. His reputation has no element of the spurious in it. It has been won by the hard and honest labour of a conscientious and fastidious artist; and the fact that it has received not only the enthusiastic appreciation of the critics, but the patronage of a large circle of readers, shows that good work does not necessarily languish for a long time in obscurity, as the cynics so often assert. It is true that Mr. Leadbitter has still to win popularity in the wider sense of the word; but that popularity is not likely to be long delayed, and will almost certainly be hastened by the latest novel that has just come from his pen.*



Photo by F. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Eric Leadbitter.**

Mr. Leadbitter belongs to a Northumbrian family, but he was born in London in 1891. He was educated at Shrewsbury, on leaving which he entered the Civil Service. After serving for a time in the Public Trustee Office he went in 1919 to the Treasury, where he now holds an important position. He will tell you that the work of a Civil Servant is not always so "cushiony" as it is popularly supposed to be; and Mr. Leadbitter's literary output is the more remarkable when it is remembered that it has been done not merely during the scarce leisure hours of an exacting official career, but under the strain of persistent physical disability. But there is a sense in which Mr. Leadbitter the novelist is an even more amazing adjunct to Mr. Leadbitter the Treasury official. Those who read his stories, knowing nothing of the facts of his life, would naturally conclude that the author writes about the country, and the characters of the country-side, from long and intimate experience. Every page of his work is so stamped in this regard with the hall-mark of authority that, while there is no suspicion of imitation, one is constantly reminded of Mr. Thomas Hardy. Take at random the following passage from "Shepherd's Warning":

"When it was almost dark, and a ravelled strip of yellow light alone lingered in the western sky, a man reached the brow of the hills above Fidding, and paused for a moment to settle more comfortably a bundle of wood on his shoulder before beginning the steep descent into the village. It was an April evening, but the dying winter, in a last rally, had gripped the earth with a bitter frost, so that the muddy footpath under the trees that crowned the hills had turned to the hardness of stone, and beside the path the dead leaves, among which some creature rustled in frightened retreat, were stiff and unyielding. There at the edge of the wood, where the path dipped downwards, it was very still, and the air clear and keen. Behind, through the bare limbs of the trees, a diffused glow in the sky showed where lay Pricehurst, of which a few scattered lights glinted through the mist that shrouded the low-lying ground on which the town stood. It was preternaturally still, and the silence seemed merely emphasised by the occasional rustling among the dead leaves, where unseen eyes were watchful, and by the notes of a small church bell which ascended from the village, each chime seeming to rise smoothly and burst into crisp sound as it reached the crest of the hills, as bubbles rise and burst on the surface of silent pools."

That passage, which is characteristic of the author's always careful and distinctive prose, is as far removed in atmosphere as anything could well be from the atmosphere of Whitehall! Obviously, the uninitiated would say, it could only be written by one whose mind was saturated and mellowed by the constant contemplation of rural scenes by the physical eye. Yet Mr. Leadbitter protests that, though the call of the country is often in his ears, he knows little of it from actual contact, and that it is only for two short weeks in the year that he is able to escape from the dusty purlieus of officialdom. No doubt his Northumbrian ancestry counts for something; but his novels clearly demonstrate the fact that a man may successfully lead two lives -one of everyday routine, and one of the imagination. His work is a triumphant vindication of the ability of true imagination, well disciplined, to rise above its surroundings. That Mr. Leadbitter's imagination retains so thoroughly its freshness and independence is in some measure due probably to the fact that he moves little in literary circles and cares nothing for the gossip of the coteries and the clubs.

Mr. Leadbitter's first novel, "Rain Before Seven," was the story of a young man of artistic tastes but weak, susceptible temperament, who passes from his public school to the world of music, and suffers many things from the pitfalls and temptations of Bohemian life in London before finding contentment in an ordinary existence. The style of the book is clear, unaffected

* "The Evil That Men Do." 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and efficient; but, as one who has himself been a publisher's reader, the present writer is not amazed to learn that it was declined a dozen times or more before it eventually found its way into print. It is easy now to appreciate the promise that it contained. But its qualities are not of a showy or immediately arresting kind; they are such qualities as a jaded publisher, drugged with overmuch reading, might easily pass by. "The Road to Nowhere" had the similar theme of a youth who is ambitious to rise above himself, but who is too keen about the end and too thoughtless about the means. Joe Peeping is brought up in a small greengrocer's shop near the Tottenham Court Road. His ambition secures him a position in a solicitor's office, and eventually he goes into Dorset as estate assistant to Colonel Redpath, with whose sensitive and beautiful daughter, Frances, he falls in love. He has many unhappy adventures before he emigrates to America to start life afresh, having learned by bitter experience that "it is not what you do, but it is how you do it" that matters. For his third book, "Perpetual Fires," the author took a larger canvas and showed us three generations of a Northumbrian family. Nicholas Longways—a writer and a lovable recluse—prays that his son may follow in his own steps. Anthony, however, true to the family tradition from which his father has broken away, becomes a pompous and self-complacent doctor. But Nicholas lives to see the musical, if not the literary, promise of his grandson, Oliver, though no sooner has Oliver's first overture been performed at the Queen's Hall than news of his death at the Front is received. The story is full of good pictures and good characterisation, and is not lacking in moments of drama; but Mr. Leadbitter, when he wrote it, had still to learn that his qualities shine with a more certain light when they are concentrated than when they are diffused.

It was in "Shepherd's Warning," published in 1920, that Mr. Leadbitter may truly be said to have found himself; and it is to the vein of "Shepherd's Warning" that he returns in his new novel, "The Evil That Men Do." Meanwhile in "Dead Reckoning," which appeared last year, he has given us a very sympathetic and penetrating study of a widower and his only daughter. Captain Inglis and Marian are all in all to each other, until Ivan Thorne, a man of irregular habits and great self-conceit, comes along to claim Marian and to carry her off to London. Captain Inglis detests Thorne, but for his daughter's sake lends him more money than he can afford. Thorne's proposed artistic venture fails, and both he and his wife forget the old captain away in the country who, through the loss both of his daughter and his money, is reduced to desperate straits. When his doctor writes to Marian she is stricken with remorse, rushes down to see her father and brings him to live with Ivan and herself. Then begins a series of trivial yet threatening misunderstandings, leading up at length to a crisis of anguish for Marian. The conclusion is left vague; but the story is a masterly presentation of the difficulties that the best-intentioned people must encounter if they attempt to govern their relationships by "dead reckoning," which, according to Webster's Dictionary, is "the method of finding a ship's position, without celestial observations, from the distances and courses sailed."

But if books like "Perpetual Fires" and "Dead Reckoning" would have established no small reputation for any writer, it is in "Shepherd's Warning" and "The Evil That Men Do" that we are conscious of Mr. Leadbitter's rare distinction. In neither of these latter novels of country life is the plot of any account, and in neither of them is there more than a limited number of characters. "The Evil That Men Do," for instance, is, very baldly summarised, merely the study of a dissolute wandering thresher who, going from village to village with his party, casts the spell of his fascination over all the women of the country-side, including Rose Vallance and Pheeny Hammond, two widely contrasted characters, whose reactions to his allurements are analysed with a wonderfully convincing wealth of detail. There are few "incidents," but many "situations," in Mr. Leadbitter's pages; and though the situations are often delicate ones, he is never himself indelicate. Yet his analysis is never mere analysis. His characters never become "specimens" under the microscope; they never cease, even in their most perilous moments, to be men and women of actual flesh and blood. If the author never gives offence it is because he is a true, and not a one-sided realist. He sees the evil that men do; but he also sees the good. In a word, he sees life as it is. And yet, like the genuine art that it is, his work is never photographic; it has that heightened reality which one associates with the work of the masters. It would be impossible to compare Mr. Leadbitter with Mr. Thomas Hardy; he has not Mr. Hardy's range, nor anything of his philosophy. Yet this at least he has in common with Mr. Hardy: his books have the very breath of the country-side and the country life in them, and to read them is to become one's self for a time a veritable part of that life. Mr. Leadbitter's canvas may be small; but his triumph upon it is complete.

Gilbert Thomas.

F. W. THOMAS.*

If all the world loves a lover, it is not less true that all the world loves the man who laughs—the hearty, infectious laugh of sheer enjoyment—and, by logic, the man who causes that laughter in others. To inspire laughter may even rise to the dignity of a mission: the names of certain people who have devoted their lives to bringing huge smiles to the faces of their fellows are household words.

Some of these genial well-doers we know by sight; others we know by their writings rather than by their actions or their sayings. Many hundreds of readers, for instance, turn on Saturdays to the page of the *Star* or *Daily News* whereupon an intelligent editorial directorate encourages Mr. F. W. Thomas to expound and record human nature's whimsicalities; often, I suppose, they wonder "what he is like." It really doesn't seriously matter; but we do, somehow, take an interest in the personal ways and appearance of those who give us pleasure in print. And without disclosing any

* "Extra Turns." By F. W. Thomas. Popular Edition. 2s. 6d. (Putnams.)—"Saturday Nights." By F. W. Thomas. 2s. 6d. (Putnams.)

weighty secrets—such as whether Mr. Thomas has porridge for breakfast or keeps a bee or collects cigar-bands—I may say that he has a jolly smile, and that within five minutes of our first meeting we were exchanging rapid-fire notes upon the various papers for which we had written and enjoying some hearty laughs, caused mainly by himself, as was right and seemly.

To have succeeded in a non-stop run of eleven years in the *Star* is a record of which any writer may be proud, and the two "collected editions" of his Saturday sketches, "Extra Turns" (first published in 1917) and "Saturday Nights" (published last May) show a remarkable power of standing the severe test of republication in book form. It is not often that light and deliberately amusing stuff, written admittedly to entertain the passing hour, retains or regains its life when re-read after a long interval. The reason here is, I think, in the genuine, irresistible humanity of it all—a platitude, perhaps, but proven if only you glance at a page of the two books. Take "any old page," wherever it opens: "Home for the Holidays," for instance, in "Extra Turns," and read the opening paragraphs:



Mr. F. W. Thomas.

"My instructions were to look for a small boy with sandy hair and freckles on his nose, five one side and four the other. 'A rather shy boy,' said his mother, 'quiet and retiring. The train comes in at platform five. I've told him to look out for you, and I'm awfully sorry I can't go myself.'

"'You'll know him by his chipped knees,' said his father. 'He will probably be trying to coax chocolate out of an automatic machine with a jack-knife, or changing the labels on the things in the guard's van. A quiet and retiring youth. Perhaps it would be safer if you stunned him first and fetched him along in a taxi.'"

I confess already to audible laughter; and may it be a very long time before I lose the ability to laugh at this simple but excellent humour, and before I fail to chuckle over such a triumph of fun as "the terrible dream of James Montgomery Farthingale, together with a most elevating moral," which appeared in the *Star* last December as ever was, and which was demanded by the youngest lady in my household unto seventy times seven. (By which time, Mr. Thomas will not mind my saying, the humour of J. M. F.'s "terrible dream" had become pale.)

It is exceedingly fortunate for us that Mr. Thomas's employer, some years ago, expressed his opinion that F. W. T. could do better in some other field of labour. In plain language Mr. Thomas "got the sack." He was invoice clerk in an office near the river, and, one fine day in the year 1905, tempted by the call of the sea or something of that sort, voyaged to Greenwich in his dinner-hour, having unwittingly boarded one of the Thames express liners instead of a stopper at every pier. On his return after a three-hours' absence there were a few hectic moments, and the invoice-clerk was no more; instead, stood before the world a contributor to the *Morning Leader*—for, by the happiest stroke of luck for everybody concerned, Mr. Thomas sent to the editor of that paper a little article on "Getting the Sack." Mr. Ernest Parke, then in command, was a wise editor. He sent for his new contributor, and made him a clerk; and from that post he soon found his way to the editorial department. At reporting work his irrepressible habit of returning with a funny "story" when sent out to obtain a serious one could not be checked. And hence—the beloved disciple, our F. W. Thomas, whom may the fates long preserve to us.

Amalgamation came; the *Leader*, which many of us still remember with affection, became merged in the *Daily News*; but F. W. Thomas remained with the paper, and is still attached to its office—in a semi-detached way. He rambles London with Low for the *Star* "Low and I" series—which, he tells me, are to appear in book form this autumn; and he has few leisure hours by the time his work is finished, although he now writes for no other papers but these. Success, we may say safely, has come to him; but it has been through his own hard work. He has been "broadcasted" several times; his articles are often selected by readers for the entertainment of audiences; and his books are "going" well. His one sorrow is not a new one—being accepted as a humorist, people refuse to take him seriously. He *must* be funny.

For recreation—if we must trespass on the province of "Who's Who"—Mr. Thomas plays golf; "but," he said, "you would never believe it was golf if you saw me." And he loves the West Country; whereupon I almost purred, being one whom Devon calls back repeatedly to her sun and mist and moorland. And there, with this inadequate picture of a friend of all laughter-lovers, I will leave him, having betrayed, I hope, no secrets, and (best of all) never once having quoted Bergson on "Laughter"—which I was strongly tempted to do in order to provide a properly grave and professorial conclusion to a most unbecomingly chatty article. But it is the sort of article you have to write after spending an hour with Mr. Thomas, several cups of tea, and a fair quantity of tobacco.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

If some critics incline to take themselves and their business too seriously, it may be they are driven to do so in self-defence, for there is a general tendency among those who are not critics to treat them and it with a certain lightness. Pope was giving voice to a large body of current opinion when he said that men must serve their time to every trade,

> " Save critics, critics are already made,"

and so was Disraeli—I think it was Disraeli—when he laid it down more recently that critics were disappointed persons who had failed as authors. And now, in his " Masters and Men " (Constable), Mr. Philip Guedalla heaves his half-brick and shouts his opprobrium in the orthodox manner.

> " What if his dull forefathers used that cry ?—
> Can he not let a bad example die ? "

Apparently not, and the worst of it is that some of the things he says are true.

" Persons afflicted with the Critical Attitude," he remarks, " suffer from an almost total inability to enjoy a book as the simple thing that it really is. In the earlier stages of the complaint (and there, unless I am profoundly in error, so many readers are to be found) the patient's mind runs, while he is reading, on Estimates, and Appreciations, and Tendencies, and Literary Values. He is perpetually *placing* writers, like those mental sufferers whose sole occupation is to arrange things in long lines or interminable tabulated schemes. He thinks of poets in schools (as though they were porpoises), or of novelists in groups (as though they were bulky, athletic gentlemen being photographed after a football match). And, above all, he never reads a book with the simple object of getting out of it just what the author put into it. But in the second (and fatal) stage the symptoms grow graver. Primary criticism is mainly a failure to enjoy things unless they are arranged in critical categories. In cases of secondary criticism the patient feels an overmastering need to tell those who do things how they should have done them. If he has relatives, they will restrain him ; but since critics are recruited almost entirely from the ranks of foundlings, they are totally unrestrained. In this phase the sufferer may be overheard muttering about Technique and Method. He scrawls ' Flaubert ' on people's doors and runs away. The inability to read becomes complete ; but, unfortunately, it is only in rare cases accompanied by a corresponding inability to write, and the written by-products of this distressing malady are known as Criticism."



Miss Marjorie Bowen,
whose successful new novel, "Stinging Nettles," is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.



Mr. Newman Flower,
whose "George Frideric Handel" (Cassells) is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Guedalla goes on to declare that there are more critics in England at present than there are readers or writers ; " the lions are considerably outnumbered by the throng of Daniels come to judgment " ; and he considers " we are drifting gradually towards that critically perfect state in which it is felt to be more important to know what to say about a book than to write one." This he declares is an alarming development, but so far from being depressed by it, he proceeds to pull the

legs of Mr. Gosse, Mr. Squire, Mr. Middleton Murry in a genially satirical mood, and to pay a deft compliment to Miss Rebecca West with great cheerfulness. He does not conceal his amusement at those groups of young critics whose "shrill young voices ring out in chorus," perhaps more often than they should. One such young critic the other day told his readers that few now had ever heard of Robert Montgomery, though he was praised in his day by the critics who rejected Keats. It is true he was somewhat eulogised in one of the earliest numbers of the *Athenæum*, but, on the whole, I had always thought Montgomery sold, like Tupper and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in spite of the critics. I have poor Robert's poems, and they are very bad; but most of us remember him quite well through that scathing essay of Macaulay's, which stopped his sales but saves him from being forgotten. Let us try to give critics, as well as poets, the credit that is due to them.

That is what I like about Mr. S. P. B. Mais—he can, as Mr. Guedalla finds so many critics can't, "enjoy a book as the simple thing that it really is," and he gets this sense of enjoyment into the dissertations on forty-two present-day writers that he includes in his "Some Modern Authors" (Grant Richards). He is not afflicted with that "Critical Attitude" which Mr. Guedalla (to put it mildly) deprecates. He aims at simply interpreting, according to his own light, the authors he has read; tells you frankly what he likes or dislikes in them; expresses his personal opinions unaffectedly as such, without pretending they are oracular or based on

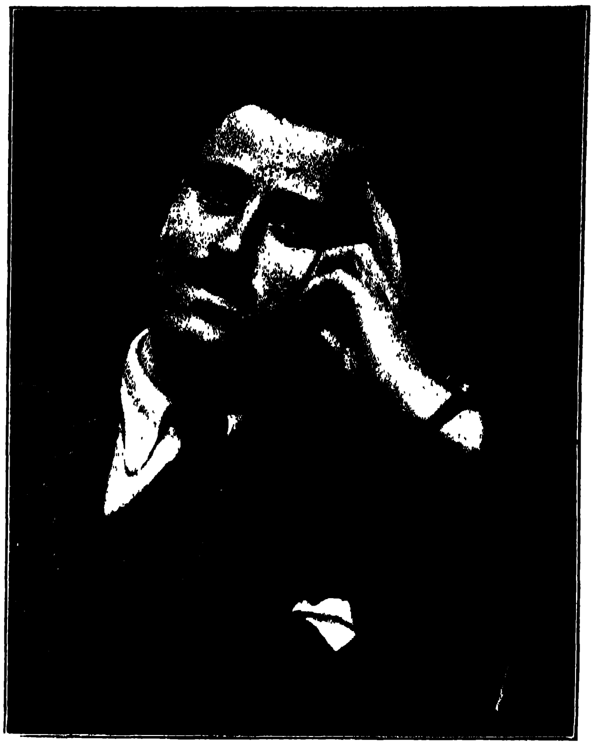


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh I'A. Fausset,**
whose much-discussed book on 'Tennyson" (Selwyn & Blount) was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

some immutable standard against which there can be no appeal. This sort of candid, understanding, familiar talk about books is far more serviceable to the general reader, at all events, than is much criticism which seems more learned, but is really only more pedantic. It is true of Mr. Mais, as he says it is of Mr. Middleton Murry, that "he avoids the heavy pontifical utterances adopted by the leaders of successful coteries, just as much as he avoids the cheap platitudinising of the critic who merely claps his authors on the back with a 'jolly good, old man, jolly good!'"



Mr. Edwin A. Ward,
whose "Recollections of a Savage" (Herbert Jenkins) is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall state on the wrapper of Bernard Lintot's "End Papers" that all attempts to discover the identity of Bernard Lintot have failed. I had always suspected he was Mr. Holbrook Jackson, but when I met Mr. Jackson the other day and accused him, he denied it. Of course, Sir Walter Scott flatly denied that he was the author of the Waverley novels—but that is another story. If Lintot is not Mr. Jackson I can only admit I do not know who he is, and say there is nothing in his essays that should make him want to hide himself. Whether he writes of books or of life at large, he writes well and is entertaining and suggestive. I have so many letters in my pockets waiting till I can find leisure to sit down and answer them that it comforts me to read his apologia for such bad correspondents (he being one himself) in "On Writing Letters." He is delightfully humorous on "The Appalling Slaughter of the Poets," and provocative on "The Difficulty of Writing Prose." He believes it is more difficult to write prose than verse, but I fancy it would be truer to say some men find it more

difficult to write verse than prose, and vice versa. But read him for yourself, and you will find he is worth it.



Mrs. Kathleen Crighton Lion,
whose new novel, "The Ghost Moth" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number.

If many living poets and prose writers pass too soon out of remembrance it will not be the fault of our modern anthologists. "The Best Short Stories of 1922 (American)" has come from Mr. Jonathan Cape in succession to "The Best Short Stories of 1922 (English)," edited by E. J. O'Brien and John Cournos; we have had Mr. Ernest Rhys's four-volume anthology of modern essays from Messrs. Dent, and here from Messrs. Harrap comes a miscellany of "Essays of To-Day," selected by F. H. Pritchard; and Mr. Rhys and Mrs. Dawson Scott have made a selection of "Thirty-One Stories by Thirty-One Authors," which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is about to publish. As for anthologies of modern poetry, or in which modern poetry is given a place, they are legion, though they are not all so excellent as Sir Algernon Methuen's two recent volumes. But Mr. Thomas Moult has just made something of a new departure, and his "The Best Poems of 1922" (Cape) does not include poems from other published volumes, but contains only what he considers the best of the poetry that appeared in last year's magazines and newspapers. He has cast his net wide and made his choice with a wise catholicity of taste. Some of the poems do not appeal to me—such, for instance, as "The Scissors-Grinder" with its

> "Old Grandma Dumpkins' scissors-shears, he edged their blades so finely,
> That she cut off her children's ears and made them sing divinely,"

or "Promenade Sentimentale," which begins:

> "One day when the cold red winter sun
> Like a Punch-and-Judy show shrilled in fun."

But I know that kind of poetry makes a strong appeal to many, and it was good to include the best of its kind. If there are three or four such that I cannot appreciate, I am amply compensated by de la Mare's "Horse in a Field," Sylvia Lynd's "Farewell in February," Edward Shanks's "Woman's Song," Hardy's "An Ancient to Ancients," Gerald Gould's "Compensation," Muriel Stuart's "Leda," Martin Armstrong's "Poetry and the Subconscious," J. C. Squire's "To a Roman," Chesterton's "The Myth of Arthur," Harold Monro's "Fate," Katharine Tynan's "She Asks for New Earth," W. H. Davies's "Our Sussex Downs," and a score or so of others that are infinite riches in the delightful little room of this beautifully produced volume.



Mr. William Dudley Pelley,
whose clever novel, "The Fog" (Andrew Melrose), was reviewed in last month's Bookman.

Several books have been written about Mr. Hardy, but there is still none more finely critical or ampler (now that a chapter on the poetry has been added by J. E. Barton) than Lionel Johnson's "The Art of Thomas Hardy," of which Mr. John Lane has published a new and revised edition (8s. 6d.) with a new portrait by Vernon Hill, in addition to the etched portrait by William Strang. Even more welcome to all lovers of Hardy is the admirably produced "Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy" (8s. 6d.), which Messrs. Macmillan published last month.

"The Blue Lion" is the title Mr. Robert Lynd has given to a new volume of his essays which is to be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

Dr. T. Percy Nunn, Professor of Education in the University of London, has written, in "Relativity and Gravitation," an elementary treatise on Einstein's theory which will be published shortly by the University of London Press.

A study of "Dryden's Heroic Plays," by B. J. Pendlebury, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount. I have just been reading in the latest addition to Messrs. Harrap's "Literature and Life" series a discriminating but appreciative account of "Dryden and his Poetry," by Allardyce Nicoll. The silly dispute as to whether Dryden was a poet at all has long since gone the way of all nonsense, and probably most of us would agree with what Mr. Nicoll says of the beauty that is in Dryden's work, and that "lacking emotion, disdaining passion, Dryden yet stands alongside our finest poets. . . . He is the poet of reason just as Keats is the poet of emotion. There can be no question of rating the one above or below the other, for in the world of art many divers forms and persons are equal."

"The Garden of Adonis," by Oliver Hill, a book containing a series of very beautiful photographs of children, will be published almost immediately by Messrs. Philip Allan.

I hear that Mr. John Galsworthy has been collecting a new volume

of his short stories, which Messrs. Heinemann will publish in the autumn.

No recent book of short stories has been more successful than Mr. John Russell's first book, "Where the Pavement Ends," which appeared in 1921 and is now in its twelfth impression. Mr. Thornton Butterworth published, a few days ago, Mr. Russell's second collection of stories, "In Dark Places," too late for review this month, but I have already read most of them and shall be surprised if his second book does not repeat the success of his first. The author has here utilised the material he collected on a recent trip through Samoa, Fiji, and other South Sea groups. "Having lived for some months right with the natives 'on the mat,' as they say," he writes, "I have some things to tell," and, what is more, he knows how to tell them.



Photo by E. O. Hoppe. **Miss Ianthe Jerrold,** whose new novel, "Young Richard Mast" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

Messrs. Methuen announce for immediate publication a book on "Atomic Structure and Spectral Lines," by Professor Arnold Sommerfeld. This important work embodies the advances that have been made on the Continent and in England with regard to inter-atomic physics. It has been translated by Mr. Henry L. Brose.

In referring last month to the edition of Trollope's Autobiography which the Oxford Press has now included in "The World's Classics" series, I gave the price of this book as 2s. 6d. It is 2s. in cloth, and 3s. 6d. in leather.

Mr. John Drinkwater's new play, "Robert E. Lee," which was successfully produced at the Regent Theatre on the 20th June, is published by Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson. Neither in the book nor on the stage is it so impressive as Mr. Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," but that was not to be expected. Lee was a lesser personality, and it is impossible to invest his story with the breadth and depth of human interest that belong to Lincoln's. But there are noble passages in "Robert E. Lee," which drives home a poignant lesson against the folly of war, and in point of stagecraft and characterisation (nobody in the play is more vividly alive than Stonewall Jackson) it is brilliantly effective.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Maurice Hewlett.**

Death has taken heavy toll in the world of letters these last four weeks. I shall not attempt to say much more at this time than how deeply I share in the general regret at the loss of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, Mr. Herbert Trench, Mr. Herbert Jenkins and Mr. Thomas Seccombe. Mr. Hewlett made his home near Salisbury, Mr. Trench in Italy; they were not often in London, and it is some years since I last saw either. There was a time when I met Mr. Jenkins at literary and other gatherings not infrequently, but latterly, what with simultaneously building up his successful business as a publisher, his reputation as a humorist with the "Bindle" books, and as a writer of such clever detective stories as "John Dene of Toronto," he drove himself too hard and had no leisure, and was seldom to be seen at social functions. He wrote his admirable "Life of Borrow" just before he opened his own publishing house.

Mr. Thomas Seccombe was for long one of THE BOOKMAN's most distinguished contributors. He was an acute and scholarly critic with a delightful sense of humour that enabled him to carry his learning lightly, and a modesty and unassuming manner that sometimes left him at a disadvantage with the less able but more self-confident. The best of his own half-dozen books was, I think, "The Age of Johnson." How many volumes he edited I could not say off-hand, but one of the most brilliant of his Introductions is the Introductory Survey of the man and his work that he wrote for Gissing's "House of Cobwebs." If as a contributor he was usually behind time with his copy, it was not from slackness but because his hands were always so full of so much other work. For ten years he was assistant editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography," for which he wrote largely; later he lectured at East London College and elsewhere (there is a cosmopolitan restaurant in Aldgate where I went to meet him once or twice after he had been lecturing at the People's Palace, and disappointed him by disliking the caviare in which the place specialised); he was Professor in English at



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Herbert Trench.**

Sandhurst; and suspended his work for The Bookman when he was appointed Professor of English Literature at Kingston University, Canada, rather more than two years ago. He was appointed for three years, but came back at the end of two, the University conferring its LL.D. upon him in appreciation of his services. He was suffering with some sort of nervous breakdown when he arrived here, and went at once into a nursing home in London. When I visited him there he was evidently feeble but as cheerful as ever, and urgent that I should ask any friends of his I met to go and see him. "Everybody in Canada was wonderfully kind to me," he said, "but I felt I must come back—I was so homesick—I was simply yearning to see familiar faces." Which was like himself; he was the warmest-hearted, most lovable and often most absent-minded of men. There are good stories to be told of that absent-mindedness. One of how, in the years before the war, he decided to celebrate a literary anniversary and invited quite a number of our leading critics, some titled, some famous professors, to a dinner at Simpson's, in the Strand. They arrived in full force and forgathered in the vestibule, but the host was not there. Knowing him, they waited in patient but comparatively sure expectation for nearly an hour then set inquiries afoot, and learned that no private room had been engaged, and the hotel was not aware that the dinner was toward. So they went in among the crowd and dined independently. He had forgotten all about them. But they all forgave him. I can't imagine anybody not forgiving Thomas Seccombe for the worst he was capable of doing.

The Bookman.



Mr. Thomas Seccombe.
From a recent drawing by Mr. Allan Barr. Lent by Mr. Roger Ingpen.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

It is not necessary to tell any reader of "The Mysterious Affair at Styles" that Mrs. Agatha Christie is a past master, or mistress, in the intriguing art of the detective story, and her new novel, "The Murder on the Links" (7s. 6d.; John Lane) is every whit as ingeniously contrived and as skilfully written as was that earlier story which made not a few readers, like the present writer, who enjoy the thrill and excitement of such things, resolve to look out for any other books she might write. Here she introduces again that quaint and cunning detective, Monsieur Poirot, and sets him to unravel a mystery that holds even the much experienced novel reader baffled and in suspense till the right time comes to let him into the secret. A capital story, cleverly designed, briskly told, that catches your interest on the first page and keeps a strong hold on it right through to the end.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Herbert Jenkins.**

It is probable the Victorian parent would have been shocked by Mrs. Gasgoigne Hartley's "The Mind of the Naughty Child" (2s. 6d.; Philpot); it would have rather upset his ideas of discipline and repression and the omnipotence of the adult. To consider the child as a creature with a destiny of its own and a character to be studied would have appeared to him ridiculous. But now the child has come in for its share of enfranchisement and, along with other factors in life, is placed under the microscope and inspected with a scientific, albeit sympathetic eye. Mrs. Hartley is merely voicing popular opinion when she says that the intelligent parent should be interested in a child's mental as well as physical evolution, but that "over-anxious interference" is more dangerous than "loving neglect." "The child and the adult are always strangers," she contends, and admits the difficulties in the way of the parent ever acquiring complete understanding. Nevertheless her book should do much to help, for it is sensible, practical and reveals a deep knowledge of the child-mind. "The fate of every child is decided in the nursery," she declares, and goes on to deal with various childish faults, their probable causes, and the best ways of dealing with them. Her illuminating, instructive and concise little book should be put into the hands of every mother and father.

"Three Soldiers," by John Dos Passos (7s. 6d.; Hurst & Blackett), is certainly one of the war books that is worth reading—well worth reading—and one would like to emphasise this, because some of the American reviewers may injure it by the absurd flatteries with which they have bespattered the author. To say, as one has said, that "it is either a base libel or a hideous truth" and that "rulers of the world . . . will have to take . . . the facts . . . into account in any future international steps they take" is mere hysteria. A man who could write "Three Soldiers" would be the first to laugh at this sort of thing. The fact is simply that Dos Passos has given an extraordinarily truthful picture of what goes on, not merely in the American Army, but in any army when war brings out the brutal side of that strange animal, Man. It is a painful book. But war *is* painful, and always will be, as long as there are fools to make it.

New Books.

ANDREW LANG'S POETRY.*

Some day, perhaps, psychologists will settle the question whether great technical facility is a dangerous gift which, bringing to its owner qualities which other artists achieve only after painful toil, diverts his efforts from the pursuit of other and greater virtues, or whether it is not rather the symptom of a mind for which those greater virtues are unattainable. Such a question rises inevitably in the mind after looking once again into the poetical work of Andrew Lang, for he had an amazing facility—even more, he had an amazing felicity—which by its sheer artistry, its charm, colour and finish, can entertain and delight the more epicurean reader for some time. But even the epicure who lives to eat must also eat to live, and after a feast of Lang's poetry he becomes aware that he is hungry—that out of all this beautiful and delicate confectionery he has derived remarkably little nourishment. For Lang's poetry is generally passionless. The profoundest emotion he achieves is a charming wistfulness. He himself appears to have had few illusions about his verse, at least in later years, and, in fact, underestimated, or pretended to underestimate, its very real qualities :

> " 'Twas not much at any time
> She could hitch into a rhyme,
> Never was the Muse sublime
> Who has fled ! "

So he writes in " The Poet's Apology," the final poem of this collection, and Mrs. Lang remarks in her preface that " what may be called the conventional livery of a poet never appealed to him ; he was totally devoid of the sensitiveness to criticism commonly supposed to be the hall-mark of the race, and—supreme test of humour—was always ready to laugh at his own productions." Unhappily this qualification of a humorist is, by reason of the attitude it implies, a serious disqualification in a poet, for absolute seriousness and absolute sincerity are essential in the artist, whether his theme be comic or tragic. The true poet puts his unreserved self into his work, and no man can laugh at that self : even the confirmed cynic has one thing in the world which he takes seriously ; namely, his cynicism.

But in the case of Lang this attitude was probably the result of disappointment, for he laid the foundations, in his youth, of a great reputation which was never completed.

It is easy to realise how his early work impressed a public still under the influence of Tennyson and the Pre-Raphaelites and of the wonderful lyricism of Swinburne, for it is in tune with the period and has, besides, a beauty and originality of its own :

> " A little city, worn and grey,
> The grey North Ocean girds it round ;
> And o'er the rocks and up the bay,
> The long sea-rollers surge and sound ;
> And still the thin and biting spray
> Drives down the melancholy street,
> And still endure, and still decay,
> Towers that the salt winds vainly beat.
>
> *　　*　　*　　*　　*
>
> " A land of waters green and clear,
> Of willows and of poplars tall,
> And, in the spring-time of the year,
> The white may breaking over all,
> And Pleasure quick to come at call."

Those two passages are both from the first poem in the present collection, and the volume which contains it contains several beautiful things. Here is the last stanza of a poem called " They Hear the Sirens for the Second Time," from the series of poems called " Hesperothen " :

> " It once had seemed a little thing,
> To lay our lives down at their feet,
> That dying we might hear them sing,
> And dying see their faces sweet ;
> But now, we glanced and, passing by,
> No care had we to tarry long ;
> Faint hope, and rest, and memory
> Were more than any Siren's song."

Andrew Lang's most considerable poetic effort is " Helen of Troy," a narrative poem in six books. It is written in eight line stanzas, and amounts to between two and three thousand lines in length. The narrative, like that of Morris in " The Earthly Paradise," is smooth, decorative, and, if I may say so, two-dimensional. Open it where you will, you will find yourself pleasantly fascinated : the verse is always easily and faultlessly beautiful : beautiful visual images and bright details pass in soothing series. No crude emotion, no harsh psychological reality mounts to mar your sacred, everlasting calm. It is an only too perfect poem for an ideally leisured life. That, no doubt, is why it has been largely ignored. But if that is its fault, it is only fair to remind ourselves that it is also the fault of " The Earthly Paradise " and of Sidney's " Arcadia."

It was to be expected, not only because they were somewhat the fashion of the times, but also because they furnished a scope for his technical powers, that Lang should try his hand at strict and difficult forms such as the ballade. He did so with considerable success both in the serious and comic veins. The " Ballade to Theocritus, in Winter " is a good example of the first :

> " Theocritus ! thou canst restore
> The pleasant years, and over-fleet ,
> With thee we live as men of yore,
> We rest where running waters meet :
> And then we turn unwilling feet
> And seek the world—so must it be·
> We may not linger in the heat
> Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea ! "

The ballade which follows this one is the lightest of comic verse :

> " With certain rhymes 'tis hard to deal ;
> For ' silver ' we have ne'er a rhyme.
> On ' orange ' (as on orange peel)



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Andrew Lang.**

* " The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang." 4 volumes. 42s. net. (Longmans.)

The bard has slipped full many a time.
With 'babe' there's scarce a sound will chime,
Though 'astrolabe' fits like a glove;
But, ye that on Parnassus climb,
Why, why are rhymes so rare to *love* ?"

Such a poem, amusing though it is, is hardly worth reprinting in a collected edition, indeed as a whole, it hardly bears re-reading. There is, however, among some mediocre comic verse and some of that uncomfortable variety which is neither quite comic nor quite serious, an occasional really admirable piece of fooling. Lang's poetic output includes also translations from the Greek, Latin and French. In these he produced as a rule good poems but not good translations. The translations from Ronsard, for instance, though pleasant poems in themselves, reproduce almost nothing of the grace and melody of their originals:

"When you are very old, at evening,
You'll sit and spin beside the fire, and say,
Humming my songs, 'Ah, well—ah, well a-day!
When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing'"

"Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, dévisant et filant,
Direz chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle."

How thin, movementless, and colourless it becomes in Lang's version. Curiously—for he was a scholar—we are aware of the same failing in the translations from the Greek: he seems to have confined his aim to producing a poem, and to have made no attempt to echo the spirit of the original.

Ranging through this multifarious mass of verse, in which almost all the varieties so weightily rehearsed by Polonius seem to be represented, I feel that what really happened to Lang's reputation was that he himself smothered it. He wrote too much. He trifled too much, and took the rôle of poet too lightly. There is, scattered through these volumes, enough charming and accomplished verse to have established Lang's reputation as an excellent, though not, of course, as a great poet. A selection of his work, small and carefully chosen, would even now—though it is somewhat late in the day—form a delightful and, to most people, a surprisingly good book. The present, however, is not a very favourable moment for Lang's reputation, for he very perceptibly "dates," and the period he recalls is at present, by a natural reaction, somewhat out of favour. Yet, in spite of this, a careful selection would have been well worth the trouble, and I am inclined to think that Mrs. Lang would have been wiser in preparing such a book rather than this four volume medley. Nevertheless her edition is a well-arranged and conscientious piece of work.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE ART OF THE SHORT STORY.*

The short story seems to be coming into its own again—only in volume form, however; most certainly not in the magazines. Now and then, listlessly turning over the pages of a popular magazine, one does come across a short story worth reading, but not often. And one wonders who reads the average magazine short story. Indeed magazine-buying would seem to be a bad habit very hard to break, if one is to judge by their buyers' comments on their unreadable contents. And yet these magazines go on being printed. Piles on piles of them cumber the bookstalls. New ones seem to be issued almost every week. And they are nearly all alike—stupid, flatulent, humourless, witless, colourless, inept beyond the miasmas of a liverish nightmare in their tedious banality.

And here are four volumes of short stories every one of which contains gems of purest ray serene. Even the stories of the late E. W. Hornung, that favourite of pre-war magazine-readers, have a clean-cut quality such as one looks for in vain in the monthly productions. They form a worthy memorial of an author who achieved the unusual distinction of being popular without being false to the best literary canons.

That is my trouble. Each of these books is worthy of far more consideration than the exigencies of space permit. Miss Phyllis Bottome, for example, notably in "The Liqueur Glass" and "The Vocation," gives us among others almost as good, two little masterpieces in this most difficult genre.

But let me quote from Mr. Henry Baerlein's "Box o' Lights": a book replete with delicate graces of humour, satire and tender feeling, in which an economy of means is only equalled by a wealth of fine fancy:

"Very good short stories do not grow on every bush. They must conform with certain rules, and it is easier to repeat the rules than bring them into operation. The genius of English literature is so discursive that an Englishman must make more effort than a Frenchman, for example, to produce a perfect specimen of the short story."

Well, these four volumes of short stories have made and succeeded in that effort, and the effect is, as the effect of all triumphant art is, effortless.

Miss Elizabeth Bowen, again, whose work I have never met before, is an outstanding instance of the art that conceals art. In her "Encounters" she gives us the concentrated essence of life in tabloid form with a simple sincerity and lighthanded force that must surely drive their merits home even to the unintelligence of the least perceptive. One imagines the poor bedevilled magazine-buyer, storm-bound in a boarding-house at some holiday resort, and wearied to the verge of exasperation by the sameness in dullness of the typical short story of commerce, looking up from this book with a face suddenly radiant and exclaiming: "Why don't the editors of these dreary publications print stuff like this? Here are stories about things and people and events, feelings and thoughts, that are real, that actually happen, that one knows to be true and right. They take one out of oneself, as the saying is, and at the same time make one realise oneself. And this just because they are interesting, as life itself is interesting, because one recognises in them one's own experiences that in their happening seemed so trivial, but in this light of revelation become all at once so illuminative."

To that type of reader, indeed to every reader who knows good work from bad, I would recommend all these four books impartially.

The sound craftsmanship of Mr. Hornung, which is at the same time something more than mere craftsmanship; the urgent passion and high comedy and tragedy of Miss Phyllis Bottome; the caustic suggestiveness and pungent irony of Mr. Baerlein; the authenticity of Miss Elizabeth Bowen's commonplace people whom her sure touch limns in indelible lines, aided by every felicity of expression and every nuance of feeling, from grave to gay, that the true devotee of literature may hope to compass: these excellent qualities one finds in the work of each of these authors alike, howsoever their methods and their material may differ in texture and substance.

But perhaps the supremest virtue of these books of short stories is that they have in common that sweet, sane spirit of humanism which moves us even in our own despite to that better knowledge of one another which engenders sympathy and understanding.

EDWIN PUGH.

* "Old Offenders." By E. W. Hornung. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)—"The Derelict and Other Stories." By Phyllis Bottome. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Box o' Lights." By Henry Baerlein. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)—"Encounters." By

MEN AND BOOKS.*

The brown-bound volumes in which Mr. Edmund Gosse has latterly taken to enshrining the shorter efforts of his pen—and he seems to be devoting his pen more and more

* "More Books on the Table." By Edmund Gosse. 8s. 6d.

exclusively to such shorter efforts—grow steadily in number. Ten of them are already cherished ornaments of my shelves. But if in number, the colour of their skin, and their spiritual liveliness they recall the little nigger boys of fame, they are quite unlike them in fate; for none of them has yet shown any symptoms of mortality.

This latest of the brotherhood is composed, like its immediate elder, of a selection from the "Sunday sermons" contributed to a well-known newspaper, and it makes a book very characteristic of Mr. Gosse and his particular virtues. Read singly, in their original place, these papers do not seem anything more than the journalism which, so situated, they profess to be; journalism much above the average, certainly, but not emphatically transcending its occasion. But grouped together, forty strong, between one pair of covers, they lend one another virtue and lustre, and are seen as the facets, separate yet co-ordinated, of a very distinguished mind, a mind stored not only with knowledge but with wisdom. It may be merely fancy, an illusion induced by chronology, but one seems to find a greater ripeness in this volume than in even the nearest of its predecessors. Mr. Gosse, past his seventieth milestone and looking back over more than forty years to his first book, pours out for our benefit, in the guise of the casual review, the stores of his wide knowledge of men and books and his long reflection.

He has always been a bookman, and now he professes himself a keener bookman than ever. "I have forgotten who Lucas de Penna was," he writes in his preface— and if Mr. Gosse has forgotten who shall remember ?—" but I love him for saying that books were to him 'the light of the heart, the mirror of the body, the myrrh-pot of eloquence.' So they are to me, and more so the older I grow. When the infinite variety and charm of them fail to enchant me, it will be time for me 'to cease upon the midnight with no pain.'" This is a confession of faith of which the sincerity is patent; but Mr. Gosse's vision has never been bounded by the walls of his library. He has moved about in the world, known men of action and men of affairs as well as men of letters, and he is at his best when remembering his friends not as writers only but as social beings. In the paper on Matthew Arnold here reprinted, which was likely the choicest tribute which the centenary of the great poet and critic called forth, he finds no room to do justice "to the controversialist of 'On Translating Homer,' to the sparkling harlequin of 'Friendship's Garland,' to the sincere and earnest philosopher of 'Culture and Anarchy'"; but he has given us, instead, a very precious pen-picture of Arnold the man he knew:

> "In private intercourse he was perfect. His manner was suave, sympathetic, a little reserved and remote, but not cold; his smile was enchanting. The peculiarity of blue eyes, combined with black hair and black Victorian whiskers, gave his tall, upright figure a noticeable character. In these days of ours, when behaviour is so very lax and unbuttoned his elaborate politeness would seem, perhaps, a little alarming, though he habitually unbent in easy, familiar talk about people and things —more fluently, I think, than about books, the discussion of which in conversation was apt to bore him. Perhaps the most charming of the great men whom it was my privilege to look up to in the years of my youth, I remember him with reverence and affection. Matthew Arnold offered himself to us, in private no less than in public, as a specimen of the modern world created and moulded by the Greek imagination. He was a marvellous example of the paradox that the most composite of minds may at the same time be profoundly original."

It would be possible to gather many such portraits, to collect, indeed, a notable Victorian gallery, from Mr. Gosse's books. But, of course, as his biographies—of Donne and Browne, Jeremy Taylor and Congreve show, he does not need to have known a man in the flesh to recapture his physiognomy. A mere glance down the contents list of this volume shows how wide is his range in time and space; and whether it is with Apollodorus or Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, the author of "Pearl" or Lord Rosebery that he is concerned, it is always a living figure that he manages to evoke.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

"WOMEN'S RIGHTS."*

As a "study in the sociology of sex differentiation" there is no doubt that this book is of great value to students, and particularly to students of human evolution. The authors belong, obviously, to the school of indefatigable German research workers the school for which no ancient records are too remote, no trouble is too severe, provided that some fact bearing upon their argument can be excavated.

One of their principal lines of thought is that historians, and we ourselves, are too prone to judge of the past by the measure of the present; the "present," in this connection, meaning the period of authentic modern history during which man has been the dominant member of society. We forget— simply because (so say our authors) it is to our advantage to forget, that such civilisations as "Women's States" have ever existed, when men obeyed women, when women judged and punished men, when according to our settled ideas of to-day a topsy-turvy condition of affairs worthy of a humorist's pen was the normal. From their investigations into all the ramifications of sexual dominance and subjection, the Vaertings have drawn a picture which is certainly entertaining as well as being a weighty contribution to general knowledge. Whether all their conclusions and deductions will stand critical examination we venture, in our ignorance, and theirs, to doubt. "The liberation of women," we read, "will signify liberation for men also, an enfranchisement from the slavery of the prescribed sexual ideal of 'manliness.'" "Equality of rights" we seem to hear echoes of ten years ago —" will bring the golden age of the highest possible development of individuality." "There is no serious reason to expect that family life will be profoundly disordered by the liberation of women." We should have been better pleased had the authors defined precisely what they meant by that too vague and dreadfully worn phrase "the liberation of women"— it would have given their critics a platform upon which to stand firmly.

However, with certain easily discovered faults, the book may pass minor criticisms for the sake of its sincerity and its patience. The list of authorities consulted is immense; and the very perseverance of the authors would entitle them to praise even had their work been less useful. To the translators, also, our gratitude must be extended for a notably difficult task well performed.

W. L. R.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANATOLE FRANCE.†

Anatole France has made us many gifts during a life of almost patriarchal length and correspondingly prolific industry. His output must run to between thirty and forty books, and whereas most authors of genius are content enough to have produced a single masterpiece, he has some half-dozen to his credit in as many different kinds. He has offered us terrific satire in "Penguin Island," the naughtiest and most daring of fantasies about sex in "The Revolt of the Angels," a character of Rabelaisian breadth in the Abbé Coignard, history revivified in "The Gods are Athirst," comedy at its wittiest and wisest in the Bergeret studies, to say nothing of those volumes on "Life and Letters" in which criticism proves a live and creative art, and to say nothing also of such little gems of fiction as "Crainquebille" and "Thaïs" and "The Procurator of Judæa." But there is another phase of literary effort in which the "Master" has no less justified his title; in his wayward, wilful yet always engaging way, sometimes substituting invention where recollection failed, but never consciously betraying the spirit of the past, he has succeeded in the difficult field of autobiography. With the issue of "The Bloom of

* "The Dominant Sex." By Mathilde and Mathias Vaerting. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 10s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

† "The Bloom of Life." By Anatole France. Translated by J. Lewis May. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

Life" we have now completed for us in English the series of works in which M. Thibault has recalled the memories of his childhood and boyish years, this volume filling any gaps not covered in "Little Pierre," "Pierre Nozière" and "My Friend's Books"; and there will be many readers, English as well as French now, to regard these reminiscences, however rambling and haphazard, as among the most welcome of all Anatole France's presents.

Once more here, as in "Little Pierre" and the companion books, the pretence is kept up that we are watching the growth of some other boy than the boy the author was over sixty years ago—young Thibault still figuring as Pierre Nozière and his father being transformed from a bookseller to a medical practitioner—but the device is seen to be wearing thin long before we reach the epilogue which lets out the secret. And once more in picturing with his half mocking, half pensive but ever graceful style the progress at school and out in the world of the dreamy, sensitive, bashful lad, all eyes and ears, who was the Anatole France of those days—this ultra-democrat, this Socialist, nay, almost Communist, loves to call up a Paris that modern vandalism has removed, and to dwell on manners and traditions which democracy has banished. A believer in common schools for all classes, he avows himself as boy "an ill subject for public and communal instruction"; a sympathiser with Soviet experiments, he found no benefit in mass teaching and was always "in love with solitude." Not that "Pierre Nozière" is shown much alone in this book. Quite apart from his schoolfellows—the doomed and lovable consumptive, the boy already making his calculations for success at the bar, the flashy sportsman and the rest—Pierre's circle of acquaintances is shown gradually enlarging. We get peeps at the Faubourg St. Germain and the simple manners of its aristocrats; we haunt the *salon* of the wife of one of the Third Empire company promoters; we rub shoulders with an artist of the quality of Ingres; we chat with actresses; we overhear debates between old-world Monarchists and Bonapartists about Napoleon. Sometimes it looks as if Anatole France had taken particular care to remember sayings of his childhood's celebrities such as are attuned to his latter-day Socialistic opinions, and now and again he quite obviously mixes up propaganda with his reminiscences. But there is so much charm in his portrayal of his little hero, such openness in confession of his faults, that the author's occasional digressions into politics and matters of controversy are readily condoned.

In the epilogue of "The Bloom of Life," exquisite title for an exquisite book, M. Thibault explains why he has employed camouflage for so long in the different sections of his autobiography. When he began to write of his boyhood, he tells us, in "My Friend's Book" and in "Pierre Nozière," many of the people who had known him as a child and were being sketched by him to the world were still alive, and their names and outward circumstances had to be changed lest offence should be given to their pride or their modesty. In addition, Anatole France's own father and mother were living then, and it was necessary that even praise and gratitude—though this was all their son had to bestow on them—should be discreetly veiled. Hence little "Pierre"; hence no mention of the paternal bookshop. The disguise meant another gain; it helped the autobiographer to conceal the shortcomings of his memory and allowed him, with more excuse, to give slight rein to his imagination. Thus the truth is out, and M. Thibault proves at the same time true to himself—he was never less than candid. Besides this revelation as to the reasons for concealment of what has long been an open secret, his epilogue contains two startling but characteristic reflections of the author. Here is the grimmer one first:

"I fancy that men in general are a good deal worse than they appear. They don't show themselves as they are. They hide themselves when they do things calculated to excite hatred or contempt; they only come out into the open to perform actions that will earn them admiration or applause. I have seldom opened a door by accident without beholding something that filled me with pity, horror or disgust for my fellow men."

The second is more fanciful a thought:

"It is a question whether human speech is perfectly fitted to express truth. It originated in the cries of animals, and it keeps the marks of its origin. It gives utterance to the feelings, the passions, the needs of man, to his joys and sorrows, his loves and hates. It is not adapted to express truth. Truth does not exist in the souls of wild beasts, nor does it in our own, and metaphysicians who have written treatises upon it are but purveyors of moonshine."

Strange pessimism to issue from a man who has loved life and his fellows; from a hedonist, from a humanitarian, from a philosopher surely, despite all his irony and his bent for satire, very far from a misanthrope, when on the verge of eighty! Strange note of despair to be sounded by one who hob-nobs with believers in social millenniums! But they are the thoughts also, it should be remembered, of a master of fiction, of a lover of paradox.

F. G. BETTANY.

FOR DIVERSE TASTES.*

To take up at random three new novels from the season's output of fiction is generally to ensure variety of theme and treatment, and assuredly the three which I have been reading afford no exception to that rule. They represent at once humour, mysticism, and something of matter-of-fact modernism. So diverse are they that any attempt to "place" them in accordance with the ways of those who like to have everything classified in some "order of merit" is impossible, and order of individual taste is happily quite another matter. Thus it is that in writing of this trio of varied volumes I am dealing with them rather in the order in which as an individual I have found entertainment in the reading than in any classification according to literary quality.

George A. Birmingham has written so much and so amusingly of the lighter aspects of life and character in Ireland that it is with something of surprise that we find the scenes of his new story opening in scenes of storm on the Breton coast. And the storm is by no means merely incidental, it is what somebody has termed dramatic background. For John Farnham, returning to the hotel at which he lags superfluous, the last of the season's birds of passage, is mysteriously summoned to a distant château where he finds himself almost at once saddled with a sort of guardianship of a dying stranger's delightful daughter and possession of a secret concerning a comfortable little "buried treasure" consisting of £20,000 in golden sovereigns! That sum is securely cached, not on an island set in tropic seas, but on that particular island from which George Birmingham cannot keep us long away—and most diverting are the episodes through which we are taken in quest of the buried gold. So explicit are the directions as to the whereabouts of the wealth that it had seemed as though it was only necessary to go and lift it—but Fate had taken a hand, using as its tools both the public authorities and a meek and mild clerical gentleman. The course of treasure-seeking, like that of true love, never did run smooth, and the hunt for Quartus Wilbred's secreted sovereigns is no exception to that rule. What is exceptional about it is that our author has, as might have been anticipated, devised his own particular fresh aspects of the hunt. Of course the delightful daughter of the dead man has her romantic part to play, and if the story does not end precisely as the reader anticipates, the requirements of the sentimental are duly satisfied. To John Farnham, who is himself the narrator of the medley of happenings, the author has imparted a lively sense of humour which helps considerably towards our entertainment, especially in that part of the story where the rival treasure-seekers are in somewhat the same position as the blind man in a dark room hunting for a black cat that isn't there. George Birmingham's "public" will find his new novel a capital and characteristic piece of work,

* "Found Money." By George A. Birmingham. (Methuen.)—"The Cream of the Jest: A Comedy of Evasions." By James Branch Cabell. (John Lane.)—"Middle Mists." By Aishie Pharall. (Fisher Unwin.) 7s. 6d. net each.

rich in episode in which well defined contrasting persons play their parts, and with refreshing humour irradiating the whole.

"The Cream of the Jest" gives us so abrupt a change that it emphasises the fact that tastes in fiction are fortunately no less diverse than the talents of the fiction-mongers. Mr. Cabell is an American writer whose work has not yet caught on here, I fancy, to anything like the extent that it has done in the United States. To many readers I can well believe ironic philosophisings are much as is caviare to the general; yet there is something hauntingly impressive about this story of a "squat insignificant burgess" who could transport himself almost at will into ancient periods of romance and the company of the beautiful and elusive Etarre:

"Such as has been described was now Felix Kennaston's manner of living, which, as touches utilitarian ends, it might be wiser forthwith to dismiss as bred by the sickly fancies of an idle man bemused with unprofitable reading. By day his half of the sigil lay hidden in the library, under a pile of unused bookplates But nightly this bit of metal was taken with him to bed in order that when held so as to reflect the candle light -for this was always necessary it might induce the desired dream of Etarre; and that so, Horvendile would be freed of Felix Kennaston for eight hours uninterruptedly."

How, towards the close, this Felix happens surprisingly upon the other half of the sigil that "magics" him hither and thither in the past, need not be told here, but the finding of it serves to round off the story as well as the sigil, and to give the author opportunity for that philosophising which appears to be more peculiarly the property of his pen than story-telling. Though as a novel many readers who take this book up at random may put it down in disappointment, there is something of fascination in it for those who like marked individuality of utterance, though the underlying note of pessimism which seems so frequently an accompaniment to the ironic makes the work one rather to be admired than liked.

The "First Novel" Library of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin—now nearing its half-century of volumes—has included some such notable popular successes that a fresh addition to it arouses special interest. In "Middle Mists," by Aishie Pharall, we have a post-war story concerning the complicated relationships of men and women—and, incidentally, a cheap sneer at probably the most popular of all the novelists who have made their bow to the public in the very series of volumes in which "Middle Mists" makes its appearance! Mainly this is the story of a girl and her three lovers—a girl who thinks she loves the first of them but breaks with him after a violent quarrel, and then marries the seemingly least romantic of the trio—number two was an American with an engagement of pre-war date which should have prevented his declaration to Erica. Then Erica has a brother who goes fishing and elopes with the landlady of his inn, not from affection, but to save her from a brutal husband. However they win through to clearer air, and all ends as it should. The story, it must be said, has more in it of promise than achievement.

WALTER JERROLD.

IN BOHEMIA.*

Reading this book, you are almost converted to what is evidently Mr. Edwin Ward's opinion—that there are no days like the old days and few of the men we know who are so gifted or so interesting as the men we have known. It is a book that is delightfully easy to read but difficult to write about, for it is so packed with good stories of so many and such various famous people—members of the Savage Club and otherwise—that you don't know which to select as adequately representative, especially as some of the best (such as that of the amazing raid of a party of bohemian artists and others on Mr. Herman Hodge at Reading) are too long for quotation. A number of the anecdotes are of distinguished folk who have sat to Mr. Ward for their portraits, and to give even a list of these would leave me with no space to say more.



W. T. Stead.

From the painting in the Reform Club by Mr. Edwin A. Ward.
From "Recollections of a Savage" (Herbert Jenkins).

He has a host of amusing things to tell of Phil May, E. J. Odell, Whistler, Mark Twain, Oscar Wilde, Burnand, Labouchere, Lord Northcliffe, Raymond Blathwayt, W. E. F. Britten, W. G. Wills—but there is no end to the catalogue. You can open the book anywhere and find it excellently entertaining. I am greatly taken with his narrative of the varied career of that strange, versatile genius, Edwin Clearly. And with his recollections of Cecil Rhodes, by turns one of the most difficult, offensive and warmly appreciative of sitters. Mr. Ward painted Stead for Alfred Harmsworth (as he then was), and notes that Stead said of him, "I love Alfred Harmsworth, but he lacks continuity; the fact is he wants salvation."

Now and then Mr. Ward tells stories against himself. After painting one evening as long as the light lasted, he says, he was taking a frugal supper in a small back room, when the maid-of-all work announced a "Mr. Pollard." Not knowing who the gentleman was, Mr. Ward invited him to join him at his meal, but the visitor declined, and sitting uneasily at a distance explained, in response to inquiry, that he was the butcher and had called for his account:

"'Well, Mr. Pollard,' I said, 'the position is this: the nature of my profession makes it almost impossible to pay ready money as it frequently happens that there is considerable delay in the receipt of cheques for my work. Perhaps you are not aware that my profession is that of an artist?'

"'Yes, sir, I know. It is a miserable profession.'

"'A miserable profession indeed,' I repeated. 'What do you know about it?'

"'Well, sir, my father and an uncle were well-known artists—and I had to keep them both.'

"I afterwards discovered that this was quite true. Pollard's coaching pictures are famous to this day; in fact, I am not sure that one of the Pollards was not a Member of the Royal Academy."

But a miserable profession, Mr. Ward? No, no—your own book belies you. What other profession could have yielded you so much matter for laughter, could have opened so many doors to good-fellowship or brought you acquainted with so many brilliant or notable men so well

* "Recollections of a Savage." By Edwin A. Ward. 16s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

worth knowing and remembering? No man who had not found life abundantly interesting and thoroughly enjoyable could have written so divertingly and with such joyous gusto as Mr. Ward has written of it here. The twenty-one illustrations, including some ten of Mr. Ward's own most characteristic paintings, add much to the attractiveness of a thoroughly enjoyable volume.

R. H.

ROBERT FROST'S POETRY.*

Not in any sense of that elastic word could Mr. Edgar Lee Masters's remarkable "Spoon River Anthology" be accepted as poetry by the readers and critics who, for good will's sake, while judging the verse of present-day America, had been disposed to broaden the classification still further than it spanned hitherto. But the rejection was not so summary that it involved the denial of any possibility that epics might be found in hard facts, lyrics in bare bones, and both in anything. Direct statement is not necessarily the antithesis of poetry. Nor is the absence of passion - at least passion rhetorical and obvious. What had seemed missing from Mr. Masters's writing in "Spoon River" was a reason why it should have taken the outward form of poetry. Emphatically did it seem prose in spite of that form, and for once things were what they seemed. When Miss Amy Lowell referred the negative critic to the Greek Anthology as a prototype of "Spoon River" she made her nearest approach to futility in her extremely valuable and acutely critical guide recently issued under the title, "Tendencies in Modern Poetry." The Greek Anthology, even in an English translation, would withstand the severest of all tests that can be applied to poetry—the test of the isolated line. The "Spoon River Anthology" has not, in many a sensitive opinion, withstood the far less exacting test by which Mr. Masefield's narrative verses, say, were proved to be poetry the test of whether or not the final impression left on the reader, whatever he may have felt during the reading, is one of a beauty to which, willy-nilly, he has wholly surrendered his æsthetic nature.

Side by side with the author of "Spoon River Anthology," however, there has been a poet working in America whose statements are just as emphatic, whose passion is no more apparent to the superficial observer, and yet whose selection of poetry now published on this side the Atlantic is excellent evidence that poetic beauty may lie in our common speech, in quiet, unvarnished statement. It is of course the quality of the personality behind a versified utterance that makes all the difference between ultimate triumph and failure. In Mr. Robert Frost's case this triumph is slightly uncanny. Even a poem which goes floundering on and on for long spells to the verge of inanity leaves an effect in no way less æsthetic than that of the perfectly jewelled lyric There are many such poems in this volume. "The Road Not Taken" is an example; it tells how "two roads diverged in a yellow wood," and how the traveller, regretting that he cannot travel both, looked at one of them and

> "Then took the other, as just as fair,
> And having perhaps the better claim,
> Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
> Though as for that the passing there
> Had worn them really about the same"

Mr. Frost's poetry, indeed, takes two diverging roads. The casual reader, unlike the traveller of the poem, is always ready to follow the easy, obvious road, the road he can look down, and it will not surprise us to find many folk declaring that the lyrics in the book are the better work. But it is in his lyrics that we meet with the occasions of failure which are inevitable with Mr. Frost's method. Viewed in the whole the faults of a shorter piece necessarily retain much of the prominence which they attain during the actual perusal. In the narratives we recognise Mr. Frost not only as a recorder of certain local moods and experiences—local because many depend upon circumstances peculiar to his native province—as "Home Burial," in which we have the grave of a baby not on consecrated ground, but in a field within sight of the parent's farm-window; he is also the poet of New England: Mr. Louis Untermeyer rightly declares him to be as native to it as the lonely farm-houses, the dusty blueberries, the isolated people, the dried-up brooks and mountain intervals that he describes.

But the first of Mr. Frost's volumes was issued ten years ago (and, happily enough, in England, where he achieved recognition earlier than he did at home). The present selection is made from that first book, "A Boy's Will," from "North of Boston" and "Mountain Interval," all of which were published by 1916. "The Death of the Hired Man" is included, and this piece must be declared superb as a *genre* painting, a George Morland in verse. A worn-out labourer comes back to the farm where he has occasionally been employed. The farmer's wife, after permitting the old man to enter her kitchen, goes out to meet her returning husband and plead with him to be "kind." No commencement of a poem could be simpler:

> "Mary sat musing on the lamp flame at the table
> Waiting for Warren When she heard his step
> She ran on tip toe down the darkened passage
> To meet him in the doorway with the news.
> . 'Silas is back.'"

And no conclusion could be more pathetic, more subtly foreboded while the farmer goes in to the sleeping and exhausted old workslave after promising kindness:

> "Warren returned - too soon, it seemed to her,
> Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited . . .
> 'Warren,' she questioned.
> 'Dead,' was all he answered"

Since that poem was written Mr. Frost has done many things of the kind, and several better, especially "The Witch of Coos," that appeared last year in a periodical. But practically always he has followed the same method, and by his reticent colloquialism manages - almost one would say in spite of it - to achieve poetry. How it does so is probably explained in his own words— and they are as welcome as the volume they illuminate. "There are two types of realist the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show that it is a real one; and the other who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean I'm inclined to be the second kind. . . . To me, the thing that art does for life is to strip it to form." And to strip is surely as legitimate as to plaster over, even in poetry; far more legitimate, one might add, in the portrayal of those strange people of his whose old vitality seems to have been cowed into morbidity by a single century of prairie life and loneliness

THOMAS MOULT

* "Selected Poems." By Robert Frost. 6s. (Heinemann.)

DIXON SCOTT'S MEN OF LETTERS.*

There are many kinds of so-called criticism, almost as many as the kind of critic. But the only kind of criticism which counts in the long run combines original thought with delicate sensibility. Mr. Robert Lynd once made an interesting distinction between the *critique* and the review, and no doubt there is in the manner of presentation a difference between these which roughly corresponds to the difference between a newspaper article written for a definite public, and an essay written to express as finely as possible some facet of truth. As regards manner, Dixon Scott often seemed to waver between the article and the essay, but he is never less than a sincere and clear-sighted critic, and often he is profoundly original. The force of original thought which Scott devoted to his criticism must give it a permanent place in English literature, a place somewhat similar to that occupied by the essays of Hazlitt, who was, however, less generous to his contemporaries. We remember Hazlitt for his virile review of the English poets, and overlook the conclusion of the lecture on "Poetry in General" wherein he ranked Ossian among the four

* "Men of Letters." By Dixon Scott. (The Bookman Library.) 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

most remarkable phenomena in the world's poetry, the others being the Old Testament, Homer and Dante. Every critic must have his little flutter. Literary history is very much like an old-established Derby, and the critics have to shout the odds on immortality. Dixon Scott could be wayward. He did not always successfully resist the temptation to clinch a striking case at the expense of a little derangement of the critical focus. But anyone who reads a fair proportion of current criticism will recognise that Dixon Scott's sincerely original mind has again and again influenced and inspired the critics in writing of men like Kipling, Henry James, Barrie, Shaw, Bennett, Chesterton, Masefield. In his work, however, is no slap-dash, space-filling tump, and no favourable or unfavourable prejudice which can be traced to the vicious clique spirit which has defaced the work of some of the cleverest living critics.

In an essay on Mr. Granville Barker, a delightful essay, he says that "one of the chief joys of criticism is the joy of detection. There is only one other as great— that of indulging in praise." Here indeed is the source of his sterling virtue as a critic He praises nobly, generously, but with acute discrimination and complete independence. As this review is not being written by Mr. Dixon Scott, there is no hope of inducing the editor to let it extend to five columns instead of one, and the pleasure of quoting some of the numerous felicities of expression in the book must be forgone, after urging the reader to be wise and get the whole bookful! What Scott might have accomplished had he not sacrificed himself in the war, can be a subject only of melancholy surmise in face of the contents of "Men of Letters." In this necessary reprint of a valuable and entrancing book appears Mr Max Beerbohm's gracious introduction, in which he asks the interesting question whether Scott would eventually have diverted his creative force from criticism to the purely creative form If that question cannot be answered, no reader of "Men of Letters" will withhold a fervent assent to Mr. Beerbohm's remark: "Of his subjects in this book, Browning and Morris alone were not alive when he wrote about them Yet how many in English literature are the men, and groups of men, about whom Dixon Scott should have discoursed to us!" To Browning and Morris must now be added Walt Whitman, an essay on whom is included in this edition. How conscientiously Scott paid the price of careful toil which original criticism demands is indicated in the all too brief editorial note The writer of it is also editor of THE BOOKMAN, and if one may say so here without trespassing from literary etiquette, it is a cause of pride for one also to be, however humbly, a contributor to the journal which drew so much of the best criticism of our time from a young genius destined to untimely death.

R. L. M.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF OUR HEATHEN FOREFATHERS.*

The translator of this work says in her preface that "'The Hávamál' is of unique interest as being the only work in Norse, or any other Teutonic language, which embodies the philosophy of heathen times." This is substantially correct, but at the same time there is a good deal in other literature, the Anglo-Saxon for instance, which is undoubtedly based on heathen philosophy, though it has come down to us through Christian channels. There is a general likeness between much of the "Hávamál" and such works as "The Proverbs of Alfred" and "Anglo-Saxon Apothegms," issued by J. M. Kemble, with "The Anglo-Saxon Dialogues of Salomon and Saturn," and sometimes a very close resemblance. We will give merely one instance. Compare this from the "Hávamál":

"Never let a bad man know of any ill luck which may befall you, for you will never get from a bad man any return for your goodheartedness;"

with the following from the "Proverbs":

"Sorrow if thou hast and tellest it thy foe, before thy face he will bemoan thee, behind thy back he will scorn thee. . . ."

"Therefore in thy secret heart conceal it from thy foe, let never thy foe know all thy heart thinketh."

Moreover the dialogue form and other points in the poem that gives the Anglo-Saxon volume its title suggest that, though dealing entirely with Christian ideas, it may be founded on heathen poems resembling the dialogue poems of the Elder Edda. Miss Clarke gives a careful and useful analysis of and commentary on the poems in the volume, though we think that in pointing out how destitute they are of moral sanctions, she might have laid more stress on the evidence elsewhere that in this respect they do not represent the whole of the heathen philosophy. As regards the mythical material in the "Hávamál," we are told that the whole story of how Odin got the mead, the source of poetry, given only in outline in the poem, is told us by Snorri with the details. We should like, however, to point out that, as shown by Rydberg in his "Teutonic Mythology," the "Hávamál" contains many details and hints at more of which there is not a word in Snorri. It is clear that the latter only gives us a very bald and incomplete version of what must originally have been a much richer and more romantic story. We observe that in verse 50 Miss Clarke, in common we admit with other translators, rejects the meaning in prose of the Icelandic *þorp*, i.e. hamlet or village, which she does not think appropriate. But while we know of no ground for the suggestion that "a fir-tree withers away when it stands on a mound," the late Eiríkr Magnússon informed the reviewer that he thought this verse referred to the fact that, at any rate in Norway and other northern lands, fir trees do suffer when their haunts are invaded by human habitations. There is much more we should like to say, but space forbids, and we can only thank Miss Clarke for her valuable and interesting contribution to the English literature of the subject

ALBANY F. MAJOR.

* "The Hávamál—with Selections from other Poems in the Edda, illustrating the Wisdom of the North in Heathen Times." Translated and Edited by D. E. Martin Clarke. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

ALL SORTS OF NOVELS.*

A writer—the writer of the best novel of the season—complained the other day that he could not make a living by his work, and I talked thoughtfully of Paul and the tent-making. The large output of fifth-rate novels, which are kindly noticed by reviewers grown indifferent, is probably responsible for this state of affairs. The good work is drowned by the bad; and an embittered man says, "My stuff is not wanted by the people of my day and generation, so I will stop writing." If he is unduly sensitive he does, leaving the weeds to flourish and the land to lie fallow, which is a pity I have seen more than one good poet go out of cultivation, and I fear this must happen to some of our best novelists, for it takes a year to write a fine novel, a year of strain and psychic stress, and if the libraries take only a few of the good books while they order large quantities of the rubbish—well, it is fundamentally discouraging.

I think, however, that Beatrice Kean Seymour will get a fair return on her new novel, "The Hopeful Journey." She had the good luck to have her first book well noticed where others of equal merit were overlooked, and I fancy she is now sure of an increasing public. She has given us this time a long, closely-written story—the story of three or four generations. She begins in 1843 and ends to-day. The fact that she has brought the story of the family up to date has stopped her fluent pen, for she is imaginative rather than inventive. The book is very long and crowded with characters—so crowded that, as her

* "The Hopeful Journey." By B. Kean Seymour. (Chapman & Hall.) "Revolving Lights." By Dorothy M. Richardson. (Duckworth.)—"The Great Moment." By Elinor Glyn. (Duckworth.)—"The Back Seat." By G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. each.

studies are not outstanding, the reader is apt, like Jeremy Bentley, to be a little uncertain whether it is the daughter or granddaughter about whom she is talking. Mrs. Kean Seymour has chosen in "The Hopeful Journey"—what a good name for life!—to deal with commonplace types. She gives us the ordinary person without much gift, without much character, good, futile souls who manage with some discontent to get along in the "state of life in which it has pleased," etc. There is discontent, but no struggle, they are neither good nor bad, merely the average person. The Eves I knew, when their fathers refused the monetary help which would have made a career possible, set out to make it for themselves. They succeeded or they failed, but what mattered was that they had proved themselves by the effort they made. With such, however, Mrs. Kean Seymour does not deal; indeed her pictures of the past are somewhat unreal. Georgian writers do their best, but it is almost impossible for them to realise how Victorians felt and talked and thought. They cannot, as it were, get into the Victorian skin. The last half is the better part of the book, the love scenes are good, the observation with regard to present-day types penetrating, the opinions pleasantly catholic:

"A long journey. And at the end what? Her mother was certain Bentley had secured most of the things he wanted from life, but Mona wondered just what exactly those things had been. She could never discover. What had he wanted? What, if it came to that, did any of them want?"

About "Revolving Lights" there is little to be said. It is another chunk of Miriam's psychology, and those who are intrigued by that will read the book. Like its predecessors it has occasional flashes of the cleverness which underlies it—the cleverness of Miss Dorothy Richardson; but they are rare and the general impression is of a great aridity. "Revolving Lights" may be pleasant on occasion, but to live with—give me the steadfast stars.

"The Back Seat" is an amusing comedy. I do not suppose Miss Stern expected us to take it seriously or to think it real. It is the story of a *poseuse* who pretends to a love of domesticity which, when she gets it, bores and irritates her. She is an actress and it is her daughter who eventually takes the back seat. The book is in the tradition of Miss Netta Syrett, whom as a writer Miss Stern has lately come to resemble. Perhaps the latter is the more amusing, but Miss Syrett's detail is better done. To turn from them, however, to Elinor Glyn's new book, "The Great Moment," is to leave sound, well-written fiction for a jumble of absurd impossibilities. The book opens well, but from the snake incident onward it is a terrible hotchpotch, the sort of stuff you could imagine a journalist dashing off, between two interviews. Elinor Glyn once gave us amusing books, but she seems nowadays to be only bent on destroying her reputation. "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Letters of Ambrosine" might have been written by someone else. It seems impossible they could have been penned by the author of "The Great Moment."

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

SHORT STORIES.*

People with prejudices against volumes of short stories (and the librarians testify that there are many of these) should make an exception of Stacy Aumonier's collection, "Miss Bracegirdle and Others." Aumonier is among the best of English craftsmen and the American magazine editors compete for his work. Not all the stories in this volume are pure literature, but even the exceptions are devised with the skill of the specialist.

"Where Was Wych Street?" is perhaps the best of all. It tells of far-spreading tragedy consequent on a discussion in a tavern as to a vanished London street. Aumonier has a wide net for characters and classes, and lost Wych Street extends in its scope of narration from the under-depths of London to the drawing-rooms of the great and the abode of the Lord Chief Justice. The story also ingeniously incorporates in its texture the famous Sidney Street siege "overlooked" by the then Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill.

An old-fashioned comedian is ticked off to the life in "The Funny Man's Day." James Jasper Basingstoke, known on the Variety Stage as "Willy Nilly," is more a figure of sorrow than fun, but Aumonier holds the mirror up to Music Hall nature so faithfully that the smile is as apparent as the tear.

Another triumph in portraiture is "Old Fags," a hideously insanitary old man whose grime has not ruined his soul.

Each story is arresting, and there is an infinite variety in this bunch of life.

There is little of the artist in Frederick William Wallace with his "Salt Seas and Sailormen," yet he gets his effects by sheer vigour of narration. Most of the tales in the volume deal with the tough exploits of hard-bitten men of the sea, the off-shore trawlers of Canada's Atlantic coast. The best tale of the lot is the one entitled "Like a Proper Sailorman," recounting how a dying shellback of seventy-four persuades a good-natured captain to enlist his feeble services for a final voyage. This is a great yarn which would appeal to the heart of that poetic master-mariner, Joseph Conrad.

Here and there in lighter vein the author scores. "Slush and Parsimony" deals with the comedy of a mean skipper, who finds too late that one of his crew, who has been anointing the masts of the Bluenose barque, *Trade Wind*, with a filthy-looking compound which smells sweet, has discovered treasure. John Watson, able seaman, carries off a big dollop of "slush" when he is leaving the ship without his wages, and sells the stuff for five thousand dollars to a San Francisco druggist. It was that rare and valuable substance, ambergris.

"Mate of the *Ambrosina*" is a tale of bitter revenge. A shipowner, learning that his son has been hazed to death by a brutal mate, gives him a job as mate on one of his own vessels, and lets his officers and crew have their will of a callous bully.

Fantastic wit and poetic humour are the ingredients of "Circular Saws" by Humbert Wolfe. The pieces are brief and telling. Some of them are parables, but none of them are dull. The only sign of effort is shown in the few poems which are included. Mr. Wolfe's *métier* is unmistakably lightsome prose. He can cover the obvious with a pretty garment of originality. Take, for example, the small page of prose entitled "Looking for a Needle in a Haystack." It must be quoted at length to get the real flavour of Mr. Wolfe's little vintage:

"Mr. Arthur Benacres—the celebrated philanthropist—suffered in private life the inconvenience of being an ostrich. This was due to the act of a rather deaf fairy friend of the family, who mistook an observation on the weather (addressed to him by a conversational curate at the christening) for a request for feathers.

"This, as you suppose, caused Mr. Benacres some difficulty, and led him to consider methods of escape. For though it was agreeable to be able to subsist on odd scraps of broken rubbish, and to dig with his head (instead of a spade) in the nice clean sand, people did make a fuss on the Underground and at parties.

"Till at last another fairy friend of the family, who was neither deaf nor blind, said: 'Why don't you go into Parliament? Then nobody will notice.' And they didn't."

The wit of this is not in the tail (which is antiquated), but in the body which is novel.

Purveyors of books are ancient game for would-be jesters, but Mr. Wolfe again avoids banality in the opening of the debating thesis, "Quantity is Better than Quality," which has a beautiful crispness:

"'This is the thirty-first story,' said the publisher. 'How many more do you propose to write?' 'The question you should have asked,' replied the author, 'is how many less?'

"'Less than what?' inquired the publisher irritably. 'Less than what I could if I'm not stopped.'"

LOUIS J. McQUILLAND.

* "Miss Bracegirdle and Others." By Stacy Aumonier. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Salt Seas and Sailormen." By Frederick William Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Circular Saws." By Humbert Wolfe. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE ART OF NEIL MUNRO.

Mr. Neil Munro has risen to the dignity of a uniform edition, and the house of Blackwood has laid us under a heavy debt.*

I do not propose to discuss in detail the ten handsome volumes (which at 3s. 6d. each are placed within the reach of all), nor do I attempt to fix the position which Neil Munro occupies amongst his contemporaries. One can almost say to-day of many of these that they " abide our judgment," but that he is " free." He is classic in the same sense as we apply the term to his great countrymen, Stevenson and Barrie. I do, however, wish to indicate some of those qualities which have made him a novelist of the front rank.

One of his most discerning critics, Mr. Frank Rutter, said to me the other day that what struck him most in Munro was his Simplicity, and he gave as an example the opening sentences of " Children of Tempest," which indeed have something of the restrained dignity of some old Saga.

" There was a woman years ago in Uist who had two sons one to her first husband, one to his successor. They dwelt in Corodale."

I quite agree that an elemental simplicity runs through all his works, but his fame needs a far securer basis. Simplicity has more pitfalls than any other form of literary expression. We are all familiar with Johnson's parody of the simple ballad style:

" I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand,
And there I met another man
With his hat in his hand "



Mr. Neil Munro.

But the triumph of Neil Munro is that he has wedded Atmosphere and Simplicity. I was very fortunate in beginning with " The Lost Pibroch," for if all the other volumes had to go this one alone would secure him immortality. No one would for a moment suggest that Neil Munro could have written " Markheim," but it is equally true that there is nothing in all Stevenson that can quite compare with " The Lost Pibroch." Nothing greater in the short story has been written in our generation. There is something in the book that is not to be found in our literature since Scott wrote " Wandering Willie's Tale." Mr. Andrew Lang said of it that here we " meet genius, obvious and undeniable as in Kipling," and I think it will not be disputed that when Munro directs his powers to old Highland life he does what genius alone can do—he makes it alive again.

" The Lost Pibroch " is the tune of broken clans that sets the men on the foray and makes cold hearth-stones. " It was played in Glenshira when Gilleasbuig Gruamach could stretch stout swordsmen from Boshang to Ben Bhuidhe and where are the folks of Glenshira this day ? I saw a cheery night in Carnus that's over Lochow, and song and story busy about the fire, and the Moideart man played it for a wager. In the morning the weans were without fathers, and Carnus men were scattered about the wide world."

Since Milton is said to have preferred " Paradise Regained " to " Paradise Lost," great writers are under suspicion of being somewhat uncritical of their own work.

* " Collected Novels and Stories of Neil Munro." 10 vols. 3s. 6d. each. (Blackwood.)

I have discussed Neil Munro's books with himself, and though he is one of the most unassuming men I ever met and the most difficult to persuade to talk of his own achievements, he has admitted to me that of his ten volumes, " The Lost Pibroch," " John Splendid," " Gilian the Dreamer," " Children of Tempest " and " The New Road " are, in his opinion, " the least unsatisfactory." Of " The New Road " he remarked to me : " I can still turn it over myself with no great vexation, though that may be a satisfaction of which a few more years may deprive me."

After " The Lost Pibroch " the book which has given me greatest pleasure is " Jaunty Jock," for there are short stories in it that may well thrill the most critical reader. The title, however, has been ill chosen. The finest story in the book is " The First Foot " : it is Neil Munro at his very best.

Opinions differ of course—each to his own taste. W. E. Henley preferred " Gilian the Dreamer " to anything Munro ever wrote. " It was," he said, " most personal, most persuasive—in places merely exquisite." On the other hand " Daft Days " has called forth from Quiller-Couch the most enthusiastic praise. He has compared the book to the " morning-room filled with sunshine." It is certainly full of the laughter of simple hearts.

Again, some critics have placed " The New Road " with " Kidnapped " and " Catriona," while others have preferred " Doom Castle " and " Fancy Farm." Where indeed there is such a wealth of genius it is very difficult to make a definite choice. For myself I do not think that, great as are his novels, they can be said to touch the beauty of his short stories. His genius indeed has something of Burns. He does not fail in the more ambitious efforts, but he will be remembered far more for the sweet simplicity, the weird and fascinating atmosphere, of his short tales of the Highland glens than for the pageantry of words and the wider range of his longer romances.

No one would resent more any strict comparison with Scott and Stevenson than Neil Munro himself. He has not the range of either. No man of our time has had. But no writer of Scottish life to-day is more expressive of Scottish genius than he is in those short stories where we seem to lose ourselves in the mountain mists, share the lives of Celtic wooers and Celtic warriors, and forget the prosaic routine of modern strenuous life. Neil Munro has done work for a race that he knows and loves that can be compared only to what Thomas Hardy has done for his corner of the vineyard.

Hugh Walker has said that " Wandering Willie " seems " to spring from the brain of the author as silently as Solomon's temple rose," and I think it can also be maintained for Neil Munro that his work does give the impression of masterly ease—the art that conceals art—and that he has succeeded in the expression of atmosphere, and at times in the delineation of Scottish character, to a greater extent than any contemporary with the doubtful exception of Barrie himself. Stevenson said of Burns that he seemed to have a difficulty in starting, and Scott himself, supreme as he is, has lost many readers after the opening chapter. But I do not envy the man or the woman who

can read the first sentences of any of Neil Munro's works and fail to continue to the end.

BRODIE FRASER.

THE DELICATE TOUCH.*

Expert theatrical producers will probably pronounce Mr. Baring's plays to be " unactable " ; the reasons given being that the dialogue would not get over the footlights and that the action, in one case at least, is too slight. There may be some sad truth about this objection from the commercial point of view ; but it does not seem to me that " His Majesty's Embassy," for example, is a badly constructed play or unsuitable for the stage It is true that the characters, especially in the first act, come on and go off without giving exact explanations for so doing ; but, on the other hand, given an institution like the Chancery, this is surely what they would do, throughout most of the official day. Of course Mr. Baring is, as Wilkie Bard would say, " a shade subtle " Yet if that great artist in the *sotto voce* observation which, mark you, reaches the ears of the gallery—can perform this miracle, I see no reason why the delicate lispings of Mr. Baring's Chancery clerks and the exquisite comedy, expressed in half-tones, which springs from their misdoings, should not be made equally effective. I could not fully enjoy reading " His Majesty's Embassy " because my imagination was swept along with the current of humour ; and I could not stop long enough to visualise separately the attitudes of Messrs. Napier, Williams, Carey and Lee-Roberts. I wanted to see Byng's face when he bids farewell to Cicely and says : " When we meet again everything will be different. Well, if things had been different, everything might have been different. You know, don't you ? " It is not enough to chuckle up one's sleeve. One misses a good deal in the reading ; and I am sure that if the play were to be acted the relief afforded by the scenic surroundings and the more gradual unfolding of the plot would release in the beholder's mind that part of him specially preserved for the enjoyment of the more subtle joys of theatrical entertainment. It would also give some of our " juveniles " and " responsibles " a chance to rearrange neckties and stroke the backs of their heads to some real purpose.

" His Majesty's Embassy " in fact is an authentic comedy, with a very slight plot, although almost every line reveals an unexpected twist in the action. The main underlying idea is that people who lead enforcedly artificial and sophisticated lives do not, however much they may want to, fight duels or drink poison. They allow themselves to be swirled along with the current of social amenity and are as helpless in the matter of choosing a wife or risking a *grande passion*, as is the amiable first secretary of the Chancery in his attempts to get an important telegram sent off or a document legibly written. Yet, like the unhappy Ambassador in the play, they may be dying of heart disease or its equivalent in the language of the real affections.

" June—and After " displays the same delicate touch and is rather more conventional in theme. James Shawcross, " thirty-five in the first act," flirts with June Palmer, who is about to marry Captain Wilfred Nevern, a young man whose chief hobby in life is the solution of acrostics in the *Strand Magazine*. Shawcross is poor, but has expectations ; he is also the tame-cat of Mrs. Caswell, who easily dissuades him from the affair with June In the second act June has become Lady Nevern and her daughter, Victoria, is about to marry this same Shawcross, whose expectations have now been realised. Victoria has high-brow tendencies which lead her to find an affinity in Frances Saltlake, " one of the most eminent of research workers, with an excellent post at Aberdeen." Hearing that Shawcross had made love to her mother eighteen years before Victoria decides to elope with Saltlake. This happens on the eve of the wedding, so that in the third act the situation in the first is daringly repeated, with just the variation that makes all the difference. Again Mrs. Caswell, now a widow, persuades Shawcross that Victoria is not for him. Shawcross, however, neatly turns the tables upon her, and the gathering years, by marrying June, who is also a widow, after all. It is a clever little comedy in which the matrimonial game is subtly analysed ; and I cast Mr. Edmund Gwenn for the part of Mr. Palmer, an authority on counterpoint and other musical mysteries, who wanders irrelevantly through acts one and three.

It is difficult to write about " Manfroy, Duke of Athens " in the same breath as the other plays, for although the delicacy of its workmanship brings it within the scope of this article, in writing this exceedingly beautiful dramatic poem, Mr. Baring has once again revealed the astonishing versatility of his pen. The theme of the play is that of an Athenian prince, living in the age beloved of Boccaccio, who refuses to believe in God until evil and subsequent remorse convince him of the need of salvation. The action carries us through the misfortunes of the prince until, unable to resist the great beauty of a maiden entrusted to his charge, he commits an outrage which is afterwards reflected in the tragic plight of his own son who, falling in love with the daughter resulting from the rape, nearly commits the same crime. How this second crime is averted and remorse enters at last into the soul of Manfroy is set forth with rare beauty and effectiveness, accompanied by many lovely lyrics.

" Salma," of course, is a piece for the Marionettes, and I hope someone will draw Dr. Piccola's attention to the fact. Here too is the delicate touch, applied to a poetic prose which is always dramatically appropriate, and studded with gems of metaphor derived from an intimate knowledge of Chinese lore. It is a beautifully woven fantasy, relating how Shamsuddin, a Persian lute-player seeks the love of Salma, who is the principal girl of a wandering troupe of players to which they both belong. After many misadventures and the lapse of years, the lovers meet ; but Salma kills herself when she realises that Shamsuddin has been overwhelmed by the beauty of her own daughter, Behar, whom he at first mistakes for his first love. The plaintiveness of the theme is admirably relieved by the exotic comic relief afforded by Abu'l Fath and his clowns, and the dramatic interest, however fragile, never fails to hold.

E. V. ODLE.

* " His Majesty's Embassy and Other Plays." By Maurice Baring. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—" Salma : A Play in Three Acts." By L. Cranmer-Byng. 3s. 6d. (Murray.)

SIXTY YEARS AGO.*

There was once upon a time a very objectionable person of the name of Procrustes, a robber of Attica, who placed all the victims who fell into his hands upon an iron bed. If they were longer than the bed he cut off their redundant extremities. If they were shorter he stretched them until they fitted it. That was perhaps carrying uniformity to excess. Nevertheless something almost as disastrous has come to be the practice of the professional biographer, particularly where the subject of the biography is lately dead, and his weaknesses, peccadilloes and indiscretions seem likely to reflect uncomfortably on those he has left behind him. This *nil nisi bonum* practice may make for edification, but assuredly it does not make for verisimilitude. It is a Lawrence-like prettifying of a portrait by ignoring the wrinkles which are the hieroglyphics of all that is really vital about the sitter. In which connection I well remember in how unmeasured terms Jean Ingelow, by no means a modern woman, denounced to me the so-called Biography of C. S. Calverley, a peculiarly tartuffish production.

Now I see that Mr. Ellis has been blamed for indiscretion because he has not wholly emasculated the rather full-blooded letters of Sir William Hardman, whom he has, I

* " A Mid-Victorian Pepys." The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman, annotated and edited by S. M. Ellis. 25s. (Cecil Palmer.)

think, however, rather too complimentarily entitled a mid-Victorian Pepys. I fail to sympathise with the Olympian and prudish fault-finder. Indeed Mr. Ellis seems to me to have been discretion itself, unless indeed discretion is a synonym for whitewash. Certainly any Peeping Tom taking up this book and expecting the titillation of his senses which he can get for a penny from his evening newspaper, will soon cast it away in bitter disappointment. Which is not to say that, to the student of manners, there is nothing of piquancy in this self-revelation of a very ordinary and respectable man of affairs, who though doubtless at " a party in a parlour " would converse as discreetly as respectability would require, yet in the privacy of letters and diaries is not above licking his lips over a scandal and, sharing the faith of Tomlinson of Berkeley Square, sinning, if he sinned at all seriously, in thought rather than in deed, feeling, guessing, hearing, thinking " what another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy " rather than being in any way actively naughty himself. Not a very elevated characteristic, perhaps, but refreshingly and typically human, and Mr. Ellis would have been as much to blame in suppressing these weaknesses as the biographer of David would have been to blame if he had suppressed the story of Bathsheba, or of St. Augustine if he had not recorded what is perhaps the most human, poignant and scathingly honest of prayers ever prayed. A portrait is a mere milliner's dummy clothed in a decorative garment unless it shows that there is beneath it a palpitating, passionate human body.

Sir William Hardman is not the equal of Pepys, Evelyn, Hickey or Greville, but he has this advantage that he is nearer at hand and so makes a more personal appeal to people now living. His greatest claim to distinction lies in the fact that he was for many years the chosen and boon companion of his great contemporary, George Meredith, " Friar Tuck " to his " Robin Hood." " Tuck," said Meredith, " among all the things which I have to thank God for, I know of none for which I am more grateful to Him than for the pleasure of knowing *you*." That is a fine testimonial of a big man to a small.

The contrasting and complementary characters of the two men are well exemplified in their respective attitudes towards the notorious review which appeared in the *Spectator* in 1862 on Meredith's " Modern Love " in the course of which the writer gave him—or probably her-self away by describing it as " a series of clever, meretricious, turbid pictures by a man of some vigour, jaunty manners " etc., etc., " who likes writing about human passions, but does not bring either original imaginative power or true sentiment to the task." It was, writes Hardman, " in my opinion written with a very decided personal bad feeling. Robin did not agree with me." Nor would he. It is the small man who reads personal spite into disagreements. It is the big man who knows that there must be two diametrically opposed sides, and two honest sides, to everything in life.

But it is this very limitation of the writer of these letters which constitutes his appeal to us small men. Few of us ever climb or wish to climb to Olympian heights. Content to wander in the valleys, we stalk the coney with our shotguns, leaving the chamois and the rifles to our betters.

Let me give a few samples of the small game which Hardman brings down, shooting folly as it flies, assuring the reader that if he likes this sort of thing he will find plenty more of what he likes, helped out by Mr. Ellis's capital notes, in the book itself.

Here is an example of his lightest vein :

" A friend from the North Countree has been to see us this evening and has amused me by imparting a copy of a bill sent in to him by a carpenter. It is as follows :

Mr. A.B. to C.D., Carpenter and Joiner.

2 Hoak Boxes ..	..	15 shillings.
1 Wooden do. ..	..	7 shillings.
1 Wood do. ..	..	8 shillings.

The question is, how much has A B to pay ? You will say, as I said, 30s. Nothing of the kind. He was only expected to pay 8s., for of the two ' Hoak Boxes,' *one wouldn't do and one would do.*"

Here is a sidelight on contemporary history, which may with edification be read alongside the account of the same matter in Mr. Gardiner's just published " Life of Sir William Harcourt " :

" I have lately heard that there is every probability of the Duke of Cambridge resigning his post of Commander-in-Chief ; the reason assigned is that the Queen and he do not agree, or rather that the Queen objects most decidedly to his mode of life. . . Doubtless she thinks that the Duke sets a very bad example to the Prince of Wales."

On this Mr. Ellis very aptly notes that nevertheless the Duke stuck to his post for thirty-three years longer !

Here is an episode which emphasises the altered estimation in which the ordinary person now holds His Majesty's Servants, compared with his attitude of sixty years ago :

" A new actress, Miss Tungate, of whom we knew a good deal, was charming in both manners and looks. Meredith is an old friend of hers, but we don't know her personally. Mary Anne " (Hardman's wife) " and I were passing near the stall where she was assisting at ' The Dramatic Fete,' when an old boor from the country was showing his good manners by suggesting that she might require a pair of baby's shoes (which she was offering for sale) for herself. Not satisfied with saying his impertinences once, he repeated them three times. She coloured dreadfully, but bore it very well. We were exceedingly angry—he had a lady on his arm—and Mary Anne stepped up to the stall and made a small purchase, as she took care to inform Miss Tungate pointedly, for the sake of having the pleasure of purchasing from her."

And we, who well remember the grace and dignity of the late Lady Hardman, feel happily assured that the " old boor " felt well snubbed for his nasty blackguardism.

I have marked and should have liked to quote many other passages, but I find that my space is exhausted. I conclude by saying that being but a small man I have not found a dull page in Mr. Ellis's excellently edited volume.

G. S. LAYARD.

MEN OF THE ANTARCTIC.*

It seems scarcely decent to review a book like this. What right has one, sitting quietly by a fire, to scribble appreciation of this heroic and splendid adventure ? It would be more seemly to salute such a book with the ancient greeting of the Roman, standing with outstretched, uplifted arm in silent admiration of the great men and great deeds recorded. There have been, it is true, explorers' books about which one has felt differently ; but in this the sterling courage and modesty of the men who wrought and died is matched by the simplicity and candour of the man who wrought and has lived to write his companions' praise. Mr. Cherry-Garrard was one of the three men who went after the eggs of the Emperor Penguin, risking his life so that science should be satisfied—risking his life to be snubbed and insulted by some wretched public servant in the Museum at South Kensington.

The familiarity which the public already have with Scott's great voyage should be of advantage to this record of Mr Cherry-Garrard, who brings to his task a kind of ebullient enthusiasm which makes the mere reading of his book a pleasure. It would be easy to quote page after page of description, of comment, of speculation and suggestion which all show that the author is a man of unusual depth of feeling and no little insight into character. His sketches of his comrades are full of shrewdness and wisdom. He admits that motives vary, as all human motives do :

" Some of our men were ambitious : some wanted money, others a name ; some a help up the scientific ladder, others an F.R.S. Why not ? But we had men who did not care a rap for money or fame. I do not believe it mattered to Wilson when he found Amundsen had reached the Pole a few days before him—not much. . . . Science is a big thing if you can travel a winter journey in her cause and not regret it. I am not sure she is not bigger still if you can have dealings with scientists and continue to follow in her path."

When they reached the hut built by Scott in 1902 they unearthed what he had left there ten years before. It is

* " The Worst Journey in the World." By A. Cherry-Garrard. 2 vols. £3 3s. (Constable.)

pitiful to read of their eagerness to get at books and magazines:

"From odd corners we unearthed some *Contemporary Reviews*, the *Girls' Own Paper*, and the *Family Herald*, all of ten years ago! We also found encased in ice an incomplete copy of Stanley Weyman's "My Lady Rotha"; it was carefully thawed out and read by everybody, and the excitement was increased by the fact that the end of the book was missing."

It is in the little observant details of the men's habits and tastes that much of the interest of Mr. Cherry-Garrard's book lies. We learn how they passed their time, what they discussed, the songs they sang at Christmas, and the meals they ate. Most remarkable of all is the atmosphere of everyday which Mr. Cherry-Garrard gives to the most amazing endurance, the most surprising perseverance, the most dogged courage. He himself is a bit of a philosopher. He was a young man of twenty-four when he went out, and he came back with a white beard; he lived with men who had a deep implicit religion, and nowhere is his gallant spirit better displayed than in the pages where he comments on Amundsen's intriguing anticipation of the Scott expedition. It is possible that Amundsen was a bolder, more practical explorer than Scott, Wilson, Bowen or Oates; he may have been very useful to science; but there can be no doubt to the student of human nature that the British party contained the better men, and that the spirit which they showed was one without which the world would be indefinitely poorer.

KING COLE.*

Mr. John Masefield has shown again his old felicity of subject and scene. Nothing could be happier than his choice of King Cole, the eternal rural wanderer, doing good like the Good Shepherd, meeting an itinerant circus, reinspiring the jaded troupe, and in the fullest degree bringing them "luck." His scene is the country-side of the poet's own heart, the river-fringing shires, Goring and thereabout; his season is the lush September, with—

"Moist poppies scarlet from the Hilcote sheaves,
Green-fingered bine that runs the barley-rows,
Pale candylips, and those intense blue blows
That trail the porches in the autumn dusk,
Tempting the noiseless moth to tongue their musk——"

and other pictures, as beautiful, give the spirit of the month. As tempting for quotation are the stanzas which describe the response of all nimble things to old King Cole's subtle fluting:

"And with them, walking by the vans, there came
The wild things from the woodland and the mead,
The red stag, with his tender-stepping dame,
Branched, and high-tongued and ever taking heed.
Nose-wrinkling rabbits nibbling at the weed,
The hares that box by moonlight on the hill,
The bright trout's death, the otter from the mill.

"There, with his mask made virtuous, came the fox,
Talking of landscape while he thought of meat;
Blood-loving weasels, honey-harrying brocks,
Stoats, and the mice that build among the wheat,
Dormice, and moles with little hands for feet,
The water-rat that gnaws the yellow flag,
Toads from the stone and merrows from the quag.

"And over them flew birds of every kind, . . .
The bright-eyed, feathery, thready-legged things.
There they, too, sang amid a rush of wings,
With sweet, clear cries and gleams from wing and crest,
Blue, scarlet, white, gold plume and speckled breast."

For over all these had King Cole, our English pied piper, the magic twin powers of charity and music. In scenes like these, scenes of extreme simplicity and easy beauty, Mr. Masefield has matched his best of earlier years.

Yet the poem shakes our faith in him, and deeply disappoints. These free and beautiful stanzas are but flowery decorations—decorating what? A story that is ruined by the facile and perishable stucco hanging all about it.

* "King Cole and Other Poems." By John Masefield. 6s. (Heinemann.)

Between the flowers the stucco grins idly like shabby death. It is the too easy "beauty," the too ready "nobility," the too responsive "wisdom," in a word the too artless metaphysic which, in any moment of enervation or brief pause between successive impulses, slips in and mouths the familiar exhausted lines:

"They brought down Beauty and Wisdom from the sky
Into the streets, those strangers; I could see
Beauty and Wisdom looking up at me."

When King Cole, that "jolly old soul," invites the town to witness the travelling show at the Prince's expense, he addresses them as "bearers of the ghost that burns and breaks its lamp," saying:

"Come to the Ring, the image of the path
That this our planet through the Heaven hath;
Behold man's skill, man's wisdom, man's delight,
And woman's beauty, imaged to the height.

"Come, for our rulers come; and Death, whose feet
Tread at the door, permits a minute's sweet;
To each man's soul vouchsafes a glimpse, a gleam,
A touch, a breath of his intensest dream."

And clerks, mechanics, farmers, boys, courtiers and women as they hasten forward are musing in the same incredible poetic jargon, jingling the same debased poetical small coins:

"We go to see
Life, not the daily coil, but as it is
Lived in its beauty in eternity,
Above base aim, beyond our miseries;
Life that is speed and colour and bright bliss,
And beauty seen and strained for, and possest
Even as a star forever in the breast."

This conventional poeticising does not in the least fuse with the homely Chaucerian realism which, of all living poets, Mr. Masefield knows so well how to employ and enjoy. Mr. Masefield is incapable of consciously faking, but he has a unique and hapless power of unconsciously simulating and intensifying what was once—years ago—a still small voice of simple truth passionately received. At the slightest suggestion, at the prompting of a single phrase and for the mere ease of a rhyme, he floats off into this vacuity of intelligence, and when he has, for the nonce, nothing to say, must needs reiterate the old nerveless tale of beauty, wisdom, life, death, nobility, a tale of empty words; must needs juggle with phrases as the tumbler among the troupe juggled with his limbs. In these light, bladder-like poems—for unluckily "King Cole" is far from being the first—Mr. Masefield seems to be playing false with his real and singular gifts. He has a great eminence among modern writers; he is capable of a great service to his time and a great honour to his craft; and yet he tosses abroad these easy verses which are as light and dissolute as foam, as unabiding as foam. A fine gift is squandered heedlessly, indifferently—all but irretrievably. If only he could realise it, he might even yet retrieve and exercise it in a new and splendid purpose. He might repeat the note of the excellent "Rider at the Gate," the most welcome of the shorter poems in the present collection.

JOHN FREEMAN.

Novel Notes.

OUR MR. WRENN. By Sinclair Lewis. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Owing most likely to the insistent demands of "Babbitt's" admirers for "more," Mr. Lewis has now permitted "Our Mr. Wrenn" to cross the Atlantic, and although the story is nine years old—it was first published in New York in 1914—its English readers, one imagines, will be numerous. Mr. Wrenn is a shy, awkward clerk in an American store. He has an admiration for scenery and a great desire to travel; also a great hunger and thirst after friendship,



Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

to him a most elusive imp. The account of his trip to England on a cattle-boat, the manner in which he " makes good " in an encounter with a bullying cattle minder, and his impressions of cold, unfriendly England are excellently told. But it is the picture of William Wrenn watching himself gradually unfold and expand under the influence of " arty " Istra that easily holds the centre of the stage. He is so astonished ; he is a child seeing himself for the first time in a mirror. And when this lady comes to America (whither Mr. Wrenn has returned) and meets a certain Nellie to whom Billy diffidently is paying attention, the fun waxes furious. The poor little clerk is bewildered. He is inventive and cute at his little job at the store, but the distracting pull of the two women on his nature he cannot understand. Istra, as the woman of the world, forces his decision, and if he looks at sunsets a little less frequently " he learned a new way to cook eggs " which, one supposes, is useful in domesticity. An entertaining and distinctly clever book, not unworthy of the author of " Babbitt."

YOUNG RICHARD MAST. By Ianthe Jerrold. 7s. 6d. (Parsons.)

Round the character of Richard Mast, who is drawn with acute understanding, a variety of characters come and go, leaving their influence on his history, which, from youth to early middle-age, forms the theme of Miss Ianthe Jerrold's clever first novel. With him, as child, boy and man, we are brought in close sympathy, and our interest never flags, for the writer has the rare gift of commanding interest by the recounting of ordinary happenings. Her character-studies are deft and sure: Richard's mother, totally uncomprehending the nature of the son she adores ; his father, sister, brother, his friends and journalistic colleagues—all are etched with care and insight. And last, but most vivid of all, the girl he marries, the temperamental Bettine, stands out, poignantly real, difficult, elusive, complex. The book is one that will appeal because of its perfect naturalness, its entire freedom from affectation, and the philosophy of life it reveals. There is a wistfulness in the outlook that finds expression in the words of Conrad, Richard's friend, when the two have reached the end of youth : " That's what's strange in life, isn't it ? Not the anger, and the conflict and the violence ; but that inconclusiveness. Like a stream widening and widening and growing slow and shallow and sinking back into the sand. . . ." The predominating note is vaguely sad ; one scarcely knows why, for there is much in Richard's life that is happy and carefree. Perhaps it is because the story deals with the eternal tragedy of change—the struggles of youth drifting into the comparative calm of maturity. Whatever the reason, the novel is one of charm and distinction. The very effective wrapper design is the work of Miss Daphne Jerrold.

GOLDEN DISHES. By Rachel Swete Macnamara. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Some novels read as if they had been lived out in the world somewhere beside us. " Golden Dishes " is of the number. Damaris Packe, at thirty-two, has the choice of a lover or of wealth. (We have not yet come to the everyday part of the story.) Thinking of what she can do for her relations she chooses to be an heiress. The author at this early stage achieves her first success by getting our sympathies for the heroine. Unselfishness in fiction is often very difficult to " get across." As a foil to Damaris is set her niece, Tory Waring, a young girl of the type by which we should not like our age to be remembered. Tory would flash out that this remark was " elderly." She engages affection easily, and it looks as if Ludlow Tempest, Damaris's lover, were to fall in love with her, leaving Damaris alone with her empty golden dishes. It all comes right in the long run, though there are some anxious moments. This is the kind of story that makes one as clamorous as the veriest schoolgirl for the convention of the happy ending.

THE MAN WHO LIVED ALONE. By Almey St. John Adcock. 7s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds)

Distinct freshness and something of daring originality are to be found in this story by a new accession to the ranks of our young novelists—qualities sufficiently uncommon to call for instant recognition. There have been " runaway " stories galore, and in so far as it is such this novel might be regarded as old-fashioned of the old-fashioned. Miss Adcock, however, presents her truant " with a difference." Though the man gives the title to the story it is really the girl who provides the main interest, for it is she not he who is the runaway. Pauline was not happy in the home of her stepmother ; she had reached the age of nineteen and her mother had matrimonial views for her which were, to say the least,

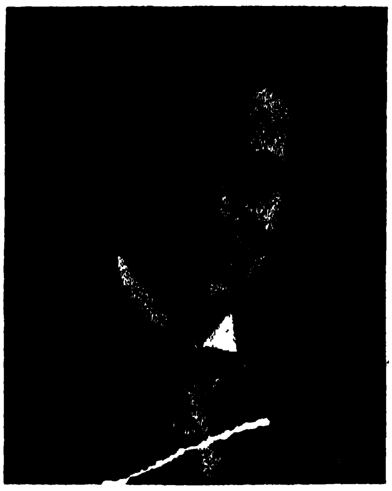


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Almey St. John Adcock.**

distasteful. Pauline had already ideas as to her freedom when fate played into her hands and she discovered—oh joy to the adventurous—a derelict parcel containing a shabby suit of clothes. Thus it is that disguised as a boy she disappears from her distasteful home and sets out, possessed of two-and-fourpence-halfpenny, a desire to get to the sea, and "Little Brother," a non-existent with whom, as a kind of "unseen playmate," she companions her loneliness. When it is discovered that the suit of clothes which appears so providentially to have been placed at her disposal has been thrown away by a lad wanted for murder, all sorts of possibilities are opened up—but Miss Adcock is not out for sensationalism, and it is not the expected that happens. Pauline, nearing the sea, seeks shelter at a cottage, and finds herself (though "recognised" as the "wanted" youth) drifted into the position of factotum, guide, philosopher and friend in most surprising circumstances to the mysterious Man Who Lived Alone. It is, as has been said, a fresh and original story that Miss Adcock has devised concerning her somewhat surprisingly resourceful young runaway. She is possessed of so sure a sense of humour, evidenced here more especially in some of the minor characters, that we may welcome her story as being not only good in itself, but as earnest of further entertainment to follow.

THE DREAMER. By Leopold Spero. 6s. (Melrose.)

One must crawl before one is able to walk, and that is a fact not always realised by aspiring authors. Mr. Spero has realised it in this book, which we regard rather as a clever series of studies for a larger canvas than the great picture itself. It tells the story of a Jew at school and at college; the school is John Carpenter's, the college is Cambridge, and the Jew—well, we think he is as real as his school and his college. Mr. Spero has a remarkable aptitude for characterisation; his people are ordinary, and therefore very real. We have met them, and liked or disliked them according to their characteristics. Now that he has written this book and got it published it would be well if he took Leonard Hazelrigg (his hero) and examined him closely, to see whether there is not in his later life the material for a more important book. We think that Mr. Spero has it in him to give us good things in the future. He has succeeded in making "The Dreamer" a sufficiently interesting person to compel us to follow his adventures to the last page.



Mr. Leopold Spero.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH. By Emma Beatrice Brunner. 7s. 6d. (Brentano.)

An American tale of a campaign against the wealthy arranged by a man who considers himself ill-used by fortune. He forms a Justifiable Association, a Jewel Trust that gets its jewels by very questionable methods indeed, but thus is able to undersell competitors. A good idea, developed conscientiously and with a good deal of cleverness. The feminine characters especially are well done. At the end the hero comes to the conclusion that the millionaires he was brought up to loathe are not so bad after all. "When I began to know them, really know them from the inside, and share in their luxuries, my point of view changed. . . . At last I became the recipient of favours—so unlike the cold distance there had been between us. That was the last touch: I became unfit for service to my own association." It is a tale for the times, ingeniously contrived and very entertainingly written.

THE SILKEN SCARF. By L. C. Hobart. 7s. 6d. (Arnold.)

Miss Hobart's "The Silken Scarf" is one of the best first novels which we have read for some time. In manner and treatment this story of a weak man trying to take advantage of a strong man's weakness is a pleasant mixture of old and new fashions. Miss Hobart's men are all old-fashioned, reminiscent of a world which we fear never had much existence outside of women's fancies, but to which those fancies gave a certain specious reality. Her women are modern, natural, talkative rather than conversational, brisk in manner and swift in speech. Miss Hobart's narrative style is a very enjoyable contrast to the feverish, affected staccato now most in favour. We like a novelist who can pause to make moral reflections, who can for a moment expatiate unemphatically on the moral of her story. The contrast in character between O'Donoghue and Fenwick is perhaps stressed a shade too hardly; yet in O'Donoghue's instinctive, almost unconscious betrayal of his friend, Miss Hobart shows considerable knowledge of the weakness which can pass from charm to deceitfulness with so little warning either to its possessor or his victims. Rightly Miss Hobart has not tried to make Fenwick an attractive personality: the unattractive men are often the most popular with their intimates, though the circle of intimates is a small one. The best of her writing is however put into the character of Joan, whose sweetness, childishness and hardness are rendered with surprising skill for a beginner. We shall look forward with great pleasure to Miss Hobart's next novel.

THAT FELLOW MACARTHUR. By Selwyn Jepson. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

If you read "The Qualified Adventurer"—and if you have a taste for adventurous yarns you should have read it—MacArthur will turn up as an old friend. When the author declares that he knows MacArthur so well we readily believe him, for he has certainly created a character in this indolent Scot, who hates to have his methodical life disturbed, yet who beneath that indolence and method is a man of astounding grit and endurance, ready to face hazards in the unknown waters of the Amazon, to fight, if need be to die, rather than betray his trust. For fate has decreed that MacArthur shall be routed out of his rut and become guardian to a small boy who is in danger of being kidnapped. With this boy and a beautiful girl, also in his charge, he is wafted to South America. But the kidnappers follow, succeed in their design, and all sorts of wild happenings and thrilling escapes follow, as a matter of course. The story loses grip a little towards the end, but in spite of this it is a rattling good story and one that will appeal to all who like a tale of stirring incidents with a spice of comedy.

THE GHOST MOTH. By Kathleen Crighton Lion. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mrs. Lion displays in this, her first novel, a remarkable gift for the portrayal of character. Amid the wild beauty of the Yorkshire moors, strangely vivid human creatures of varying types work out their destinies, their crude emotions laid bare in a manner that may shock the sophisticated townsman—though the country dweller will know the raw truth of it. Hannah Cheall, a hunchback, grows to womanhood loving a devoted father—only to learn that he was the cause of her deformity; her love turns to hatred, and she is thrown back on the gnawing desire to be as other women. How she achieves her end concludes a story of singular power, starkly realistic in parts, intense and vitally interesting throughout. Mrs. Lion's style is bold and picturesque; she is to be congratulated on a remarkable and extraordinarily interesting book.

OLD EBBIE, DETECTIVE UP TO DATE. By F. A. M. Webster. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Captain Webster writes such a good yarn that we could wish he had spent just a little more time on this book. Old Ebbie is an excellent character, free from many of the annoying mannerisms of some detectives of fiction, and his reasoning is clever; Captain Hicks, too, who helps him, is a sensible fellow. But here and there one finds a little inaccuracy or a false conclusion which merely shows that Captain Webster has not checked his sub-totals carefully before making up his grand total. But that does not prevent the book from being most readable, and the plots are ingenious—plots in the plural, for a number of Ebbie's adventures are described. The beginning of the adventure called "The Man Who Sold Jewels" has a strangely familiar flavour; is it an echo of a real life sensation? We have been racking our brains to discover its association; possibly it may suggest something to our readers. Lovers of detective fiction will enjoy the book immensely.

LAUGHTER, LIMITED. By Nina Putnam. 3s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)

The film industry is now one of the great industries of the world. As such, surprisingly little is known of it, which is the more strange in view of the almost universal interest with which it is regarded. We are here shown, perhaps for the first time, something of the real romance of the "movies," through the life story of Bonnie Delane, the heroine. Reading it, we begin to appreciate some of the formidable difficulties which beset the eager aspirant's path to film fame. As in other walks of life, influence counts for much and the talented neophyte having none may take long, and be discouraged, before reaching the goal. But this book teaches that in the end the greater triumph is won by character, not influence. A book, which every one interested in the silent drama should read, and will surely enjoy.

The Bookman's Table.

ALPINE PLANTS. By A. J. Macself. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"I, too, would like to have an alpine garden." But the words are fraught with mystery, and seem loaded with the hint of possible expense. Mr. Macself is out, cheerily, to change all that train of thought. He tells us quite definitely that any idiot can, with a careful following of his directions, enjoy quite a charming rock-garden. The rock work may be quite simple, indeed it is not an end in itself; it is only to be utilised so as to form a home for the plants. A glance at the fine coloured illustration, "Alpine Plants, Happy Among Well-placed Rocks," will do much to enlighten the gardener. And the section, "Easily Grown Alpine and Kindred Plants," will certainly cause many furiously to think. We call "Alpine Plants," with its gentle reasonings, its exhaustive detailed lists, and persuasive plans, a real missionary document, and have no doubt that it will encourage many to take the plunge and to reap the enjoyment. The book is elegantly produced.

AZAL AND EDRAS: AN EPIC POEM. By Frederic Irving Taylor. Foreword by T. W. H. Crosland. 7s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

It is a pity that Mr. Crosland was allowed to write, or having written it to publish, his foreword to Mr. Taylor's epic. For, apart from the fact that it is an ambiguous compliment to exalt a man's work by belittling that of his contemporaries, the result of this effusion is that it is impossible to read "Azal and Edras" without comparing it with "Paradise Lost"; and that is a comparison

which, in spite of Mr. Crosland's carefully selected parallels, the modern poem is not able to sustain. Mr. Taylor has aimed high, and for that is worthy of respect, but his fulfilment falls a good way short of his intention. What he has so far given us is only an instalment of his poem, which is "to be completed in later volumes"—how many we are not told: so that eventually, no doubt, we shall be able to see what his goal really is. At present, it must be confessed, it is by no means clear. The initial theme is the love of a demon, or rather "a griffin 'mong the gibbering glades of Hell," for a maiden who appears to be at once mortal and of fairy kin, under the protection of Titania. Then we meet Lucifer and his host preparing for a renewed attack on Heaven; which no doubt suggested Milton to Mr. Crosland's ingenuous mind. Finally we are confronted with a highly patriotic allegory of the Great War. How all these motives are to be resolved into a unity is not yet manifest; and confusion is worse confounded by Mr. Taylor's bewildering style. An exalted diction is no doubt appropriate to an exalted theme; but surely:

> "Here the faint residue of vital glow
> In Edras had untenanted her frame"—

is an unnecessarily tortuous way of stating a simple fact. But with Mr. Taylor it is the normal.

OLD ENGLISH TOWNS. By William Andrews and Elsie M. Lang. 18s. (Werner Laurie.)

Owing to the continued appreciation and interest which have been shown in the two volumes of "Old English Towns," the books have been combined and completed in one, with additional illustrations. The delicate pale blue cover, with its white back and gold lettering, is in perfect taste. We certainly need a book just like this. The descriptions of the places are adequate, but in no case too long; though they show, in swift and skilful fashion, the origin and the rise of the dear old towns, and deal with the adventures and excitements of the past. In one none-too-bulky volume we have descriptions of forty-three places, and each has its pictures. Of course the reader who is lucky enough to get hold of this history will turn first to the spot he knows best. The present reviewer turned to York, and was pleased to see the following words:

> "A ramble through the narrow streets of the city is like walking through a museum. The magic power of Sir Walter Scott, and other masters of fact and fiction have given life to not a few of the historic sites in the city. . . . We do not know a more enjoyable walk than round the walls of York; stopping in our progress to inspect the bars where the chief gates secured the town from the invaders. . . . In York all classes find something to charm them. . . ."

The tale of Cambridge is especially well told, with a quotation from a delightful poem by James Payn. Sufficient emphasis however is surely not placed on the beauty of Guildford and its surroundings. It is evident that the writer of the description has lost her heart to Chichester. To possess this book is to realise more vividly one's love of England:

> "What is love of one's land?
> Ah, we know very well
> It is something that sleeps for a year, for a day,
> For a month, something that keeps
> Very hidden and quiet and still.
> And then takes
> The quiet heart like a wave
> The quiet brain like a spell. . . ."

"AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND——." By Terence Gray. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

A very good idea indeed inspires this book, for though its "plays and portraits of old Egypt" must necessarily be the work of imagination to a large extent, they reconstruct for the reader of to-day the atmosphere of long-buried ages so vividly that even the busiest may be tempted to dream awhile, to meditate upon the true significance—or insignificance—of all our treasured modern science, our apparently important modern feuds and fancies. The author's introduction is so well put that we could have borne with several more pages of it; he explains in it very briefly the seriousness of his aim. "In each piece," he says, "I have taken one great personality and sought, each in a different manner, to present it and set it moving in an incident of the time." The first depicts Khufu, the builder of the Great Pyramid; the second deals with the founder of the Twelfth Dynasty; the third with Rameses the Great—irreverently known as "Rammy" to Egyptologists; the fourth presents a drama of court life in the Seventeenth Dynasty; and the last is a literal translation of love-songs and dirges of old Egypt. "The beauty of these," says Mr. Gray, "should more than make up for the dullness and deficiencies of my own work"; but he need not apologise—his own work is of a high quality, and his introduction (for example) to Part III, expounding the chronology and the calendar of Egypt, is very fascinating. The book appears at a timely moment, when public interest is awakened more than usually in the mysteries of ancient Egypt. Its illustrations, and its lucid "Graph of Egyptian History," add to its general interest and clearness.

A BEE MELODY. By Herbert Brown. 6s. (Melrose.)

The Rev. Herbert Brown has a passionate love for the bee, which shines forth from every page of this rambling, excellently-informed book. We ourselves have seen this love illuminate many faces of country folk, all of whom we hope will get hold of this volume. Happy quotations bob up from every page: they range from Virgil to Brett Young. "The object of the writer," says Mr. Brown, "will be abundantly achieved if this study of Nature in one of its etceteras should lead to some vision of God." Bees, he points out, are not only models of industry, they show us equally the necessity of rest. There is an interesting chapter entitled "The Defence of the Drone." For a high purpose the drone has lived; for a high purpose he dies. His death is vicarious, for he thereby saves the lives of the workers and the queen. "You don't know anything about bees?" This book will most persuasively take you by the hand and show you wonders.

PETS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By A. J. Macself. 5s. (Thornton Butterworth.)

We are glad to notice Mr. Macself's sound attitude about bird-keeping. Generally speaking it is cruel. However, he has some useful remarks on canary lore, and gives a good sketch of a sensible cage. We are attracted to this book; it is written for young people with sympathy and clarity and the writer's keen love of animals is evident on every page. His work will act as a book of reference in the schoolroom. In it we find the kindest way of treating puss and her kittens (or "citenes" as we saw the word written by a young owner the other day). Also the best method of dealing with various breeds of dogs; details of how to attend to rabbits; news about goldfish. We are already indebted to Mr. Macself for a volume on Hardy Perennials; we visualise the happy author standing in his own no doubt perfectly-kept garden, by his beautiful delphiniums; at his heels a thoroughly well brushed and combed Persian.

A CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS. By Florence V. Barry. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

"A Century of Children's Books" should interest all child-lovers, and collectors of rare editions, and should make the modern child devoutly thankful that it is a modern child and lives in this present century. The bookshops of to-day, with their piles of attractive books for children, would be a bewildering sight for the old booksellers who dealt in children's books that were scarce, and tedious, and full of morals. "The first sign of a romantic movement in children's books was the printing of unknown or forgotten fairy tales under the title of 'The Court of Oberon,' in 1823," writes Miss Barry. "A century of little books had passed before a child could read

fairy tales without shame, and the taste for true 'histories' prevailed long after Miss Edgeworth had written her last sequel." The day of the child's book written paramountly with the object of "instructing" the young mind was a long and irksome one; but at last came a turning-point, when fairies and dreams crept in, and children "burst into an unknown world of adventure and poetry." Miss Barry has written an admirable and comprehensive book with skill, and a quiet humour that suits her subject.

CAMBRIDGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By D. A. Winstanley. 17s. 6d. net. (Cambridge Press.)

We have all heard of those pleasant days when a gentleman would be appointed to a University professorship and be in total ignorance of the subject upon which he was supposed to lecture. Occasionally he would then spend several years in acquiring the necessary knowledge; but sometimes he would come to the conclusion that the subject was too remote for human nature's daily food—and he would let it go at that. Very probably a fair part of his time would be devoted to currying favour with some great man, to the end that preferment be bestowed upon him. Mr. Winstanley, than whom no one is better qualified, has given us in his latest book a most illuminating picture of the Cambridge of that period. Of course it was not entirely bad, and he does not exaggerate. With a very delicate and a very humorous touch he lays the whole picture before us; and one imagines that it must be a fascinating picture even to those who have the misfortune not to be Cambridge men. This volume is more concerned with dons than with undergrads, but with dons who are very human. Their activities and intrigues are often of a quite absorbing interest, and we live again in those joyous days when the Duke of Newcastle had his trusted agents in nearly every college. His Grace is the chief personage of the book; we know not whether to admire him or to pity him the more. Mr. Winstanley appears to have culled his honey from a vast number of manuscripts and ancient books; it was worth while and, needless to say, the University Press has turned this book out most excellently.

FATHER THAMES. By Walter Higgins. 7s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)

We hope and expect that this book will be widely used in schools. It combines history and geography in a most admirable way, and we note with pleasure that the volume is issued in separate parts. Book I, London River; Book II, The Great City which the River Made; Book III, The Upper River. The printing is especially clear and good for old and young eyes. There are many adequate illustrations. Mr. Higgins writes well. It is very fascinating to read the chapters on Roman, Saxon and Norman days, and wonderful to study the picture of Old London Bridge, that strange street, full of houses. Shooting the arches in a boat was a perilous adventure. Then Mr. Higgins has an acute sense of the beauty of Oxford, and tells us just why the city grew up where it did. (There is a stretch of gravel which in years gone by made an excellent ford.) We have nothing but praise for "Father Thames."

UNCONVENTIONAL MEMORIES: EUROPE—PERSIA—JAPAN. By Ralph Nevill. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

We are already indebted to Mr. Ralph Nevill for several volumes of reminiscences, all of which have contained much interesting matter presented in a light and agreeable style. This volume has a more autobiographical tone, though there is, as the title indicates, much of foreign countries and incidentally of personages in all walks of life from those who go forth as ambassadors to those who frequent the lower type of Paris cafés. Mr. Nevill is a man about town, and he discourses casually of Eton and Oxford, of the stage, the turf, of betting and night clubs, of diplomacy and the Intelligence Service—only of literature and journalism he says practically nothing, though in that latter profession he achieved considerable success. He tells any number of stories, all of them good—which in these days of memoir-writing is at once astonishing and delightful.

Music.

SONGS OLD AND NEW.

By Rodney Bennett.

Lutenist Songs.

Dr. Fellowes continues his admirable work of making accessible the songs of the great Elizabethans in two new volumes in Winthrop Rogers's edition of the "English School of Lutenist Song Writers." These contain ten apiece of the songs of Philip Rosseter, the tercentenary of whose death fell on the fifth of May. All are charming whether light, or, as is more commonly the case, plaintive, small in compass, admirable for voices of a moderately light type. Dr. Fellowes follows his former procedure: he first gives the melody and the lute tablature as in the original, and exactly transcribes the tablature in terms of piano notation. The original barring is untouched. He then gives an arrangement of his own in which the note-values are unchanged, but the accompaniment is varied at his discretion and the barring simplified. This method, particularly in regard to the barring, has been widely and learnedly discussed, but I do not remember to have seen it treated from the singer's practical point of view. My own feeling, after singing straight through the twenty originals and arrangements, is that the new arrangements add nothing and sometimes lose a good deal; and that the new barring, though sometimes a little more helpful than the old, is often no less of a hindrance. Dr. Fellowes seems to have felt the old accompaniments bare and lacking in movements, so that his arrangements usually contain more notes, particularly in the inner parts, than the originals. But to me the precise charm of the old accompaniments is that they have such a fine air of improvisation. They usually avoid "helping" the singer, a fault into which Dr. Fellowes occasionally falls, making his piano part follow the voice line as in a shop ballad. In sum: I feel while singing that, dexterous in period and musicianly as of course they are, the arrangements produce a lack of plasticity for which nothing can atone. They are at their best when they most closely follow the original, and are therefore least necessary. It would seem that if anything more than absolute transcription and correction of obvious errors is to be done, all that is profitable is judicious amplification in cases where exact transliteration proves so bald and unpianistic as to attract an attention which was not designed; and modernisation of the notation where the old method is not easily understandable, as for example in the matter of tied notes.

As to the bar lines; the singer quickly finds in practice that the less attention he pays to them, whether Rosseter's or Dr. Fellowes's, and the more he lets the words and mere note lengths guide him, the greater his chance of intelligent singing. The Elizabethans had a finely poetic knack of letting sound echo sense and the musical follow the verbal stress; but their barring frequently is as unenlightening as it is, apparently, chancy. The only hope for the modern singer, brought up in a century-old worship of the bar line, if he wishes to sing Elizabethan solo music, still more the madrigals, is straightway to forswear those props and flounder in a rolling tide of minims; until, suddenly and auspiciously, he finds that he can swim. Really the difficulties are usually exaggerated. In these twenty songs I find only one of which an average reader need not expect to give a comprehensible if rough sketch at sight: "Long have mine eyes gazed," with which I intend to have three private rounds before singing it again. It would seem that the singer with enough musicianship and rhythmic sense to feel and express the joy of these songs will prefer to solve the puzzles himself; and that the singer of the other sort, if, as is unlikely, he wishes to attack them, will not be rendered safe by revision of barring, which may indeed produce the very faults it seeks to avoid, by giving an impression of infallibility very different from the artistic actuality.

Incidental Music to "Prunella."

Messrs. Elkin & Co. publish a 70-page book of incidental music which should be useful to schools producing Laurence Housman's and Granville-Barker's charming fantasy. Of the intrinsic value of Mr. Joseph Murat's music it is difficult to express a useful opinion merely from the printed page, particularly as no indication is given whether the volume is or is not a transcription from orchestral score. But it may be said at once that his work is detailed and full, and not difficult. Many of his leading themes are poetic, his humour is lively and descriptive without being finicking, and his overture, *entr'actes* and the song in Act I are graceful if a little reminiscent.

Songs.

Of the four songs sent by Messrs. Enoch & Sons one stands by itself. Mr. Herbert Hughes's "Carol of Jesus Child" is a delightful thing that will be welcomed by women singers and by teachers. In its treatment of Mr. Francis Macnamara's poems it shows all the ingenuity and resource that is to be expected from the arranger of Irish County Songs, together with a humour, pathos and real passion that make one hope that Mr. Hughes will produce as many original songs as he has arrangements.

The others and Mr. Cyril Scott's "From Afar" (Elkin) all observe either frankly or coyly the ballad tradition. Mr. Arthur Meale in his setting of Mr. P. J. O'Reilly's "Pilgrimage" makes no bones about it, and produces a robust, unaffected song suitable for any low or medium voice, with descending sixths in the right hand where bells are mentioned, as is only proper in this sort. In "An Interlude" from "Three More Songs of the Fair," Mr. Easthope Martin sets for what they are worth three graceful verses by Miss Helen Taylor, and captures his atmosphere well and simply. Mr. Cyril Scott adds to a fairly ordinary melody set to fairly ordinary words an accompaniment which partly conceals the ordinariness; and Miss Alma Goatley in "Life Anew" seems similarly divided. Mr. Temple Keble's verses leave the ballad rut, and so for a time does Miss Goatley, but only to fall in rather heavily midway. But she emerges again to complete a mixed but vigorous and not unambitious song which baritones will enjoy.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

BARBARESQUES. By Timothy Mather Spelmen. (Chester.)

This suite for the piano is full of atmosphere, and no matter whether it is of an "Arab Café" that he writes, or "The Gyrations of a Camel," "The Quiet of the Mosque" or a "Trolley Ride from Tunis," the composer is always successful in obtaining a vivid tone picture.

MELODIE SYMPHONIQUE.
A LITTLE STUDY IN SYNCOPATION. By Leonard Butler. (Augener).

The first of these has a charming and tender melody running throughout, while the second is a very pleasing and tuneful "little study." The "Melodie Symphonique" should not be missed by pianists who are on the look out for something out of the ordinary run.

RECOLLECTIONS. By Douglas Miller. (Schott.)

A jolly set of nine pieces for the piano.

FROM TUDOR TIMES. By R. Scott-Baker. (Elkin.)

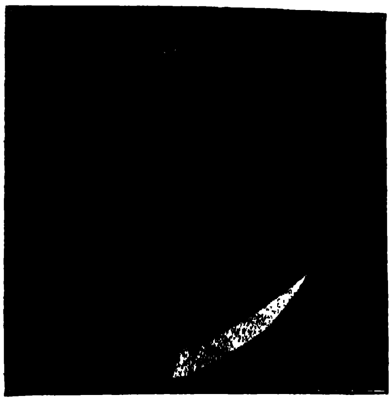
Three skilful "Tudor" pieces: "Maggiolata," "Calliard" and "Aylesbury Fair." The average player will find them an enjoyable suite.

LOVE'S HARVEST. Words and Melody by Herbert E. Russell. Accompaniment by Daisie Carver. (Stockwell.)

The words and music of this song leave one cold. One is so weary of last verses that tell of greetings in Paradise. The music is commonplace.

The Drama.

A HENRY FOR AN OLIVER.*



Mr. John Drinkwater.

" It is we who are Hamlet," said the critic. So are we Lincoln, Mary Stuart,' Cromwell. To a new history-play we take each one of us our private portrait ; and although each portrait is a little out of drawing (being composite of so much beside good history—of old errors, of prejudice and partisanship, of grotesque prints in nursery history-books) yet it has " damnable iteration," and will most likely defy the cleverest actor's attempts to supplant it. So much I must protest, in fairness to Mr. Henry Ainley, before going on to confess that I disliked his Oliver greatly. It is not merely that I deprecate his speed (though in some scenes the alternate gabble-and-bleat between him and Mr. Harcourt Williams was of the drollest) and windy suspiration of full stops in the middle of sentences : his conception of Cromwell's presence seemed to me fundamentally wrong. There were no warts on it, physical or otherwise ; no uncouthness, no roughness in the grain ; it was theatric, unctuous, hail-fellow-well-met with God and man ; its very bluntness was oratorical ; it lacked yeoman stamina, the heroic chest of the character slipping down (I speak metaphorically) by unperceived degrees into a sort of spiritual *embonpoint*.

And yet a fine and moving performance, even to individuals who may not happen to see Cromwell quite in that way. One knows one's own private Oliver the better for having witnessed it. This man was an idealist : in his way, an artist : a dreamer of great dreams. And being so, one feels he may after all have had something of the flamboyant and theatrical quality with which Mr. Ainley invests him. A fresh stroke in the old portrait need not be a false one ; Mr. Ainley at all events " restores " with skill. The trouble is that in such a case each man must be his own restorer ; and indeed each honest critic will admit that his restoration is an entirely prejudiced and personal process. If you should say, in fair retort, " Very well ! Let us have this idea of yours, this conception which Ainley is so far from fulfilling " ; I should reply with the King's line from the sixth scene : " Strangely, the fellow grows on me. But he's a fool, Neal. Brave, but a fool——" Just that. " Fool " is wrong, of course—tragically wrong, like the King's superb " We do not fear disaster " a few moments later. Yet for all its wrongness that line clove through the fuss and fret of staginess to lie nearer the mark than all the shafts of Mr. Ainley's quiver—a plain goose-quill shaft, as one might say, against which the actor's armoury seemed somehow peacock-feathered.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

YOUNG MR. MILNE.†

Youth is the happy hunting-ground of Mr. Milne. Here as aforetime, the best fun is the by-play of his young people—the dainty charm of Anne, the courageous frivolity of the young Blayds-Conways and Broxopps, the unlicked cubbishness of Ronnie Derwent, whereat one could feel the toes of all the old gentlemen in the theatre itching unanimously. Youth is the talisman of Daddy Broxopp, as of old Mr. Pim. Blayds-Conway and Sir Roger Tenterden are ridiculous in direct ratio to their lack of it. Even

* " Oliver Cromwell." By John Drinkwater. (His Majesty's Theatre.)

† " Three Plays." By A. A. Milne. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Latimer (confound his impudence!) is twenty years younger than he has any business to be. For light-comic relief, the resting-place of other dramatists, is Mr. Milne's central theme; and the more central it becomes the happier are he and his audience.

That is why you always find his plays well acted. It is less easy to act a thin-plot play than a thick-ear one; and Milne-foolery, which is so much more subtle than mere tomfoolery, puts actors on their mettle. Hence, I think, the public's preference for his lighter plays. His gravest full-length piece, "The Lucky One," is the only one still unacted in London; "The Great Broxopp," genuine sentiment and pathos, met an untimely end; "The Truth About Blayds," potential tragedy, was not much more fortunate; whereas "The Dover Road," which has no "body" in it at all, ran seven or eight months. I don't know how far the author approves of this, but there is no getting away from it. Motley's the only wear that we will have him in; one who can "blither" so exquisitely must blither always. He is the Jack Point of modern dramatists; the young feller-me-lad who must never be allowed to grow up.

THE SECRET AGENT. By Joseph Conrad. 63s. (Privately printed; Werner Laurie.)

Dullness is not in Mr. Conrad's power, and in his stage version of "The Secret Agent" he has presented us with yet another fascinating novel. As a play, its interest is relative rather than absolute. A bad play, in short; but a good yarn whose proper interest is reinforced by that of seeing a master craftsman tackle a new form in which he is heavily handicapped. His books are subtle and leisurely; they deal in atmosphere rather than situation; very often their narrative is retrospective. Here, in his greater urgency for exposition, Mr. Conrad involves himself in a series of duologues which succeed one another (couple following couple in a sound-proof sequence) to the last curtain-fall. One feels that all his people share Michaelis's complaint—they are "not used to seeing many faces at once." And the play's jerkiness is emphasised by the introduction of two whole scenes and several characters which are dramatically superfluous.

All this was almost a foregone conclusion; for of all novelists' techniques, Mr. Conrad's is least adaptable to dramatic requirements. What is more strange is his departure from credibility. One believes instantly in his seafaring men; but one can't quite believe in Vladimir of the Embassy, putting his back-street agent in the full war-paint of Grosvenor Square, nor in the anarchist professor who strolls about bomb in hand, daring the police to arrest him. And yet the professor is great fun. He and Michaelis, both quite irrelevant to the play's plot, somehow contrive to be its most significant and provocative characters. Their scenes are more vivid than the rest of the play, despite its realistic allusions to the gentleman who is so careless with dynamite, and for whom a collection has afterwards to be made—with a shovel and ground-sheet.

G. S.

CANDIDA AT EVERYMAN'S.

The Summer Repertory Company continues to draw full houses with its versatile cast, whose interpretation of Shaw leaves little to be desired. Mr. Allan Jeayes is admirably qualified for the straight-from-the-shoulder type of man usually found in Shaw's plays, and puts some fine acting into the part of the Rev. James Mavor Morrell in "Candida," the latest production at the time of going to press. Morrell is in many ways a more human creature than Andrew Undershaft of "Major Barbara" and brings into evidence Mr. Jeayes's wonderful emotional restraint. Miss Ellen O'Malley makes a powerful and perfectly natural Candida; Mr. Frederick Cooper is admirable as the hysterical poet. But nobody stands out more conspicuously, nor is more deliciously amusing, than Mr. Alfred Clark in the rôle of Candida's plebeian father. Shaw enthusiasts flock to Everyman's and form a very appreciative audience. The next production will be "Fanny's First Play."

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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THE NEW POETRY.

By Gerald Gould.

To look back over the centuries is to see poetry in a pattern of converging and parting streams: how, to the eye of the future, will seem the flowing influences of to-day? It is easy, for instance, to observe the miracle play, the "morality," the novel of France and Italy, the classical Latin tragedy and comedy, all coming together in the Elizabethan drama; or to watch the resulting magnificence broken up again and dividing on this search or that—rhetorical, lyrical, "metaphysical." We can discriminate schools, we can name masters and disciples. But the pattern of our own time is so near to us that it looks like a confusion, and there are those who affirm despairingly that a confusion is precisely what it is. Probably, however, every age seems a confusion to itself. When Wordsworth first preached his theory, his readers could not know that he was about to become the main poetic influence of his time. To-day, those who most loudly and definitely theorise are certainly not the main poetic influences; the interesting question is whether they are at all likely to become so. They stand asunder from the few who are by general consent secure of immortality—and they glory in their severance. They claim that a new poetic method is needed, has arrived; and their claim deserves discussion. There is no single place in which it is to be found summed up, but we can seek it in their various prefaces—and in their practice.



Mr. Siegfried Sassoon.
From the painting by Glyn Philpot.

A prejudice is professed against the habit of prefaces on the ground that good verse needs no beating about the bush. But a habit that was good enough for the contemporaries of Jonson and Milton and Dryden and Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold is certainly good enough for us. Besides, the manifestoes of the "new" poets are so often more intelligible than their poems! By the "new" poets one of course means, in this connection, those who consciously intend novelty—novelty of approach, of poetic method. The phrase implies a school, or schools; the beginning of a movement. And these schools are not being founded by the admittedly greatest among living poets. Mr. Yeats, it is true, has at least implied theories, but they are of a very restricted scope; and of certain imitators he has written angrily: "Was there ever dog that praised his fleas?" Mr. Davies, original as he is, looks back rather than forward for his method; he has affinities with both Wordsworth and Herrick; his innovations—of which the most conspicuous is the use of harshly imperfect rhymes—are not obviously improvements. Some promising poets (Mr. W. J. Turner is the most important) are strongly influenced by Mr. de la Mare, but they will lose that note as they find themselves. The example of Mr. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," with its classical austerity and restraint, has affected a whole generation; but austerity and restraint are qualities easy for their opposites to copy, and the example has done little good except to those who did not need it. Mr. Hodgson's forms are for the most part conventional enough. Mr. Abercrombie's experiments are obviously founded on a deep and respectful study of the past. For urgent and didactic "novelty" we must look elsewhere.



Photo by Basil. **Miss Charlotte Mew.**



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Edith Sitwell.**

Mr. Flint, for instance,* is conspicuously "new." He is convinced that the whole business of rhyme and metre is played out. He writes:

> "The European was bound in the end to tire of those trickeries and acrobatics of verse-writing which satisfied his forefathers, and to need and to force the issue of a more flexible form of expression, in which the word would, to use Flaubert's phrase, be glued down tight on to the thing."

* "Cadences" (Poetry Bookshop), etc.

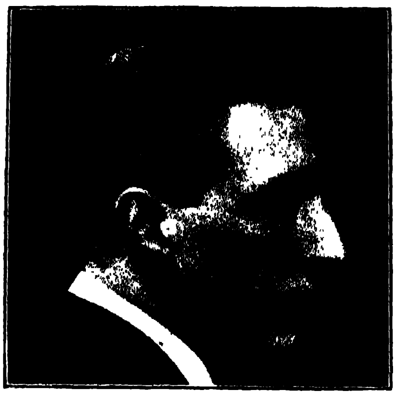


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Osbert Sitwell.**

This is not to raise the question, but to beg it. What "trickeries and acrobatics" are meant? One could, however, quote from other writers passages with similar question-begging implications. The opposite view was put by Mrs. Meynell:

> "Lesser virtues may flower in daily liberty and may flourish in prose; but infinite virtues and greatness are compelled to the measure of poetry, and obey the constraint of an hourly convent bell."

Here is the battle set between two principles. And surely the whole assault on fixed forms ignores what form *is*. Form and matter, mutually determining each other, lose their separate entities in the union; it is therefore out of the question to condemn any particular form as such. What has to be judged is the poem, the form *as expressing* the particular matter. Mr. Flint assumes that a traditional form cannot express any exact meaning. But, if that were so, almost all the great poetry of the world would have to be abandoned as an error; we should have to pity Homer and Virgil and Milton for their inability to say exactly what they meant! As a matter of fact, though Mr. Flint himself achieves some admirable effects without rhyme or metre, in what he calls "cadence," yet, the more truly poetical his effects, the more nearly he approaches to established measures. His line,

> "It is not labour that kills, but [illegible] lack of faith in the [illegible]"

would pass [illegible] indeed as a Homeric hexameter, but as a [illegible]meter of Longfellow or Clough. The same do[illegible]ating necessity of metre is shown in the great [illegible]ical outbursts of Walt Whitman—"When lilacs last in the Door-Yard bloom'd" or "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking."

The very word "cadence" is ambiguous. Everything that is uttered at all must have some cadence; the critical distinction is between good cadence and bad. And it is a mere historical fact, which cannot be explained away as a miraculous coincidence, that the best cadences tend to recur in an ordered sequence, constituting metre. It is not hard to understand why this is so, once we get away from the false metaphor of "the word glued down on to the thing" and realise



Mr. Harold Monro.

that the result of artistic creation is like that beloved lady of whom Rossetti wrote:

> "Whose speech truth knows not from her thought,
> Nor love her body from her soul."

To condemn the old metres is to resemble Humpty Dumpty, who complained that Alice's face was "the same as everybody has—the two eyes, so—nose in the middle, mouth under. It's always the same." Actually it is never the same; and to wear the mouth above the nose would be "new" without necessarily being beautiful.

The aim of the "Imagistes"—of whom Mr. Flint was, I believe, one of the inspirers—is the sudden and striking evocation of the particular image, stripped of non-poetical accidents. Of this school the lady who writes as "H. D." is generally hailed as the best; and her merits are clear. Her irregular verse has mobility, her language has precision; she can achieve dignity of rhythm. But her technique provides no opportunities of vividness or concentration to outvie the classics.



Mr. F. S. Flint.

There is an oft-quoted stanza of Mr. T. S. Eliot's which is supposed by its admirers to give an exceptionally definite and significant picture, and may assuredly be taken as a good specimen of a kind which has influenced [illegible]asses of novelty-seekers:

> "They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
> And along the trampled edges of the street
> I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
> Sprouting despondently at area gates."

Where in this does the novelty lie? It is not obvious, and it may be revealing, to call a soul "damp"; but it is witty rather than imaginative, and imagination, not wit, is the core of poetry.

The three Sitwells—Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell—constitute a separate school; but the answer to the problem they present is much the same. To dismiss them as triflers or sensation-mongers is absurd: they have something individual to say, and a perfectly sincere way of saying it. Sometimes their language is unintelligible; that, however, must not blind us to the merits it possesses when it can be understood. The Sitwells look on life from an angle of their own; they see the world much as the rest of us see those tantalising advertisements which re-arrange themselves into different pictures, by a mechanical slant of shutters, as we go by. We think we are looking at a man—one more step, and it is a monkey or an elephant. The dangerous defect of this method is the straining after novelty for its own sake, the sacrifice of substance to device. It can fashion fine and memorable lines, such as Mr. Osbert Sitwell's*

> "Here silence, like a silver bird,
> Pecks at the fruit-ripe heat."—

* "Argonaut and Juggernaut" (Chatto), etc.

which is a new image and a good. But we nourish a suspicion when we find Miss Edith Sitwell[1] writing :

> " Flames, bright singing birds that pass,
> Whistled wares as shrill as grass . . ."

and then again, within a few pages :

> " Plumes bright and shrill as grass
> Twinkle down."

Besides, *is* grass shrill ? Is this not another instance of the substitution of wit for imagination ? And is even that as new as it seems ? This search for the odd comparison, this torturing or hurrying of rhythms, are the characteristics of the " metaphysicals." The affinity is with Donne, Jonson, Crashaw. Miss Edith Sitwell has, too, an open affection for old Skelton. Another contemporary who owns to that influence is Mr. Robert Graves by no means a member of the Sitwell school.

With Mr. Graves, Mr. Nichols and Mr. Sassoon we come to a group of young and significant poets who are yet not " new " in our immediate sense. Their roots are too deep in tradition for that ; their originality does not seem inspired by the intention of giving a new direction to the Muse. They do not found schools nor belong to them. Indeed, there is no intrinsic reason for grouping them together at all ; they would never have been so grouped if they had not burst upon the public view together during the war. Mr. Sassoon,[2] who of all the " war poets " is the most richly endowed with greatness of both imagination and intellect, has written little of late. His recent contributions to periodicals show perhaps some " newness " of the narrow sort, some too conscious resolve to find new ways of poetic speech. Mr. Harold Monro,[3] again, though everything he writes is interesting from the essential strength and vigour of his own mind, can scarcely be acquitted of the same heresy. (It would be fairer to say that what seems a poetic gospel to him seems a poetic heresy to me !) Many names, and important names, I am compelled to pass over ; but I can best illustrate my point by reference to a poet still too little known ; a poet new in her methods and her message, who enlarges our conception of the bounds of poetry and yet never writes as if hampered by a theory. Miss Charlotte Mew[4] usually rhymes ; her metres are extended, varied and broken only to suit the urgency of her themes ; harsh and obscure as her work sometimes is, she does not depart from the great tradition, because in her we are not conscious of the form as something separate from the substance.

In sum, the weakness of all schools is that they tend to bind and not to loose. That the poet must be free to express himself in his own way is obvious ; it is over no such platitude as *that* that the controversial battle rages. The question is not whether we are to have progress and development : of course we are : the question is whether we are to sacrifice our heritage and constrain our future into a novel but narrow formula. Those who preach freedom must admit that freedom cannot be forced. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. If it observes certain forms it does so in obedience to the law of its own being, and no one can compel it to exchange those forms for others. The test is always not in the theory, but in the poem.

[1] " The Wooden Pegasus " (Blackwell), etc
[2] " War Poems," and " The Old Huntsman " (Heinemann).
[3] " Before Dawn " ; " Strange Meetings " (Poetry Bookshop), etc.
[4] " The Farmer's Bride " (Poetry Bookshop).

THE EYE OF THE HEART.*

By George Sampson.

THE mysteries of literature are many. One perpetual puzzle to me is the capricious receptiveness of a reading public that is on the whole quite intelligent. Why does one good man swim instantly into fame, when another good man has to labour for a generation before he wins recognition ? I am not thinking of extremes like Nat Gould and George Meredith ; I am thinking of writers that appeal to an audience of taste and discrimination. Let us take as typical instances Rudyard Kipling and Joseph Conrad. From the moment when his first stories appeared Kipling was a successful writer. He appealed instantly to a wide public, and his admirers ranged from the man in the street to the scholar in the study. While still young he became a national institution, and he remains in altered times a kind of fixed and permanent literary legend. Conrad, on the other hand, holding like Kipling the gorgeous East in fee and writing the kind of story that seemed certain to catch the English imagination, remained for years the possession of a few, and did not reach the wider public till he had become almost a veteran. Why ?



Photo by Lawley Bros., Penzance.

Mr. W. H. Hudson.

W. H. Hudson is just such another puzzling instance. His books dealt with subjects that have always appealed to the countrymen of Izaak Walton, Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies. They had striking and suggestive titles

* " A Traveller in Little Things." By W. H. Hudson. 6s. net. (Dent.)

and were written in a prose of classic lucidity and exquisite feeling. Moreover they were in a sense Shakespearean: that is, they had a full sense of rich, ripe character and of the elemental in human and natural life. Yet for years his audience was small. To proclaim a high admiration for Hudson laid one open to the suspicion of pose, or wilful oddity. I had great difficulty in persuading people that a passage from Hudson could properly be included in a series of school books intended to exhibit the infinite variety of literature; and when I wrote in these pages, only four years ago, in high praise of his lovely prose, some accused me of uncritical exaggeration.

Well, everybody admires Hudson now. The few collectors have become many. He appears in limited and costly editions, in cheap volumes, and in such a series of school classics as the King's Treasuries. At the moment he is being put forward by Messrs. Dent in an excellent and moderately priced form, designed to appeal to what I hope I may be allowed to call the five-shilling public—the man who hasn't any money to waste, but who is ready to give his two half-crowns for a book that appears to be worth keeping. You can see the five-shilling public looking steadily, appreciatively and longingly into the bookshop windows. Happy the publisher who knows how to make the right appeal! Dent's have always had an uncanny instinct for the five-shilling public; and in the days when the five-shilling man was only a half-crown man, Dent's gave him more for his half-crown in matter and comeliness than he had ever had before. And now, I imagine, Dent's are "rolling," as the saying is. I am sure they deserve to be!

Hudson has at last taken his place as an English classic. Recognition was long in coming to him, but it came happily before he died. The slow maturing of his claim to classic rank is a measure of his permanence. We have learned gradually to find in him the qualities that we cling to in our writers. He had a matter entirely his own, and he had (the rarest of gifts!) the power of transmitting himself perfectly in expression. The great lover of birds had a bird-like ease of music. He never "composed"; he just wrote, as a blackbird just sings; and what he wrote had something of the blackbird's exquisite shy quality.

The present volume is not among his greatest, but it is all pure Hudson, full of his deep and quiet insight, of his equally deep and quiet humour, and of his delicate and moving fancy. Some of the thirty-seven "little things" are like prose-poems, some are tiny tragedies, and some are exquisite pictures. I suspect that Charles Lamb's interest in birds was entirely culinary and that the only habit of birds that appealed to him was their post-mortem habit of appearing with the appropriate stuffing. Nevertheless I seem to find a Lamb-like quality in these little sketches. The portraits of children are specially appealing, and make us feel that in Elysium the author of "Little Boy Lost" has found an affinity with the author of "Dream Children." "Love looks not with the eye, but with the mind," says Shakespeare. If for "mind" we read "heart" we have described for us the poet's as well as the lover's vision. Hudson looked at the world of living things with the eyes of the heart. Untouched by false sentiment or easy pathos, he saw everything with an almost tragic pity and understanding. To be able to do that is to be a great writer.

ELIZABETHAN ETCETERAS.*

By George Saintsbury.

As these pretty little books (not so very little after all, though all thin, for two are foolscap quartos and the third a handsome post ditto) lie before one, visions fill the mind—visions of a vanished library. There were most, if not all, the reprints of Elizabethan literature that were put forth from the sixties to the nineties of the last century. There were Arber's—extraordinarily cheap and useful, though (some people would say all the more because) attempting little if any criticism, and in the case of the later "Garner" somewhat arbitrarily cut and carved. There were the late Dr. Grosart's—welcome and well got up but the very reverse of cheap, owing to the editor's innocent habit of filling an indefinite number of parts, at so much each, with a "Memorial Introduction," chiefly consisting of quite uncritical criticism and voluminous excerpt from the text itself; and to his remarkable system of *un*numbered "gift-copies" added to numbered issues. This by the

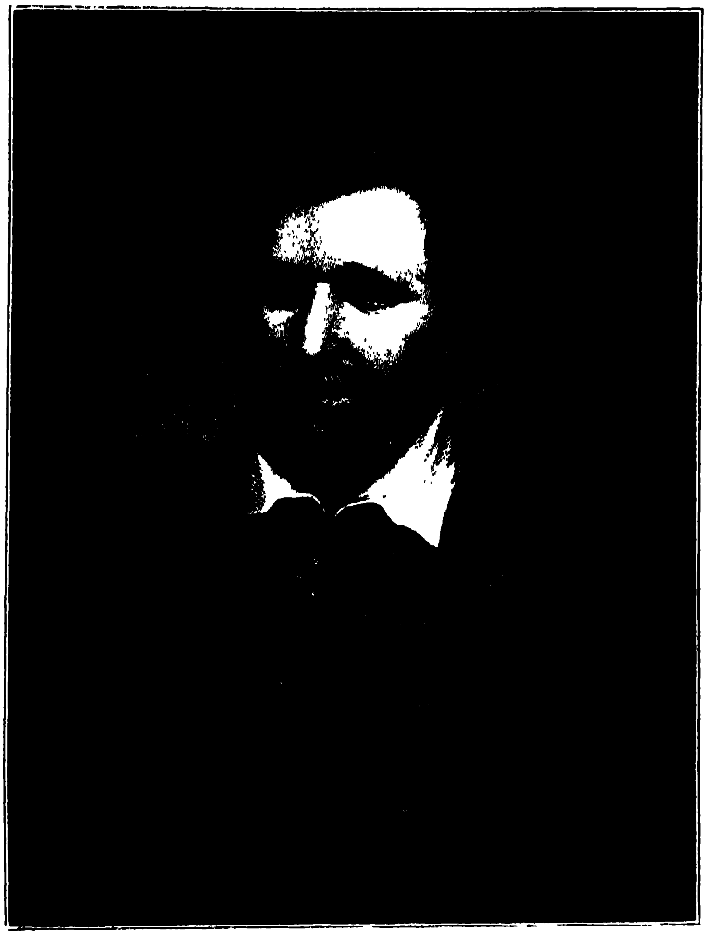


William Drummond of Hawthornden.

* "Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. F. Patterson, M.A.Cantab., D.Litt.Glasgow. (Blackie.)—"The Bodley Head Quartos." Edited by G. B. Harrison. (1) Robert Greene's Connycatching; (2) Gabriel Harvey's Four Letters. (John Lane.)

way was, in its own range, a curiously pointed illustration of the old text "sweet in the mouth and bitter in the belly." You got in the beginning a "gift-copy" or two which pleased you very much; but at the end thereof, when you had to part with your library, you found that what you had thought a limited was practically an unlimited edition. I do not think that Dr. Grosart intended any "coney-catching": and his issues, if rather hastily edited, were invaluable: but his methods were not strictly businesslike. Still, I owe it to him to have had two of our present title-books on my shelves, with scores of their likes, for many a year.

In company with them were all the other pamphleteers and poets whom Dr. Grosart edited; Hazlitt's "Dodsley" (at one time in its life rather a valuable possession), and Maidment and Logan's Restoration Dramatists (which for some reason never became one); Mr. Bullen's again precious but unfinished set of quartos out-Dodsleying Dodsley, with his reissued collections of Marlowe and Middleton and Peele; Gifford's Shirley (a rather nice copy which had been given to somebody as a prize at Oxford and sold by him) and the big Moxon dramatists and poets chosen by myself as prizes at school; the practically unedited Pearson reprints, and I don't know how many more. They are all gone now and (worse luck!) they went at the very worst period of second-hand book-selling in the war when, as one of the most eminent second-hand booksellers in the kingdom said to me not long ago, he didn't himself know quite whether to shut up shop altogether or begin to eat his books.



Ben Jonson.

Some folk would say it was quite excusable—and more would say that excusable or not it was perfectly natural—for a bereaved possessor to grudge others cheap and easy possession of what he has lost. But I happen, by accident doubtless, not to be built that way: and merely wish more power to the elbows of the producers of such volumes as we have here.

They present, as it happens, not only two sizes but also two systems of production, Mr. Harrison offering a bare though very carefully reproduced text; Mr. Patterson the orthodox "Introduction" and "Notes." Towards the end of the last century there arose, among other symptoms of revolt, a tendency to cry down Introductions. "Why do you push yourselves between us and the great writers of the past?" the youthfullest reviewers of that day used to say to the somewhat older introducers. But in the natural course of events they began soon to write Introductions themselves; and then it was rather a different thing. Perhaps the present writer has written too many to be quite an impartial judge: and no doubt a bad Introduction to a good text is a rather specially bad thing because it adds impertinence (in almost all senses of that offensive word and thing) to inutility. But some kind of Introduction, well done, is never useless, and may be sometimes necessary.

It is very seldom that some people at any rate wish for contemporary editions, with the usual editorial comment, of the literature of old times. Others of course simply hunger for them. But the proudest and haughtiest scorner of gossip must demit his pride, his haughtiness and his scorn at the thought of an edition of Jonson's "Conversations" with Drummond by someone who knew them both; was conversant with court and literary matters of the time; and had some brains. To wish that we had not got the book at all is easy; I confess that to use a commonly used and rarely noticed bull of quite splendid bullishness, I could personally give up whatever knowledge it supplies without the slightest pang or grudge. But we *have* got it: and I think few people who have not definitely set their minds to the matter know how very largely it has influenced our general conceptions of the great period and persons with whom it deals; and yet how extremely difficult it is to test its value as a trustworthy document. If one wanted to show how hard (and therefore rare) really logical criticism is, there is no better text than this. Did Jonson really say these things to Drummond? Did he say them as they are said? or how much colour (as we used to say, camouflage as we say now) did Drummond put on them? If he put any, was it out of positive dislike to his guest? or out of misunderstanding of one kind or another? Are the famous two last paragraphs a more or less faithful shortening of Jonson's general account of himself? or are they Drummond's own exhalation of revenge for his sufferings during the previous weeks? Were there any sufferings

at all? These are but a few of the questions that present themselves: and as everybody who knows anything about the matter knows, they have been endlessly discussed down to this very edition in which Mr. Patterson (with perhaps a slight excess of rebuke for his predecessors: *Requiescant in pace* is always the best attitude towards predecessors) gives his readers the proper assistance, and a certain and castigated (which does not in the least mean expurgated) text.

But when you look into others' answers to these questions, and begin to prepare your own, starting almost necessarily with a sort of reconstruction of the attitude of host and guest to each other, you perceive that most others have fallen and that you yourself are probably falling into a yawning but insidiously concealed pit. "How would a fellow like Jonson and a fellow like Drummond be likely to feel and behave towards each other?" we ask. And then you suddenly remember that your own conception of "a fellow like Jonson" is very largely more largely than from anything else—derived from this very document, which others have used, and you probably will then use, as a test of itself! Even of Drummond the general notion (so far as there *is* a general notion) rests itself to a far too great extent on another notion preconceived from this and afterwards applied to it—of a delicate, fastidious, sentimental gentleman confronted with a plebeian sort of genius, much more gigantic than divine. And then you remember that, interesting as all this tangle may be, it has very little to do with the statements of fact here. The peculiarities of Queen Elizabeth's physical construction might be the cause of others in her character and conduct: but the character and conduct after all might quite as probably occasion mere guesses at the cause of them. Were the Muses, in their gifts to Sir Philip Sidney, too frequently reminiscent of their name "Pimpleides" or not? (remember that Jonson was a boy of only thirteen at the date of Zutphen and that Sidney had been much away from London). The book is a mass of puzzles; but it is full of interest, and we can think at the moment of no separate presentation of it more attractive than this.

The other two have a somewhat more restricted and less various interest: but they also are texts famous in literary history and indispensable to the real student. Personally the present writer thinks Greene's pamphlet-romances more interesting than his "mannerspainting" (as Dr. Grosart used to call it) journalism: but this is scarcely the general opinion. And undoubtedly interest *does* attach to the accounts of the ancestors of the confidence trick, etc.

The other booklet, the reprint of Harvey's *Four Letters*, has a stricter connection, if not with things literary, with men of letters. In the endless discussions—like the moon in their habit of renewing themselves, though certainly not in charm—about Shakespeare and his contemporaries, the Greene-Harvey-Nash squabble has not, one thinks, recently had so much attention paid to it as was once the case. And, perhaps for that reason, one seems to have noticed a tendency, if not exactly to take up the cudgels for Gabriel—at any rate to dwell rather on his merits than on his faults. With this tendency the present writer—who is pretty well acquainted with Harvey's writings and those about him --can by no means agree. He probably *was* rather a better scholar than some of the other Elizabethans; he has a sort of rough-and-tumble journalist quality (though nothing like that possessed by his enemy Nash); and if he was, as he certainly was, a flunkey and a toadeater, these diseases were so common in his time that it is better not to be too severe on them, and very much better not to draw up lists of the infected. But when you have said this for Harvey you have said all for him. It doesn't come to very much on its own side of the account and there is a terrible set-off on the other. Even the small specimen before us, especially if it is supplemented by his easily accessible correspondence with Spenser, will enable anyone of fair brains and fair knowledge to take Master Gabriel's measure pretty exactly. One of our earliest examples of the very loathsome vice of donnishness, unpalliated by any scrap of the dignity—to some extent at any rate real—which sometimes tries to cloak it; obvious bad blood; no sense of poetry; a clumsy clownish jocularity which never rises to true humour even of the coarsest kind; absurd vanity; an almost anile busybodiness and love of (especially ill-natured) gossip; with no original literary power worth speaking of—such is the *signalement* which I should give if asked. But he undoubtedly played a considerable part in the earlier time of the great Elizabethan *risorgimento* of our letters; and his own texts and the texts about him must be known by all who would know that.

JACKSON GREGORY.

BY HAROLD WALDO.

JACKSON GREGORY is a man of chequered history. This doesn't signify fiduciary defalcations or penitentiary terms, but merely that he has probed into the secrets of a dozen different occupations and thrown his roving eye on the possibilities of every career from that of tinker to railroad builder.

In the very first he contrived to select for his birthplace the romantic county of Monterey, on the California coast. Born and bred on one of the old Spanish ranches, descended from an ancient Spanish family (the de la Guerras, praised for their hospitality in "Two Years Before the Mast") on his mother's side, and from the English Hartnells (W. E. P. Hartnell came to California in 1822), young Gregory made as fortunate a start as any Western romance writer we know of. It cannot be too definitely stated that Gregory knows the West at first hand. He has "packed a bindle" from sugar pine to redwood lumber camp; he has sweated with threshing outfits in the broad yellow San Joaquin; he has punched cattle in Southern California and endeavoured to lose all he got by it in a couple of fruit ranches in Northern California, above the old diggings of Auburn and Placerville where gold was discovered in '49.

Perhaps the only Californian industry with which he has not tampered is that of mining; he has never confessed to mucking in a mine, though this is not because he is squeamish about hard labour, for he has been a deck-hand on a West Indies sugar boat and has grubbed the San Francisco water-front (where Jack London started) for marine items for the daily press—which any water-front reporter will depose is not lady-like work.

The Oakland and San Francisco water-front job was not his only experience in newspaper work. A university education at the University of California, and random experiments at reporting and writing, convinced Gregory that he could play the Lone Western Wolf prowling down Broadway and devouring whatever newspaper jobs dared raise their heads. Accordingly—walking down a mountain road at Truckee Town in the high Sierras—Gregory broached this intention to the queen of his heart.

She raised the darkling issue of finance. How would he get there? "I have," said Gregory, tossing a silver dollar high, "one dollar and ninety cents all my own." The silver coin twinkled in the bright mountain air just beyond his reach and spun into a rushing stream beside the road. "And now," he exclaimed triumphantly, like Cortez on Darien, "I have ninety cents!"

It seemed like a cast of the die; the brook was the Rubicon, and this was Gregory's peculiar way of being delightfully gay, extravagant and foolishly young.



Mr. Jackson Gregory.

He left California and his *Zingara* lass the next day, and effected a passage (or, if murder must out, "bummed his way") to New York. A little haggard, a little bruised and sore from "side-door Pullmans," the down-at-heels hidalgo invaded the New York City News Association. It chanced in the course of Gregory luck that the Hudson-Fulton celebration was starting off with pomp and a gathering of notables at the Waldorf; and in this emergency a Lone Wolf from the Far West was allowed to be of possible account and was dispatched to the Waldorf to snatch a free-lance story if he could. Something about his harried condition or his genial way won the friendly support of other reporters there, and a helpful brother on the *Sun* secreted him behind protective pillars, brought him champagne, scraped up a story for him and sent him off rejoicing.

Thereafter he worked at the copy desk of a Newark newspaper, which job afforded him and his side-partner, with whom he "divied" all his returns, one single banquet and a few bean sandwiches before he was invited to the cashier's office to receive a blue envelope with a decidedly ultimate stipendium. Thereafter he worked in a sugar refinery at Yonkers; and following that he shipped on one of the company boats down to Cuba as deck-hand and as spud-peeling member of the steward's gang; and, most glorious of *thereafters*, he effected the same sort of passage back to California that had brought him boldly to New York. The Lone Western Wolf was not broken, not defeated—it was simply a case of the shy Eastern jobs getting wind of his approach always and digging in for safety; and, moreover, he was yearning now for the bigger, bluer seas of the Sierra crests, edged with snow for foam, and the broad yellow sweep of the San Joaquin, and the romantic coast of Monterey where the olive-grey and lilac-coloured folds of the Santa Lucia tumble into the purple Pacific. In a word, he was homesick for the West—and he was on his way! To a man who has spent his boyhood and youth there, there is no other land that will serve at all.

Just to add one more arrow to his quiver of experience, he became Principal of the High School in Truckee Town, not far from the castellated hill-top home of General Charles McGlashan, the historian of the famous Donner Party. In the General's curious castle keep of a house resided the girl who had sped Gregory on his Eastern way, the *Zingara* lass who had captured his heart, the "Lotus" to whom so many of his books are dedicated, and who has been the inspiration of all of them and Gregory's chief critic and aid. In a word, it was the General's daughter whom Gregory presently married and carried away to Berkeley, on San Francisco Bay. There came now a time of desperate effort to storm the magazine offices, a dark time of hopes deferred and heart-sickening struggles in which the courage of two happily enough proved equal to the emergency. Dodging bailiffs and process-servers, they sped home to their mountains, and there Gregory pitched a tent on the hill above Truckee, and in silence and with jaws clenched drummed out his first novel. Two copies were sent East, and presently came two acceptances—a very embarrassing but not necessarily depressing circumstance.

From that time on things picked up for Jackson Gregory. The hunted feeling produced by pestiferous tradesmen and bill collectors lapsed behind on the Lone Wolf's trail, so to say. There came new freedom then for adventure, for hazardous trips into the high Sierras in which the Gregorys twain rejoiced, and for happy returns to the scenes of Gregory's Eastern adventures, where once again he could meet the friends of the bean-sandwich days and treat them to more substantial meals and superior shows. There he met his old friend Jock Richardson, of the Yonkers sugar mill days, and took him to see Maude Adams in "What Every Woman Knows," where Jock took occasion to rise unsteadily to his feet and make the husky and historic comment

upon a Barrie protagonist, "Yon's no Scotsman—never believe it!"

The time came when Gregory's stories of the West were high favourites not only in America but in England. "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch" and "Ladyfingers"—a sort of California "Raffles"—had brought him recognition in New York, in London and in far away Australia. The *San Francisco Argonaut* prints a report from British book dealers showing that next to the Western stars, Zane Grey and Rex Beach, in course of English popularity are grouped Gregory, White, Curwood and Kyne.

Gregory's present home is on Eagle's Crag, overlooking the American River cañon at Auburn, Placer County. From here he can look abroad over the rumpled blue ranges to the sites of the old gold days, places like Coloma, Placerville (old "Hangtown"), and Yankee Jims, just hidden under the shoulders of mighty hills. Here in a workshop hanging almost sheer above the green winding pavement of the river he spins his tales. Here he rejoices that the river's bed is no real road bed, but foaming mountain water carrying the auriferous silt of the old Mother Lode, and that his house stands where the city pavement ends.

His diversions here, between working spells, are camping expeditions by horseback or motor, reading in the old Spanish volumes from his grandfather's library, playing a few very "selected" tunes on his accordion and reciting with gusto the old Western ballads, whose origin lies right at his doorstep—a doorstep 800 feet deep—to the green American. It is a right royal treat to hear him intone, with proper accordion accompaniment, that old-time favourite, "Sweet Betsy from Pike":

> "Oh, don't you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike,
> Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
> And two yoke of cattle, a large yeller dog,
> A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog?
> Saying 'Good-bye, Pike County,
> Farewell awhile. . . .'"

The accordion wheezes sadly to stress how

> "The Shanghai ran off and the cattle all died,
> The last piece of bacon that morning was fried"—

and shows what became of the spotted hog, and the awful travail of the moment when

> "One morning they climbed a very high hill,
> And with wonder looked down into old Placerville;
> Ike shouted and said, as he cast his eyes down,
> 'Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've got to Hangtown.'"

And to give the entertaining performance the final smack of verisimilitude, there lies old "Hangtown" just a short way across the river, now the beautiful, busy mountain city of Placerville. But it is in the depths of the Sierras, around a red camp-fire at night, that Gregory's accordion and his recitations and old-time songs fit in most rousingly with the surroundings; there he is at his best, singing "Sussanah" or intoning "Joe Bowers" and "The Days of Forty-Nine" to the roar of the mountain stream rushing by in the black night. That is a draught of the real West.

OSTRACISED FRANKNESS IN AMERICA.

By Professor John Adams.

OF late we have heard a great deal about the American censorship of literature and the drama, which emphasises the general impression that there is less freedom on the western shores of the Atlantic than on the eastern. Yet a book has just been published at Pasadena, California, that suggests the need of modifying this general impression. When I say published I mean printed and put into circulation, for it has not come out in the ordinary way with a publisher's name on the title page. The author evidently could not find any of the book producers willing to undertake the responsibility of putting on the market such an outspoken work as this. No doubt there are many writers who would willingly put into circulation equally strong opinions, though perhaps not so effectively expressed. But then they have not the necessary funds, and are not well enough known to encourage outsiders to finance them. Mr. Upton Sinclair does not appear to be a particularly affluent person, but he has courage, and he has already attained a high degree of what his friends would call fame and his many enemies notoriety. In any case he is acknowledged on all hands to be a man of much ability, and few will be found to question his claim to be "known throughout the civilised world." Accordingly he is in the position of being able to produce his own books and apparently to make them pay. We have his own evidence in connection with his book entitled "The Brass Check":

> "Ninety thousand copies of a book sold in six months—and published by the author, with no advertising, and only a few scattered reviews. What this means is that the American people want to know the truth about their newspapers."

The book he refers to here is an attack on the newspapers of America as mere instruments in the hands of the capitalists. Mr. Sinclair is a convinced Socialist, and even as far back as his student days at Columbia University in the class of '97, he was planning out a series of books that would expose the evil deeds of capitalism. His thesis was, and still appears to be, that capital has captured not merely the means of production, but all the means by which public opinion is moulded. "The Jungle" was his first blow, and dealt specifically with industrial and economic conditions. "The Brass Check" carried the attack into the field of journalism, and in it he seeks to show that the press of America is solidly in the hands of the capitalists, and that through the leverage of advertisements and the actual buying up of newspapers they have acquired such power as to render it impossible for any opponents of the wealthy classes to get a chance of criticising the present state of affairs. The newly issued book now before me, under the title of "The Goose Step," carries the war into the realm of education. Mr. Sinclair declares that the whole educational system of his country has been so manipulated that it works entirely in the interests of the capitalists, and that in particular they have captured all the universities and are using

them ingeniously but ruthlessly for the private ends of the moneyed classes of America.

All this interests the general public, and particularly those who are concerned with education and economics, but this is a peace-loving magazine dealing with literary and artistic aspects rather than with the violent manifestations of politics and class war. We are necessarily interested in the freedom of the press and in the possibility of an author getting an outlet for his views. It is gratifying to find that Mr. Sinclair himself admits that we have at least nominal freedom in the expression of opinion, and that even in the existing press there are some organs that have retained their souls, some editors who have not bowed the knee to Baal. But the best argument in favour of the actual existence of freedom of writing in America is the circulation of Mr. Sinclair's own books. There is no restraint about his writing. He says what he thinks and says it with extreme directness and clearness. No attempt is made to avoid personalities. Living persons are named and characterised in the most uncomplimentary terms. Such epithets as "weakling," "toady," "liar," "old scoundrel" are freely used. The English reader rubs his eyes and wonders how the author can hope to escape scores of prosecutions for libel. Apart altogether from the merits of the argument, the reader gasps at the frankness of personal criticism. The general impression conveyed is that the writer must have a very strong case, otherwise he would not dare to use such strong language. Then come second thoughts which suggest that a strong case does not demand such violent statement. So the reader is left in doubt and is forced to fall back upon the times of the violent old pamphleteers for a background against which to project this modern development.

There is indeed a certain parallelism between Mr. Sinclair's work and that of the fierce anonymous writers who penned the old flamboyant pamphlets. To be sure he comes gallantly to the attack under his own name, but his readers do not quite rise to his standard of courage. The books are often read in secret. Many people are afraid to be seen with them or to be known to have any connection with them. The author tells us himself that "The Brass Check" was banned in many quarters. In the *New York Times* office there was posted a notice in the editorial rooms "that anyone found with a copy in the office would be summarily discharged." The same sort of attitude is adopted by schoolmen towards "The Goose Step." It is passed from hand to hand almost clandestinely. University people read it, but they do not care to talk about it unless in friendly conversation among people they can trust. The general opinion appears to be that there is a good deal of truth in the volume, but that the case is overstated and that the personal element is overdone. A stronger case could have been made out by a more moderate statement. This may be so, but for the plain man the important point is that in demonstrating the shackles of the writing men of America, Mr. Sinclair has given an admirable example of their freedom. If the censorship is not applied to "The Goose Step" the freedom of the American press is in no great danger.

ANOTHER BY-WAY ROUND HELICON.

By I. A. Williams.

A FEW months ago a certain publisher was kind enough to issue to the world (or to such small part of it as was agreeable to the transaction) a volume, a kind of anthology with a running commentary, describing some of those "By-ways Round Helicon" in which I had been wandering, often alone, and had, so I thought, picked a handful of flowers—small, but sweet-smelling and prettily coloured. Were I now to make another such book I should certainly devote a few pages of it to the verses of the Reverend Thomas Fitzgerald, a poet whom there have been none to praise and very few to love. In fact I suspect that, except for the late Edward Arber, who misplaced in his "Goldsmith Anthology" (covering the years 1745–74) a couple of Fitzgerald's songs, no literary critic during the past hundred and fifty years has cast so much as a single glance of the eye upon this forgotten poet. Let us therefore, dear reader, rectify the omission.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. I. A. Williams.**

Thomas Fitzgerald, the son of Gerald Fitzgerald, was born in Westminster, probably in the year 1695; at any rate he was fifteen years old when, in 1710, he was admitted as a Queen's Scholar to St. Peter's College, Westminster. An exact contemporary of his at school was Vincent Bourne, who was afterwards famous as a Latin poet, and whose poems Cowper not only translated into English, but preferred to those of "Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way except Ovid." Three years the senior of Bourne and Fitzgerald was Samuel Wesley the younger, who was elder brother to John and Charles Wesley, and himself a delicate and charming poet. When Wesley in 1736 published a quarto collection of his poems, subscribers' copies were to "be had at the Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald's, in Smith Street, Westminster," so that the two poets were evidently friends—but this is to get ahead of our story. Fitzgerald went to Cambridge in 1714, took his B.A. in 1717, was elected to a fellowship of Trinity in 1720 and became an M.A. in 1721. Later he became Lecturer of St. John the Evangelist's, Westminster, and an usher at his old school, in which latter capacity he edited Martial's Epigrams in 1721 and the Comedies of Terence in 1736, for use in the school. The Martial at least seems to have been very

successful, for an edition which appeared as late as 1790 is in the British Museum. Fitzgerald was instituted, on the presentation of Sir John Evelyn, to the Rectory of Wotton, Surrey, on December 24th, 1739, and to that of Abinger on June 11th, 1743. That our poet was married may be inferred from the fact that he had a grandson who, in 1781, was a student of Christ Church, Oxford, and chaplain to Lord Onslow; but who Mrs. Fitzgerald may have been I have no idea. In 1752 Fitzgerald did as all men do- he died, having kept both his preferments until his death. So much for his biography.

It is, however, with Fitzgerald as a poet, or "verseman" (as Mat Prior, whose disciple in some ways he was, would have called him) that we are here chiefly concerned. His small volume of poems was issued in octavo in the year 1733, a second edition appeared in 1736, and in 1781 the Rev. Thomas Wintour, A.M. (the grandson mentioned above) edited his grandfather's verses, making some additions from a manuscript volume which the poet had left behind him. No edition of Fitzgerald's poems is, I fancy, at all common, though that even the first edition is valuable I should hesitate to affirm. I looked for a copy of any of the three editions for years without success until, only the other day, I was in Newcastle market-place, where I found several small book-shops. I asked the proprietor of one of these if he had any eighteenth century verse. He assured me that he had not, but experience has taught me that very few booksellers really know what there is or is not in their shops; I therefore looked round for a few minutes, and there, on a shelf marked "All in this row 2d.," stood a tattered copy of the 1781 edition, inscribed inside the cover, "Given to the Ryton Vestry Library by the Misses E. and A. Codling." What on earth, I wonder, induced the Ryton Vestry Library to part with these poems? Surely there must be in Ryton a rector, or a curate, or a churchwarden, or a pew-opener, or even a parishioner of no ecclesiastical status, who is curious enough to want to read the poems of Thomas Fitzgerald? If there is not—then shame upon Ryton! And in any event, shame upon that town, or village (whichever it may be) for taking so little care of the gift of the good Misses Codling!

But to the poems - some of which are not nearly bad enough to warrant their present oblivion. When Mr. Fitzgerald is at his most serious I care for him least; I do not value highly, for example, his poem on "Bedlam," where

> "For ever from the echoing Roofs rebounds
> A dreadful Din of heterogeneous Sounds";

nor am I taken with his ode on "Tomo Chachi," an American Indian chief brought to England by General Oglethorpe:

> "What Stranger's this? and from what Region far
> This wond'rous Form, majestic to behold?
> Uncloath'd, but arm'd offensive for the War,
> In hoary Age and wise Experience old?"

The writer of such pompous rubbish is one whom it would be difficult to suspect of having much of the poet in him. And yet in his lighter pieces Fitzgerald shows that he has after all a touch of poetry in his nature; or if my reader will not grant him quite that, I at least claim for Fitzgerald a neat fluency of wit and of versification that, to my way of thinking, is hardly a shade less refreshing than some of the lesser trickles from the true fountain of the Muses. Hear him, for instance, versifying once more a well-worn theme:

> "The Charms which blooming Beauty shows
> From Faces heav'nly fair,
> We to the Lily and the Rose
> With Semblance apt compare:
>
> With Semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
> How soon they all decay!
> The Lily droops, the Rose is gone,
> And Beauty fades away."

So begins one "Song," and anyone who has read much eighteenth century verse will, I think, admit that the lines are well turned and, even though they have no great originality of thought, have a melodious ease which was not then—or indeed at any time—very common. Two more stanzas follow, in which the poet meditates on the change wrought in mere Beauty when to it are added Virtue, Discretion, Mildness and Wisdom. Then comes the fifth and last quatrain:

> "Beyond the Reach of Time and Fate,
> These Graces shall endure;
> Still, like the Passion they create,
> Eternal, constant, pure."

Judging verses of this kind is rather a delicate matter; it depends, like the tasting of delicate flavours, upon the palate. To some judges the lines I have quoted may seem insipid or tasteless, but to me they are not so. I feel in them a winning, not too profound melancholy, and that indefinable quality—charm. And may I add that this charm depends not on any quaintness that the mere passage of time may have given, but on some inherent quality that was present on the very day on which the verses were made.

A favourite theme with Fitzgerald, as with so many quiet men of his century, was the superiority of a cheerful, peaceful country life over that of the city. It was by two poems upon this subject that Arber represented Fitzgerald in the "Goldsmith Anthology." One of them was the Ode beginning:

> "No Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
> Ambition is nothing to me;
> The one Thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
> Is a Mind independent and free"—

and the other was a similar, but in my opinion a better, Ode:

> "No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent Town
> To expect either Pleasure or Rest,"

which has a close that contains a vivid and effective metaphor. The poet is speaking of his retirement into the country:

> "Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
> My Days may I quietly spend;
> Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for me,
> May gather up Wealth without end.
>
> "No, I thank 'em, I'll never, to add to my Store,
> My Peace and my Freedom resign;
> For who, for the sake of possessing the Ore,
> Would be sentenced to dig in the Mine?"

It is an opinion that has been held by many good and wise men, among whom, I suspect, must have been the Reverend Thomas Fitzgerald.

But I confess that of all Fitzgerald's poems the happiest appears to me to be a little jest—a mere trifle—which he wrote, no doubt, upon some too self-satisfied poet of his acquaintance; and before I finish with our reverend author I should like to quote these verses at their full length, which is not excessive, for they run to only twelve lines:

" Dear Frank (with Fancy, Fire, and Style,
Form'd a consummate Poet),
Burns with Impatience all the while
That all the World should know it.

" Where'er he goes, with pompous Boast
His Talent he displays;
No, not a Tittle shall be lost
Of his Minutest Praise!

" Then let's be candid to our Friend,
And own his just Pretence;
Nor yet, whilst we his Wit commend,
Despise his Want of Sense!"

I have never seen a coxcomb more neatly stilettoed than by those lines; and the art of dealing such thrusts has always been admitted (save by those whose gaze is too, too earnestly fixed upon the stars) to be one of the pleasing minor forms in which poetry expresses itself. I make no extravagant claim for Thomas Fitzgerald; I only say that once or twice he succeeded in writing something, of a small kind, very well, and that for those few successes he deserves remembrance. And for this essay I would plead that it may have no other merit, but that it is, unless I am much mistaken, the first attempt to map the particular by-way from which Thomas Fitzgerald looked up (with, let us hope, not too devouring an envy) at the neighbouring peaks of Helicon, towering high above him.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1923.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief passage from English literature in praise of the horse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to W. J. A. Coldstream, of Blackie House, University Hall, Edinburgh, for the following:

RESPITE.

I've dallied long, O lady fair,
And I'm off on the road again,
To the old grey hills and the mountain air,
In the fog and the mist and the rain.
And the hills will close on my sadness there,
And the mist will drown my pain.

I've dallied long, O lady fair,
So I'll turn me out to the West.
And the grouse and the deer and the mountain hare
Shall have me for their guest.
And the cold will eat away my care,
And the wind will give me rest.

I'll dally no more, O lady fair,
But I'll out on the mountain side,
And the streams shall sing me comfort there,
And the stars shall be my guide.
And Earth shall mother the dust she bare
With a love that you denied.



Mr. H. Richard Hayward,
whose "Love in Ulster" (Fisher Unwin and The Talbot Press) is reviewed in this Number.
From a drawing by Edwin Morrow.
Mr. Hayward is one of the Ulster Players acting in a series of plays last month at the Scala Theatre.

We also select for printing :

THE GREEN SPACES OF THE WOOD.

The salt wind is romping up the harbour wild and free,
With the leap and the toss and the tumble of the sea ;
The winds across the uplands they laugh in merry mood ;
But my heart it is with the green spaces of the wood !

The cherry cups a-dangling over all the paths we knew,
And all the hyacinth steeples with their belfries blue ;
Cool primrose-faces raised to where the ring-doves brood,
And the fairy-rings of windflowers a-dancing in the wood.

The kingcups in the dingle, and the woodruff sweet and white,
And the willows where a brown bird whispers secrets day and night ; --
O whence this magic lure whose spell none ever yet withstood ?
And my heart it answers : " Here, in the green spaces of the wood ! "

(Alice E. Gillington, " The Caravans," Lilliput, Parkstone, Dorset.)

The lyrics received have been as plentiful as usual, but disappointingly below the usual standard. We select for commendation those by Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), W. MacDermott (Glasgow), R. Fortescue Dona (Cheltenham), Pamela Marsh (London, E.C.), Muriel Kathleen Burgess (Streatham Park), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth West), Marion Peacock (Horsham), Ivan Adair (Dublin), A. M. Thomas (Exmouth), Roland Sutton (Cirencester), Clarice M. Covell (Leeds), Ina M. Stenning (London, W.), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), John O'Rourke (Dublin), Montague Hayward Potter (Rome), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), Phyllis Erica Noble (London, E.), " Amaryllis " (Bournemouth), Marguerite Mall (Kensington Park), V. W. W. (Eastleigh), Anne MacDonald (Bridge of Allan), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), David Mort (Regent's Park), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Frances Porteous (Kippen), L. F. R. Swan (Trinidad), Ian Kelway (Moretonhampstead), Maud Slessor (Rottingdean), Margaret Cohen (Johannesburg), H. I. Strand (Seaton), Dora A. Pattinson (Middlesbrough, A. H. B. M. (King's Lynn), Miss E. Holdsworth (Hipperholme), E. Y. Poignard (Cheltenham), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), V. P Kitchin (Château d'Œx), Helen Gordon (Thornton Heath), Deric Harris (Hull), Constance W. Hudson (Newark), Lorna Fane (Zurich), Marie Maconochue (Aislaby Sleights), Maris Johns (Harrogate), A. H. Goodyear (Scarborough), H. A. E. Luckham (Tiverton), John P. Jones (Bolton), John Heffner (Natal), Edna Norman (Stanmore), B. A. Abrahamson (Manchester), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), May Frances Nason (Broadway), Gwyneth M. Starr (Gloucester), Eleanor D. Hill (London, W.), Winifred Mudie (Darlington), Elsie G. Chapman (London, S.W.), James Moodie (Bournemouth).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Marjorie Crosbie, of 10, Birches Barn Road, Wolverhampton, for the following :



The Venice of China—Soochow.

From " Swinging Lanterns," a delightful record of residence and travel in China, by E. C. Enders (Appleton).

LAUGHTER, LIMITED.
BY NINA PUTNAM.
(Chapman & Dodd.)

" Within the limit of becoming mirth."
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost.*

We also select for printing :

THE UNGROWN-UPS. BY " RITA."
(Putnams.)

" A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo."
SHENSTONE, *The Schoolmistress.*

(H. Elwes, 16, Inglis Road, Colchester.)

AND IN THE TOMB WERE FOUND——.
BY TERENCE GRAY. (Heffer.)

" A rag and a bone and a hank of hair."
KIPLING.

(Mrs. Emilie F. Ford, Selling Vicarage, Faversham, Kent.)

OLD OFFENDERS. BY E. W. HORNUNG. (John Murray.)

" It was three in the morning before they broke up ! "
R. H BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends* (*The Lay of St. Cuthbert*).

(H. Dalton Vasey, 28, Grove Green Road, E.11.)

THE PERSONAL TOUCH. BY EMMA BEATRICE BRUNNER.
(Brentano)

" And out of the window he flew like a shot,
For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack."
R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends* (*The Lay of St. Nicholas*).

(Mrs. M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

ANN'S AN IDIOT. BY PAMELA WYNNE.
(Philip Allan)

" All day long from seven to six,
Ann was polishing candlesticks "
JOHN DRINKWATER, *Elizabeth Ann.*

(U. P. Snowden, " Resthaven," Barton-on-Sea, Hampshire.)

THE AMBITIOUS LADY. BY J. S. FLETCHER.
(Ward, Lock.)

" With just enough of learning to misquote."
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

(Maude R. Fleeson, 26, Chatham Grove, Withington, Manchester.)

THE LIFE OF A SIMPLE MAN. BY EMILE GUILLAUMIN.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

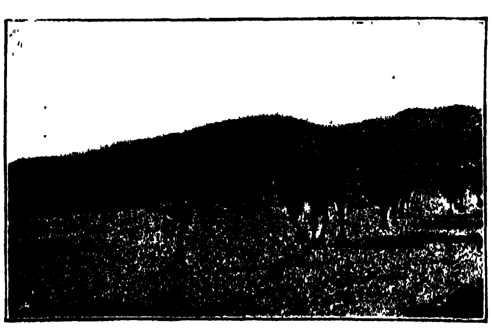
" Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes."
LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith.*

(Sidney Anderson, " Restenneth," West Didsbury.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief quotation for a beaten tennis-player is awarded to the Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, of 11, Guildford Road, Tunbridge Wells, for the following :

" 'Tis better to have fought and lost,
Than never to have fought at all."
A. H. CLOUGH, *Peschiera.*

We select for special commendation the quotations sent by Mildred King (London, N.W.), M. E. Wyly (Slough), Constance Rennie (Forest Hill), M. Young (Hove), J. M. Watson (Bushey), Dorothy Taylor (Cheltenham), K. Johnson (Bradford), R. Boxall (Keighley), K. M. Mills (Wanstead), Robert Willan (Ulverston), A. G. Skinner (Bude), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), J. A. Jenkins (Burleigh), B. M.



Laden Bactrian Camels from the Western Hills.

From " Swinging Lanterns," by E. C Enders (Appleton).

Beard (Bexleyheath), Marion Ferguson (Limpsfield), Betty Williams (Penllwyn Park), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Agatha Honnywill (Worthing).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best hundred word review is awarded to Margaret Cohen, of Box 381, Johannesburg, South Africa, for the following:

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN.

BY COMPTON MACKENZIE. (Martin Secker.)

When the curtain finally falls on the series of *tableaux vivants* which comprise "The Seven Ages of Women," the image of Mary Allison will not remain long with us. From birth to old age, her consciousness records little more than the vague questionings of a modern soul which eschews religion, and has too little of the stuff of human nature to make food for itself of the disillusions which time inevitably brings. This book resembles a pencil study made by a painter in preparation for a large canvas. It is a beautiful, suggestive outline nothing more.

We also select for printing:

THESE CHARMING PEOPLE. BY MICHAEL ARLEN. (Collins.)

They certainly have charm these modern worldlings, despite their careless morality and frequent amours the charm of wit and poise, the attraction of their author's polished cynicism. There is entertainment in nearly every sketch, pathos in several, particularly perhaps in the episode entitled "Salute the Cavalier." Vivid too are the descriptions—that of the night club in "The Luck of Captain Fortune" can hardly be bettered, and a dramatically eerie atmosphere lingers about "The Ancient Sin." In short, George Almeric St George Tarlyon and his friends are well worth meeting in print.

(L. Mugford, 19, Cecil Court, S.W.10.)

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.

BY LORD NORTHCLIFFE. (John Lane.)

Many have endeavoured to interpret the personality and to explain the achievements of Lord Northcliffe, whose name was a legend. To many, too, he was a prince in every phase of character and ability—to others he was not. But whereas the world knows fairly well of his marvellous public affairs, this book reveals the personal charm and enthusiasm of the family man. He tells the tales of his travels in this diary with the fascination and simplicity of a boy who might well have been going on his first travelling experience, and it is wholly delightful.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

THE HOARDING. BY JOHN OWEN.

(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Owen has chosen the subject of advertisement as a thesis for his interesting novel, which is written with care and insight. The ethics of advertising and the relationship of fine art to advertising by means of good reproductions of pictures on the hoardings are cleverly discussed by the various characters from different points of view. The advertiser's creed is expounded by Boxrider, a clever, pushing publicity man, who knows what he wants and means to get it, and if we do not always agree with his "transatlantic argot," he at least is honest compared with Mr. Owen's anti-advertisement characters.

(J. A. M. Hunter, Edgehill, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.)

THE CLOCKWORK MAN. BY E. V. ODLE.

(Heinemann.)

The title lets us straight away into the secret of this book. Our hero is a machine, made in the image of a man who, because something has gone wrong with his mechanism, has slipped from eight thousand years hence into our present age! Impossible? Of course! Yet so cleverly is the story written, and so funnily absurd is it, that every reader will want to recommend the book to his friends. A purely mechanical world is a detestable thing to contemplate, but yearly we drift nearer to an existence when we shall cease to be animated beings at all.

(Annie P. Pearson, 50, The Boulevard, Halifax.)

THE WOMAN IN THE LITTLE HOUSE.

BY MARGARET LEONORA EYLES. (Grant Richards.)

This is a book beyond praise. It is a tale of mean streets—not of the slums, with their extreme poverty—but of those drab neighbourhoods where artisans and others eke out a meagre existence. It is written by a woman who lived and brought up her family in these regions, and who felt the hopeless misery of the life in all its ugly detail. She has put into words what thousands must feel, but cannot express. All the women in such houses are in her debt, and not they alone, but all who would help them.

(L. K. Douglas, Liphook, Hants.)



The Lady Nofrit.

From the statue group of Rujahotpu and Nofrit in Cairo.
From "And in the Tomb was found——" (Cambridge: Heffer), reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

We also select for special commendation the reviews by Florence M. Ramsay (Cheltenham), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), W. M. Gibson (Hoylake), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley) Adelaide J. McBride (Nottingham), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Phillis Rees (Macclesfield), Bertie van Thal (Hampstead), Mildred Brennan (Jarrow), W. L. Dudley (Bridge of Weir), Edith Robin (Geneva), Mrs. Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), F. Ismay (Southall), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), M. Young (Hove), Jean Miller (Harrogate), R. W. Sloley (Blackheath), J. A. Jenkins (Burleigh), Egbert T. Colley (Gainsborough), Rita C. Gayford (London, S.W.), W. H. Edge (Stockport), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), G. Senior (Bristol).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Noel B. Saxelby, of 26, Hardwick Street, Buxton.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Northcliffe Prize of £40 for the best French novel of the year has been awarded to Jean Balde (Mdlle. Jeanne Alleman) for her romance, "La Vigne et la Maison." Five novels were selected and sent over by the "Femina Vie Heureuse" French Committee for final adjudication by the English Committee, and "La Vigne et la Maison" won the greatest number of votes. Lady Northcliffe (now Lady Hudson) instituted and has awarded this prize for the past three years, but made her final presentation last month, and Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have now undertaken to be responsible for the annual presentation of what is to be known in future as the "Femina Vie Heureuse and BOOKMAN" prize. A "Femina Vie Heureuse" Prize of a thousand francs is similarly awarded by the French Committee for the best English book of the year, and that prize has been given this year to Mr. Gordon Bottomley for his play "Gruach," this being one of the selected volumes sent over by the English to the French Committee. Mr. Gordon Bottomley and his work were the subject of an article in last month's BOOKMAN. Jean Balde (Mdlle. Jeanne Alleman), who was a professor at Bordeaux until after the war, when she gave up teaching to devote herself to letters, is the author of two books of poems which received from the Académie Française the Archou-Desperouses Prize, and "La Vigne et la Maison," published last year, is her third novel. She was born at Bordeaux and comes of an old Girondin family, and Parisian critics, praising this latest novel of hers, have named her "the Georges Sand of the Gironde."



Photo by Central News.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hardy.

During his West Country tour last month the Prince visited Mr Thomas Hardy and his wife at their home at Max Gate, Dorchester.

There is a disquieting spirit of pessimism in the air nowadays; you find it getting into our public speeches, our private conversations, into our newspapers and the books we read. That buoyant feeling of "Never again!—we have gone mad for the last time," which helped so wonderfully to carry us through the feverish days of the war, seems to have passed from us as if it had been nothing but a delirious dream. The gloomy view of things taken in nearly all recent books on the state of post-war Europe is sufficiently represented and emphasised by Mrs. Clare Sheridan's "In Many Places" (Jonathan Cape). She has lately travelled through Ireland, Germany, Turkey, the Balkans; has interviewed leading men at Lausanne, Geneva and elsewhere, and thus in an introduction summarises the effect her journey had upon her:

"I felt disillusioned and apprehensive. I was appalled by what I had seen and what I had learnt. Everything I ever believed had been shattered, and had been replaced by nothing very tangible. I have ceased to believe in equality, freedom or justice. . . . Freedom is the stuff that poets write about and that soldiers think they are dying for. Justice is desirable, and right and necessary, but justice is not compatible with government. Strength and force take the place of justice. When the great world of 'underman' or proletariat realise these truths they will either resign themselves or they will rise up. Then as violence, according to Mussolini, is the only factor of success, we shall all be hurled down to the level of the lowest inequality, or else the minorities, for whom life holds something worth living, will increase the police force."

She reiterates this view after a visit to Berlin: "Europe teaches one many things to-day. Not only does it teach one that money has no significance

and that human endeavour is futile, but it also teaches one the emptiness of words." Coming from Constantinople she says: "I grow sceptical of friendships—to-morrow who knows who may be our friends? Nations are even more capricious than individuals"; and she confesses to an apprehension that even before her book is finished "Europe will be plunged into another war." Mrs. Sheridan may be mistaken in her conclusions (I hope she is), but she is far from being alone in them.

This sense of impending disaster is in the air. It has moved Mr. Anderson Graham to realise in "The Collapse of Homo Sapiens" (Putnams) the new war that everybody dreads, and to show what it will mean to civilisation and the world at large. The narrator of his story is miraculously projected into the England of two hundred years hence, where "among the trees one caught sight now and then of a furtive animal gliding stealthily from thicket to thicket. 'That is Man,' said the guiding Voice. 'They go in fear of one another. Hunger has turned them into cannibals. As they began their own ruin, so they are completing it.'" Cities and towns have been completely destroyed and are overgrown with rank vegetation; except that a small community of civilised folk survive and are striving, not very hopefully, to rebuild the old order out of the new chaos, the world has sunk back into barbarism. There had been "a succession of bloody, ruthless, annihilating wars." The coloured races had mastered the secrets of the west; had



Photo by Henri Manuel.

Jean Balde
(Mdlle. Jeanne Alleman),

who has been awarded for her "La Vigne et la Maison" the *Femina Vie Heureuse* and Northcliffe prize for the best French novel of the year.

improved on its murderous mechanical devices, and having suddenly attacked and devastated the white peoples and their countries, were believed to have fallen out among themselves and more or less annihilated each other. Anyhow all commerce is at an end, no vessels come to England from over the sea, and the waste of waters "wrapped the island in a silent mystery."



Mr. Gordon Bottomley,

who has been awarded, for his play "Gruach," the *Femina Vie Heureuse* prize for the best English book of the year.

I shall not attempt to outline this story, which should be read for its terribly suggestive forecast of what will almost inevitably come if we do not bestir ourselves and are not collectively sensible enough to take steps that shall make all war-mongering a thing of the past. The ablest parts of the book are those which give vividly realistic contemporary records of our own days and the ghastly, immeasurable catastrophe which followed close on the heels of them. According to these records, we had signs and warnings enough and were heedless of them as Pharaoh was of the plagues of Egypt. We are not all so indifferent as that, but you cannot look round to-day and see the relative interest taken in industrial distress and unrest and in sports and comparatively lighter matters, without realising that too many of us are, though the last war is not left so far behind yet that any can have forgotten it.

One of the many sad reminders of the war that remain with us is Mr. Jimmie Howcroft, whose



Sir Philip Gibbs, whose "The Middle of the Road" (Hutchinson) has been one of the most successful novels of the year.

"Songs of a Broken Airman" (5s.; Hodder & Stoughton) I have been reading with interest and with admiration both of the songs and of their writer. In a small bungalow at Liphook, in Hampshire, he lies "upon a bed from which he will not rise again," writes Mr. Wilfred Whitten in an introduction. "His spine is fractured, and he cannot shake hands with a visitor. For nearly seven years he has been helpless. He was flying as an observer in France in September, 1916, when his aeroplane crashed. Since then he has been paralysed, but although he is in constant pain his thoughts are clear, his heart buoyant. . . . In 1920 Howcroft published privately a sheaf of poems under the title 'Looking On.' The success of the booklet was such that it has enabled him to live in greater comfort than would otherwise have been possible. A second edition was issued last year, and its success was even greater." These poems, revised, and with ten new ones are now included in "The Songs of a Broken Airman." Mr. Howcroft first turned to making verse (which he dictates to his nurse) while he was in the London Hospital, and his poems, to quote Mr. Whitten again, "breathe a courage and cheerfulness which are a lesson to us all. The elements of Jimmy Howcroft's poetry are love of Nature, a tender and playful love of children and their fairy fancies, and a bravely quiet outlook on the world and his own lot in it. Seldom is he introspective, and then only to wave back despair before it can reach his soul." Once, looking before and after, he asks:

> "Then are we sane, that we should order life
> To chaos, turmoil and unending strife?"

and again he sees, as none who is not too selfishly preoccupied must see:

> "Till countries fling aside their gates,
> Till nations are united states,
> And man shall love his neighbour;
> Till our inept and frontiered minds
> Are opened to the cleansing winds,
> In vain is toil and labour."

He touches on the world's need of wisdom and courage in "Armistice Day" and elsewhere, but for the most part his songs are of homely, happier things, with an indomitable philosophy of faith and hope running through them. Apart from what its sales may mean to its author, it is a book worth buying for its own sake.



Copyright: Walter Thomas **Mr. P. Anderson Graham,** author of "The Collapse of Homo Sapiens" (Putnams).

Mr. Chesterton is a protean and rather baffling personality, and Mr. Gerald Bullett's "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton" (7s. 6d.; Cecil Palmer) throws a good deal of light on him and his work, and is one of the ablest and most interesting studies of this kind that I have read. There is more to be said of him, but Mr. Bullett says much and says it well. He was moved, he tells me, to write this book by his admiration of G. K. C.'s literary gifts and hostility toward certain of his opinions, especially those on divorce, and he admits that this personal admiration and impersonal hostility are apparent in what he has written. He complains that his preface has been misunderstood by some reviewers who have read into it "a contempt for purely literary criticism," and he denies that he feels any such contempt, and protests that his preface is only a more or less pugnacious statement of his opinion that an exclusively literary criticism of so controversial a writer as G. K. C. would be altogether inept. Mr. Bullett was a graduate of Cambridge (Jesus College) with first-class honours in English Literature. He wrote his first novel, "The Progress of Kay," when he was twenty-one, and it was published by Messrs. Constable whilst he was abroad during the war and, like so many other books, it suffered through being born in such an unpropitious hour. A book of Mr. Bullett's short stories, "The Street of the Eye, and Other Tales," is to be published by Mr. John Lane in the autumn.



Patricia Wentworth (Mrs. D. O. Turnbull), whose new novel, "The Astonishing Adventure of Jane Smith," Mr. Andrew Melrose has published.

I find it very difficult to write of Mr. Shan Bullock's "Mors et Vita" (Werner Laurie)—a poignant and very beautiful memorial of a great love and a great sorrow. It is some while since Mr. Bullock published his last novel, and he has never written any verse until the death of his wife last year moved him to write that which he has gathered into this volume. "He came to poetry," A. E. says in an introduction, "only because love



Mr. Gerald Bullett.
Author of "The Innocence of G. K. Chesterton."

and sorrow had become one in his heart." There is bitterness in the poems at times, despair, a haunting sense of loneliness and loss, resignation, rebellion, a stoical acceptance of the inevitable, a recurring faith that there is yet "a budding morrow at midnight"—all the changing moods that trouble and console the hearts of those who tread the *via dolorosa.* One almost shrinks now and then from the utter frankness of such self-revelation, but it is just this that gives these poems their strange beauty and power of appeal. Mr. Bullock asked me if I thought he should have been more reticent; if I thought he should have refrained from publishing a record that is so personal and so intimate; but I am no believer in reticence; I have a sort of belief in human brotherhood and could never see why we should want to make mysteries of ourselves and hide from each other, and, if it needed one, the justification of such a book as this is that, being so natural, so simply truthful, so unreservedly sincere, it speaks also for the many who have passed through a similar experience and may in the reading give them something of the relief the writer found in putting his heartache into words. To quote again from A. E.'s beautifully sympathetic introduction, "An expression of affection and regret so sincere and deep as his was a memorial any lover might without hesitation raise. . . . Why did I feel a thrill, not altogether of pain, reading that stark and terrible line:

> 'Death is remorseless and the dead never forgive'?

I felt relief, knowing another had stood as I had on the margin of that ocean, on which whoever voyages is in a second beyond sight and hearing, and he had felt, as I had, the agony over wrong that could not now be made to seem less by forgiveness." I think there are many who, from this and other passages, will for the same reason feel that thrill, not altogether of pain, in this "little book of pity and of death."



Photo by Fenwick Cutting. **Mr. S. M. Ellis,**
whose "A Nineteenth Century Pepys" (Cecil Palmer) was reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

"Warning," a new novel by Pamela Wynne, author of "Ann's an Idiot," is to be published shortly by Mr. Philip Allan. As one would guess from "Ann's an Idiot," Miss Wynne has spent much of her life in India; her new story is an indictment of marriage between Indians and English women, and shows the terrible results of such unions.



Photo by Mann & Fox. **Miss Ethel Mannin,**
whose clever first novel, "Martha," is published by Messrs. Leonard Parsons.

A new volume of essays by Mr. Gilbert Thomas, "Sparks from the Fire," will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

"Exits and Entrances," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have in the press, is a book of recollections by the distinguished actress, Eva Moore (Mrs. Henry V. Esmond), who went on the stage at a very early age in J. L. Toole's Company and has known nearly all of the most famous theatrical people of her time.

Mr. Gilbert Cannan's new novel, "The House of Prophecy," will be published this autumn by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Messrs. Harrap are announcing a Novel Competition on original lines. They will accept the best six novels sent in by competitors, and pay substantial royalties on their publication, giving, in addition, to the authors of the two novels that sell best within a year from the publishing date a first prize of £250 and a second prize of £100.

The Prize of £250 advance on account of royalties in Messrs. A. M. Philpot's "Book of Self-Revelation" Competition has been divided between two authors whose MSS. will be published together in one

volume at the end of September. Other volumes chosen from the MSS. submitted are to be issued at intervals as a Series of Self-Revelation.

Here are four books I would recommend to you, if you are in a holiday mood :

"Over the Footlights." By Stephen Leacock. 5s. (Lane.)

"Rookery Nook." By Ben Travers. 7s. 6d. (Lane.)

"Splashing into Society." By Iris Barry. 4s. 6d. (Constable.)

"Odd Fish." By Stacy Aumonier and George Belcher. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Stephen Leacock's burlesques of melodramas, film plays, historic drama, the Russian drama, and especially of the Greek play, "presented in our Colleges," are as shrewdly and joyously farcical as the best he has given us. I shall say no more of Mr. Ben Travers than that I have laughed even more over "Rookery Nook" than over "The Dippers" and "The Cuckoo in the Nest." He has a wonderful gift for inventing an ingenious plot and absurdly embarrassing situations, and handles them with a resourcefulness and breezy humour that are delightfully entertaining. Miss Barry is a new writer and her quaintly whimsical "Splashing into Society" is an amusing satire on certain aspects of modern life (she is perhaps a little unkind to the New Poetry) after the manner of "The Young Visiters." Mr. Aumonier's "Odd Fish" offers you a series of sketches of London characters in the happiest, wittiest light comedy mood. He etches, in a few pages, the successful business man, the lodging-house slavey, the policeman, the fishmonger, the ballad vocalist, Mr. George Belcher himself—a baker's dozen of typical Londoners, with a subtle, sympathetic art in description and dialogue that reveals the souls as well as the bodies of them. Mr. Belcher's thirteen drawings, including one of Mr. Aumonier, are as cleverly done and as full of character.

The contents of our September Number will include special articles on the late Professor W. P. Ker (whose lectures on the Art of Poetry have just been published by the Oxford Press), and on the distinguished Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, whose death was announced last month.

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The charm of Mr. Richard Hayward's songs in "Love in Ulster, and Other Poems" (Fisher Unwin and The Talbot Press) is their naturalness and simplicity. He is in the modern revolt against formalism and has not studiously acquired a poetical diction as one acquires a foreign language, but gives homely beauty to everyday themes by writing of them unaffectedly in the everyday language of his people. "The Mother's Song" has the pride and poignant love of a peasant woman's heart in it. This and "The Mother" (humorously and realistically expressing her worries with her small family), the wry, sly, lively "Love in Ulster" and others are in dialect and racy of the soil, but Mr. Hayward is no less effective when he forswears dialect and gives his fancy and feeling the rein in such airy things of love and life as "The Window," "The Pool," "A Song Heard at Night," or "The Leprechaun." Once or twice one suspects him of parodying, with his tongue in his cheek, some of the grotesque extravagances of the "new" poets, but can forgive this for the richer humour and genuine, gracious feeling that are in the rest of the book.

In "Celia's Fantastic Voyage" (7s. 6d. ; Holden), Mrs. Roscoe Brunner reintroduces us to that Celia who is the heroine of at least two of her earlier books. Celia is "a young and fascinating widow" ; weary of the artificialities and futilities of London life she leases a lonely island in the Pacific, and goes there with her faithful admirer, Peter, and a party of friends, to escape from civilisation and live the simple life. The story is slight enough, but it is written very vivaciously and gives Mrs. Brunner opportunities to discuss acutely and suggestively through her characters all manner of social and industrial problems and the ways of the world in general.

"Scoops" (10s. 6d ; Stanley Paul), a book into which Mr. Harry J. Greenwall, the special correspondent of the *Daily Express*, has packed a good deal of useful and amusing information about post-war conditions in France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal and Switzerland, may fairly be said to justify its title ; for it describes how its author saw the battle of the Marne, how he was present at several exciting episodes in the German revolution, and how he contrived to interview no less than three kings and two queens. There are indeed all sorts of good yarns in this excellent narrative of adventure.

There is always a ready public for a good historical drama, and in "The Riddle of the River" (7s. 6d ; Jarrolds) Mr. Weare-Giffard has hit on a stirring theme, and carries his story through in a brisk, bold manner that will appeal to lovers of adventurous fiction. Set amid the glories of North Devon, his tale is of the routing of a gang of smugglers by a young man sent out on active service, much against his will, to assist the head of the West Preventive force, and it is brimful of incident and thrilling situations. But, unlike most smuggling stories this one does not end with the capture of the smugglers ; complications arise which keep the reader in a state of suspense, and there is a spirited romance running through the pages in which a girl's heart and pride wage deadly conflict. The author is a born story-teller, adept at catching the atmosphere of his period, and his latest novel is one of the best he has given us.

In his latest novel, "The Man Behind" (7s. 6d. ; Hutchinson), Mr. Burgin transports Anthony Gore, his easygoing, inexperienced young hero, into a sub-editor's chair in Constantinople, where, thanks to a woman's vanity and the wiles of a Turkish pasha—he becomes involved in a web of Oriental treachery. Anthony is fortunate in having as his friend and protector the entertaining Mr. Marcovitch, described as a muscular, middle-aged Pole, who succeeds in extricating him from a particularly black hole. "The Man Behind" is an interesting and brightly told story, full of life and movement and a happy abundance of "that Burgin feeling" which enlivens these pages as irrepressibly as ever.

New Books.

THOSE UNITED STATES AGAIN.*

Mr. Squire spent a few weeks in America eighteen months ago, and his impressions of that astonishingly contradictory country have now been set forth in half a dozen pieces of verse printed at the beginning of his latest volume. We do not gather that he was unduly moved or impressed poetically in his survey of those monstrous, tower-lined highways and the inexhaustible by-ways running out of their Leviathan shadows; rather did he appear to be driven more and more by the sight of them into the cul-de-sac of the historical sense for it is little else than a cul-de-sac when one is prompted at each turn of landscape to think, as Mr. Squire was prompted when he came to Niagara, that every feature of it, gullies and bluffs, rapids, scrub and grass, "were all as they are when a savage's foot would pass once in a month those centuries ago." One expression of that particular thought might have sufficed; this, for example, coming impressively at the conclusion of his little picture of the outskirts of Washington in autumn:



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. J. C. Squire.**

> "It seems unreal: a world of youth,
> So new and innocently gay.
> The mind will scarce accept the truth
> This land was not made yesterday,
> That through those years of Asia's kings
> Or ever Greece was glorified,
> Here also flowered all the springs,
> Here all the autumns burned and died."

Everywhere, when we least expect it, there is this highly cultivated form of retreat. In the lengthy description of a morning at the Chicago stock-yards, the intolerable horror with which a sensitive observer is bound to approach that ghastly refinement of Nature's redness in tooth and claw is compressed into a single sentence, and even then it is expressed through the medium of an imaginary companion:

> "And I heard at my ear in a quiet, sad voice
> A sad reproach that I could not answer:
> 'You have come to see the filthiest thing in the world.
> Why have you come to a thing so loathsome,
> To ask trite questions and act indifference
> As now you are doing before you have started
> To stroll through the filthiest place in the world?'"

The whole poem, indeed, is characterised by a passionate passionlessness, if the phrase is permissible, meaning, if not the "flash and outbreak of a fiery mind," at least not its opposite. To allow the various descriptions to make their own effect is Mr. Squire's aim, and thus we have vivid contrasts in his pictures of the offices, of their beaming superintendent and the girls at the typewriters, and of the galleries from which the whole process of slaughter is witnessed. One of these galleries

> "led to a door and we left the sky
> And stood among beams by a flat, revolving drum.
> Pigs slung by the hinder feet went round with that drum
> Squealing, and when they had soared and dropped again,
> A man with a rhythmical knife let blood from their throats,
> And they passed down the shed on an endless chain, smoothly,
> At regular intervals, pig after pig after pig,
> Hung downwards, slate-coloured, pouring blood, to vanish
> Through a door. The smell came hot and enveloped us round,
> I dared not look at the others. I held my breath,
> Breathed through my mouth, thought about other things . . .
> I had to walk slowly and could not ask to go back."

The final contrast of all—that with the scene in the Chicago opera-house, the same evening—is made finely and inevitably. Here there were "pensive faces, soft hair, glinting jewels, silks, white elbows on velvet," and "the enchanted gold of the stage"; but

> "Across that circle of thousands
> At the summit of civilisation,
> In a pause of the wandering music
> Like the boding voice of disaster
> I heard a desolate lowing.
> They were happy in song and colour,
> Flushed and tender and yearning:
> But warming the air a cloud came over,
> A poisonous breath that choked my nostrils."

Mr. Squire's general style is taking a colloquial turn that sets the reader speculating on the sport which, were these poems written by someone else, might be derived from the present volume by himself, a parodist from his cradle. A recent review from his pen of Mr. Masefield's new poetry is evidence that he is likely to be embarrassed by this particular talent right to the edge of the grave, despite that a few years ago he publicly confessed it to be not altogether a worthy one. Lines such as

> "Came first, five hundred miles from port,
> A perching bird of homely sort,"

would have been excellent material for Mr. Squire, author of "Tricks of the Trade," to work upon; so would

> "It was cushioned and warm in the car,
> And I had a cigar";

and

> "I sit alone at midnight working here
> With ink and notebook and a glass of beer."

But the ultimate success of Mr. Squire the poet lies in the fact that out of his persistent urbanity springs forth a certain degree of sublimity—a definite sense of it, as we close the book. "To a Roman," albeit the poem is packed with the customary mannerisms, is most effective. For once rhyme has not been dispensed with, and a good rhyme often makes up, as every poet knows, for a deal of waywardness. "Descendants," a soliloquy in which the speaker intimately reveals his hopes and fears for the future of his three sons, is one of the few pieces sufficiently rhythmical and flowing to make the absence of rhyme unnoticed; and in "Another Generation," once more a speculation about the future, we have a poem to set alongside "To a Roman." One or two of the rhymes seem forced, but for all that the effect of the whole piece is as emphatic as any Mr. Squire has achieved.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "American Poems and Others." By J. C. Squire. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

FRENCH LITERATURE.*

A century ago I imagine that the French authors who were landmarks for the ordinary English reader would be very different from those named to-day by an intelligent person with no particular pretence to French scholarship. The change is due partly to a very considerable revolution in taste, and partly to the importance for European ideals of the writers of the nineteenth century. If Pascal and Molière, Rabelais and Racine, La Fontaine and Bossuet are still unchallenged, the same cannot be said of Fénelon, of Rousseau, of the maxim-writers, nor even of Montesquieu or Voltaire. The romantic movement, the naturalist movement, the Parnassians and symbolists have not only claimed a large share of our attention for themselves;

* "Landmarks in French Literature." By Lytton Strachey. 7s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

but it was only in the last century that due tribute was given to one great poet of old time, Villon, and to a group of writings the loveliest example of which is the sweet and candid " Aucassin and Nicolete."

Mr. Strachey's essay has been written in obvious reaction from the tone about French literature which was prevalent at the end of last century. Dumas he only mentions; he does not mention Daudet nor Zola; and while he has room for Heredia and, of course, Verlaine, he omits Mallarmé and Laforgue. Most remarkable perhaps of his omissions is his failure—surely a deliberate defiance to the view of France which we very conveniently call Swinburnian—to say a word about " Mademoiselle de Maupin." Now the temper of the essay is altogether admirable. It is a good thing that we should be recalled to the importance of that other France, the non-romantic, non-naturalistic, non-symbolist, the France of reason, of precise language, of exact meaning: but I cannot help thinking that Mr. Strachey would have succeeded better in his object if he had devoted a little more space, even if it had only been by way of deprecation, to the literature he evidently considers inferior. After all such a notice as he gives of Gautier is merely misleading:

> " In poetry, the reaction against Romanticism here began with the ' Émaux et Camées ' of Théophile Gautier—himself, in his youth, one of the leaders of the Romantic school."

The student, for whom this book is presumably intended, is left by this and the one other reference to Gautier in complete ignorance that the bulk of his work and the most significant part of it, is in prose not in verse. This mistake is the more curious in Mr. Strachey because I feel the more convinced, from reading this volume, that he has no natural liking for poetry at all. He is one of our best critics of prose; but when he is discussing poetry, I feel that he is always uneasily justifying to himself and to us the author's abandonment of the superior method of prose. When he writes of poetry he tends to become fluent, commonplace and even vapid. For instance, here is his judgment on Baudelaire:

> " Some poets—such as Keats and Chaucer—in spite of the misfortunes of their lives, seem to distil nothing but happiness and the purest beauty into their poetry; they only come to their true selves amid the sunlight and the flowers. Other writers—such as Swift and Tacitus—rule supreme over the kingdom of darkness and horror and their finest pages are written in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Writers of this kind are very rarely poets; and it is Baudelaire's great distinction that he was able to combine the hideous and devastating conceptions of complete pessimism with the passion, the imagination and the formal beauty that only live in magnificent verse. He is the Swift of poetry. His vision is black and terrible. Some of his descriptions are even more disgusting than those of Swift, and most of his pages are no fit reading for the young and ignorant. But the wise reader will find in his lurid poetry elements of profundity and power which are rare indeed. Above all, he will find in it a quality not common in French poetry—a passionate imagination which clothes the thought with splendour, and lifts the strange words of this unhappy mortal into the deathless regions of the sublime."

I have no more idea what Mr. Strachey means by the misfortunes of Chaucer's life than of how he can see nothing but happiness in Keats's poetry: nor do I see how any critic can compare the lively indignation, the sincere and dreadful bitterness of Swift with the careful and calculated irony of that æsthete, Tacitus. What is most surprising is his failure to note the morbid delectation in Baudelaire, a delectation which finds its proper parallel in Poe, not in Swift, and in the other masters of " darkness and horror," Villon, Dante at moments, Webster and the Thompson who wandered through the city of dreadful night.

The best of Mr. Strachey's book is to be found in the chapters called " The Age of Louis XIV " and " The Eighteenth Century." Here his rather dry, prosaic, sentimental mood moves comfortably at ease with the ironies and reasonablenesses of those classic days, and is not too disturbed by the splendour of Pascal or the rhetoric of Bossuet—for Bossuet and Pascal are also kings of the reason rather than servants of imagination. In these chapters his writing is better and recalls the stylist who gave us " Queen Victoria " and some pages in " Eminent Victorians." I do not know where you could go for a better account of Saint-Simon than to Mr. Strachey's notice: and incidentally his preference of history or gossip to pure literature is shown by his giving six pages to Saint-Simon, twice as much as to Rabelais or Montaigne, and as much as to Balzac. Yet none of those pages would I miss, for they are really illuminating and interpretative:

> " Saint-Simon has the art of conjuring up those common, intimate visions which seem to reveal the very soul of a place. How much more one knows about the extraordinary palace—how one feels the very pulse of the machine—when Saint-Simon has shown one in a flash a door opening, on a sudden, at dead of night, in an unlighted corridor, and the haughty Duc d'Harcourt stepping out among a blare of torches, to vanish again, as empty as he had come, into the mysterious darkness! Or when one has seen, amid the cold and snow of a cruel winter, the white faces of the courtiers pressed against the window-panes of the palace, as the messengers ride in from the seat of war with their dreadful catalogues of disaster and deaths!"

I understand that this volume is a reprint of a book originally published in a popular series. There should be some note about this somewhere in the book; and it is a pity that Mr. Strachey did not take the opportunity of revising and amplifying the chronological tables and the bibliography. It is quite absurd to put down " Émaux et Camées " as Gautier's principal work; and the " Vie de Jésus," while the most notorious, is neither the best, the most scholarly, nor the most characteristic of Renan.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S STORIES *

Most of the stories in this volume are unfinished, and we are told in the introduction the difficult circumstances under which they were planned and partly written. But the highest tribute one can pay to the memory of the mind that could perceive and crystallise so much of the beauty that lurks in the odd corners of other people's lives, is to say that the incompleteness of these stories is no disadvantage to the enjoyment of reading them. One leaves off reading the words to retain long afterwards the sense of reality that they suggest. Katherine Mansfield never commenced to write a story until she had marshalled together all the deep essences to be brought out, the subtle shades of contrast, the apt allusions and the opportunities for expressing an extraordinary knowledge of human and, in particular, child nature. With this material she began to weave spells rather than stories. Yet some of them—" The Doll's House " and " A Cup of Tea " for example—are perfect as stories, both in cumulative and climactic effect. The drama is not obvious; but the reader's alertness is invariably encouraged to grasp the final rare point. The distinctiveness of Katherine Mansfield's art in that early stage which unhappily we can now only know, lies in the fact that she produced first and foremost that " atmosphere " which the ordinary story-teller tries to achieve by the way; or perhaps dare not obtrude for fear of spoiling a well-thought-out plot. In " A Married Man's Story " it is almost possible to continue the narrative, so much is vividly suggested in the few paragraphs written, of the tragedy of separated lives:

> " Who am I, in fact, as I sit here at this table, but my own past? If I deny that I am nothing. And if I were to try to divide my life into childhood, youth, early manhood and so on, it would be a kind of affectation; I should know I was doing it just because of the pleasantly important sensation it gives one to rule lines, and to use green ink for childhood, red for the next stage, and purple for the period of adolescence. For one thing I have learnt, one thing I do believe, is Nothing Happens Suddenly. Yes, that is my religion, I suppose "

That this story remains a fragment is tragic. It suggests a development, a reaching out to compass a more prolonged effort in the manner that Katherine Mansfield made her own. She was probing big ideas here, ideas that would have taken time to work out. That she wished to find such a theme and yet would not admit any but the highest

* " The Doves' Nest, and Other Stories." By Katherine Mansfield. 6s. net. (Constable.)

and most searching beauty of which she was capable is certain, and the world is perhaps the poorer because a great artist would never use what she considered less than her best. It is hard to believe in the authoress's own criticism of her later work—that she was becoming the slave of her own facility and not giving enough of herself. What was really happening was probably that her whole attitude towards the larger issues of life was strengthening and making her feel dissatisfied with the little intimate studies that had hitherto absorbed her artistic impulse. Had she lived her books would have contained not merely an extension of these delicate trifles, but something that included them, as the cathedral includes the chapel.

E. V. ODLE.

WORKERS.*

Mr. Richard Rowley gets right to the heart of things in his poems "Workers." He writes with such sincerity, and in so simple and direct a way that he is always impressive and gains instantaneously the effect desired.

> "Isn't it quare, when ye think,
> what wee bits o' things
> Makes all the differ in life ?"

So begins "The Cottage o' Dreams," and quickly we get the picture of the "oul' blind man" and his wife who have longed all their lives for their cottage of dreams and built it in imagination again and again, and now, almost at the end of their days, are still as far away from it as ever.

> "Och, it's quare what a differ in life
> Is made by wee things. 'Twas only a scrap o' steel-filin'
> The size of a pin-head, got stuck one day in my eye. . . ."

Though there is more of tears than laughter in the book, laughter is there. "The Dilemma" is a vivid cameo of a girl and her three undesirable lovers, described in a delightfully humorous way. "Oul' Jane" is in a different category :

> "What are them hussies laughin' at ?
> Them factory girls
> Is impudent as magpies. Can't an oul' body
> Talk till herself, that hasn't a livin' soul
> To talk till ? Aye, I'll walk along the street
> An' chatter like a corn-crake. All night long
> They used to gulder in the growin' hay
> About the little farm where I was reared,
> That's long ago - och, aye.
> Well, let them laugh
> An' show their yellu teeth. There oncet was times
> I wasn't one to laugh at. I was bonny.
> Feth, I could laugh to think of it myself,
> Or I could cry. . . ."

The author not only has great sympathies, he has great powers of expression. It is a book to remember. "Workers" is admirably illustrated with quaint woodcuts by E. M. O'R. Dickey.



The Old Cottage.

From "Workers" (Duckworth).

DRAMATISED RUMINATIONS.†

In the adverb—dearer than many to smiling scholars—"leisurelily," a flower is "hidden" (as the puzzle-makers say), but it is not a flower fragrant enough to console the person who leisurelily contemplates the retrospective discontent of dying celebrities. True, Nature has gestures and touches, glances of sage and babe unmarred by mortality or silliness, which do somehow make the waste-paper basket less internal to the rejected author and the negative of the electorate less distressing to the defeated politician. One has, however, no expectation of seeing these gestures, touches and glances in a theatre, and therefore if Mr. Laurence Housman intended to elate us by dialogues of historical deposition his task was hard.

Parnell, Chamberlain and ex-President Wilson are his chief characters, and it is well to toy for a moment with the question : were any of these people enthroned enough to be dethroned ? Parnell "up against" Mr. Tim Healy and Mrs. Grundy, Chamberlain incapacitated by paralysis and observant of the "side-tracking" of tariff reform, ex President Wilson chewing on the fact that nothing less than an evolutionary process is required to make huge populations altruistic—were these people dethroned even in their own estimation ? I doubt it. Each of the three all through his political life was accustomed to view his opponent as some one who could only be fought by talk. Each of them was compelled to know that majorities never desire abstract justice against their material interests, and all knew that the statesman who rules by a majority is the servant of the same. Parnell, it must be admitted, experienced such a precipitation from dignity to indignity that actual dethronement could hardly have done worse to him, but to Woodrow Wilson his deficiency of weight at Versailles ought to have been as unsensational as the law of equilibrium demonstrated by scales. Chamberlain keen, practical, teachable, a family man, Birmingham's darling, a speaker with a magical voice icily symbolic of his contempt for stupid statesmanship—Chamberlain was never dethroned, though George Meredith compared him to a crazy motorist.

Consequently Mr. Housman's imaginary conversations are seriously inconvenienced by the reader's disbelief in the moods of two of the characters when he considers them as real beings ; but if he accepts them as fictitious beings with "originals," he will not fail to acknowledge the charm and cleverness of Mr. Housman's book.

In each of the three playlets contained in it, a single scene suffices to pour out the essence of the history of an ambition and a criticism of politicians not only felicitous to the ear, but acute. Parnell in ordinary objectless conversations about him is distorted by an unseemly comicality as of the Heptameron, but Mr. Housman's eyes see him as a prophet, a scorner of base weapons, more than a woman's lover- her king. In ordinary speculation we ask if Parnell was able to acquit himself of queering his own pitch, and if the wisdom within him accused his physical instinct of defeating him in the arena where dreams strive against facts to be real. But Mr. Housman gives him the satisfaction of a man who has escaped the responsibility of the compromiser and the sneers from which even Michael Collins, despite his heroic end, is not exempt. A moment of exaltation is provided by Parnell's destruction of a letter which might have been used against his wife's first husband ; and a miniature example of his power to handle men in the case of a vindictive valet exhibits Mr. Housman's dexterity in dialogue.

In the playlet presenting Joseph Chamberlain, the merit of graceful and acute criticism is conspicuous. To the student of character the private aspect of the friendship between the Idol of Birmingham and Mr. (now Earl) Balfour is an interesting subject for speculation. Mr. Housman introduces the Conservative ex-premier under

* "Workers." Poems by Richard Rowley. Woodcuts by E. M. O'R. Dickey. (Duckworth.)

† "Dethronement." By Laurence Housman. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

the sobriquet of the Distinguished Visitor, and perhaps it is just as well, for Joseph is made to say things about him that sting like slanders, though they border on the complimentary. As thus:

"Have you noticed how he shakes hands? He hasn't much of a hand—not a real hand—but he does it, like everything else, charmingly."

That is said to Jesse Collings, who in the playlet is a lovable fidus Achates, and the dialogue between the Distinguished Visitor and Joseph worthily fulfils the promise of the piquant prelude, it is so pretty an example of polite bitterness actively contrasting with unalterable sweetness. It was quite a literary feat to invent this fencing match between dialectical humilities; and I almost feel my hands about to simplify eulogy into a clap when, in reply to the invitation to pick an orchid, the Distinguished Visitor says, "I don't usually so efface myself, but I will with pleasure."

The third playlet concerns a subject upon which it is rare for anybody to think publicly with understanding depth and breadth, namely the terms of the treaty with Germany. Poor Wilson, in Mr. Housman's dialogue, is very sore, sorry and bitter. "If angels led horses . . . at the Marne," he says, "at Versailles the Devil had his muzzled oxen treading out the corn. And of those—I was one!"



W. E. Henley.
From the portrait in oil by William Nicholson, in the possession of Mrs. Henley.
From "William Nicholson"—"Contemporary British Artists" (Benn).

Naturally the reaction to repose after war is comparable in urgency to the law of gravitation, and if the period of tragic activity does not include a somewhat abrupt rectification of the lopsidedness produced by the abuse of the function of money, it stands to reason that the representative of the triumphant belligerents dare not and practically cannot be brotherly to the vanquished. Usually a statesman is the result not only of political ability but of a perpetual consciousness that a slice of bread is better than no food. Somehow one feels that the figureheads of states do not in the least amuse themselves with the notion that they are spokesmen for humanity. Each works for a collective egoism or is held not to know his business. It is probable, then, that ex-President Wilson in real life is too good a politician to be as sad as Mr. Wells would be if his creations tyrannised over his evolutionary spirit.

W. H. CHESSON.

BEYOND REPROOF.*

No one could be expected to review this book. Even Mr. Firbank cannot enjoy more than an occasional elusive idea of what it is about. But I see no cause in that for the intemperance and blustering that has inflamed some reviewers. If Mr. Firbank, or any other author, prefers to write with distinction about nothing at all there are plenty of other people who are writing in a spirit of undying vigour and complacency about quite a number of things. Here is a novel that will shatter no religious creed, bring no sleepless night and arouse no public controversy. With equanimity and no more sense of apprehension than upon the Thames at sunset, one can read amiably, understanding nothing, expecting nothing, and suddenly overwhelmed by the merest word or allusion, something so casual or fleeting as to be beyond analysis, almost accidental and yet a studied attitude of mind. Moreover when Mr. Firbank is most funny he is least quotable. Nor would a solitary extract, wrung like a tooth from its setting, illustrate the subtlety of his method. He meanders fastidiously and quite aimlessly along, giving new point to old commonplaces, introducing without apology preposterous people saying preposterous things, and then, like the sharp bite of a midge, one is pricked by a deliberate indelicacy. But it is all a graceful if conscienceless game. To call Mr. Firbank a decadent because he trifles and writes with a note both bizarre and *décolletté* is the sheerest nonsense. The truth is that the typically English vulgarity of his humour is only rescued at the last gasp by his immense agility of phrase. No person unless a hapless reviewer commanded to explain "The Flower Beneath the Foot" could accuse the monumental encounter between Mrs. Montgomery and the doctor as inspired by the Yellow Book. It is many things, but not Chelsea.

Like Mr. Norman Davey, Mr. Firbank seems to me to possess qualities of imagination and fantasy quite beyond his colleagues. In their present ebullition they evidently both scare and perplex. Whereas with a dash of convention they would enchant and conquer.

FREDERICK WATSON.

* "The Flower Beneath the Foot." By Ronald Firbank. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

SIX BRITISH ARTISTS.*

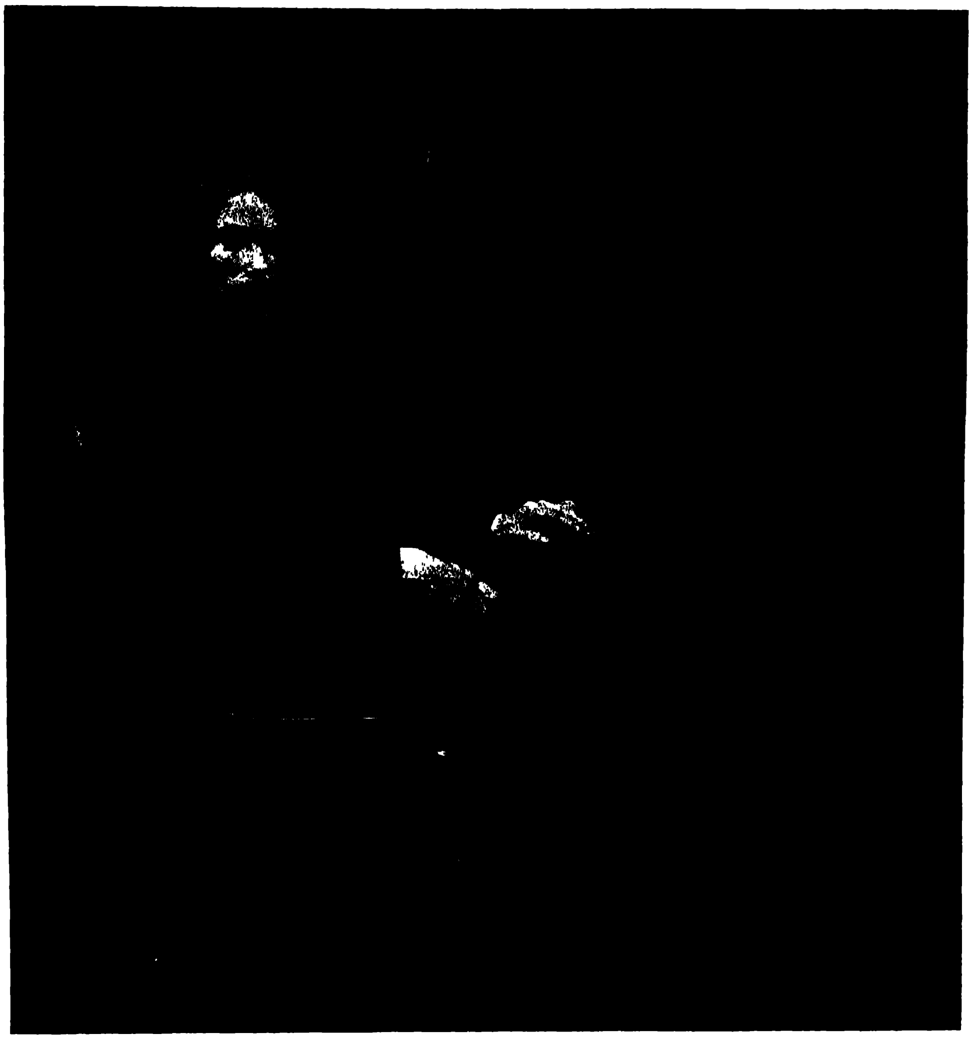
A year or two ago a Canadian art master asked me to send him a list of illustrated books which would enable him to show his pupils what sort of paintings were being done in England, and apart from the volumes published by *Colour* and *The Studio*, I was at a loss to know what to recommend. If the same request were made to me to-day I should unhesitatingly place at the head of my list the

* "Contemporary British Artists." Edited by Albert Rutherston. "George Clausen." "Augustus John." "Paul Nash." "William Nicholson." "William Orpen." "William Rothenstein." 8s. 6d. each. (Ernest Benn.)

"Contemporary British Artists" series edited by Mr. Albert Rutherston and published by Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., for these little quartos are exactly what my correspondent wanted and afford a remarkably comprehensive survey of the work of the artists with which they deal. Personally I regret that it has not been found possible to give one plate in colour in each volume, for though colour is not everything, it is a great deal—would it be excessive to rate it as constituting thirty-three per cent. of the individuality and charm of a picture? but with this exception the illustrations are all that one could wish; they are discreetly selected, admirably reproduced and numerous, each volume containing thirty-five or thirty-six full page illustrations.

Of the half a dozen painters who are selected for the beginning of this series, one would imagine that Mr. George Clausen would suffer the most by the want of colour reproductions, yet as a matter of fact this volume is one of the most interesting and illuminating of the set. For while we all agree that Mr. Clausen is one of the greatest colourists of our day, these monochrome reproductions remind us how many are the other excellences in his paintings and how wide is his range of subject. Fascinated by the prismatic radiance of his colour, we are in danger of not fully appreciating perhaps the exquisite justice of the tonal qualities, the sturdy rendering of form and the finely balanced design in Mr. Clausen's pictures, in the reproductions all these can be appreciated to the full. When we look at the portraits, the figure paintings and the decorative panel "Morning" for a hall at High Royd, Honley, here, we realise how wrong it is to think of Mr. Clausen only as a landscape painter, though as a landscape painter he is one of the very best we have. Thus despite the absence of colour, which we may regret, we must admit that this volume not only worthily represents the art of Mr. Clausen but directs attention to its range and diversity.

The usefulness of the monograph is materially increased by the careful editing which not only arranges the illustrations in chronological order, but also gives the date when each picture was painted. These dates are also given in the "Orpen" and "Rothenstein" volumes, so that here again we are able to improve our understanding of the artist by tracing his progress and development during a period of twenty years or so; but in the other volumes the dates are omitted. I fancy that the illustrations to "Augustus John" are arranged as nearly as possible in chronological order, but the usefulness of this volume would be increased were the dates given, and I hope that they will be given in all future volumes in this series.



Mr. A. E. John.

From the painting in oil by Sir William Orpen, in the possession of Mr. Sowerby.
From "Sir William Orpen"—"Contemporary British Artists" (Benn).

From what has already been said it will have been gathered that the chief attraction of these monographs is the series of illustrations which form a portfolio of the work of each artist, and though in each case the illustrations are preceded by an "introduction," modestly signed with initials, these introductions by various writers do not pretend to give any exhaustive account of the man or his work and are no more than discursive essays in which generalities are as much discussed as the particularities of each artist. Candidly, introductions to monographs of this description are not very helpful unless they tell us something about the man, and many readers would welcome more biography and less criticism. The introductions written by D. H. for the "Clausen" volume and by H. W. for the "Rothenstein" volume are the most valuable because they deal most largely in facts and dates. Other "introducers" are apt to wander down by-paths which lead to nothing but "cleverness" and sonorous phrases, and make a virtue of their neglect to give the reader any exact information.

"I could give the date of William Nicholson's birth," writes S. K. N., but he does not, though this information would be quite as interesting and instructive as anything he has written. But S. K. N. is of the opinion that "as a man remains a mystery so is he interesting," and to tell the date of Nicholson's birth would be "to lift the veil of enchantment." It is a duty to point out that this liking for "mystery" is usually a characteristic of charlatans, and that the art of a great painter does not become less wonderful if we are told his age, "something of his student days" and the genesis of his career as an exhibitor. However S. K. N. does give us one piece of information about William Nicholson, and this I will repeat:

"He paints his pictures dressed in spotless white ducks, and socks with shiny—ever so shiny—patent leather shoes, and if

you come to think of it you cannot imagine anyone painting William Nicholson's pictures in anything else but spotless white ducks and shiny—ever so shiny—patent leather shoes."

To pursue this aspect of the series further would be painful and unprofitable; these monographs are essentially picture-books, and they will not be bought for their texts but for their illustrations. These, as I have already said, are admirable, and though opinions about contemporaries greatly differ, few people will quarrel with the selection made for the inaugural volumes of this series. Mr. Paul Nash, though he justly rose into prominence by the poignancy of his war pictures, may count himself lucky that so young an artist is thought worthy to be included in the first six volumes; Sir William Orpen and Mr. Augustus John are by common consent the most distinguished portrait painters of to-day, and Mr. Clausen's place in the first rank is equally indisputable; Mr. Nicholson's position is more open to debate, but he, together with Mr. William Rothenstein, rightly finds an early place in a series which seeks to give the public an opportunity of acquainting itself with the range and tendencies of the most distinguished British artists, "without reference to their age or to the school of thought to which they may belong."

FRANK RUTTER.

IN THE SUN.*

Omitting the ubiquitous "desert" romance, with stereotyped tourist atmosphere, adventuresome white heroine, and kinema sheikh who promptly and in generous quantity provides the kind of adventure which both she and a large reading public are still athirst for, the present-day African story is principally of two kinds—that of a mixed black-and-white interest, and the rarer tale written from the standpoint of the native.

In "A Yellow Napoleon" Mr. Arthur Southon has broken comparatively new ground with the story of a half-caste, the son of a dissolute Irishman and a bazaar denizen, in whose veins runs a hatred of the whites so deep as to cause him to organise in the Nigerian interior an attempt at rebellion, having as ultimate object the total overthrow of white dominion and establishment of an all-African Bantu empire. Such a theme as the basis of a story has possibilities obviously considerable, possibilities which should not fail at least to give the book a strong dramatic interest, and certainly that interest is there. Unfortunately however, the author, as a consequence of shortcomings pretty obvious, has not been able to make the most of his chance, even though the narrative from the moment Tulasi, the "yellow Napoleon," establishes himself in the outlaws' village from which he works his propaganda and makes his two unsuccessful attempts at rebellion, till the time of his final defeat, is exciting enough. Praiseworthy as is the mere fact of his having decided to make use of such a theme, Mr. Southon must before he can hope to advance further, learn that manner is more than matter. So far as local colour is concerned, the author is obviously writing at first hand. But the most complete comprehension of local colour is not and never can be the first necessity; on the contrary it is a mere accessory in the production of a first-class piece of fiction. Even technique is of secondary importance in such a task, which can be successfully done only when there exists in the author that intensity of imaginative vision by virtue of which he is enabled not merely to achieve good style, but by dialogue to create characters which live individually, and by selection to constitute of their surroundings a background, inobtrusive but permeating, against which they unfold their drama inevitably under the dominion of the creator's instinct. Mr. Southon's book does perhaps suggest that he may go much further if he cares to take the trouble. As it is, his characters of both races—the villain Tulasi, the hero Makindi, the witch priestess Nadu—and the Europeans Harley Fane, Rilston and Mildred, are not individuals but abstractions, and it is not in abstractions but in human beings that humanity is eternally interested. Nevertheless there is much that is good in the novel, not least being the scene wherein Tulasi meets his death, the description of which touches a note of distinction.

M. Gaston-Joseph's story, of which the translation makes but a slender volume of less than 150 pages, is a work of a very different calibre. It is not a romance in the common acceptation of that term, but the life story, simple but highly dramatic nevertheless, of a negro, told from the time he runs away from his native village to enter the service of the white man in French Equatorial Africa to that of his return to tribal chieftainship and subsequent exile. The author is here master of his subject not only in so far as local colour is concerned, but in this all-too-brief work has entered with such sincere unsentimental insight into the mind of his subject that it is not difficult to see why the story, slight as it is, was awarded the "Grand Prix de Litterature Coloniale, 1923." As an illustration of the enduring artistic merit of the realistic school of writing this book is quite eminent. Making no concessions to sentimental untruth on the one hand, and being equally free from its counterpart, bitterness and cynicism, which somewhat marred "Batoula," the longer work with which it naturally invites comparison, it is one of the best pictures yet written of the mentality of the African native. It derives all its dramatic essence from the study of the workings of the human heart, as a truly meritorious work of art must; and so sure is the author's touch that, disdaining mere tricks of style, he gives us in the most unadorned language the living personality of a negro, his first thoughts in childhood, the mental effect of his first encounter with the mysterious white man, the subtle effect upon him of full impact with the European, his point of view upon the characters of the various civilised characters he meets, the contrast between himself when a savage and then as a quarter-civilised being returned to his village, and, lastly, the tragic and moving inner contest in a mind half opened to progress but still at the mercy of the age-long hereditary savage instincts when called upon to assume the responsibility of governing and guiding his untutored fellows. Monsieur Gaston-Joseph in writing this book shows himself to be an artist.

MOORE RITCHIE.

* "A Yellow Napoleon: A Romance of West Africa." By Arthur H. Southon. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Koffi: The Romance of a Negro." By M. Gaston-Joseph. 5s. (Bale, Son & Danielsson.)

MY BOOK OF MEMORY.*

The reader of this book needs to remember the title if he is not to be unjust to the writer. Mr. Hocking has verily been long in the land and far from an idler, consequently he has a rich store of memories. He has chosen memories, however, to illustrate in order the various periods and important decisions of his life, and the reader may be led to judge the book as an autobiography. As selections of memories the record will pass muster for the author has done a full day's work and known men and women, has taken his part in many a tough fight for righteousness, and done his share of moving to and fro in the earth. But as an autobiography it leaves very much to be said, and one would hope some of the best things too.

For instance, whilst one acknowledges the frankness of the record of his call to the ministry, surely there was infinitely more in that searching experience than he records on pp. 17–19. We are confident that many of his best friends will feel the inadequacy of this portion of his memories, and feel that he has done himself serious injustice in this severely bald statement of what ought to have been one of the great moments of his life. Then Mr. Hocking ought to know better than to perpetuate the hoary heresy about theological colleges: "My complaint against our theological colleges is that they turn out men nearly all of the same pattern. They are as alike as peas in a pod. They have the same style, the same methods,

* "My Book of Memory." By Silas K. Hocking. 10s. 6d. (Cassells.)

the same outlook, and even the same restricted vision. If they ever had any originality, any personality, any individuality——" Really, Mr. Hocking, with equal "freshness and originality" we could say "this won't do." In the first place, one would question the fact of this wearisome sameness; or we could make him a gift of this debating point and concentrate our attack on the alleged cause. It would be nearer the truth to blame their parents than their colleges, but wiser at once to acknowledge that this sameness of men is just dear old human nature. "If they ever had any originality"– there's the rub, but why hit the colleges, or rather the poor professors?

It would be almost the truth to say that if any institution is to blame for killing the engaging and desirable originality of ministers, it is the churches to which they are called to minister. Yet this is not the whole truth. Mr. Hocking makes it abundantly clear that he was glad to be free of the active care of the churches; but unfortunately, some of his references will make it easy for many to accept a cheap and sorry estimate of the ministry, which we are confident was far from his experience as a minister and from his aim in recording his memories.

For the rest, the book is well furnished with good stories, and is a brightly written account of a life that has been spent in consistent toil for the uplifting of men and women. His pen and his voice have ever been on the side of the angels. Surely his lines have fallen to him in pleasant places, and he has had a goodly heritage, but in addition he has laboured to make his calling and election sure.

ARTHUR HIRD.

COASTWISE—CROSS-SEAS—ROUND THE WORLD AND BACK AGAIN.*

Though the years of life then behind him numbered a full fourscore and ten, it was in the midst of overtime work at his office that that chieftain among the British Empire's grand old men, the late Lord Strathcona, said to the present writer:

> "The British peoples should be the closest students and the greatest lovers, of books of travel; for the most of all they have and are, and the best of it, is based on travel, and they have done more than all the other peoples toward bringing the ends of the earth together."

As a descriptive document evolved out of personal experience we may without hesitation class Mr W. Lavallin Puxley's "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush":

> ". . . for I may honestly say that outside my own country—I never loved any country I have seen as I do Queensland. I think it is partly the sense of freedom there, as well as the kindly nature of the inhabitants and their lovely country, which combine to make it a land of charms—as well as a land of 'plenty of time.'"

Good. But our author makes no bones about including also those lines of the Bushman's "Farewell" in which the poet declares that:

> "Queensland, thou art a land of pests,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> To stay in thee, O Land of Mutton,
> I would not give a single button,
> But bid thee now a long farewell,
> Thou scorching, sunburnt Land of Hell!"

Good again. But regarding his interesting book as a whole, one sees that the author recognises what the present writer has more than once proved in his own experience: that the Bushman did not intend what he wrote to be taken at all literally; that a tithe of his own recrimination, if put forward from other lips, would discover in him a most ardent champion of the charms of "Q.L.D."; and that, his condemnatory "Farewell" notwithstanding, a year's sojourn in other and less sunny lands would be enough to start him off again on the long trail, his passage booked for Brisbane, the hunger for Queensland strong within him, his mind dominated by nostalgic longing for the Southern Cross.

There is no conscious propaganda in Mr. Puxley's attractively illustrated volume; but its gossiping descriptions of Queensland's flora and fauna, its odd characters (human and animal), its bush life, politics, and superb scenery, will stir the blood, as they will stimulate the interest, of many readers in the northern world, and thereby enlist new friends and admirers for Australia's north-eastern State.

Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, O.B.E., F.R.G.S., the author of "A Cheechako in Alaska and Yukon," in her new book, "Two Years in Southern Seas," demonstrates afresh her fluency and industry as a writer, and her irrepressible enthusiasm as a globe-trotter.

> "London fogs begin. . . . I picture in my mind the South Sea Islands . . . the brilliant tropical flowers kissed by the soft breezes, wafting the perfume of magnolia and frangipani to soothe one's senses. . . . Is there Romance in the Isles of the Southern Seas? Will you voyage with me, my readers? I have no idea of what we shall encounter. . . . I will take you with me in spirit, tell you conscientiously the story of my adventures."

So the observant student of contemporary fiction and travel books should know pretty clearly what to expect of the handsomely turned out, generously illustrated volume thus introduced. Mrs. Cameron herself is not a student; research, one apprehends, would not greatly appeal to her; at least she does not burden this volume with any of its products. But her enthusiasm and vitality make what she writes bright and agreeably readable, and the chatty chronicle of her Pacific voyaging does furnish a cheery and entertaining guide-book for any intending tourist among the South Sea Islands. Therefore the book should prove popular, even if its vivacious pages add no new thing to the sum of our knowledge.

To describe a book as the record of a recruiting pilgrimage undertaken in Burma during the war would probably not recommend it to a very wide circle. In fact, Major C. M. Enriquez, of the 3/70th Kachin Rifles, has contrived to make a really fascinating book of just that record; a book which has more human interest in each of its twenty chapters than goes to the whole of many a more pretentious work of travel. If "a cloud of brooding melancholy hangs over India," an atmosphere of Arcadian gaiety, of picturesque Oriental romance, and of a primitiveness that is amazingly rich in colour, may be said to characterise the greater part of Burma; and it is no small tribute to Major Enriquez's quality as a writer to say, as one truly may, that he has here succeeded to admiration in conveying with his pen (and by the charming pictures which illustrate his book) a singularly vivid sense of Burma's compelling charm. His information regarding the Kachins and other hill tribes is valuable and interesting; his descriptions of the lesser-known aspects of Burmese life, character and scenery are actually fascinating, and should bring him many readers.

Even in the case of writers possessed (*a*) of genius, or (*b*) of great store of experience in their craft, it is a fairly general rule that the work which yields the most enjoyment to the worker will give the most enjoyment to his readers. Mr. Townshend may not be either a genius or an author of very ripe experience, but one could wager he enjoyed the writing of his Tenderfoot's experiences of nearly half a century ago; and that fact has given a zest and vivacity to his book which will commend it greatly to many readers, especially, of course, to those who have not in their own proper persons known the life of adventure in new lands. Mr. Townshend was not a Forty-niner, but a Sixty-niner, familiar with prairie-schooner and ox-wagon transit, and with the days in which you might easily lose your scalp without venturing far from townships of the period which are now great cities. The book would be worth reading

* "Wanderings in the Queensland Bush." By W. Lavallin Puxley. 10s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Two Years in Southern Seas." By Charlotte Cameron. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"A Burmese Arcady." By Major C. M. Enriquez. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)—"A Tenderfoot in Colorado." By R. B. Townshend. 10s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

for its Red Indian stories alone; but in fact it has much besides of real interest; and one will look forward hopefully to perusal of its author's half-promised further adventures, after the coming of sophistication to the prairies urged him farther afield into New Mexico.

A. J. DAWSON.

LORD MILNER'S "LONELY FURROW."*

After a five years' surfeit of cocksure economists, mostly pessimists, it is delightful to read these wise and restrained yet stimulating and inspiring essays, without the slightest touch of dogmatism or arrogance in them from first to last. Lord Milner himself in a characteristically frank and modest Preface classes himself as an amateur in economics and pleads for indulgence, therefore, at the hands of the professionals. In an overbusy life, he declares, he has had no time to master the vast literature of the subject or even to keep pace, though he has tried hard to do so, with current developments of economic thought. But these apologies, of course, are to be discounted. Even pedants will admit unhesitatingly Lord Milner's right to be heard.

Separated from the orthodox Conservatives by his advanced views on social questions, separated still more widely from average Liberals and Labour men by his glowing faith in the Empire and his attachment to national rather than cosmopolitan ideals, Lord Milner approaches each of his themes with an independence of mind rare indeed in the England of to-day. His first chapter, entitled "The Aftermath of War," is of an introductory nature. In it he reflects upon our experiences generally since the Armistice. Although an optimist through and through, he has no illusions. He recognises all the follies and blunders which have marked British administration during these years. He contends, however, that our affairs are not in so hopeless a condition as is generally believed and he seeks to show some of the roads to improvement. He has no patience with the disillusion and lethargy which have resulted from ill-grounded and dismal conceptions of our financial status. He concludes the chapter thus:

"We were obsessed by the thought of our poverty, of the burden of the debt, and misled by the mischievous metaphor of a 'pool of capital' which had become 'depleted' and could only be filled up again by penurious saving. As we must use metaphors, it would be better to think of capital, not as a pool but as a river. It is the flow, the movement, the consumption of capital, which constitutes its utility and the prosperity of a nation depends not only on the amount of its capital but on the pace at which it is consumed and renewed. A smaller amount of capital actively employed may mean much more in wages and profits and general welfare than a larger amount which is functioning languidly. It is not because we have less capital than at the close of the war that industrial activity has fallen off. And the revival will only come when we get out of the doldrums about our poverty and think less about mere saving and more about reproductive expenditure, for which there are, both in this country and the Empire so many opportunities and such crying need."

In Chapter II, "Towards Peace in Industry," Lord Milner seeks to demonstrate the essential identity of interests as between Capital and Labour. Their mutual criticisms and recriminations, he urges, are apt to be idle. "The real gravamen of the charge against our present industrial system is not that it involves an unfair distribution of the product but that it mismanages, misdirects and therefore unduly limits, production itself." And, as the most glaring illustrations of this, he points to the backwardness or actual decadence of British agriculture and to the appalling wastefulness in our methods of exploiting coal.

Conscious that his views are unpopular with all parties in Parliament, Lord Milner tells us in his Preface that he often seems to himself to be "ploughing a lonely furrow." But this also is a bad metaphor, suggesting as it does a somewhat forlorn and unprofitable task, whereas all the five essays in the present volume are essentially helpful and cheerful. Chapters III, IV and V are entitled respectively, "The Policy of Labour," "Economy and Taxation" and "Our Undeveloped Estate." On each of these topics Lord Milner has really important things to say, and he says them admirably.

FREDERIC WHYTE.

* "Questions of the Hour." By Viscount Milner. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A GREAT SQUARSON.*

It was, I fancy, Sydney Smith who devised the pleasant portmanteau-word for denoting a man who fills the double rôles of squire and parson. Though for some forty-two years Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould has been squarson of Lew-Trenchard, in Devonshire, it is not of those years that he has to tell in the wholly admirable volume which he has just published; indeed his "Early Reminiscences" only bring us up to the year of his ordination, dealing, as he puts it, with the formative period of his long life.

"Life is made up of three epochs: the formative, up to thirty years; the consolidative, that of settlement on the foundations, and the last thirty, the term of which not many of us reach, which is the period of dilapidation. I have given here only the first epoch. The second is written, but will probably not be published, if it ever is, till after my death. As to the third, I have not refrained from describing that - recording the process of decay, that may never appear."

There will, I think, be a large proportion of the readers of this book who will earnestly hope that the author will decide on the publication of the whole trilogy, and that without undue delay. Though may be some readers will have aroused that reprobation which the author anticipates, when they find fearlessly forthright utterance on men and matters regarded by them from an angle other than that of the author, they will indeed be hard to please if they do not find other and widely varied things presented that will far outweigh such. For my own part I find this story of his "formation" by a man whose memory of men and events goes back to about the time of the accession of Queen Victoria nothing short of fascinating. Ever since, some thirty and odd years ago, I bought a "yellow back" copy of "Red Spider" at Paddington on setting out on a tramping holiday through Devonshire, the name of Baring-Gould on a book (other than theological) has been that book's all-sufficient recommendation, and these "Reminiscences," discursive but absorbing, provocative but delightful, seem to me as admirable as anything that the most bookful of squarsons has given us.

With a childhood passed in days and circumstances that made it possible to meet people to whom mention of the days of the Terror in the French Revolution was "like stirring living embers"; with personal recollections of being conveyed to dancing lessons at Warwick in a sedan chair; with recollections of travel hither and yon on the Continent in times when well-to-do folks took their carriages with them; and with a score of other qualifications, Mr. Sabine Baring-Gould has been rarely fitted for the task he set himself. The result is so fully and variedly interesting that it is difficult within the limits of a short notice to indicate all that combines to give the work its charm and interest.

Travel-talk and personal anecdote are abundant throughout the book, and both alike might be cited to show how great are the changes which have taken place within the author's lifetime. One point on travel suggests that what our grandparents thought to be fearsome excursions have since become almost commonplace. Thus describing a journey through Bohemia in 1842 Mr. Baring-Gould, in speaking of the ruined castles on the twin peaks of Trosky, says, "as to the towers, that of Margaretta von Berka is only to be reached by a climb perilous to limb and life, whereas that of Barbara von Berka, on the loftiest prong of rock, is wholly inaccessible." Well, in 1908 I was one of a party, men and women, who during a visit to the "Bohemian Paradise" made a pleasant excursion to the ruins, and in a diary written on the occasion one of the

* "Early Reminiscences, 1834-1864." By S. Baring-Gould. 16s. net. (John Lane.)

women said, " we reached it at last, the climb up not being difficult." Thus is the unattainable of one generation reached by its successors. By the way, Mr. Baring-Gould adds the information that " It is from this castle that the murderous Jew, one of the heads of the Bolsheviks in Russia, has taken his name."

In " good stories " the pleasant pages of this most admirable of recent additions to our " Reminiscence " literature are peculiarly rich. I must, however, refrain from emulating Jack Horner, despite the tempting " pie " that I have before me.

WALTER JERROLD.

MANSOUL.*

The most austere and remote of living poets has drawn in " Mansoul," of which a beautiful new and revised edition has just been issued, his conception of a poet mastered by the Muse. He must " from celestial height fetch vital breath," living an arduous life of which few men are capable :

" To what might we compare the skill of such
As travail to bring forth immortal verse,
Whose every chord resoundeth human life
With new Mæonian lofty hardihood ? "

If ever a poet honoured his own severe conception, it is Mr. C. M. Doughty, to whom, it surely seems, the dedicated life alone is possible and native. Spenser, he says, is his lodestar, and it is his endeavour to restore the art of Spenser, " devoid of all offence of groundling flesh." Spenser is his beloved master and, except of Chaucer, there is scarce a trace of any other influence in his work, and never a sign that he has read or even heard of the later English poets whom we have learned to love. He uses language as no one else uses it, or indeed ever did, in this also going back to Spenser and Chaucer, employing dialect words freely and, above all, rejoicing in the liberty—a restraint, maybe, to others—of Saxon monosyllables.

The first edition of " Mansoul " was published in 1920, and the present revised text offers curiosities over which the bibliographer and textual critic will gloat, and the lover of verse ponder sometimes gladly and sometimes rather wistfully. It is very difficult to guess what has prompted Mr. Doughty's revision of the text, unless it be pure jealousy of his own secret vision, and a desire to present it more fully and more precisely. Sometimes whole pages are inserted, as though for some inexplicable reason they had been excluded from the original version and now tenderly retrieved ; sometimes whole passages are left wonderfully untouched ; and there are, on the other hand, scores and scores of instances of the most patient and sensitive reconsideration, which only a delicate artist, serene in the pursuit of a heavenly beauty, might dream of achieving. A lovely passage such as this remains unchanged, being already perfect :

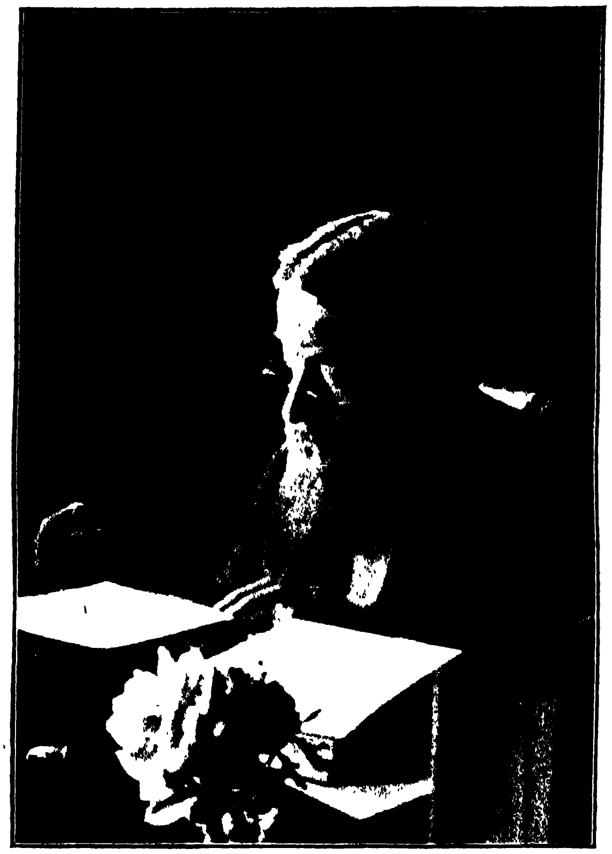
" Yet otherwhiles, playing on silver wires,
Singing thereto, some mock in quaint accord
Seas hollow surges' fall on sullen strand,
And grave receding hum in pebble stone,
Or Dawn's shrill medleyed babble of early birds,
And Summer's breath in the bleak poplar leaves."

But neighbouring this is a passage from which an odd reference to the bagpipes' drone of waterfalls has been excised. Again, comfrey now takes the place of loosestrife in the following lines, and the swan stoops and no longer plunges :

" Knee-deep in comfrey, water-mints, flowering rush,
A ruffling swan, proud warden of that plot,
Stooped from his nest and vehement breasts outforth."

To compare the old and new versions is often like the strange experience of one who pores over Keats's miraculous amendment of " Hyperion," where mere light touches and brief intuitions transform whatever is amiss into the beauty which " Hyperion " shows us now.

*," Mansoul or the Riddle of the World." By Charles M. Doughty. Revised Edition, limited to 500 copies. 21s. (Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society.)



Mr. Charles M. Doughty.

Mr. Doughty's revision of his noble poem is conspicuous for something other than occasional felicities. Some of the pages now introduced or retrieved are of a singular simplicity. Usually it is hard to defend him from the charges commonly brought—harshness, obscurity, perverseness, excessively wilful use of archaisms, and extraordinary punctuation. But here is a passage, one of many which, save for the accident of genius withheld, many other poets might have written :

" He stumbling forth
I dasht aside his targe. And on his helm
Again, assembling all my force, I smote
And clave the iron under his dragon-crest ;
And through his hairy scalp and long ringed locks
The blade sank to the shoulder with that stroke,
And headlong he fell down, and lay along,
Great lifeless corse, all on a blood stained turf."

Confronted with detraction of Mr. Doughty's unique powers, it is easy for a timid lover of it to apologise and shamefacedly plead extenuations. But that is impertinent and unnecessary. This poetry must be taken as it is, its expression the expression of a vision, and one has no right to assume that a unique vision could have been presented by its seer in any way but his own. Mr. Doughty does not move in the visible but in an ideal world and for its representation he uses a style which also is ideal, since it corresponds, in his judgment, with his vision. Yet, such is the grace of God, there is much which the sternest formalist cannot cavil at. Mr. Doughty is the poet of May and early summer ; his flower pieces, his meadow pieces, his singing streams—soliloquies of a soul at peace in a world all light—are entrancing. He repeats his effect time after time but one is no more wearied than of two fine days in an English spring—so variable, cloudy and vivifying as every spring proves. More than this, more than all else that may be said of him, he is the mythmaker, the reader of dreams, the seer of things beyond sight. Mr. Doughty and Mr. Hardy alike move in vast regions of man's story, and ponder, though in different moods and to different ends, the troubles of our proud and angry dust.

JOHN FREEMAN.

ISLES OF ILLUSION.*

The writer of these letters on more than one occasion recommends that we should—if the choice be left to us—rather read of other peoples' travels in the South Sea Islands than ourselves go there. One has in fact read so many books of all kinds and qualities which deal with that part of our world that it should not be a very difficult task for any of us to write one of these island books, put it on one side for something less than the Horatian period and then in reading it be very properly thrilled. Apparently all the numerous ladies and gentlemen who have written of these islands went there as isolated spies and really have been there. We ask for no more landscape and seascape descriptions; what is desirable is that, say, Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole should stay for a while with the anonymous author of these letters and that they should collaborate in a novel. Perhaps even more delightful than their novel would be the conversation of the two authors, truthfully taken down, while they are at work upon it. We should have, from both of them, ravishing accounts of the environment and some perfectly wicked European or Australian villains; but romance would be singing in Mr. Stacpoole's ears, while something very different would be raucous in the ears of this writer. He certainly does not fill us with the hope to see those islands, although he admits that when visited by rightly-equipped tourists they can be exceedingly attractive. His knowledge of the New Hebridean has been gained by years of sympathetic and loathing observation. Reading his letter is, one may imagine, like a tramp through one of the island jungles where you are confronted with gorgeous beauty, pathos, tragedy and almost hilarious comedy. Scene after scene is placed before us in such vivacity that it will stay with us. One after another the white and the brown and the half-caste people stand for a moment in a little clearing of that jungle and imprint themselves upon our memory. It is most fortunate that Mr. Lynch preserved these letters—of their authenticity it is impossible to doubt—and that he has so discreetly played the editor. One is absorbed into this book and the only regret is that there is no more of it. Episodes, such as those dealing with the author's native wife, are extraordinarily well told and never does he bore us, even in his darkest moods or in his invective against certain denizens of this Empire. It will be most interesting to see what the writer will do in the years to come. For his old job of ushering he is clearly unfitted, even as a race-horse cannot be harnessed to a lorry. And what use will he make of his great gifts of humour and observation?

H. BAERLEIN.

* "Isles of Illusion." Letters from the South Seas. Edited by Bohun Lynch. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE LURE OF THE OPEN AIR.

The more sophisticated we become in the usages of civilisation—the more closely great cities entwine us in their tentacles—with so much the more eagerness do we strive and strain after all that reminds us of the open air. For a few brief holiday weeks the townsman may retrieve all that he must needs forgo in daily life. He may be able to recognise, very likely with a sort of shock, the veracities and realities of ingenuous country life. He may discover the "Glory of the Garden," the wild Garden which God has made, as contrasted with the struggling makeshifts of the suburban horticulturist. He may acquaint himself with the splendour of wide spaces, draw long breaths of vital sweetness and begin to understand the sane philosophy of hillsmen, fenmen, seamen, and such-like, who are habituated to "this freedom" which to him is but an interlude. . . . But for the most part he must enjoy his country-side and its robust inhabitants between the covers of books; meeting them, as it were, by proxy. And that is why the open-air novel (especially with men) is so popular, so absorbing. It is why so many welcome, with a zest little short of enthusiasm, that over-seas variety of fiction, dealing with men and regions in the rough; whose atmosphere is entirely an out-of-doors one, and whose effect upon the jaded mind is bracing, tonic, invigorating.

For undoubtedly England, though she be the loveliest realm in the world, cannot proffer such romantic potentialities in her country-life novels as do these narratives of cruder, less developed lands. For the British novelist the possibilities are definitely delimited. Sometimes, indeed, where our great authors succumb to that strange fascination, the "call of the wild," it tends to overwhelm their dramatis personæ. Take Thomas Hardy, for instance. On many readers of "Tess," the towering monoliths and pylons of Stonehenge leave a more lasting impression than does the destiny of the doomed woman. In "The Return of the Native" the sombre infinitudes of the Great Heath affect one far more powerfully than the fortunes of Eustacia Vye. I do not suppose that Mr. Hardy intended this result; but there it is. The open air claimed him as its exponent and prophet; the untamed, untrodden places, permanently powerful as compared to the human children-of-a-day, exercised their dominating influence over him. No one who knows the Great Heath, or the solitudes of Stonehenge, can deny that such an influence is there, and that it *can* dominate the whole being. . . . Other English open-air writers follow an opposite course. In Sheila Kaye-Smith's Sussex stories, for instance, as in Mary Webb's marvellous studies of the Shropshire-Wales border, the drama really arises from temperament and personality rather than from environment.

Recent examples of open-air American authors seem, however, to preserve a juster balance between nature and human nature. The conditions of life are fuller of colour and possibility; the characters fit into their setting with no sense of incongruity; there is a spaciousness, a freedom of outlook which is twin to that of vast plains, huge mountainous districts and illimitable forests. And this is all to the good for us in Britain—where we are apt to be "cabin'd, cribbed, confined" to our little isle, and to become insular in every meaning of the word.

Take, for instance, that delightful book, "Country Love" (by Hulbert Footner), with its "Floating Theatre" of kindly barnstormers and its river scenery as background to every exciting event. This vivacious love story, one of last season's best, could not possibly have been "staged" in England; in every incident of its rattling plot it requires more scope and space, a bigger river and a wider range of possibilities than ever we could have found for it.

Much the same might be said of Bertrand Sinclair's "Hidden Places." We have no Hidden Places left in Britain; but through all his pages the North-West wind comes fresh over the lonely lumber-camp where the ex-soldier, Hollister, endeavours to hide his shell-ravaged face. British Columbia has never been portrayed more picturesquely, the heart of a man has never been more deeply plumbed, nor has its keen, cold air ever thrilled one more profoundly than in this noble structure of human emotion and great landscape. An exceptionally fine book, which challenges comparison with the work of such veteran hands as Rex Beach. Not that Rex Beach ever shows any slackening or weakening; his latest yarn, "Flowing Gold," is just as notable, as live and brisk and sparkling, as any of its famous predecessors. He exhibits here, moreover, a delightful sense of humour, which is more or less a novelty with him; and "Ma" Briskow in "Flowing Gold" is a real creation, a priceless figure of fun.

"The climate of the Rockies, year in, year out, is the most stimulating on earth. Its summer breezes fill the lungs with wine. . . . Any Coloradoan will admit the climate is superlative." So we are told in "The Fighting Edge,"[1] a book which is assuredly imbued with the self-same stimulating atmosphere. It is a most spirited production as regards plot, situations, heroine and, last not least, hero. For Bob Dillon is, to begin with, "not much of a hero, I confess"; and this history of how he

[1] "The Fighting Edge." By William MacLeod Raine. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

overcomes his natural cowardice and wins to real manhood, for the sake of June Tolliver, furnishes a breathless romance which will fascinate every reader.

The ranges of Montana are becoming oddly familiar to us in fiction, yet somehow their attraction never palls. Vendettas conducted by means of hard riding, straight shooting, and lurid language, however exhilarating in actuality, are remote from our ken. They are pursuits denied to law-abiding Britons in a land of sacred enclosures and majestic police. We have little chance of distinguishing ourselves in these matters; therefore we can all the more eagerly devour the annals of such valiant dare-devils as "Tex of Bar-20." Clarence E. Mulford's hero is emphatically a product of the wilderness, not of the street—a man of the saddle and the "packed gun." We follow his adventures with desperate interest; and we can't blame Jane Saunders when she elects at long last to share his perilous meteoric career. The lure of the open air has proved too strong for even this quiet little maid. . . . And yet it is difficult to imagine her as a guest of the *Hôtel Belle Etoile*, where sooner or later she was bound to find herself. Tex of Bar-20 ought rightly to have gone his way alone; even as the Grey Charteris does in Robert Simpson's remarkable book of that name. To Charteris the open air is the main issue. Power, wealth, love are his at will; but they are secondary, unimportant, compared to his paramount desire; they hold no lure for him. And, strangely enough, his species of open air is not most people's choice; not in the least like that of British Columbia or Texas. For it is the close, heavy, miasmatic exhalation of the Benin River territory, through which this young-old warrior, in his flimsy, swift canoe, appears and disappears—an incalculable mystery—at sudden psychological moments.

Some of us, however, prefer plain fact to the most enthralling novel; we find it literally stranger than fiction. To such the designedly open-air books make appeal, which deal with the romance of animal rather than of human life. And who is a greater master in this branch of literature than Charles G. D. Roberts? His very name stands surely for everything dear to the wild-nature student, combined with an admirable manner of telling the tale, an unerring discrimination in selecting picturesque episodes, and a dramatic sense which never fails, whether the subject be comedy, tragedy, or farce. "The Wisdom of the Wilderness"[2] is emphatically a book to be acquired. Another desirable volume in the same *genre* is "Green Timber Trails,"[3] which contains human beings and their exploits, where they touch the life of the wild, and which, like the Roberts book, is illustrated particularly well. Out of such pages as these, the open air blows straight and direct upon our faces, and its lure is intensified a thousandfold.

MAY BYRON.

BY SEA AND LAND.*

The many books of short stories that pour from the press seem to prove that the magazines—in spite of the fact that their stories are curiously mechanical—have given the hurrying public a taste for episodic fiction. Judging by the stories the Englishman buys, he prefers somewhat crude fare. He as it were gets his teeth into a piece of underdone beef and, though he may enjoy horseradish with it, says, "No other sauce, thank you." In fact, for both body and mind, he likes good plain food. On such a reader the subtleties of the artist, his sense of values, his high standards, his emotional depths are lost, which is perhaps why the best of our short stories fall so far short of the French. What the reader does not insist on, the artist does not give.

A work of art needs great concentration—and English writers have as a rule minds that are for ever wandering from the point, and that probably because there is no fixed criterion. Take one or two examples. A short time back C. E. Montague wrote a book of stories entitled "Fiery Particles," and as I read the first I said blithely, "Unto us a genius has been born." Alas! only the first story was first-rate, and even of that only the first half. He had not known where to stop. The same is true of Miss Colburn Mayne. She ought to be a very fine short story writer, but she muffles her effects in unnecessary additions and meanderings. "The Turret Room," for instance, promised well. She brought the reader to the finely realised dramatic death of the girl, and that should have been the end. Instead she went on for many a page with graveyard episodes which had nothing to do with the main theme of the tale. Story after story she spoils for us by this peculiarly English fault. Neither she nor C. E. Montague nor any of the others appear able to realise that to do good work they must have the severest standards and conform to them.

I said "nor any of the others," but I think A. E. Coppard and the late Katherine Mansfield have taken the art of the short story more seriously. The latter's last book was an improvement on her others. It was more lucid, less occupied with trifles, more realistic. Previously Miss Mansfield had made a pose of colloquialism, with the result that her stories lacked reality, and though she still made her characters use mental language which they would not have done, this was not as noticeable as in her earlier work. Mr. Coppard's temptation is the opposite of hers. He forgets that all great art is simple, that complexity and elaboration are patterns on the coffin lid in which art has been placed for burial by a too sophisticated generation. He is inclined, in fact, to spoil good writing with such precious matter as this:

"To analyse or assess a person's failings or deficiencies," he declared to himself, "is useless, not because such blemishes are immovable, but because they affect the mass of beholders in divers ways. Different minds perceive utterly variant figures in the same being. To Brown Robinson is a hero, to Jones a snob, to Smith a fool. Who, then, is right? You are lucky if you can put your miserable self in relation at an angle where your own deficiencies are submerged or minimised, and wise if you can maintain your vision of that interesting angle."



Mr. John Russell,
author of "In Dark Places" (Thornton Butterworth).

[2] "The Wisdom of the Wilderness." By Charles G. D. Roberts. (Dent.)

[3] "Green Timber Trails." By William Gerard Chapman. 8s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

* "The Black Dog." By A. E. Coppard. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)—"In Dark Places." By John Russell. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)—"The Rolling Road." By Boyd Cable. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

I say "spoil" advisedly, for Mr. Coppard has a magical, a most intriguing style. He makes clear and lovely pictures, as for instance the one of heaven in "Simple Simon":

"A farm-house with a kitchen door. He knocked and it was opened. It was a large kitchen; it had a cracked stone floor, and white rafters above it with hooks on them, and shearing irons and a saddle. And there was a smoking hearth and an open oven with bright, charred wood burning in it, a dairy shelf beyond with pans of cream, a bed of bracken for a dog in the corner by the pump, and a pet sheep wandering about. It had the number '100' painted on its fleece, and a loud bell was tinkling round its neck. There was a fine young girl stood smiling at him; the plait of her hair was thick as a rope of onions and as shining with the glint in it. Simon said to her: 'I've been a-walking, and I seem to have got a bit dampified like; just a touch o' damp in the knees of my breeches, that's all.'"

Nor is a fine style all that this writer has. He can tell you a story according to your mood—fantastic as the above or real as "The Tiger," or eerie as "The Handsome Lady." I hope his book will have the success it deserves; and alas, that as a rule success, as far as art is concerned, should mean recognition but very little pelf.

More to the taste of the general reader will be "The Rolling Road" and "In Dark Places"; and to them, too, the success they deserve, that is to say, coin of the realm! They are vividly told tales of land and sea, so interesting that you hold your breath from moment to moment as the plot unfolds. The finish is not always convincing, it is indeed often sentimental and unreal, but in these stories the telling is so devoid of flummery, so direct and sharp-edged, that the poor end is hardly a disappointment. You have been enthralled by strange and violent events on shipboard and on the islands of seas unknown to you. Boyd Cable and John Russell have a fiercely strong feeling for life, and you know perfectly well that life does not shape for any culminating sort of end, and therefore, recognising the difficulties of the story-teller, you are content with the fare provided. Each of these writers does sometimes, however, pen a convincing tale. "Eat or Be Eaten" is the best in "The Rolling Road," "McKeon's Graft" the most convincing of those in "In Dark Places." And convincing or not, all the stories in both books make a wide appeal.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION.*

In this his latest and one of his most elaborate works, Sir Charles Walston tells us that its main lines were formulated in his mind nearly fifty years ago, amidst studies of Kant and Hume. He saw then that the only escape from scepticism lay in æsthetics, understood as representing a primary and elemental faculty of our intellectual nature. It is regarded not only as dealing with objective principles but with those to which "Truth, Utility and Goodness" must be referred ultimately. The faculty is selective as well as creative; it is what our American friends call a "view-point" on Nature, life, action and the thoughts of man. Sir Charles Walston seeks to show that it underlies other principles, including all that we conceive as art and beauty, being itself the perception of form. It is concerned as much with principles of perfection and harmony, out of which congeries there arises for the study in hand the concept of a Harmonistic Principle, understood as their sum or synthesis, and this is the subject of investigation. It is considered generally in the earliest forms of organism and sentient life, afterwards in human life, in the evolution of consciousness and self-consciousness, and finally in the cultured life of mind. Then in a second part it is followed through the circle of the sciences, the creative modes of art, the complex of duties comprised by the word ethics, and lastly through politics, regarded in their active dedication to "the production of the Best Government and the Best State, in order to develop the Best Citizens leading the Best Lives." Having summarised in this manner the thesis at large, it will be seen by the words quoted that it is the work of a generous and zealous idealist. The question of metaphysical final values lies beyond our sphere, and we will see therefore in what direction it leads him who has conceived it.

The last section on ethics is concerned with duty to God and with politics, leading up to religion, defined as the culmination or coping-stone of the whole structure of life and mind. It is otherwise the relation of this our earthly state to "the Ideal World and Life and Being." That world and the life thereof can be approached only in so far as our "highest rational and æsthetic imagination" is "vitalised by the spirit of love." In the author's opinion, conscious evolution directed by the Harmonistic Principle leads towards the conception of such an ideal life and union. The thesis ends on this note in a kind of suspension. We do not reach finality or certitude, and the reason would seem to be that Sir Charles Walston has himself attained no conviction on the problem of personal immortality. We can see where his hopes lie, but this does not prevent his interesting book falling flat in its last pages. What profits an ideal world in which we may share only for the space between a moth's flight and the candle? And in what sense does an æstheticism of this kind save us from scepticism?

A. E. WAITE.

* "Harmonism and Conscious Evolution." By Sir Charles Walston, M.A., Litt.D., etc. 21s. (Murray.)

TWO SPANISH DRAMATISTS.*

Here in Kew Garden, as I lie reading in a dream-haze of heat and in the scent of some exotic tree, it would be pleasant enough to detect in the plays of Jacinto Benavente a cadence of Old Spain. But in truth there is nothing of the kind: New Spain, emphatically—Spain in its cosmopolitan identity with our own or any other modern state. For Benavente is a child of the age. He has its restless questioning energy (in thirty years he has written eighty plays, of the most various themes and treatments). In his disturbing angle of approach to morality there is something of G. B. S.; in his urbane sophistication, a good deal more of Anatole France; in his marked preference for beginning at the end of the story, a touch of Ibsen. Many of his settings, true no doubt to Spain, are hardly distinguishable from their English counterparts.

So much is clear, even from a rapid reading which can do little justice to his subtle and intricate style. Nor is his versatility less striking. As the same Bennett wrote "The Grand Babylon Hotel" and "The Old Wives' Tale," each first-rate of its kind: as the same France wrote "Thaïs" with its smouldering flame of faith beneath the pagan irony, the dreamy and supercivilised "Lys Rouge," the informal domestic "Crainquebille" collection, the acute sociological "Ile des Pingouins"—even so does Benavente, changing without loss of individuality from play to play, match treatment to theme. His "La Malquerida," a tragedy of village passion, is as unlike his "Autumnal Roses" as "Blanco Posnet" is unlike "Heartbreak House." "No Smoking" is a simplified "Waiting for the Bus," "His Widow's Husband" a crueller "General John Regan": "Bonds of Interest," a recapture of the *commedia dell' arte*: "The Evil Doers of Good," a Tchekho-Shavian satire: "Princess Bebé," the old bitter paradox of Bohemianism as the most conventional of all the social codes. The personality behind all these is discussed by the translator in three prefaces which I confess I find a little dreary, too sternly addressed to the systematic student, and too full of -isms and -ations and vague generalities from which no clear image of the dramatist is allowed to emerge. But from a first reading of the plays, certain recurrent ideas detach themselves. There is the idea (common enough since Ibsen standardised it) that good and evil are merely relative—sense and nonsense likewise, is Benavente's corollary: the idea of dual personality:

* "Plays by Jacinto Benavente." Translated by J. G. Underhill. 3 vols. 30s. (Scribners.)—"Plays of G. Martinez Sierra." Translated by J. G. Underhill and by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. 2 vols. 12s. 6d. each. (Chatto & Windus.)

the idea of a husband's peccadilloes as a kind of inverted compliment to the permanent wife: the idea of artist and puritan in age-long conflict. This last, as applied repeatedly to the stage-artist, is the one hint Benavente gives us that he has been an actor himself. From his technique an English playgoer would never guess it; for though his plays are all intensely dramatic—in the sense that a good novel is dramatic—in their reaction of character, yet they are seldom theatrical as we understand it; there is no snip-snap about their dialogue, no striving after an effective crisis or "curtain," little repartee; even where there is physical action as in "Saturday Night" (his masterpiece surely?) it is no more than the surface-ripple of the symbolic theme. Mr. Underhill is at pains to find in Benavente's technique the result of stage experience; rather will English theatre-goers be apt to judge him the most amazing extant example of a dramatist who has resisted all the tricks in which the actor is trained. Yet at home Benavente is a popular favourite; nearly all his plays have been produced; for thirty years he has been acclaimed a master; as far back as 1903, "Madrid dined an hour earlier when Benavente produced at the Español." Such fame lends colour to Mr. Underhill's theory which (knowing nothing of the Spanish theatre) I should be the last to dispute; at the same time it confirms an impression left by the plays themselves, that the Spanish theatre differs quite astonishingly from our own. These plays, these popular plays, are of all shapes and sizes—plays of three-quarter length, in two long acts: one-acters, lasting any time from ten minutes to the best part of an hour: long subtle analytic speeches: delicate innuendo: a complete lack of gallery-situations: a very swirl and vortex of conflicting ideas. They connote Spain as the paradise of intellectual dramatists; and to the English reader at any rate, not even their manifold intrinsic merit can be more interesting than their unconscious suggestion of the Spanish audience.

If further proof of the Spanish theatre's range were needed, it could be found in the work of Benavente's friend and disciple, Martínez Sierra, whose "Romantic Young Lady" was produced in London a short time ago. Like the elder dramatist, Sierra succeeds in both light and serious vein; like him, he has an intense and sensitive awareness of the world about him; so that he seems to give not merely the image but the very texture of the people he draws. But you would never mistake his work for that of the master. He never tries, as Benavente constantly does, to combine a strong undercurrent of symbolism with a play's surface-action; he is far more a playwright for the ear and eye. Mr. Granville Barker's preface, though in no way concerned with Benavente, hits off the difference of the two unconsciously when it says of Sierra that he puts "no more into a play than it will easily hold." For Sierra's plays are theatrical in the best sense; their appeal is instantaneous; they are all ease and simplicity—direct sentiment, direct pathos, direct fun—like Mr. Barker's own "Prunella," in fact. And there is nothing in either case to make you suspect (till you read Benavente, or Barker's "Madras House") that the amount a play will "easily hold" is limited only by the capacity of the dramatist. Sierra's simplicity makes him the easier of the two to read—and the more difficult to act, I should say, though this may seem paradoxical to anyone who has not tried both kinds of acting. It has also the effect, at a first reading, of making the younger man seem the more sincere; I am not sure that this impression is true, nor that it will remain when I have read Benavente two or three times; but on first acquaintance Benavente's complexity leaves his aim, bias, message—call it what you will—as elusive as Shakespeare's. He is a man who was born old; Sierra one who will never quite manage to grow up. Without long quotation it is not easy to bring out the contrast; but read Sierra's "Cradle Song" (that wonderful study of inaction, in the quiet convent where the fall of a wounded bird two years ago is a remembered landmark), and you will feel that the dramatist, for all his wise humour, has retained the heart of a child—or what comes to the same thing, perhaps, the heart of a poet.

For he is poet too, besides being publisher, journalist and (strange complication!) theatrical manager. Against Benavente's eighty plays he can set forty of his own, as many more translations, and a long shelf-full of miscellaneous work. He is forty-two, Benavente not yet sixty. . . . And we have heard that Spaniards are a lazy race!

GRAHAM SUTTON.

AN AMERICAN ADVENTURE.*

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's first travel book, bearing the rather infelicitous title, "The Wanderings of a Spiritualist," and narrating his adventures in Australia, is closely followed by a new book giving an account of a pilgrimage in the United States.

It is nothing to the purpose here to express any views regarding that "New Revelation" of which he has become the foremost missionary. The validity of his claim that a life after death has been scientifically proved must be decided elsewhere, and although his tour is mainly concerned with this question, it is only natural, in the case of a writer so wide-minded—a true citizen of the world—that we should discover much of general interest in the story of his travels. Sir Arthur is an acute observer of men and things, and so the book, like its predecessor in the same line, abounds in graphic bits of description, shrewd commentary and no little humour. Indeed, it is this quality of geniality combined with an attractive literary style that has gone far to win for his convictions as a Spiritualist a certain respect even from those who strongly disagree with them.

Unlike Bunyan's hero, our modern pilgrim went on his journey accompanied by a family keenly sympathetic with his aims. The record opens with their arrival at Sandy Hook Point, and thence follow many pages of impressions, adventures, anecdotes and general notes, most of them revolving about the central theme. Every place visited receives some graphic touch of description whether as to its geography, its architecture, its history or its people. The author is no narrow zealot of a passionate creed. Indeed his catholicity of view is remarkable. He has the art of preserving the central relationships between all the matters he discusses, and he ranges from religion to the most matter-of-fact subjects with facility and grace.

There is plenty of the comic element as in the description of a Press interview in which a "very young and frivolous female reporter" endeavours to entrap the pilgrim into an admission that golf is played in heaven—this obviously in the interests of a good head-line for the paper. In vain the reputed authority seeks to "differentiate." His mere admission that it may be so, for all he knows to the contrary, is sufficient. "Next morning you open the paper: 'Doyle says they Play Golf in Heaven.'" American journalism, indeed, is the subject of some penetrating comment:

> "The editors seem to place the intelligence of the public very low, and to imagine that they cannot be attracted save by vulgar, screaming head-lines. It has been quite a pleasure very often to talk to the reporters, and next day I have perhaps seen the result of the talk in a dignified rational interview, disfigured by some such caption as, 'Do Spooks Marry?' or 'High Jinks in the Beyond,' utterly out of keeping with the report."

Nevertheless Sir Arthur established warm, sympathetic relations with the great heart of the American people, and even had the satisfaction of playing an immense joke on New York by the production of a supposedly psychic cinema display which deceived even the professional conjurers and film experts! It was truly appropriate that Conan Doyle should thus "turn the tables" on his detractors. It was indeed a very amusing episode, and New York will not soon forget the jest.

* "Our American Adventure." By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Throughout the book the reader gains the impression of a writer of broad and genial outlook and amplitude of soul, as resourceful as his own famous detective and with the same unflinching courage.

In the final chapter appears a letter from Mr. Lee Keedick, the well-known lecture agent and manager, in which he testifies that Sir Arthur "broke all lecture records and even eclipsed records of the greatest living musicians." In such circumstances it is not wonderful that Sir Arthur and his family have embarked on a second American tour which may be even richer in adventure than the first.

DAVID GOW.

A MEDLEY OF MEMORIES.*

This is a most extraordinary book. Without any attempt at style or cohesion, being tautological and full of unimportant detail, it nevertheless is extremely interesting as a revelation of a strong, fearless nature and for the frank way in which certain idiosyncrasies of temperament are revealed. Mr. Oscar Browning is well known for his tutorial work at Eton and Cambridge, and as an historian. The present volume is concerned with his later years—he is now eighty-six—spent mainly in Italy and other parts farther East. Mr. Browning was born in January, 1837, and he must have a good memory, because he says he remembers the fireworks at Windsor in celebration of the marriage of Queen Victoria in February, 1840.

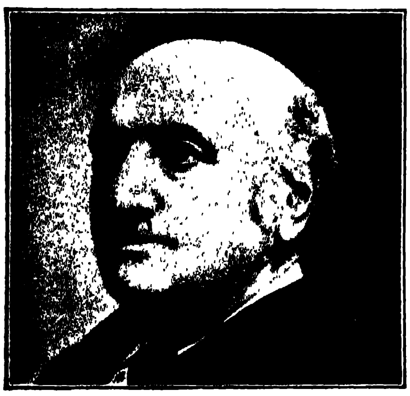


Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Oscar Browning.**

As an example of Mr. Browning's disconcerting indifference to autobiographical chronology, he passes from this incident to narrate, in the next paragraph, his visit to Lord Curzon in India in the year 1898. He gives some picturesque details of life at the Vice-Regal Court, and how, when the guests assembled for luncheon, all the ladies, except Lady Curzon, curtsied to the Viceroy. He adds another story to the large collection which relate the pomp and splendour of Lord Curzon. A Russian prince was dining at Government House, and he explained to Mr. Browning that he sat rather a long while at table as he imagined it was Court etiquette to do so. Mr. Browning repeated this to Lord Curzon, who said: "Why, that fellow did not suppose that he was going to get up before I did."

One of Mr. Browning's most recondite stories concerns the Duchess of Teck at St. Moritz: Mr. Browning and three friends, one being a bishop, were lunching at the hotel she was staying in. The meal was merry and much champagne was consumed. "When the lunch was over a waiter appeared, who said that the Duchess of Teck, hearing that we were in the hotel, earnestly desired our company in her apartment. We looked at each other and thought of the champagne, and said eventually that we were sorry but we had to return to the Maloja. The waiter looked at us and said with exquisite politeness: 'Excuse me, gentlemen, but if it is the champagne, Her Royal Highness has also had champagne for lunch.' We naturally obeyed orders, and spent a very pleasant afternoon."

Another story relates to the Duchess's daughter, now Queen Mary, when Duchess of York. She and her brother Alexander (now Earl of Athlone) visited Cambridge as Mr. Browning's guests. After seeing Trinity and the other sights "as we drove to Newnham, the Royalties and myself in one carriage . . . an organ struck up 'The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo'; the Duchess began to sing it. Prince Alexander did so also, and I am ashamed to say that I did likewise. I have never been able to determine whether it was a breach of etiquette or not."

Presumably the musical interlude had ceased before the party was received by the formidable Mrs. Henry Sidgwick at Newnham.

Mr. Browning would have been well advised to have submitted his manuscript to the ministrations of an editor before publication. That would have obviated various errors, such as that which spells Christie's as Christy's, and states the *Duchess* of Orleans to be the sister of the Queen of Portugal. Personally I do not follow Mr. Browning in the anecdote that an Earl of Athlone ("whose ancestor had been a bosom friend of William III") wished to marry his mother.

As I have said, Mr. Browning is fearless, and is not ashamed of his views either political or moral. He reiterates again and again how ardent a Pro-Boer he was during the South African War. "It seemed to me that South Africa will always have two heroes, Kruger and Rhodes." He was not, however, at all favourably impressed by the lower classes of Dutch in their native Holland.

Mr. Browning has found great joy in the beauties of Italy. Despite his great age he preserves an intense interest in youth and music and literature. His unaffected, frank presentment of his personality is, in the trite phrase, a real "human document."

S. M. ELLIS.

* "Memories of Later Years." By Oscar Browning, M.A. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

ENDURANCE.*

Ernest Shackleton had the art of concealing his great achievements with incomparable publicity. When he made his triumphant tours through England, through Europe (making a round of the Courts and kissing the hands of the kings), through the New World, north and south, prudent persons (who had cheered him wildly yesterday) whispered with what they had left of a voice: "A man who gasses like that about his work can't be sound." Thus far has our vicious modern habit of self-suppression divorced us from the tradition of our race!

But if you read "The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton," by Hugh R. Mill, you will not put in question the hard endurance of this rock which was a consuming flame. The book begins none too well. The description of his Quaker home in Kilrea is interesting enough. But Mr. Mill never lets us visualise the older schoolboy who was obstinate, a slow scholar, a fine fighter, hungry for adventure and addicted to poetry and religion. Only later when he is telling a fine, straightforward tale of Shackleton's voyages, do the fragments of the large Anglo-Irishman come together, and you realise why our hero bulked the largest after the *Endurance* had been trapped and cracked in the Antarctic ice and he and his men were adrift on the floe.

Mr. Mill rightly places great emphasis on Shackleton's devotion to his wife, and we think the great aim of all his enterprises was to please that audience of one. Shackleton was ambitious, but without his wife he would have lost himself in a variety of aims. Magnificent captain of men as he was when his purpose was plain before him, he might have dodged from journalism to politics, from politics to commerce and back again all his life—but for her. He said, and proved, that he was no use for anything but exploration. But that was because out there he had no chance of wasting his tremendous energy and his even more tremendous endurance. He was a spendthrift of himself, as of his money, a typical gambler; and he was at his best only when he was gambling for the final stakes

* "The Life of Sir Ernest Shackleton." By Hugh R. Mill. 21s. net. (Heinemann.)

with Death. A great lecturer? Yes! But always inspired with the need to pay for the last gamble and the next.

His face bears a likeness to that of Lord Northcliffe (another Anglo-Irishman), and he might have rivalled Northcliffe as a journalist if in that other gamble he could have found an imperative aim.

W. R. T.

SHAKESPEARE WELL EDITED.*

Mr. Cowl has produced the best and fullest edition of this great play. His general essay and particular commentary enshrine a mass of learning that is interesting, enlightening and entirely relevant. Some years ago schoolboys used to be given plays of Shakespeare with what may be called an adult apparatus, through which they were driven as if the author were Aristophanes and the language Greek. Sensible teachers, properly rebelling against an absurdity, raised the battle-cry of a "Plain Text," and (as usual) were echoed by a multitude of other teachers (rather less sensible), who failed to see that what was wrong was not a learned and abundant commentary, but the misuse of it. Pupils were confronted with difficulties before they had grasped simplicities, and so they learned to put the gloss before the text, and to think that what mattered was not the author, but the annotator. That, as I have said, was the fault of the method, not of the matter. The commentator is still necessary, and will be a helpful friend, if we let him. Those who raise unseasonably the cry of "a plain text" need to be reminded that the text of Shakespeare is rarely "plain." The plainest of texts will usually be found to contain more editor and less Shakespeare than the innocent reader supposes.

Mr. Cowl, recognising that he is writing for men and women and not merely giving "tips" to juvenile examinees, has not hesitated to place his wide reading at our disposal and to illustrate the difficulties by adducing apt parallels from the literature of the age. Shakespeare is for all time, but he was first of all for his own, and it is through a knowledge of his own time that his obscurer passages must be approached. Mr. Cowl, it is pleasant to note, is a rightly conservative editor: he does not tacitly accept the well-meant efforts of the eighteenth century pioneers (all honour to them!), but goes back to the Quarto of 1600 and the Folio. Thus, in Act II, Sc. 2, he restores to the Prince the reading of Falstaff's letter, instead of following Hanmer in giving it to Poins. Not only is his arrangement more authoritative, it is distinctly more dramatic; and no one who compares the present text with the Globe version can doubt its superiority. Indeed, all through, the reader is made to feel that the play has had the luck to encounter the right editor.

And what a play it is! It is certainly less stirring than the First Part, as Mr. Cowl admits, and it contains a few scenes that are too long for the interest. But how abundantly its details atone for any weakness of design! The tavern scene in Act II and all the scenes with the Justices are among the greatest of human inventions; and some of the verse is as fine as the prose. The two parts together make an unmatchable drama. Less remote than the great lonely tragedies, it seems to be made of the very stuff of humanity. Unfortunately the apotheosis of Virtue Triumphant at the end drops us suddenly to a lower level. What we may call the general fact of the end is entirely right and inevitable; it is the manner of the thing that revolts us. Great Jack must be cast off by the Prince: we know that: it is his tragedy; but we might have been spared the Unctuous Rectitude which we are tacitly invited to applaud. The Prince, from beginning to end, seems to me entirely despicable, and to divide with Claudio and Bertram the sorry distinction of being Shakespeare's completest cad. Poor, sinful Jack was worth ten of this canting time-server. Fortunately Shakespeare himself repented; and instead of throwing Falstaff's carcass to the groundlings, as he proposed, wrote Mistress Quickly's immortal epitaph and leaves him in Arthur's bosom for ever. Shakespeare usually atones for Shakespeare!

G. S.

* "The Arden Shakespeare: The Second Part of King Henry the Fourth." Edited by R. P. Cowl. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Novel Notes.

THE CHILDREN OF THE MARKET PLACE. By Edgar Lee Masters. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Edgar Lee Masters has written a fine novel. "The Children of the Market Place" is a narrative of American life in the years immediately preceding the war between the North and South and in the first year of the war. The tale is told by an old man who saw it all. The style—simple, direct, matter-of-fact—gives an effect of reality, but with all the colours a little faded, as in an old tapestry, because of the teller's remoteness from his subject. He remembers well—but it is a memory. A very charming, wistful tale! Reverdy Clayton, born in London, on the day of Waterloo, went to his just dead father's American home when he was eighteen and found there a half-sister, whose mother was a mulatto. Her tragic life, Clayton's affection for her and his love for the proud woman he afterwards marries, are depicted in that washed-out way of things remembered. The colours deepen only when Stephen Douglas comes on the scene. That great protagonist of Lincoln is painted with strong devotion. It is a live portrait and has this virtue—that, while Clayton's faith in him is shown to be unbounded, the reader is allowed to doubt. Greeley comes on the scene, lightly sketched, but well. Lincoln, more boldly, by one who was thrilled yet not captured; and it is very interesting to see the international hero in this novel light. But the portrait of Douglas is Clayton's—and Mr. Masters's—true business. The portrait of a true friend, an idealist, a lover of freedom, but ambitious no doubt, and in his means perhaps a thought unscrupulous!

THE ROAD OF DESTINY. By Ellis Middleton. 7s. 6d. (Mills & Boon.)

This is a first novel, full of action and excitement, of which the scene is laid in Yorkshire in the eighteenth century. Mr. Middleton has taken pains with his drawing of the period, and he gives us stage coaches and highwaymen and duels with good measure pressed down. The story concerns the affairs of a pretty widow, Muriel Carfrey, who, being in financial difficulties, has asked the help of Sir Richard Revelsdale, a man about town, but little known to her, who has a reputation for winning at the gaming table. From their first meeting the signposts are set towards destiny, though there are tortuous windings on the road. But Mr. Middleton's heart is with his hero, and Revelsdale wins in the end.

WISDOM'S DAUGHTER. By H. Rider Haggard. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mystic, wonderful "She," who thrilled us years ago and still has the power to thrill—though perhaps not quite so vividly as of old! Here is another, and the last, story of her births and rebirths, told in the same masterly way, and containing some of the same familiar devices of the master-hand; such as, for an example, the sheets of indecipherable writings which, after all other attempts have failed, are translated by a great Oriental scholar, transcribed and given to the world. The present romance is by the hand of "She" herself, "written during the period of her second incarnation when at last Leo found her in the mountains of Tibet, as is described in the book called 'Ayesha.'" Whether, as is stated, the story is a parable of "the eternal struggle between the spirit and the flesh," or whether it is a mere entertainment, Sir H.

Rider Haggard presents his more than mortal heroine in a way that will make its appeal to thousands of readers—the sons and daughters of those who read of her doings in their own generation.

THE GUARDIAN. By George Colmore. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

There is always so much more in Mrs. Weaver's books than the mere telling of a story. They leave one with a wider vision. Not that she uses her novels for propaganda purposes, not that she gives the impression of being a writer with a mission; but one cannot follow the destinies of her natural—her tragically natural—characters without realising the unnecessary suffering, the cruel injustices, the foolish ignorance and obstinacy to which humanity is heir and of which all living creatures are victims. Here the story of Jane and Kitty Ellaton, so different in temperament, yet each lovable in her way, holds us through the history of Kitty's marriage, through the mystery of the dreadful secret that blights the lives of those who care for her. Could there be a more subtle indictment of the evils of drink and the folly of medical science than this plain, unvarnished tale of Jane's long, long years of self-sacrifice? Mrs. Weaver writes of the small social interests and petty scandals of a country town with a humour and pathos akin to Mrs. Gaskell's; yet behind her quiet narrative tower tremendous truths, and an intensity of feeling glows through the easy, flowing style that never stoops to melodrama or loses the power and dignity of simplicity.

PAT THE ADVENTURER. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. (Ward, Lock)

A little girl convalescing after a serious illness begged for a book about something she need not believe. Most of us have moods like that when we want to be amused and diverted by the romantic rather than the real. Miss Tynan's books just meet that need. They are light, wholesome and healthily exciting. Pat, in whom the fever of war has not subsided, longs for fresh adventure and finds it awaiting him in a homely Alpine hotel. He and his friend Dicky pledge themselves to the rescue of the unfortunate heroine Nancy. There is a lurid picture of a lunatic asylum in a remote district in France, and a fight between men and wolves in the neighbouring forest. But no more peeps—the reader must buy the book and unwrap the charming love story for himself.

THEY LOVED GREATLY. By Katharine Tynan. 7s. 6d. net. (Nash & Grayson.)

As the picture on the wrapper of "They Loved Greatly" indicates, there is a mysterious as well as a romantic element in Katharine Tynan's new book. The picture is of a lady gazing into a crystal, and in the story this crystal plays an exciting part in the life of the heroine and her young brother. An incident recalling the notorious Tichborne case is also connected with the crystal. But romance and youth and light-heartedness have a large share in the book, and the incidents are as varied as the scenery which alternates between Ireland, Italy and England. The tragedy of the heroine's mother's first marriage, and the heroine's unswerving loyalty to the mother are related with understanding, sympathy and insight.

THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF JANE SMITH. By Patricia Wentworth. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

A capital novel of mystery, as exciting as a thrilling play on a darkened stage, where we do not know who is who nor what anyone is doing. Now and then the lights flash on and we get an illuminating glimpse, then darkness again, with our minds groping as before. When a brave and clever girl stands alone in the world with three shillings less a penny, and the clothes she is wearing, anything may happen. Jane Smith finds herself secretary in a sea-coast mansion where there are strange doings connected with a laboratory and masked assistants. There are comings and goings in slimy subterranean passages, and a plot is hatched to blow up civilisation by means of a new explosive. The love story provides the grit and the oil in the machinery of the tale. A capital holiday book.

LIFE. Being a Memoir of Chesney Temple by Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

The picture of a high-spirited young man of good family. We trace his career through boyhood and youth, and sometimes find it rather tedious, but the whole book flames into success once we get Temple at Cambridge; for there is a most excellent description of his 'Varsity days and loves. He writes countless verses—some of them, quoted fully, are exceedingly feeble. He champions lost causes with an engaging vivacity, and tries all he can to find the right girl. Finally he marries the wrong one, and they had an "Aubrey Beardsley" wedding, and the "Marriage March of the Skeletons" was played. Afterwards his father-in-law contrived that a seat in Parliament should be offered to him, but Temple was too honest to swallow the opinions of his side. When matrimony was getting rather a strain, the war broke out. The story is bitter, witty and cynical by turns, and sometimes it is brilliant.

THAT WOMAN. By Jane Burr. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Miss Burr takes up rather too much space in a novel which is none too varied in treatment and rather thin in the matter of incidentals and subsidiary characters, in setting the stage for a dramatic elucidation of her now famous bias against the institution of marriage. One feels that Janet Sliverton is over-obsessed by her weariness of the stage and her own temperament, and that too little attention has been paid to early formative experiences. Clearly, she is a woman destined to illustrate a theory by one unfortunate episode, and once she is in the full swim of her amour with Stephen Morse, the degenerate musical critic and a bigamist in every sense except the legal one, she learns, with a bitterness which make her interesting and pathetic, the lesson that marriage is inseparable from a compromise which women accept, on the whole, less willingly than men. The situation is poised in a really novel fashion, but that is all. Having once more shot her destructive bolt, Miss Burr drops the drama with startling suddenness, and the flight of Janet with the elderly Isaac Heldmar is a cynical conclusion which makes one feel that the authoress is less an idealist than a rather more than usually acute observer of the commonplace fact of human disillusionment.

THE WAY OF THINGS. By Maud I. Nisbet. 7s. (John Long.)

The greatest asset possessed by Miss Nisbet is undoubtedly her knowledge of out-of-the-way parts of the world, which she employs with some success in this novel of Buenos Aires and its surroundings. "As they proceeded farther into the Pampa, the road, now scarcely more than a track, became indescribably lonely. There were no fences anywhere, and not a sign of habitation. 'What is your name?' Ruth inquired at last of her silent companion, and was somewhat startled when he laconically answered 'Jesus.'" The heroine's journey through the Argentine is well described, Ruth is unhappily married to Weston, who drinks. Inchcliffe, a strong, silent man, loves her; she presently finds herself with both of them in the wilds. Miss Nisbet's book is rather like an impressionist picture, black and white and jade green. She does not trouble about light and shade; it is all brief, bold, abrupt outline.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST. By Arthur Thrush. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

This, the first, novel by one who is not unknown as a writer of verse, suffers from too great an exuberance.

It is a good fault in a young writer, and if Mr. Thrush can learn the art of selection and will impose a sterner discipline upon his style, he will some day write a conspicuously good book. For, in spite of his diffuseness and his sometimes almost hysterical qualities, he has very original and genuine gifts. His story traces the development of a boy who is sensitively idealistic and at the same time torn by virulent passions Brought up in a coarse atmosphere, among people who do not understand him and are incapable of guiding him, he falls a prey to evil influences, and only through much agony and bloody sweat does he at last fight his own way through to a clean and strong manhood. The record of his fight, if it lacks directness and simplicity, is told with much feeling, sincerity and power, and the book abounds in passages of individual beauty and charm.



Mr. Arthur Thrush,
author of "Seed Time and Harvest" (Cecil Palmer).

FAINT PERFUME. By Zona Gale. 6s. (Appleton.)

Zona Gale gives us in "Faint Perfume" a good psychological novel, well written in the racy, somewhat breathless, American manner. The story tells how Leda, refined and highly sensitive, is driven by circumstances to seek the hospitality of her cousins' home, and suffers many things through their unconscious vulgarity and her own unadaptability. It is then that she meets her ideal and finds, through her cruelly thwarted love for him, a love beyond love in the willing sacrifice of self on the altar of his happiness. There is in all this nothing remarkably new, but the writer has certainly achieved an uncommonly good, in some respects a very good, book of its kind. The characterisation, despite a slight leaning to over-emphasis, is excellently done. Leda herself is an appealing figure, and the Crumbs, her relatives, in all their irritating pettiness and appalling dullness, are shrewdly, mercilessly drawn.

ACCORDING TO GIBSON. By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

This volume of tales is put forward as a selection from the tall stories which a modern Munchausen of uncertain years and occupation was fond of pouring into the ears of a fashionable novelist who was one of the younger members of his club. The humour of the stories is derived from the circumstance that their author is always the hero of them, and that they cover so wide a field of time, place and circumstance that he might be any age from forty to seventy, might have roamed over the whole globe, and might have followed every trade from that of reporter to that of Foreign Office adviser. In themselves these yarns are quite ingenious and amusing, and the concluding one which reveals the secret of the yarn-monger's madness constitutes a very neat piece of satire. To get hold of a new idea in fiction is always difficult; but in these narratives so soberly related by the ubiquitous clubman, Mr. Mackail may fairly be said to have opened out new ground.

FIVE STRIKING STORIES. 5s. (Philpot.)

These stories, translated from the French, are certainly striking enough. M. Henri Duvernois's "Jacqueline" is already known to London by the play the Guitrys gave us a year ago, and J. Joseph-Renaud's "Behind the Veil" has been turned into a Grand Guignol thriller. Maurice Level's tale of "The Old Maids" is a very powerful one, but the sentimentality is almost as exaggerated as the brutality, and one would be inclined to declare that this excessive exaggeration is quite inimical to artistry. André Warnod's "Ninette, Alice and Marie" is a nice little genre sketch in French, but in English it is an exotic and hardly comes home to the reader. "The Field-Marshal," by Pierre Mille, is really the best story of all, because it is light, yet profound and true and reaching towards infinity and reality. A young subaltern gets into touch with a romantic girl of sixteen by newspaper advertisement, and arranges to meet her and take her out. But her brother calls on him and persuades him to forgo the adventure. Thirty years after the subaltern is his country's saviour, idol and hero, and one day he is visited by a middle-aged, rather dowdy, defeated woman, who discloses herself as the girl of the missed adventure, and reproaches him bitterly for having given it up so easily. Had he disregarded her brother she might now have been happy. Instead she has been cheated of life. English readers will be interested in the view of the English subaltern and the English lower middle-class girl as seen by Pierre Mille, but the humanity of the story is very attaching.

FALSE GODDESSES. By Rachel Ferguson. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

An able but depressing picture of half-baked types. Leah has ambitions and dramatic talent, but she is thoroughly out of humour with things in general; she is a *poseuse*, with nobody to watch the poses. Her circle is short of money; casual and unspiritual. Nobody seems to read, pray, or think of duty; existence is an aimless fretting, a sneering, a rebellion. The days are passed without dignity, without philosophy, without simple cheerfulness; they are rent with anxious jealousies. The story is laid in the time of the suffrage struggles, when so many girls were untrained. There is a glimpse of the wedding of an ordinary specimen: "One day on show, queen of the ceremonies, and all the rest of her life at the gas-stove, cooking . . . and she couldn't cook either: she was neither useful nor ornamental. Why she couldn't even be trusted to boil an egg without forgetting it." The ups and downs of theatrical life are sketched faithfully. We lay down this clever book feeling jaded.

PAGAN CORNER. By C. M. A. Peake. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

How to describe "Pagan Corner" or how to say in a sentence in what lies its special charm. One's thoughts have been busy these recent days with readings of temperature in the sun and shade. "Pagan Corner" is like a cool breeze blowing through the mind. Its air has stirred the harebells on the heights before it comes to us. Written as the book is by a lover of nature, it surpasses many nature novels in that it has a story to tell. The tale concerns a girl, Polly Brent, who quickly turns woman. Polly as a child at the village school, half cared for at home and growing up wild, Polly in love with love and deceived by it—so is her character unfolded. The most attractive achievement of the book is the way in which is blended the interworking of Polly's nature with the outside world of earth and sky. This kind of writing needs to be well done to be successful, but the author of "Pagan Corner" has the gift.

BENEATH THE VISITING MOON. By Mary and Jane Findlater. 7s. 6d. net. (Hurst & Blackett.)

It has been said that the great test of realism in a story is, does the reader feel that the characters have an existence apart from the story they appear in? Such a test applied to "Beneath the Visiting Moon" would undoubtedly result in the book passing with honours. The people in the story are so intimately drawn, are so real, that one feels they have been living before the story commences and go on living after it ends. It is an absorbing tale, full of incident, with humour and pathos deftly blended. The

fate of Barry Lovell, in the first part, leaves one with an ache at the heart; but the story is not a gloomy one, and in the second part we follow with sympathy the happier lot of Barry's daughter. The book has charm; and no matter what ages the authors may be one feels sure they cannot agree with their Cyrus Erskine when they make him say, "If you ask me . . . what the special trial of middle age is, I'd just say this: '*There's nothing left remarkable beneath the Visiting Moon.*'"

THE BETROTHAL OF FELICITY. By Florence Drummond. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Few books are so completely the lengthened shadow of their title as Miss Florence Drummond's latest novel. The betrothal of Felicity is the whole story. Felicity becomes engaged in the first chapter, breaks it off because she is not wholly sure of Bernard's love, and marries him in the end when she finds out how much he means to her. It is a difficult situation for an author to carry off. We travel hopefully for many pages, but there are chapters when we feel that the sound of wedding bells has been unnecessarily delayed. Miss Drummond's best work is in her drawing of Lady Denise Baillie, Bernard's stepmother, a lady whose beauty and gracious presence fall like a sweet benison on the story.

WHEN VALUES CHANGE. By Frida Sinclair. 7s 6d. (Hutchinson.)

"Frank was sorry for Francesca, but then he was sorry for Peter too." Miss Sinclair reveals her characters to us with such strength and sympathy that we also are sorry for both the wife who loved too well and the husband who wearied of her. It is all so natural, so regrettable, so seemingly inevitable. Francesca was neurotic and exacting, overbearing in her devotion; her constant attentions almost drove the sensitive, artistic Peter off his head. He had to concoct an escape from her; her personality dominated him, was ruining his life; he sought love elsewhere, but the girl of his choice was of a noble type who hated to come between a man and his wife, so he went away with a man friend and headed straight for disaster. Very ably Miss Sinclair shows us the battle of temperaments, the woman's despair, the man's exasperation. And very ably she works out her plot—a plot that is unique and powerfully handled. "When Values Change" is a first novel, and its originality and forceful style of narrative make it not only an excellent piece of work in itself, but give promise of excellent things to follow.

STINGING NETTLES. By Marjorie Bowen. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

In this her first novel with a modern setting, Miss Marjorie Bowen ranges herself definitely on the side of the anti-feminists. To her eyes—or strictly speaking, to the eyes of her principal character, Lucy Uden the women all about us are nothing but a screaming, hustling chaos of husband-snatchers, husband-missers, empty-headed pleasure-seekers, discontented workers, ranting speakers and painted publicity-mongers. Lucie, herself a professional writer and artist, has tried "emancipation" and has no use for it. A home and children and dependence on a male breadwinner—that is Lucie's ideal. And a scheme of evolution for her sex that diverges from that goal is abhorrent to her. Lucie Uden had the misfortune to marry a degenerate, epileptic Sicilian. After the inevitable loss of their child she separates from her wastrel husband and acts as breadwinner not only for him, but also for an incompetent aunt and cousin. Then comes the call of her dying husband, and Lucie's sense of duty, which amounts almost to a passion, drives her to Italy to nurse him. The description of her terrible, self-imposed ordeal in the Villa Calvini, where she remains shut up with a maniac brute of a husband, is a grim and powerful piece of work. At last the arrival of a famous doctor, Ghisleri, brings relief, but it is relief complicated by a passionate love affair. A poignant love story ensues, with a most original and—for many readers—unsatisfying ending.

The Bookman's Table.

THE HOUSE WE OUGHT TO LIVE IN. By John Gloag and Leslie Mansfield, F.R.I.B.A. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

This is a book which will be welcomed by those in search of information upon the planning and arrangement of houses. The demand for information is indicative of much more than a desire for short cuts and labour-saving devices; in a sense it is indicative of a change in the outlook upon social conventions. We can afford to overlook the pleasant fiction that generations of architects and builders have contrived to prevent us getting what we wanted. The philosophy of the problem goes deeper than this, and we are content to accept the fact that where there is dissatisfaction we may look for progress. This book deals with the planning, construction and equipment of the house, and contains an examination of the principles which govern the working arrangements and conveniences of the household. Many interesting details are discussed and suggestions are given which would contribute towards the elimination of waste, greater efficiency and comfort. Some of the suggestions are so obvious and simple that they must appeal to those who are prepared to look at things rationally.

REAL FAIRIES. By Enid Blyton. 3s 6d. net (Saville.)

"Real Fairies" is an attractive book of child verse written in a simple, straightforward style, and always from the child's point of view. Though most of the verses are about fairies and pretending, there are some un-fairy verses, one of the best of these being "The Workmen," which runs:

> "Our house is full of lovely sounds,
> And everywhere is queer;
> The rooms are upside-down because
> We've got the workmen here.
>
> "I think they're very lucky men,
> For no one seems to mind
> If they pull all the carpets up
> Or leave their things behind.



Miss Enid Blyton.

"Not even Daddy is allowed
To do the things *they* do:
They sing and splash about and smoke
I'd love it, wouldn't you? . . .

"They never seem to act a bit
Like any grown-up folk;
And even when they spill the paint
They think it's all a joke.

"They really are the luckiest men,
To have such things to do,
And when I'm quite grown up, I think
I'll be a workman too!"

The songs have a quaint humour and an ease and naturalness of expression and melody that are very charming.

FLEET STREET IN STARLIGHT. By Felix Boyne. (Selwyn & Blount.)

One thing can be said with certainty—most of these poems could only have been written by a journalist of ripe experience, by one moreover who has a blessed gift of humour that has saved him from being soured by disillusion and enables him to see the best as well as the worst of his calling, and still to find romance in Fleet Street. He pictures in "In the Whirl" the various toil and hurry of life in all departments of the newspaper office while tomorrow's journal is being brought to birth, and though in "The Call" he hints he has lost most of the idealism with which he first entered upon this work, he owns to a feeling that

"Still with the stars the Street renews its glow,
An inner magic each strained night repeats,
Through worn grey buildings faery trumpets blow . . ."

There is truth no less than humour in the ballad of "The Haunted Night-Editor," and in the narration of how "A Reporter Rebels"; and here and there, in "Glamour and Dread," "In the Press Club" and elsewhere a recurring vision of what the drudgeries and exigencies of journalism mean to the spirit:

"Aye, sometimes when the mazy night is done,
The last edition set, the busy brain
Concerned no more with bright futility,
One has a glimpse of soul, a chastening glimpse,
A touch of ecstasy shot through with awe
To know and be full soul we dare not yet."

and it must have been in such intervals of quiet and self-realisation that certain of these poems were written that are beautiful both in thought and in utterance. There is a whole philosophy of journalism in "The Vision of Fergus Lee," and an exquisite suggestion of the god that is in man in "Creative Evolution." Apart from their poetry these poems are interesting in a way that few poems are—they are a sincere and dramatic revelation of their writer's heart and mind and experience, which is perhaps why he has hidden himself in a pseudonym. Journalism has not found a truer poet than Felix Boyne, but he no more writes for journalists only than the rural poet writes only for farmers and country folk.

SANDERSON OF OUNDLE. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

In the introduction we are informed that "more than fifty people have made contributions to the book, but they are all anonymous, and a small editorial committee has done what it can to weld all this various material together into one continuous book." As was to be expected, this method of "biography by a committee" leaves something to be desired from the standpoint of the art of biography. They have succeeded, however, in compiling a loving and worthy record of one of the truly great men of our generation—great in himself, great in the work he actually accomplished and, we would prophesy, greater still in the inspiration his life and work will be to others. They will build on the foundations he has laid, and follow the ideal he embodied and preached. The scientist was most prominent in the work of Sanderson, and Oundle is his monument for all eyes to see. But the

buildings and apparatus of Oundle will of themselves fail to indicate the real greatness of Sanderson. For this we need the permanent reminder of the splendid testimonies contained in this volume by those who knew him as head master and man; and not least, the collection of sermons and addresses to the boys which form a bulky chapter. A quotation from one of his addresses gives us the man, his aims and his inspirations: " A true craftsman, a true builder—they who build the temple of God . . . we watch him at his work—the exactness of it, the completeness, fullness; nothing left out, nothing dead, nothing uncertain, hazy; nothing left to chance, all wrought with punctilious care and accuracy. Law and obedience, form and beauty of love—in all Thy works, O great Master! . . . And this inspiring Master Craftsman is a gentle, loving, sympathetic soul—attracting all akin to him, transforming and strengthening the weak, building them up after His own image . . . such the Great Craftsman above us, such the craftsman we would love to be." It is such men as Sanderson of Oundle who, under God, make us proud to be men.

THE DRAMA OF SINN FEIN. By Shaw Desmond. 17s. 6d. (Collins.)

An extraordinarily difficult feat has been performed by Mr. Shaw Desmond in his history of latter-day Ireland from Easter week, 1916, to the signing of the peace treaty with England. " The Drama of Sinn Fein " is far and away the best thing that this able writer has yet accomplished. Mr. Desmond is the Thomas Carlyle of the Irish struggle; and the opening chapters of his notable book are comparable in fire and force with " The French Revolution." This sounds like hyperbole, but we are convinced that any reader of " The Drama of Sinn Fein " will endorse what we have said. Here is a history written very much from the inside, detailed, factual, intimate, consecutive. As a record of the supreme years of storm and stress in unhappy Ireland its historical value is immense. In spite of the white heat in which it has been written, this great war-document is not a thing of prejudice. The mass of Englishmen will read it with avid interest, whatever their political views. Mr. Desmond has obviously, from the inception of his work, set himself to an amazing task, guided by a spirit of justice, and even of chivalry. The merits of English soldiers and officers of a period when the solid South was in arms against them are acknowledged. Later when Mr. Desmond tells of the Civil War in Ireland between the Republicans under De Valera and Cathal Brugha and the Free Staters under Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, he holds the balance of history even. His condemnation of the notorious Black and Tans is justified by stern and terrible facts. It will surprise many readers on this side to learn of the important parts played by Irish girls and boys, almost children, in the fiercest of the battle years. The chapters on the English Secret Service and that of Sinn Fein have the matter of a score of Buchan novels in them; and the section of the book devoted to Ulster will give rich food for thought to students of the Irish question.

MEMORIES OF A SHIPWRECKED WORLD: Being the Memoirs of Countess Kleinmichel. Translated by Vivian Le Grand. 14s. net. (Brentano.)

It is a shipwrecked world indeed into which we are taken by the simple discursive memoirs of the cosmopolitan author of this volume. Of all the ruin brought about in the world directly or indirectly as a consequence of the war, that of Russia was perhaps the most stupendous. Though we have referred to the Countess Kleinmichel as cosmopolitan, it was to Russia that she belonged by birth and upbringing. She was herself of mixed German, Russian and Serbian origin; and though in her reminiscences she takes us here, there and well-nigh everywhere about Europe in the course of her recollections and the narrative of the extraordinary ramifications of her family, yet it is in the variedly interesting and even appallingly tragic pages that deal with Russia that we find the most fascinating reading. Member of a highly-placed family moving in Court and Ambassadorial circles this lady, who appears to have been born in 1846, writes at once with inside knowledge and detached authority. " Irresponsible power, weak and arbitrary at the same time, has led us to the terrible catastrophe of which we are the victims." That such judgment is not wide of the mark is shown abundantly in the course of the writer's narrative. Incidentally too she makes us wonder whether the worst atrocities of the invading Hun were any worse than the things done, according to the reports of Russian officers themselves recorded here, by the Hun's eastern neighbours. As the Countess Kleinmichel explains that some thirty books containing diary notes were destroyed in the revolution, we can only hope that sometimes her memory has unduly coloured or exaggerated certain episodes. Allowing, however, for possible exaggerations, it is a vividly interesting though frequently terribly painful book that sets forth the reminiscences of this woman who, after moving in the highest circles, was subjected to all the horrors of the revolution, narrowly escaped death again and again, and when at the age of seventy-two was enabled to get out of Russia, was bluntly told she ought to have been dead two years earlier! The book is so interesting, and deals with such a vast number of notable persons, that the omission of an index is a regrettable flaw.

AS *WE* SEE IT: France and the Truth about the War. By René Viviani. 10s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

M. Viviani, as a former Premier of the French Republic and holding office in 1914 when events culminated in the Great War, is pre-eminently qualified to write with exact knowledge and full responsibility on the aspects of the crisis as they appeared to France. The immediate occasion of M. Viviani's brief and masterly analysis of the causes and events of June and July, 1914, is to answer the German Emperor's own autobiographical memoirs recently issued — a work of singular stupidity yet illuminating as a self-revelation. M. Viviani takes up the allegations made by the Kaiser in his memoirs and disposes of them completely by a mere recital of the ascertained facts, which give the lie flatly to the ex-imperial historian. It must not be forgotten that, after the revolution in Berlin, Kautsky published no fewer than eight hundred documents from the archives relating to the outbreak of war, with marginal notes in the Kaiser's own handwriting. M. Viviani quotes a number of these annotations, and almost by themselves they prove the violent and war-determined mind of the Kaiser and of Germany. The book is most valuable as a summary of and commentary on one of the most momentous periods of European life and history.

THE CHILD AT HOME. By Lady Cynthia Asquith. 6s. (Nisbet.)

Not half enough has been written about children. Mothers positively thirst for such a book as Lady Cynthia has given us. She has peered through the mists of her own infancy and stared at the children round her. The result is a diffident but suggestive bit of work. Very wisely our author dwells on the profitable fun to be got out of many of the quite commonplace incidents in the lives of mother and child. She says to the mother—" Since you are doomed to untold pangs of grief and anxiety, see to it that at least you forgo none of your perquisites of enjoyment and amusement! " What are the writer's conclusions? That, on the whole, a nurse of the simple peasant class is best. That it is well to remember that worrying bewilderment can arise from unexplained idioms. " The expression —' So and so grows on one,' used to cause me real mental distress." That in so far as children are capable of gratitude, it is towards those who soothe far more than those who amuse. That pets should mean responsibility, and that St. Francis of Assisi should be made a familiar and favourite figure in every nursery as soon as possible. This, and much more. The book is a sincere and charming contribution to the literature of child-training.

ADVENTURES IN THE NEAR EAST, 1918–1922. By A. Rawlinson, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., late Lieutenant-Colonel R.G.A. and Commander R.N.V.R. 25s. (Melrose.)

Considerations of space prevent us from giving this book the attention to which it would otherwise be entitled. But we will say this much in recommendation of it, that it deserves to rank with "The Road to Endor" as one of the three or four noblest records of courage and endurance which we owe to survivors of the Great War. The author, Colonel Alfred Rawlinson, is a son of the late Major-General Sir Henry Creswick Rawlinson, Bart., G.C.B., the famous archæologist who succeeded in deciphering the cuneiform languages, and a younger brother of the Rawlinson who, having commanded the Fourth Army, is now, as Lord Rawlinson, Commander-in-Chief in India. At the outbreak of the war the "adventurer," who had served in the Lancers, was on the retired list. But he soon managed to do more than "his bit." For three years he worked under Admiral Sir Percy Scott in the Anti-Air defence of London. From May to November, 1918, he was attached to Major-General L. C. Dunsterville's "Hush-hush" army in Persia. Then he was sent as Intelligence Officer to superintend the disarmament of the Turks in Transcaucasia. Finally, reappointed to a similar job, he spent three years—from October, 1919, to November, 1922 in Kemalist Turkey, for the last twenty months of which time he was imprisoned by the Turks at Erzeroum, robbed of all his possessions, including his two machine-guns, and nearly starved to death. A grateful country has rewarded him in its own peculiar fashion. For commandeering a Bolshevik steamer at Baku, loading it with all the available munitions of that port, holding it with the aid of four men against the opposed forces (one hundred all told) of captain, crew and refugees, and finally bringing it safe home through the fire of the guardships, he received the D.S.O. For acquiring invaluable information about Turkish movements in Transcaucasia and Anatolia and for enduring a twenty months' imprisonment which has completely shattered his health, he enjoys a *temporary* pension of fifty-seven shillings and eightpence halfpenny a week! As for getting any compensation from the conquered but victorious Turk that, of course, is quite out of the question.

OUR BIRD FRIENDS. By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. With 100 Illustrations from Photographs direct from Nature by Cherry Kearton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Here is a book which has been very popular with folk young and old who are anxious to learn about the food, feathers, flight, nests, eggs, songs and call-notes of birds. This is a new and revised edition. The very smooth and beautiful paper, the many attractive photographs, and the genuine enthusiasm, splashing, as it were, over every page, combine to make the volume one of the best of its kind. Needless to say the brothers Kearton are keenly observant. "The longest record of a Skylark's song I can find in my notebook is six minutes and five seconds." "Young Eider Ducks and Wild Geese are, according to my observations, much more obedient than baby Wild Ducks." "Besides robbing House Martins of their wee homes of mud under our eaves, Sparrows steal even the abodes prepared by Nuthatches, which plaster up a hole in some hollow tree." And so on, and so on. Get this careful diary if you possibly can: it will charm you.

Music.

WILLIAM BYRD.*

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

A GOOD many years have flown away (alas!) since I made a pilgrimage to the Brompton Oratory every Sunday in a certain Lenten season to hear the Mass in

* "William Byrd: A Short Account of His Life and Work." By Edmund H. Fellowes. 6s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Five Parts by William Byrd, then revived under the direction of Mr. Arthur Barclay. On the first Sunday I went out of curiosity; on all the others I went out of joy; for the Mass seemed to me one of the loveliest compositions I had ever heard. I have heard it often since that time, and have found no reason for changing my early opinion. The devotion of many students from William Barclay Squire and Richard Terry to H. B. Collins and Edmund Fellowes have made our English Byrd better known to us, and we owe them all our gratitude. I think it rather a pity, therefore, that the one reference to Dr. Terry in the present tercentenary volume should be so ungracious as it is. Few people have served the cause of English music more nobly, and I, for one, in raising a glass to the immortal memory of William Byrd, shall not forget the man who, for many years, has enabled us to hear him so fully and so frequently.

Dr. Fellowes has compiled a pioneer volume. Hitherto there has been no book about Byrd, and the seeker after knowledge has had to quarry it out of larger treatises. In five lucid chapters Dr. Fellowes describes for us the personal history of the composer and the main divisions of his works—the Latin Church music, the English Church music, the miscellaneous vocal works and the music for instruments. To each of these sections is appended a list of the known compositions, and the volume is therefore not only a biographical sketch but a provisional bibliography. Dr. Fellowes has perceptibly increased the debt of gratitude which all lovers of English music owe him.



William Byrd (died 1623).
The only known portrait, from a rare Italian engraving in the Print Room of the British Museum.

As Byrd died in the year of the First Folio he is, in a sense, a specially Shakespearean composer. The fate of his innumerable compositions is therefore of interest to readers not specifically musical. One contemporary declares that Byrd is "never without reverence to be named of the musicians"; another calls him his "ancient and much reverenced Master"; another salutes him as "Britannicæ Musicæ Parens"; and even the clerk who recorded his death in the Chapel Royal cheque-book "adds (Dr. Fellowes tells us) to the bare entry of his name the significant tribute, 'a Father of Musicke.'" And yet this great musician dies with most of his work unprinted, and leaves a Will in which the word "music" never appears! He calls himself, not a musician, but "William Byrd of Stondon Place in the parish of Stondon in the Countye of Essex, gentleman." The fact that Shakespeare died leaving most of his works in manuscript, with a Will in which no mention is made of them, is somehow taken to prove that the real author was an Earl in disguise. I don't quite follow the reasoning, but the conclusion cannot be escaped. The only uncertainty seems to be that the *Illuminati* can't decide which Earl it was, or whether, after all, it may not have been only a Viscount. I commend to their ingenuity the strange case of William Byrd. The very name proves that there was no such person. A concealed maker of songs would of course call himself "Bird." The device is too thin. The names of the genuinely known musicians are notoriously unmusical and even plebeian. The subject cannot be pursued at the moment, but more will be heard of it. The privileges of the English peerage must be maintained.

William Byrd was not only a great writer for the voice, he was a pioneer in the realm of instrumental music. His fantasias for strings are among the earliest works of their kind, and his keyboard compositions are intrinsically beautiful as well as historically important. Thus, he was the father of the "Variation"; for if he was not actually the first to write in that form, he is the first we know whose works are of any value. It is interesting to note that one set in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book—the variations on "O mistris mine"—ends with a return to the original air, a device that Bach used a century later in the "Goldberg Variations" and Schubert a century later still in the "Death and the Maiden" quartet. Incidentally, we may remark that "Mr. Bird's Battell," comprising such sections as "The Martch to ye Fight," "Battell joyned," "Retrait," "Burying of the dead," anticipates what Mark Twain calls that venerable shivaree "The Battle of Prague"—to say nothing of the "Heldenleben," which itself is rather venerable.

A last word. When William Byrd lived and wrote, music was the possession of all, and not the privilege of a class or coterie. Under the Tudor monarchs, prince and peasant alike were not ashamed to sing. When we have courage to take music from the highbrows and give it back to Everyman, England will be once more as great in music as she has always been in poetry.

THE PROBLEM OF CHILDREN'S MUSIC.

By Rodney Bennett.

The sympathy aroused by Dr. Vaughan Williams's lament at having to listen twenty-six times on end to the same competition part-song would have been still

more live had it been known that the piece in question was a part-song for children; for though the average competition item for adults may be bad, the children's selections are usually much worse. This is unfortunate, since the repetition involved in the attempt to reach competitive excellence must obviously make a lasting impression upon the child's mind and memory and exercise a permanent influence upon its musical taste.

The problem of providing what will be at once popular and healthy for children has been generally better met in verse than in music. There are various things that the writer may do. He may choose a good incident or story, humorous or not, and recount it for what it is worth. If the story is good and the rhythm strong, hard words do not matter: the child will gladly assume the part in appreciating the whole. Browning and Barham achieved notable successes in this sort. You may be humorous, knockabout, nonsensical or frankly and absolutely idiotic and meaningless, as Carroll was several times, if you have rhythm. It is their capacity for appreciating mere rhythmic sound which makes children enjoy ballad refrains and counting out rhymes. You may indulge in sentiment, but you may not sentimentalise, because sentimentality involves the abstract, in which children have no interest whatever. Their chief requirement is a programme. In their verse they require in general and in detail something that they can picture, something concrete to see. No amount of prettiness will atone for the lack of this element. Another reason for the child's contempt for the sentimentality into which so many children's writers fall is that it conveys a subtle suggestion of patronage, an attitude which the sturdy independence of youth cannot abide. Your ten-year-old resents being written down to. If you wish to patronise him you must do it portentously, blatantly, as Lewis Carroll frequently does, and R. L. S. in such things as :

> " Children, you are very little,
> And your bones are very brittle."

You will then fall into the class of teases, very popular folk with peculiar gifts and discretions. You may, if you are a real children's genius, put yourself in their place, write from their point of view, with the brain of a man and the heart of a child. But this requires a peculiar power of imaginative projection, and sheer certainty of touch. The result is either inimitable success or blank failure. There is not an R. L. S. in every generation.

This question of words is worth full consideration because, as words are more important to children than tunes, success in writing songs for them will chiefly depend upon the choice of verse. If writers will remember that children's taste is much more catholic than is generally recognised, that they require a programme and that musically they are more interested in rhythm than in melody or harmony, they will be on the road to success. They can then, having chosen the right words and decided on the rather small compass in which the child's voice is really happy, rarely above F and comparatively rarely below the ninth below it, forget their particular object and let the words lead them to sort of simplicity and directness which Schumann achieved in his children's piano pieces.

These reflections are immediately prompted by three juvenile part-songs by Ernest Austin (J. H. Larway), which will probably be more acceptable to teachers than to the taught. Both words and music of " The Empty House " are too deliberately naïve and seem to patronise. In the second, " O Sleep is a net," Mr. Austin, who here is his own lyrist, runs towards the abstract and a prettiness too near the pretty-pretty. The third, " Dream Shadows," is better in words and music except when, in the last phrase of the first verse, there is a descent to an example of condescendingly banal music at its worst. " Calling out the fairies," a tone stanza for piano, will be better played to children than by them, for, though pleasant, it requires considerable technique; and by the time he is capable of this the child-player will be ready for more advanced subjects.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

THE FUCHSIA TREE. By Roger Quilter. (Winthrop Rogers.)

The words of this quaint song are from an old Manx ballad. Mr. Roger Quilter, entering into the spirit of them, has added a charming and haunting melody, which bears his usual distinctive touch. It is a song that would suit various types of singers, and as it is published in three different keys suitable for high, medium or low voices, it should prove an acquisition to all singers who are on the look out for uncommon songs.

LAST NIGHT I DREAMED. By E. A. Forbes Maclennan. (Augener.)

This is a recitative and aria with pianoforte accompaniment, both words and music being by E. A. Forbes Maclennan. It is dignified, with a freedom and rhythm that make it impressive.

PROMENADES. By Francis Poulenc. (Chester.)

Ten clever descriptive pieces, each one representing a different way of travelling—on foot, in the train, on a bicycle, in a motor-bus, in an aeroplane, in a boat, and so on. Full of movement, at first sight they will be viewed with dismay by all but skilful players with agile fingers—but they are well worth mastering.

VALE OF DAWN. By Daniel Wood. (Enoch.)

The music is reminiscent of various drawing-room songs of the past; it is tuneful and full of rhythm. We wish the author of the lyric, Miss Monica Chapman, had not rhymed "Dawn" and "gone" in the last verse.

FIVE SONGS. By Reginald C. Robbins. (Maurice Senart: Paris.)

Specially written for bass and baritone, these five songs are from a series by Reginald C. Robbins. Three have words by Keats, one by E. B. Browning, and one by Swinburne. An admirable set of songs.

The Drama.

DRAMA-LEAGUERS.*

There are five plays in Mr. Housman's volume; all pleasant reading, not all equally actable. A play is a hit-or-miss contrivance; it must fire at sight; and "The Torch of Time" relies too much on off-stage action to be theatrically effective. A similar delicacy, a literary rather than a dramatic quality, may be urged against "The Christmas Tree" and "The House-Fairy"—the latter oddly reminiscent of "The Land of Heart's Desire." "A Fool and His Money" is more crudely done—if the word crude can be applied to anything of Mr. Housman—and is proportionately more dramatic. But Prunella-lovers will return most joyously to "Moonshine," a dainty gossamer comedy of Pierrot and his traditional associates; in both theme and treatment "Moonshine" is Mr. Housman at his best.

There is less moonlight than limelight about "Up-Stream," a straightforward drama of the theatre cut to the safest of all dramatic patterns—human nature reacting excitingly, in circumstances remote or unusual enough to make the excitement credible. The scene is rail-head of a new line striking through the Amazonian jungle, a bad spot remote from civilisation and the ten commandments; the villain one Gillespie, engineer-in-charge; and when you find that his ward Gilda is a beautiful Brazilian half-caste you are forewarned against passions ruder than those of Maida Vale. Gillespie has dealt in slavery and even murder, but is now threatened with exposure by a young naturalist. Gilda, who firmly believes in Gillespie's virtue even when she must suspect that he intends to murder the naturalist, consents to guide the latter into an ambush by giving herself to him; but on second thoughts (this is where your scepticism is drugged by the familiar stage-convention about passionate half-breeds) decides to give away the plot instead. The young man takes treachery for granted even while he loves her—a keen touch, this—tells her the opposite of what he intends to do, and so goes to his death. And the girl's remorse, and realisation that she has never been trusted, bring down the curtain.

Mr. Turner makes his prefatory bow with a sort of guilty truculence, as anticipating the harsh treatment commonly dealt out to revolutionists. It seems almost sacrilege, like snoring in a soviet, to point out that his play is less revolutionary than he supposes. A thousand films have proved the value of his quick-changes and cut-backs, and his mechanics are within the power even of an English theatre. What is more open to question is the form of the play. It is called tragi-comedy; but it is more like old-fashioned farce, brought up to date with real-life characters. The Jew financier, Belvoir, the Young Men, the Egyptologist—all these are culled from the farce stock-pot to be re-hashed for consumption in a serious play; quite excellent, credible characters, too, though they retain their farcical flavour. From a good deal of serious discussion scattered over the play one gathers that the "smell" *motif* is allegorical of something or other. But smell surely is the wrong medium for the allegory? The smell-theme is farcical—fresher and perhaps subtler than throwing white-wash, but of the same order of funniness; Mr. Turner surrenders himself readily to the fun and makes the most of it, but in the course of all this knockabout (or sniff-about) business the allegory evaporates. And to the end it is not quite clear what it was, or what the philosophy of the three Chinamen had to do with it; or all that talk in the first act, and the picture discussed there; or why the old man in the art gallery should be the double of the sea-captain later on. In short the play gives one what the picture gave to the Young Man—". . . a most curious sensation. It's like the feeling that you are standing in the midst of a scene, but that at any moment the whole of it may crack and give way and you will fall right through. *First Young Man*: Where to? *Second Young Man*: Oh, God knows! Come on, let's go!"

G. S.

* "False Premises." By Laurence Housman.—"Up-Stream." By Clifford Bax.—"The Man Who Ate the Popomack." By W. J. Turner. 3s. 6d. each. (Basil Blackwell, for the British Drama League.)

THE CURIOUS HERBAL. THE GILDED WREATH. BELLE AND BEAU. By Constance Smedley. 1s. net each. (Duckworth.)

These three little plays in the Greenleaf Theatre series are intended for rhythmic presentation. The author's aim has been "to construct easy exercises of dramatic interest, which will equip actors with the love of rhythm and the conscious co-ordination of their faculties which should lead to the adequate presentation of greater rhythmic works. Drama proceeds from the roots of dance and music as well as speech, and cannot be divorced from any one of them and remain vigorous and beautiful." Miss Constance Smedley has chosen her themes with originality, and her rhyming is quaint and unforced. "Belle and Beau" was inspired by "the crisp and vibrant brightness of a fashion-plate in *Vogue*." It is a dance play for both fingers and toes, and together with the other playlets affords opportunity for a wide range of gestures and postures and—what is equally welcome—a goodly feast of colour and laughter.

PRINCESS PAVONA. THE BLACK CRINOLINE. By H. V. T. Burton. 1s. 6d. net each. (Hendersons.)

Two extravaganzas suitable for amateur theatricals in the open air or on a homely platform. They provide an excellent excuse for dressing up as comic kings and butcher-boys, wily wizards, princesses from fairy tales, and doctors from Harley Street. The dialogue is funny, and there are opportunities for music and dancing.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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COUPERUS.

By Stephen McKenna.

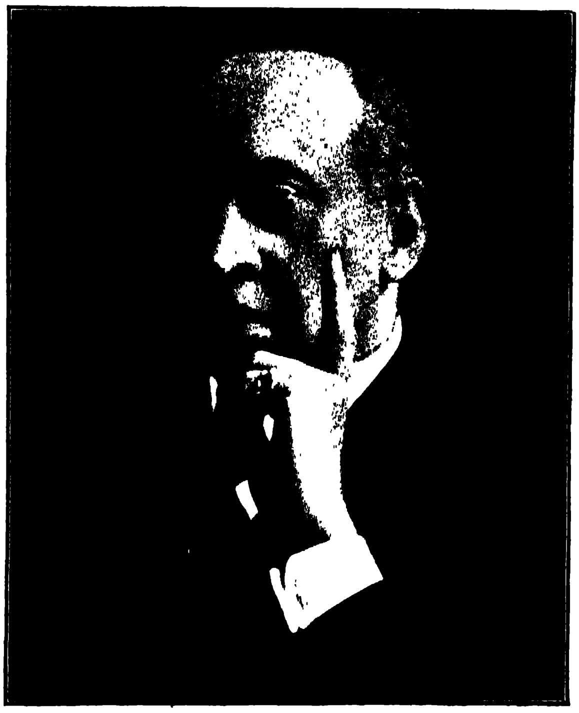


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Louis Couperus.**

Of all who read on the sixteenth of July that Louis Couperus[1] had died at the age of sixty, few were acquainted even with all his translated works, fewer still with those which remained still buried in their native Dutch on the death of his translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos,[2] in 1921. And fewest of all knew the man himself. Though I write as a humble friend and a devoted admirer, I enjoyed the friendship of Couperus for but the last two years of his life; I only know those of his books which have been translated into English. Though he had been writing for more than thirty years, less than a dozen of his novels had become naturalized in America and England; though he died full of honours — the greatest contemporary Dutch man of letters — the honours came late in life; and, though he travelled more widely than most writers of European reputation, he neither sought nor achieved a conspicuous social position.

Those to whom the death of Teixeira meant chiefly that there would be no more such Couperus translations, those to whom the death of Couperus means only that there will be no more Couperus novels to translate, may be surprised to recollect how lately these two names have become linked in their memory. To all but a few, this literary partnership was unknown until the appearance of the *Small Souls* series, in Teixeira's translation, ten years ago. When it became known, much as in the partnership between Sullivan and Gilbert, one school exclaimed: "What a translator to have!"; the other: "What an author to translate!"

Had he heard the first cry, Teixeira's voice would have rung above all others in leading the second. It was in the early months of the war that he asked me to read *Old People and the Things That Pass* and to give him an opinion unbiassed by personal predilection for Couperus. The greatness of the book and of the author were not in question; but translations — especially translations of abnormally long novels — were out of favour with publishers at the beginning of the war. "Before I give you the manuscript," he said, "I think you should have a short course of Couperus." And, with that, he introduced me to his own renderings of *The Books of the Small Souls.*[3] These—with *Ecstasy* and *Majesty*—had been published in America and were publishing in England; but their reception had hitherto not been enthusiastic. If Teixeira fancied that his "short course" could leave me unbiassed in favour of Couperus, he did less than justice to the original and to his own translation; but my admiration for these exquisite Dutch interiors faded before *Old People* as a man's admiration of an artist's tentative sketches fades before the finished masterpiece. From the first page to the last, the book bore the imprint of genius; and, if Teixeira hesitated to set the imprint of his own genius on the translation, I felt and said that he would be failing in his duty to himself, to Couperus and to his public. "The most reasonable of men", as the translator sometimes described himself, accepted this advice without resenting the vehemence with which it was offered. *Old People and the Things That Pass*, finished and polished to exhibit equally the incomparable quality of Couperus as a novelist and of Teixeira as a translator, was published by the enterprise of our friend Thornton Butterworth in October, 1919.

Couperus, who had hitherto enjoyed a more widespread popularity in the United States of America, now began to command a similar popularity in England. *Old People* struck again the epic note which Tolstoi had set ringing with *Anna Karenin* and which Hamsun was to sound in *Growth of the Soil.* Label-mongers

[1] Pronounced Coo-PAIR-ous.

[2] The abbreviated form of his name, here given, was the one that Mr. Teixeira employed invariably in literary work. Those who write or speak of him as "M. de Mattos" might equally well write of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon as "M. de Gordon."

[3] "The Small Souls"; "The Later Life"; "The Twilight of the Souls"; "Dr. Adriaan."

who kept their gaze lowered on "the novel of manners", "the novel of character", "the novel of atmosphere" and "the psychological novel" found their flimsy partitions rent by the majestic sweep of a novel that proved the reaction of "psychology" on "manners" and of "atmosphere" on "character":

> "*So gladly from the songs of modern speech*
> *Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free*
> *Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,*
> *And through the music of the languid hours,*
> *They hear like Ocean on a western beach*
> *The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.*"

Between the beginning of his English vogue in 1919 and the death of his translator in December, 1921, Couperus saw *The Tour, The Inevitable* and *The Hidden Force* translated into English for the first time, while *Majesty*, which Teixeira had translated in co-operation with Ernest Dowson in 1895, was retranslated and republished in the United States. None of them, I believe, attained to the popularity of *Old People* or of *The Books of the Small Souls*. A wit described the first as *The* Tour-de-force, the second as *The Inevitable Triangle* and the third as *The Force that Failed*. There is this much truth in the epigram: Couperus' weight of archæological learning pressed hard on the vitality of *The Tour*; it was easier to say of *The Inevitable* that two men and one woman constituted a hackneyed formula than to follow the working of the "inevitable" law whereby a woman turns back from the man she loves to the man who changed her from girl to woman. The "force" which the eternal east holds in reserve for her ephemeral European conquerors failed to convince many readers simply because it was "hidden": Couperus, who had lived in Dutch India as a child, omitted to say in words that, when the "force" could be explained, it would cease to be a force.

After an interval of some twenty years, Couperus and his wife visited England in the summer of 1921. They were entertained privately and publicly: Couperus was the guest of honour at dinners given by the Titmarsh Club and the Anglo-Batavian Society; and, if English readers had been slow to recognize a new genius, they may have atoned for the tardiness of their appreciation by the warmth of their welcome. Before leaving England, he confessed with emotion that neither in his own country nor elsewhere had he ever been accorded a like reception.

After a short stay in the Netherlands, Couperus set out with his wife for that part of the world which appears in his novels as "India" and which English readers call the "Dutch East Indies". He passed thence to Japan, where he was stricken by severe illness, and returned in 1922 to Holland. At no time robust, he never regained his old strength after his long illness in Tokyo: his last letters complain of physical exhaustion; and the blood-poisoning to which he succumbed must have assailed a system that had lost its power of resistance.

Short though his reign had been in England, the notices of his death agreed that, with Couperus, died the most eminent figure in contemporary Dutch literature and one of the most eminent figures in the contemporary literature of the world. The annals of criticism abound in premature predictions of immortality; and the critic who would strike out that word "contemporary" exposes himself to a more than ordinary risk. He should know something of all other Dutch men of letters before asserting that Couperus is the greatest. He must define "greatness" before claiming a place for any one with the greatest writers of all countries in all ages. Was Couperus a fashion? Or had his genius a quality that transcends all fashions?

He himself let fall in conversation that, when first visiting the north coast of Africa, he found among the Roman remains certain places which he was sure he had visited before. Round such-and-such a corner he knew that he would come upon such-and-such a temple. He put this premonition to the test and discovered that such-and-such a temple contained such-and-such an inscription, of which indeed he had been subconsciously aware before seeing it. He did not imagine imperial Rome, because he had lived in imperial Rome: the heat and cold, the sounds and smells, the "atmosphere" which permeates all his books are less a conscious artistic triumph than a triumph of unconscious memory. In *Majesty* he had been a king (and a diffident crown-prince and a truculent nihilist); in *Ecstasy* a young lover and the woman he loved.

This conviction of metempsychosis is the secret of Couperus' inspiration. The Hague under Queen Wilhelmina was not more familiar to him than Rome under Domitian. He could turn at will from Alexander the Great[4] to an east indian governor of the present day[5], from a young man's emotional discords in *The Tour* to the emotional discords of a young woman in *The Inevitable*. In *Old People* he ranges from infants to nonagenarians.

Couperus would give a conventional explanation of this versatility by confessing that something of himself went into each of his characters. He might have said that everything in his characters came out of himself. He knew intuitively, like Shakespeare and Browning, what no man could know by experience. This power of projecting himself is the key to such a book as *Old People*; it is the only answer to the recurrent criticism: "Couperus is too young to know this, too old to remember that"; it is also one reason, of many, to justify even the critics of his own day in deleting that "contemporary" qualification and in saluting him as the greatest figure among Dutch men of letters and as one of the greatest figures among men of letters in all ages.

[4] "Iskander."
[5] "The Hidden Force."

CHARLES LAMB AS CRITIC.*

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE literary criticism of Charles Lamb lies to a very large extent in seams and pockets throughout his writings. For this reason a book such as the present one, which gathers into one place a liberal selection of that criticism, is particularly welcome, more especially when it has been as

* "Lamb's Criticism." A Selection from the Literary Criticism of Charles Lamb, edited with an Introduction and Short Notes by E. M. W. Tillyard. 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

well chosen as, in this case, it has been by Mr. E. M. W. Tillyard.

Lamb's attitude to life and literature emerges clearly from the mass of his criticism. He is first and foremost a humanist. It is human life that interests him and, more especially, human life as revealed in its most passionate moments. This preference is revealed in his selection from the Elizabethan dramatic poets, a selection to which he himself referred later :

" When I selected for publication, in 1808, Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare, the kind of extracts which I was anxious to give were not so much passages of wit and humour, though the old plays are rich in such, as scenes of passion, sometimes of the deepest quality, interesting situations, serious descriptions, that which is more nearly allied to poetry than to wit, and to tragic rather than to comic poetry. The plays which I made choice of were, with few exceptions, such as treat of human life and manners, rather than masques and Arcadian pastorals, with their train of abstractions, unimpassioned deities, passionate mortals. . . . My leading design was to illustrate what may be called the moral sense of our ancestors. To show in what manner they felt, when they placed themselves by the power of imagination in trying circumstances, in the conflicts of duty and passion, or the strife of contending duties; what sort of loves and enmities theirs were; how their griefs were tempered, and their full-swoln joys abated. . . ."



Charles Lamb (1819).
From the water colour in British Museum by G. F. Joseph.

It is evident there that, as Mr. Tillyard remarks in his excellent introduction, " Lamb's fundamental concern was with the literature of human action rather than of fancy." It emerges with equal clearness in his review of Keats's " Lamia " volume, in which, while he gives generous praise to " The Eve of St. Agnes " and " Lamia " itself, his greatest enthusiasm is provoked by " Isabella and the Pot of Basil." " They," he writes, referring to the high-wrought fancies of " Lamia," " are for younger impressibilities. For *us* an ounce of feeling is worth a pound of fancy; and therefore we recur again, with a warmer gratitude, to the story of Isabella and the pot of basil." It is this same love of the human quality in literature which makes him set Heywood so close to Shakespeare. " I love them both equally," he wrote, " but Shakespeare has most of my wonder." And he tells us why :

" He possessed not the imagination of the latter ; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakespeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion ; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness ; Christianism ; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianism ; shine through his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakespeare, but only more conspicuous inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry."

In a letter to Southey he declares his preference of Wither to Quarles :

" Wither is like an old friend, whose warm-heartedness and estimable qualities make us wish he possessed more genius, but at the same time make us willing to dispense with that want. I always love Wither, and sometimes admire Quarles."

Two and a half years later, in a letter to Robert Lloyd, who had been reading Walton, he writes :

" The delightful innocence and healthfulness of the Angler's mind will have blown upon yours like a Zephyr. Don't you feel already your spirit *filled* with the scenes ?—the banks of rivers—the cowslip beds—the pastoral scenes—the neat alehouses—the hostesses and milkmaids, as far exceeding Virgil and Pope, as the ' Holy Living ' is beyond Thomas à Kempis."

All these instances—and I could multiply them indefinitely—show us Lamb the humanist. Had he been living to-day he would have preferred the poetry of Hardy and W. H. Davies to that of de la Mare and Flecker. But that he could appreciate also the fanciful and the artificial there is abundant evidence. We see it in his praise of " Lamia " and " The Eve of Saint Agnes," and we see it too in his splendid vindication of Sidney's poetry :

" The images which lie before our feet (though by some accounted the only natural) are least natural for the high Sydnean love to express its fancies by. They may serve for the loves of Tibullus, or the dear Author of the Schoolmistress ; for passions that creep and whine in Elegies and Pastoral Ballads."

And further on in the same essay :

" It is not a fever of passion wasting itself upon a thin diet of dainty words, but a transcendent passion pervading and illuminating action, pursuits, studies, feats of arms, the opinions of contemporaries and his judgment of them. An historical thread runs through them, which almost affixes a date to them ; marks the *when* and *where* they were written."

Yet even here Lamb remains a humanist, for though he defends Sidney's artificiality in the first of those two passages, in the second we see that he loves Sidney for the real passion and humanity which underlie his elaboration. To discover the real range of his appreciation we must turn to that wonderful essay of Elia's " On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century." If Lamb's chief characteristic were his only characteristic, he would hardly stomach Congreve, yet in that essay his relish of Congreve's comedy and his searching analysis of its detached, amoral quality, displays a first-rate critical mind.

Lamb shows often a remarkable power of putting into words the peculiar characteristic of a writer's style. In a letter to Coleridge he quotes a passage from Chapman's " Homer," of which this is a portion :

" as when of frequent bees
Swarms rise out of a hollow rock, repairing the degrees
Of their egression endlessly, with ever rising new
From forth their sweet nest ; as their store, still as it faded, grew,
And never would cease sending forth clusters to the spring,
They still crowd out so ; this flock here, that there, belabouring
The loaded flowers."

At the end of the quotation Lamb remarks, " What *endless egression of phrases* the dog commands ! " This surely is the best possible analysis of Chapman's style in that poem. Equally apt is the remark about the style of Jeremy Taylor—Jeremy Taylor, that is, at his best, as in " Holy Dying " and the sermons :

" Such were the riches of his fancy, that when a beauteous image offered, throngs of new coming images came up, and justled out the first, or blended in disorder with it, which imitates the order of every rapid mind."

Lamb could appreciate artificiality, I have said ; and no wonder, for what could be more artificial than some of the writings of Elia ? They do not escape the criticism of Lamb himself—" villanously pranked," as he says of them, " in an affected array of antique modes and phrases." But he vindicates them with the same excuse and with the same justice as in the case of Sidney : " They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such ; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him."

EDITH WHARTON.

By R. Ellis Roberts.

I

FEW modern novelists began with so perfect a book, finished in style and complete in manner, as did Edith Wharton. It is over twenty years since I read " The Valley of Decision," but I still remember the surprise and enjoyment which that book gave me as the promise of a new and original talent devoted to the art of the novel. It is her art which distinguishes Edith Wharton from most of her fellow-countrymen who write stories, and is the cause for the obvious but not very imaginative comparison so frequently made between her and Henry James. She is pre-eminently an artist. You can be a very good story-teller and have no conscious art ; you can also have no conscious art and be a very bad story-teller ; and you can have, as many young novelists are occupied in proving, a considerable knowledge of craft, a certain deft cunning in construction and no art, and no power of telling a story. Mrs. Wharton—and in this I can only compare her with Maurice Hewlett of her contemporaries—is a great artist and a very genuine and clever story-teller. She has no need to elaborate her psychology, with the motions of a blind and distracted kitten entangled in wool-work, because of a lack of invention and an inability to invent ; her psychological insight, her qualities of imaginative understanding are used to illustrate stories as thrilling, as humanly impressive and far more plausible than those of most popular novelists. She writes novels not because she wants to tell a story, but because she finds men and women, in their personal and public reactions, so fascinating that their lives fall into a pattern which she pictures for our pleasure.

Her first novel was an essay in a method she has never repeated—the method of " John Inglesant," or of " Marius the Epicurean": it contained a more explicit philosophy than she has since allowed herself, but it showed, I think, the same sane outlook on life, the same steady and encouraging humour, the same constructive irony which never drops into merely declamatory satire.

II

It is impossible to write of Mrs. Wharton without discerning the significance of her nationality. She is, since the death of Henry James, the most important American novelist ; and much of more recent American fiction derives from her to an extent not generally recognised either by its authors or its critics. The present mood in American fiction, and indeed in American letters, is one of deep dissatisfaction with American ideals. Standardisation, conservatism, herd-tyranny, Puritanism (for the other fellow), are all savagely attacked as things typically American. The ridiculous pretentions towards culture of the smaller communities, especially in the West, are laughed at ; the Brahminism of Boston is vehemently questioned ; and the pride of New York is denounced as something neither American nor European. I would not for a moment compare Mrs. Wharton with the cruder critics of American society ; but it is worth noticing that she has, in her novels, anticipated most of their arguments. Only she has written discreetly and artistically what they bawl into the ears of their fellow-countrymen, who must be in danger of thinking that Mr. Mencken is after all only an entertainer, like Mr. William Sunday. If your methods are too like those of the men you are abusing, you must forgive the ignorant and the hurried for thinking your object is not criticism but business and advertisement.

Not only is there a strong difference in manner between Mrs. Wharton and her younger disciples ; there is, to my mind, a difference in spirit between her and even so able a critic of America as the author of " Babbitt." Mr. Sinclair Lewis writes rather from anger than from pleasure. His nerves are exacerbated by the unloveliness of Main Street. He is fratchety and frayed when he hears his host say, " There's a dividend coming for you " ; and when for the twentieth time his hostess tells him " She's crazy about ——" he feels inclined to yell " I'm going just plumb crazy—with no about at all." He—and this is even truer of Mr. Mencken and of many in Mr. Stearns' group—is like the sensitive child in a large family, the child who cannot bear any longer the family convention, the family ragging, the family devotion and, above all, the family jokes. His genius is still negative rather than positive. He is a rebel without a Utopia.

Mrs. Wharton not only has her Utopia—I imagine she lives in it. All her criticism of American life—in the stories called " The Descent of Man," in " The Custom of the Country," in the wonderful piece of reconstruction, " The Age of Innocence "—is based on a very firm adherence to other and more definite standards. You cannot doubt as you read the life of Undine Spragg, to whom Mrs. Wharton's admiration is given, or what it is she admires in Ralph Marvell, whose tradition is

a variant of the English aristocratic tradition; she admires Raymond with his intelligible, consistent French standards—I do not mean for a moment that she thinks either Ralph or Raymond faultless: but each does know in what he believes, does know where he is going to, and who is going with him. This gives to all Mrs. Wharton's work a coherent unity. It is the same unity which makes Thackeray's world a world which, whatever else is true of it, is always intelligible, honourable and impossible not to take seriously, whether for praise or blame. Mrs. Wharton believes in society and its obligation; she is a foe to the vulgar anarchy which disfigures all modern industrial civilisations, and she is a foe to the mere selfishness and stupidity which have dethroned duty only to enthrone pleasure, the sterile.

III

The true history of American civilisation and of the American novel will only be written when someone attempts the true history of women in America. I suppose the women of no country have been so envied; and that none so deserve the pity of the world. "A niche and a box of nougat" is what the American man used to give his woman; nowadays, if we believe Mr. Fitzgerald and other fashionable novelists, he steals her synthetic whisky and gives her the stick. In American society fifteen, twenty years ago a girl was not expected to be anything but a charmer. An American lady getting into the sixties, said to me with regret, "Oh, we used to have a perfectly lovely time! Whenever we sailed to Europe, rows of boys would buy us flowers and candy." To be intelligent was fatal for a girl. The only bad habit a girl could have was reading; if she were found with a book before dinner she was treated as a pariah; if caught reading after dinner she was scolded as an unsocial failure. It was this standard which finally produced Undine Spragg. If you would measure the distance the fashionable world has travelled in a little under a hundred years, you have only to compare Undine Spragg with Becky Sharp. Both are courtesans at heart. Both are unscrupulous. Both are vulgar. Both are apparently irresistible. Yet is there any man of intelligence who would not admit he might have fallen a victim to Becky, and is there any man so stupid as to understand why Undine is charming? My only criticism of "The Custom of the Country" is that I cannot believe Ralph Marvell would have married Undine. Yet I am sure Mrs. Wharton is right. Even a cultured, intelligent American is so affected by the standard that he cannot help admiring Undine. The marriage with Raymond is different. Undine's point of view must always be unintelligible to this traditional Frenchman, with his family pride and his honour. He must take her convictions as merely opinions, and regard her character as merely the expression of a mood. Mrs. Wharton puts the conflict between them in the scene when Undine suggests to Raymond that he might sell Saint Désert:



Mrs. Edith Wharton.

"The incident left Undine with the baffled feeling of not being able to count on any of her old weapons of aggression. In all her struggles for authority her sense of the rightfulness of her cause had been measured by her power of making people do as she pleased. Raymond's firmness shook her faith in her own charms, and a blind desire to wound and destroy replaced her usual business-like intentness on gaining her end. But her ironies were as ineffectual as her arguments, and his imperviousness was the more exasperating because she divined that some of the things she said would have hurt him if anyone else had said them; it was the fact of their coming from her that made them innocuous."

In "The Glimpses of the Moon" Mrs. Wharton deals with the same problem in a different social class; but still finds the gravest fault to be that the relation between men and women in her country tends to become purely individual, to ignore social facts, family facts, not at the demand of principle but at the cry of pleasure.

There is, of course, another America. Mrs. Wharton in "Ethan Frome" and "Summer" has pictured it for us. Her preoccupation with a society in which human relations are thinned and unreal, a matter of money or of convenience, seems to give her a peculiar power when she writes of simple people with direct desires and unspoiled natures. She finds in the study of such a refreshment and a strength which she imparts to her stories; and I do not think you will find the art or skill of these two books equalled outside the work of Mr. Hardy. "Summer" is my favourite. I like it particularly for the courage which allows a public librarian to be a heroine. There are so many books which present schoolmasters or librarians as comic, or dull, or sordid, or pompous, mingy or mean, pretentious or simply pathetic. No doubt there are Scotch teachers in fiction which contradict me; but Scotch teachers are terrible, the only image allowed in Presbyterianism by the Shorter Catechism. There is nothing terrible about Charity Royall, and nothing terrible about her story. There is real dignity and

nobility in this drama of a soul's blooming, in the account of Charity's gradual undoing at the touch of young Harney. Her betrayal and desertion are inevitable. Her marriage may seem to some an anti-climax, but not to any who know the country. Women who love as Charity have no time for sentiment, and little place for romance. Harney, she has known in her heart, is bound to leave her sooner or later. She may have hoped he would have married her, but the hope is shattered when old Royall confronts the lovers in the little room.

" Since the fanciful vision of the future that had flitted through her imagination at their first meeting she had hardly ever thought of him marrying her. She had not had to put that thought from her mind ; it had not been there. If ever she looked ahead she felt instinctively that the gulf between them was too deep, and that the bridge their passion had flung across it was as insubstantial as a rainbow."

I do not know that Mrs. Wharton has ever done anything better than the pages in which, after Harney's departure, Charity is shown gradually realising her loss, her separateness : there is one exquisite touch. Harney has gone to New York, and given her a club address—" it seemed to raise an insurmountable barrier between them. . . . *She had never written to anyone further away than Hepburn.*"

Mrs. Wharton's work might be called " The Progress of America." In the making of that great country you have the best illustration of the old truth that it is more important to know where you are going than to go. Somehow the barrier between the international, globe-trotting American and the stay-at-home American has got to be surmounted. It is these latter which have roots, and are in contact with reality—somehow the others must gain that contact, while they give to the stay-at-homes something of that wider vision which the imaginative traveller achieves.

THE ART OF POETRY.*

BY ALFRED NOYES.

THIS book affords ample evidence of the great loss that has been sustained by English criticism in the death, last July, of the Oxford professor of poetry. Few critics had a wider range of knowledge, or a more just catholicity in appreciation, both of the old and of the new. But it would be unfair to its author if one did not say, at once, that the title of the book is somewhat misleading. It is by no means adequately representative of its author's range, nor does it attempt to deal in any systematic way with the subject-matter suggested by that historic phrase " The art of poetry." The lectures are, for the most part, charmingly conversational in tone. They touch, with an airy grace, the following subjects : Shelley, Samson Agonistes, Romantic Fallacies, Pope, Molière and Matthew Arnold. The lecture which gives its title to the volume has little to say on the technical side of the Art of Poetry. What it does say is said extraordinarily well, and it is meant for the reader who already knows a good deal of what is not said at all. For such a reader, here and there, in a seemingly desultory fashion, and more by allusion than by direct statement, glimpses are offered of a consistent theory —wide and deep—of the whole art. But the glimpses must be seized as they come, in single sentences at times. The effect is rather as if one were climbing a winding-stair in an old college tower, discussing its history, and getting occasional glimpses, through its windows, of a wide sunlit landscape, to which one's guide calls attention by a gesture, and somehow implies, without words, that there lies the important thing after all. But it is beautifully done ; and Professor Ker's theory is at one with that of the poets themselves throughout the ages. It is the theory, not of catastrophic destructions and special creations, but of steady development and evolutionary unity.

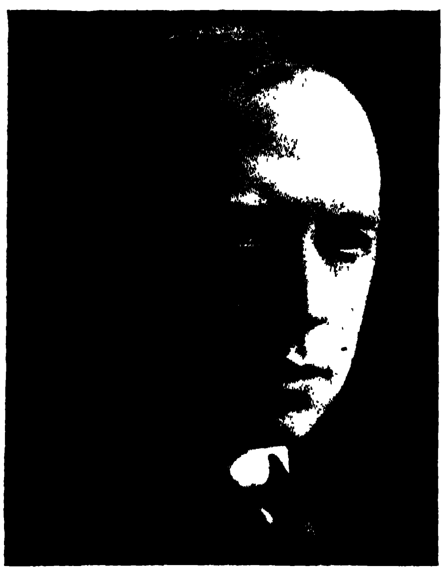


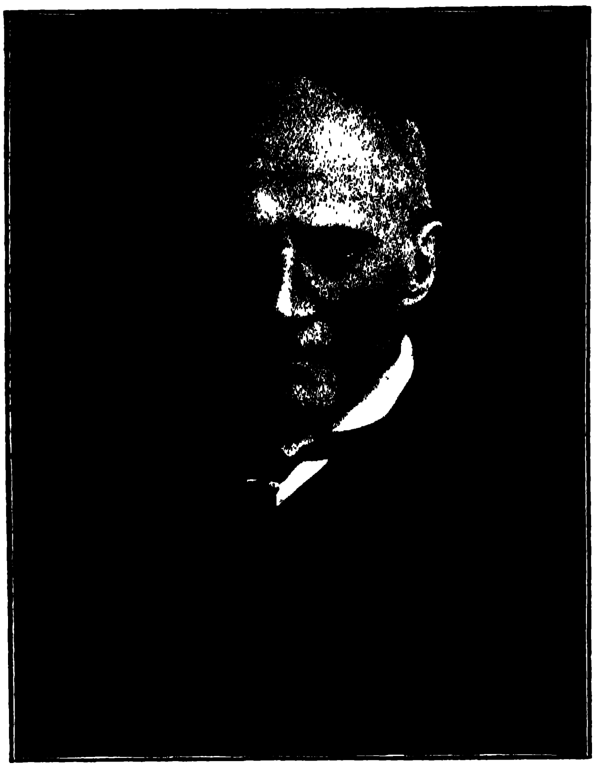
Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Alfred Noyes.**

At a time when ignorance is being tempted to believe that all new fashions in poetry must necessarily prevail, whether they be good or bad, sane or insane, it is interesting to observe that Professor Ker bases his whole discourse on some sentences written by Drummond of Hawthornden against a " new fashion in poetry " of his own day, and that after the lapse of centuries, the Oxford professor of poetry builds his own theory on the time-conquering sentences of Drummond. For him poetry was " the height of eloquence ; the quintessence of knowledge ; the loud trumpet of fame ; the language of the Gods. There is not anything endureth longer. She subsisteth by herself, and after one demeanour and continuance her beauty appeareth to all ages. In vain have some men of late (transformers of everything) consulted upon her reformation, denuding her of her habits, and those ornaments with which she hath amused the world some thousand years. Poesie is not a thing that is in the finding and search, being already condescended upon by all nations and, as it were, established *jure gentium* amongst Greeks, Romans, Italians, French, Spaniards."

But Drummond of Hawthornden was no mere praiser of the past. He valued it because it was the only foundation of the present and the future. The greatest failure of most contemporary criticism has been its inability to make this simple distinction between the reactionary, the progressive believer in development, and the ignorant and perverse destroyer. It insists that there are, and can be, only the first and last of these ; and though, by every analogy, in the

* " The Art of Poetry." Seven lectures, 1920–22, by W. P. Ker, Professor of Poetry, Oxford. 6s. (Clarendon Press.)

affairs of the state, and in every department of human life and thought, there must seem to be no other progress than that which is based upon the achievements of the past, so much of our literary criticism in modern journalism has been left, necessarily, to the tyro and amateur that even this elementary principle is being obscured. There is usually no historical sense, no background, no standard, nothing but a secret conviction that self-conceit and self-assertion, in a world of arbitrary opinions, will make a quick road to a reputation over the ruins of the past. But even this trivial hope is vain; for, even if it could be achieved, no bubble could be briefer than a reputation without roots, floating in the empty air, at the mercy of every puff of opinion. And it cannot be achieved in that way. English poetry is rooted in European poetry. Drummond of Hawthornden draws his life, as Spenser and Milton drew theirs, from the great tradition of the Renaissance, itself a continuation of a tradition.



Phot by Elliott & Fry. **Professor W. P. Ker.**

" With this reality in their mind," says Professor Ker, " the poets are justified to themselves in arguing that Poetry has not to be invented anew and is not to be trifled with. Drummond in his respect for authority is quite different from the mere critics who preach up the Ancients. Anyone can do that. But the poet who belongs to a great tradition of art, transcending local barriers of language, is in a different case altogether. His poetic life is larger than himself, and it is real life."

Nothing could be better said. Nothing could be more salutary, at the present moment, if it could be hoped that anything so abstract as a principle, or anything so delicate as the simplest of distinctions between cognate ideas, could be apprehended by the majority of those to whose barbaric axes and hammers the greatest literary tradition the world has ever known has been delivered for reduction to chaos.

Professor Ker, for instance, shows how the poets, bound together in a common European life, as the branches of a tree are bound together in the trunk, draw the same patterns, follow the same rules of thought and melody through all ages. He shows the use that Drummond made of the tune of Petrarch. He quotes Dante on a certain metrical formula :

" The most noble verse, which is the hendecasyllable, if it be accompanied with the verse of seven, yet so as still to keep the pre-eminence, will be found exulting higher still in light and glory."

He traces the influence of this metrical formula and shows how it becomes, in England, the ten and six-syllable harmony, and how the noblest thoughts in England have gone to this tune; though, before the poet breathed his individual life into it, the thing was as abstract as a geometrical diagram.

" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies."

Spenser, Milton, Arnold, Keats all used it, in modified forms, with no more loss of originality than a musician suffers who uses the same, or almost the same, instruments as a predecessor. Curiously enough, the two crowning examples of its use in English Professor Ker omits to mention. One is Swinburne's magnificent " Song of Italy "; the other is Alice Meynell's quieter, more subtle and more exquisite comparison of the year's procession of flowers with the unpredictable thoughts of the poet--

" For I have learnt the years
and know the yet
Leaf-folded violet. . . ."

The essay on Matthew Arnold (with that on Pope) is perhaps the best part of the book; but its opening paragraphs suggest a criticism. It was delivered shortly after Professor Walter Raleigh's death. " Let me say at once," it begins, " that I have no funeral sermon to pronounce, and that even if I had at command the noblest of prose sentences about life and death I would not speak them." Professor Ker then proceeds to use sentences which are—presumably—" correct " because they are deliberately not the noblest and are chiefly concerned with the technique of expressing grief. He suggests that, in some way, to use the noblest sentences (the really noblest) would be a display of " false rhetoric."

There is surely a confusion of thought here leading to the very artificiality which, admittedly and rightly, he is trying to avoid. The ideal of reticence is one to be respected, and one knows exactly how the confusion originated.

But a distinction must be made between the real strength of natural reticence and this concern with the technique of reticence. The educational effect of this latter method was illustrated by the chief speaker at a recent educational conference, who told a story of two schoolboys at a play. One of them, impressed by a tragic scene, relieved his feelings by the exclamation, " My hat ! " To which the other promptly replied, " Don't gush ! "

The average Englishman's shrinking from poetry and the arts is not unconnected with this inverted sentiment. It has its good side; but this must not blind us to its very great evils. If we detach the words from the occasion the mistake is evident. To suggest that the really noblest words are less true than words about the technique of sorrow, is to strike the very key-note of all that is wrong with education in our schools and colleges. Lincoln at Gettysburg proved that true emotion can clothe itself

in the noblest of prose sentences without thought of whether schoolboys in the audience would glance disapprovingly at each other, or shrink from his bad taste in expressing his own heart and mind. Professor Ker would not, of course, maintain the contrary; but the momentary confusion of ideas in a paragraph which was finely intended, does lead directly to the suggestion that there is an essential kinship between really noble words (not pseudo-noble words) and falsehood. This kind of thing is destructive of literature. It has already brought about an almost farcical situation in this country to-day. There is, for instance, hardly any poet in England to-day who will write a poem on any national subject whatsoever, no matter how profoundly he may be moved by it. That is tacitly accepted, because the mysterious edict, "don't gush," has gone forth and it is held that—no matter how it may be treated—the very nature of the subject is impossible to poetry and essentially akin to "false rhetoric." One may be fully alive to the soul of good in this inhibition; but it ought not to be forgotten that the rule is one that would have eliminated a great part of the highest poetry of the world. It ought not to be forgotten that if such poetry be "rhetorical," there is a true rhetoric, in the finer classical sense of the word, a rhetoric which is the natural form through which the impassioned heart and mind expressed themselves in Homer, in Virgil, in Shakespeare, in Milton, and even in the "poets' poet"—Shelley. "The Ode to the West Wind," from its opening apostrophe to its final "rhetorical question," is a perfect example of true rhetoric—the rightness of which can only be estimated by its exact consonance with the true feeling which it embodies. As a writer in *The Times* said recently, "Wherever men believe or love or hate with passion and sincerity there they will be found sometimes going beyond ordinary language in the effort to express an experience which is more than ordinary." One may affirm that Shelley's burning torrents of words are often exquisitely right, while the choked stage reticence of the actor-manager is often exquisitely wrong. Even in this matter things are by no means always what they seem; and the confusion between really noble words, or true rhetoric, and falsehood, or pseudo-rhetoric, which has been worse confounded by our English system of education, has helped to produce chaos in literary criticism. It has added to the modern misunderstanding of some of the greatest masterpieces of the past, and especially of the nineteenth century. In his own practice, of course, Professor Ker—as I said at the outset—was one of the most catholic-minded critics of his time. But even he is so far influenced by the mode that, after quoting the "Cloud," the "Skylark" and the "Ode to the West Wind," he deliberately ends his lecture with the following sentence: "One simple fact may be observed in all these poems. They are none of them stanzas written in dejection." One can enjoy that refusal to say more. One can almost see the cryptic smiles exchanged between lecturer and audience as he leaves the platform. But it must not be forgotten that the smiles *are* cryptic; and that it might have been more logical to leave the platform with the last line of the poem, and say nothing at all, even to evoke the smile.

In the body of his lectures, where he does say more, and gives us those wide glimpses of the world of poetry, he is always illuminating and richly suggestive. He suggests that the failure of Arnold to appreciate Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" arose from his inability to grasp what might be called their element of serious parody:

> "To every man upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late."

Arnold regarded this simply as a platitude. But Professor Ker thinks it was a deliberate reproduction of the old ballad convention. I am not at all sure of this, or of the validity of the argument. But certainly Arnold made the common mistake of comparing the passage with something quite remote from the author's aim, a sublime passage in Homer. Professor Ker does Arnold himself a service by elucidating some of the less obvious qualities of his poetry and showing his kinship with other members of the great body of European poetry, militant here on earth. In dwelling upon Arnold's reproductions of ancient poetry, in "Empedocles," "Merope" and other works, he overlooks one great modern influence; or more probably—he "refrains" from mentioning it. The atmosphere and the very cadences of the Songs of Callicles are to be found in Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters." So also are those of the "Forsaken Merman." Arnold's blank verse is continually prolonging the music of the "Morte D'Arthur." "Thyrsis" and the "Scholar-Gipsy," too, publish their great debt to Keats in every stanza. The position of the six-syllabled line and the rhyme arrangement come quite directly from the "Ode to the Nightingale." In the line,

> "And we should tease her with our plaint in vain,"

the word "tease" is an echo from the "Ode on the Grecian Urn"—"thou dost tease us out of thought."

Pindar is quoted as a source; the third Pythian Ode; and Lycidas; but not the clear spring at the door. This shunning of the obvious is probably one of the consequences of the spirit which I criticised above. It is regrettable from the general point of view; but it does not prevent Professor Ker personally from developing his main argument—that all those debts are of the right kind, debts which the later poet can justify by his own poetic and intellectual solvency; and by the fact that he is *developing* a great tradition. Arnold's own work, like that of the greatest of his predecessors, Milton or Wordsworth, is rich in associations and memories. It shares in its own branches the sap of a European tree.

Desultory all these lectures are, passing from quotation to brief anecdote, and from anecdote to criticism. Professor Ker quotes a curious experience of Shelley near Oxford, for which I think there is a quite simple explanation that has never been given. Shelley was walking in a part of the country where he had never been before when he suddenly caught a glimpse of a long low hill behind a windmill. He was immediately overcome—almost to ghostly terror—by that strange feeling, which many others have experienced, of having seen that very place in a dream, or in a former existence.

The explanation is, surely, that Shelley was a Sussex man. Undoubtedly he had actually seen something

very like that windmill and that long low hill a thousand times before. But coming on it unexpectedly his mind played him the curious trick which it played upon Rossetti also:

> "I have been here before,
> Though when or how I cannot tell."

Professor Ker points out how much Shelley achieved by poetic invention, using well-known elements; how the stanza of the "Skylark," for instance, is related to Spenserian and Miltonic experiments with the alexandrine. Indeed throughout the book (and this is its real value) Professor Ker effectively disposes of the idea that originality is ever to be achieved by cutting one's roots. There is a theory among some recent writers that the poet must be always hunting for new words, new phrases, new measures, quite unrelated to the old. But real newness never comes by hunting. It comes from within, and, for its expression, often depends on the old shades of meaning, the memories, the associations of words; even the faded and half-forgotten colours that can be evoked from them. It is in their recombination to the new inner purpose that new forms of expression are developed. But the process is a slow one. The new magic is born in the old measures that can be suffused with life (as an old flute takes the breath of a new player), or in the measures that can be developed into their natural successors. It has been so for thousands of years without a break, except where a nation fell. To-day the word *cliché* has become a *cliché*, for use on all occasions. I have even seen a list of the flowers which it is no longer permissible to mention in English poetry because they have all been mentioned before. The only flower allowed by that list—so far as I could discover—was "Old Man's Beard," and this has been used since, so that it is now no longer permissible to mention any English flower at all. But even the most complete ignorance of the nature of a *cliché* cannot be allowed to work this havoc, and in fact the recent shallow theory of the *cliché* has no meaning to any writer who has passed the elementary stages of his craft. The word that is lifeless in its wrong use will always glow with life in its right use:

> "Bright is the ring of words
> When the right man rings them."

"Bright"! What a *cliché*! The *ring* of words! What a *cliché*! "The right man"! What a *cliché*. Yet it is an immortal little lyric and it expresses the whole philosophy of the matter. The whole value of language resides in the fact that it is a traditional growth, and that its words are agreed upon, as "current coin." "The night is dark" is a *cliché*. If I invent a word and say "the night is *glob*," I am saving myself from a *cliché* and also from comprehension. When I spoke of "current coin" I was using a *cliché* and, in its context, it was right to use it because it exactly expressed the meaning which I wanted to express and it would be understood by the reader. There are other occasions when it might be rightly condemned as a banality; but in all such cases it would only be because it was a loose makeshift, not exactly fitting the thought it was designed to express. It is the phrases that are not common that one has more often no right to use; exceptional phrases that are the private property of their maker; and even these may sometimes be used, when they have been brought by age into that great treasure-house of memory upon which Milton used to draw. But it is time the truth were told about the attempt to use the parrot-cry "*cliché*" for the depreciation of true and spontaneous poetry and the sustainment of that which has no inner life and merely hunts the "scarlet" word. There is of course a small soul of good in it, useful to the tyro or schoolboy in the elementary stages of learning how to write a letter home. But to waste time on the serious criticism of any writer who was not beyond the necessity for nursery legislation would be useless in any case; and to pretend that the screeches of a nursery can convey a serious opinion on the Ninth Symphony is carrying patience too far. Yet this is exactly what the modern world has been doing. The tyros have been trying to apply their nursery rules to great artists like Tennyson and other masters of the nineteenth century. Young gentlemen who have just mastered the five-finger exercises are expressing contemptuous opinions both of Chopin and Paderewski. Young ladies sit upon the keyboard and express the emphatic conviction that the resultant sound places them amongst the greatest composers of all time, and the press, the great, kindly cynical, contemptuous press, encourages them for the sake of copy, knowing that they will be swiftly superseded by another generation that cannot be worse and may be better.

But in the meantime the words of wise old Drummond are in danger of being forgotten. "Poesie is not a thing that is in the finding and search." Spontaneous poetry does not have to hunt for the "scarlet word." When men are deeply moved from within they never do this. No hunter of scarlet words could ever have found the banks and braes of Bonny Doon.

The master of language is he who can forget his instrument while he is expressing his thought in music; and this mastery can only be obtained by accepting the language of the past and developing it with devotion and reverence.

SIR HENRY J. WOOD AND HIS WORK.

By WATSON LYLE.

THERE is no one more prominently before the musical public of Great Britain than Sir Henry J. Wood. In Queen's Hall, last month, he began the twenty-ninth season of the concerts, the promenades, which he inaugurated, and which will always be indissolubly linked with his name. The Queen's Hall Promenades which the young conductor of twenty-four years old offered to the London public were, from the outset a distinct advance in culture over the Proms. at Covent Garden running until a few years previously. There were also, of course, the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, inspired by the late Sir August Manns, which ran from 1855–1900, and the similar work of the New Philharmonic Society (1852–79) with its sphere of usefulness

carried on until 1883 by the Orchestral Concerts of the late Mr. Wilhelm Ganz.

There is a still further advance in the programmes of the present day Proms. upon those of the initial efforts, although these energetically tilled the virgin soil opened up by the spade work of their predecessors alluded to. Slowly, but surely, that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which has been given as a definition of genius, but which is actually only the indispensable henchman that helps genius to assert itself, enabled Sir (then Mr.) Henry J. Wood gradually to raise the level of appreciation among the many thousands who owe their love and knowledge of what good music is, and of its place in human life, to his guidance.

He has a genius for seeing well ahead, for gauging, and noting, the leanings of his audience, and for skilfully training up his enormous musical family in the way it should go, by the process, chiefly, of giving it less, and less, of the lollipops its former over-indulgent mentors accustomed it to. The lower level stuff, that which someone has termed "the bold, bad ballads," now occupies a comparatively small part of the evening.

For the rest, experienced concert-goers have come to regard the Proms. as a foretaste of the novelties in composition that may be looked for when the autumn and winter concert season proper begins.

A couple of months or so before the commencement of the Proms. in August, their conductor is hard at work upon the preliminaries. In fact, as early as the month of May he is often busily engaged giving auditions to new soloists, and also preparing to fill any gaps that the autumn season may threaten in the ranks of the orchestra. Another very important and arduous duty of this period is the compilation of the programmes, and the selection of new works by both British and foreign composers.

Then, while the season is running, there are rehearsals twice, and sometimes thrice weekly, during mornings, in addition to the tremendous nervous and mental strain entailed in conducting the performance of works of practically every school of musical thought for six nights weekly over ten consecutive weeks.

Yet such is his tireless energy that the last ten days of the Proms. may find Sir Henry engaged upon his series of fortnightly Saturday afternoon Symphony Concerts, begun in 1896, for which the selection of programmes and soloists is even more exacting; and on the Sunday afternoon concerts.

At rehearsals Sir Henry works hard with his orchestra, and if the day is hot, as it usually is at this season, one may find him in his shirt sleeves, deeply interested in a score, encouraging here, admonishing there, and contriving in general to get the best out of his forces. About twenty minutes is given to the rehearsal of the concerto, but I have known him to increase that allowance so that all those engaged in the performance might achieve complete uniformity of outlook.

These are aspects of the conductor's work that are often overlooked, if indeed they are ever realised, by the general public.

Personally, I am often amazed at the freshness with which Sir Henry can endow even familiar classics at the public performance in the evenings. His readings are carried through by means of a perfectly legitimate and restrained technique. His use of the baton is free from the exaggerated gymnastics, the leap-frog gyrations of certain conductors that are disconcerting both to audience and orchestra, nor does he employ the inflexible, metronomic mannerisms of others which are scarcely less artificial in effect. The unforced naturalness of Sir Henry's interpretations compel attention, and even when they do not agree with one's personal ideals they inevitably impress by their sincerity.

For he loves his art, and his feelings for his audiences at the Proms. and Symphony concerts partake of intimate personal association. As he talks of his public, and of their appreciation of good music, there steals into his face the half-wistful, half-hopeful expression of a fond parent regarding the growth of a child, and looking back, reminiscently, to anxious, early years.

Speaking about the Symphony concerts to me one afternoon several months ago, he pointed out, with pride, that the performance of a symphony was no longer interrupted by applause between the movements, that the audience now appreciatively waits until the whole work has been performed before expressing the measure of their approval. A notable step forward this in appreciation, for it indicates an intelligent effort to understand the form and construction of the symphony, and at least a realisation that the various movements are only sections of an artistic entirety, instead of being complete in themselves.

Sir Henry has a high opinion of our nation as musicians and artists, both in the ranks of soloists and orchestral players, and the preponderance of works by British composers in the new works included each season in his programmes is proof, if such were needed, of his confidence in his countrymen as creative musical artists.

He considers that a great mistake made by many of our students, and by the rank and file of professionals too, is in going out so seldom to hear the performances of others—especially of those already among the Olympians. More may be learnt in a few hours by the student who attends the recital of a big artist, than if he were to remain in his own studio and study intensively for months. Even the recitals of lesser mortals are valuable in this way, and at all times the earnest student should understand that it is just as important to realise how not to do a thing, as how to do it, for that critical attitude of mind helps towards the final success.

Many young artists, too, never dream of listening to those in other branches of the profession than their own. Vocalists will not trouble to hear, and may openly avow their contempt for the art of a great pianist; and pianists may scorn to attend the recital of a great violinist. This attitude of mind narrows the view and hinders artistic development.

Sir Henry consistently practises the artistic dogma which he preaches and adheres to the habit formed in his student days abroad of going to hear all the great artists that he possibly can. One may often see him among the audience at West End concert halls, listening to the musical point of view of others, including musicians in his own particular branch of the art—conductors. He may even snatch a hurried visit to some provincial centre, or to the Continent, from his own strenuous

duties, to hear a famous artist, or a new work, and study the methods of its conductor.

I remember an occasion not long ago when I was in the artists' room at Queen's Hall chatting to a dear friend who had just finished his performance as soloist at the orchestral concert then in progress in the hall. Presently Sir Henry came into the room and invited us to go and listen with him in the wings to a distinguished foreign composer who was conducting specially a performance of a work of his which was already pretty familiar here, and which indeed Sir Henry had introduced to English audiences. However, score in hand, the Englishman followed the composer's own reading of his work so that he (Sir Henry) might present it faithfully, as intended by its creator, to the public in future. The incident served to emphasise the conscientiousness of the great conductor, even towards a work that was comparatively insignificant and avowedly light in aim. Indeed he kept us amused by his imitative anticipation of most of the humorous intimations that were being contrived by the composer in conducting the performance.



Sir Henry Wood.

From a caricature by Kapp in his brilliant book of caricatures, "Reflections," published by Mr. Jonathan Cape.

He is one of the most delightful, and most fluent, conversationalists I have ever met. He has, it goes without saying, met most of the famous instrumentalists and vocalists of the last two or three decades, and much of his conversation is punctuated by the relation of interesting anecdotes about, and experiences with, celebrities. He has indeed a truly remarkable memory both for affairs of everyday life and for data more directly concerned with his profession.

He is devoted to country life and lives as much as he possibly can at his home in a delightful part of one of the home counties. London as a place to live in has changed very much, he thinks, in the last twenty years or so and not for the better in point of attractiveness, with the strident noises of its traffic, and the heat and strenuosity of its means of transit.

His busy life, conducting in London and the provinces, has not interfered with his art in other directions. He has given the wider appeal of the orchestra to several works for solo instruments by his orchestral arrangements of them. One of the most effective and delightful that I can remember at the moment is his arrangement for orchestra of Moussourgsky's suite for pianoforte, "Pictures from an Exhibition." One of these pictures is concerned with a description, in terms of music, of the sounds made by little chicks when hatching. The Russian composer managed to suggest this aptly enough via the limited tone-colour of the pianoforte, but Sir Henry Wood's amplification of the piece for orchestra fully justifies the transcription. One hears not only the chirps and "peep, peep" of the tiny prisoners, but the cracking of the shells as well!

Pictorial art represents another of his interests outside of music, and he is an amateur artist of considerable skill.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SEPTEMBER, 1923.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

" The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses ; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account, in not more than two hundred words, of " The Happiest Day in My Life."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Constance Pendlebury, of " Braeside," Hayfield Road, Chapel-en-le-Frith, and Deric Harris, of " The Willows," Westbourne Avenue, Hull, for the following :

WHILE THE BEGGAR FIDDLER PLAYED.

In the coloured hour when the shadows climb
The eastern wall of the square,
The city softly breathes for a time,
While the dusk up-wells
And the tower bells
Caress the quiet air.

In this dimming hour as I walked alone
Across the shadowy square,
I heard the beggar's fiddle moan,
Then lift its note from that undertone
And thrill the quiet air.

And while the beggar fiddler played,
The traffic beyond the square
Was a race of shadows across the shade,
And nothing lived but the spell he laid
Upon the quiet air.

As I heard the beggar's fiddle sing
Above the city square,
I felt the earth was an alien thing,
Of a strange fleet beauty strangely wrought,
And I knew why men in the old time thought
That heaven was otherwhere.

CONSTANCE PENDLEBURY.

LITTLE THINGS.

There is great beauty in the flight of birds
Across the ploughed fields, sodden after rain ;
And there is beauty in the muck-heaped carts
Drawn by slow horses down the little lane.

And beautiful are pigs, and geese, and ducks,
And fussy hens, pecking the muddy ground.
But greater beauty comes when all these things
Are lost in night's embrace, and there's no sound

Except from little timid, frightened things,
Like mice, and bats ; too shy to face the light,
And so must wait the dying of the day ;
The coming of impenetrable night.

Then their unconscious beauty quickens life,
And as each on its little journey goes,
It knows not it is one with sea, and sky,
The nightingale, the cowslip and the rose.

DERIC HARRIS.

We also select for printing :

" BUT SWEET FOR ME NO MORE —."

Oh, purple was the lavender and purple was your gown.
My soul was bare beneath your eyes—I flung my passion down,
An offering beneath your feet, upon the path you trod.
The sweet scent of the lavender seemed incense unto God
Who looked from out the eyes of you, your eyes of golden brown—
And purple was the lavender and purple was your gown.

My soul is locked within my breast a withered thing and cold—
(Such bitterness for those who give—where all is bought and sold !)
I saw God's meaning in your eyes, while deep within your heart
Your empty laughter mocked at me, the while you played your part—
A dainty part to play awhile—the sunbeams glimmering down
On purple of the lavender—and purple of your gown.

(Dorothy Hope, Southwold.)

The replies received this month are numerous, as usual, but even the prize lyrics are not so good as they should be. The first has an ambiguous ending which might be taken to reflect on the fiddler ; the second has an idea, and this atones for some flaws in its lyrical utterance. We commend the lyrics by G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), I. M. Old (Saltburn), Alice Youle Hind (Brighton), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), A. Nardin (Sydney), Dora A. Patterson (Middlesbrough), Una Cheverton (Chatham), G. C. Comfort (New Barnet), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), Violet Penney (Liverpool), Pamela Marsh (London, E.C.), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Mary Frances Nason (Broadway), Liam P. Clancy (Tufnell Park), Vivien Ford (London, S.W.), R. Fortescue Doria (Cheltenham), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), V. P. Kitchin (Château d'Œx), " G.E. Messenger " (Bexhill-on-Sea), J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington Park), Eileen Carfrae (London, S.W.), A. M. Kiernan (Davos), H. E. Bates (Rushden), E. C. Wallis (Palestine), " John P. Jones " (Bolton), T. S. Ewing (Glasgow), Pauline Meadows (Teddington), A. Irene Shephenson (Aberdeen), Kathleen Ida Noble (London, E.), Maris Johns (Harrogate), H. Drury (Streatham), Rev. C. F. Miles-Cadman (Natal), Kathleen A. Braimbridge (Kidderminster), Joan Vale (Moss Vale, N.S.W.), Molly Young

(Cropton), H. St. Barbe More (Bunbury, Western Australia), Isobel Sim (Natal), Mabel Greenwood (Thame), W. A. Jary (Blackpool), Marion Peacock (Horsham), M. Perry (Hampstead), Agnes Frances Alexander (Cambuslang), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), William MacDermott (Glasgow), Freda Isobel Noble (London, E.), Rudolf Robert (West Kensington), S. F. Downing (Lincoln), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Paul Goadby Gregory (New York), H. J. Batty (East Dulwich), Audrey Kings (Pretoria), Archie L. Pearce (Sydenham), H. Ross (Hove), E. A. Havelock (West Ealing), Frances Porteous (Kippen), Elsie E. Hollingworth (Wath-on-Dearne), May Rowland (Eastbourne), Ian Kelway (Moretonhampstead), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), F. Pratt Green (Wallasey).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. F. Hern, of Rowlands Castle, Hants, for the following:

PAGAN CORNER. BY C. M. A. PEAKE (Methuen)

"Where there aren't no ten commandments"

KIPLING, *Mandalay*

We also select for printing:

THE ASTONISHING ADVENTURE OF JANE SMITH. BY PATRICIA WENTWORTH. (Melrose)

"She drew an angel down!"

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast.*

(Lorna Leatham, "The White House," Neville's Cross, Durham.)

THE HOPEFUL JOURNEY BY BEATRICE KEAN SEYMOUR (Chapman & Hall.)

"Simple Simon met a Pieman
Going to the Fair"

Nursery Rhyme

(D. Hodgson, All Saints' Nursery College, Harrogate.)

WHEN VALUES CHANGE. BY FRIDA SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson)

"Penny wise, pound foolish."

Old Proverb.

(Phillis Rees, 116, Newton Street, Macclesfield.)

THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD BY A CHERRY-GARRARD. (Constable)

"Does the road wind up-hill all the way?
Yes, to the very end."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

(C. F. Rathbone, "Cherwell," Woodville Road, Harborne, Birmingham.)

WHEN VALUES CHANGE. BY FRIDA SINCLAIR. (Hutchinson.)

"When everyone is somebodee
Then no one's anybody"

W. S. GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Phyllis Warrell, 375, Camden Road, Holloway, N.7.)

THE CHILD AT HOME. BY LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. (Nisbet)

"(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!")

HOOD, *A Parental Ode to my Son.*

(John A. Bellchambers, 1, Clifton Villas, Highgate Hill, N.19.)

THE MAN BEHIND BY G. B BURGIN (Hutchinson)

"In Mathematics, Woman leads the way"

W. S GILBERT, *Princess Ida's Speech*

(M. A. Lotz, "Milford," 13, Belvedere Grove, Wimbledon Common, S.W.)

THE MAN BEHIND. BY G. B BURGIN. (Hutchinson)

"He led his regiment from behind
He found it less exciting."

W. S GILBERT, *The Gondoliers.*

(Sidney S. Wright, "Kinkora," Swanley, Kent.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best brief passage from English literature in praise of the horse is awarded to Isobel Simpson, of Gowan Bank, Dundee, for the following:

"It is customary to say that the lion is the noblest creature, but the lion, for all his grandeur, has a furtive look; and the tiger even more so; while the elephant, for all his size, has just that touch of the grotesque which is fatal. But *the horse is beautiful, and noble too.*

E. V. LUCAS,

"The Beating of Hoofs" in *Character and Comedy.*

We select for special commendation the quotations sent by H. M. Riley (Leicester), Katherine H. Pearce (Newport), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), E. L. Foyster (Croydon), M. Sherbrooke (Bushey), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), Ellis Lang Thomas (Clifton), Mary Hind (Southampton), Kitty Gallagher (Liverpool), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), C. R. Hilliard (Knightsbridge), A. J. Edwards (Oldham), R. Fortescue Dorian (Cheltenham), Teresa Bellamy Noble (Forest Rise), Sidney S. Wright (Bromley), Daphne Woodward (Macclesfield), M. E. Bradshaw Isherwood (Colchester).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Geoffrey H. Wells, of 14, Essich Street, Roath Road, Cardiff, for the following:

SEVEN PLAYS. BY GILBERT CANNAN. (Secker.)

This volume, slight as it is, is peculiarly typical of much of Mr. Cannan's work. Always he has promised rather than accomplished. Each of his books, unsatisfying in itself, yet forces one to open his next with expectation. Like all his writings, these short plays, written in varying veins of fantasy and realism, contain both wit and emotion, conveyed with dramatic power. Two of them at least might so easily have risen to beauty, and yet, at the critical moment, each fails. They are, without exception, entertaining, but they do not reach the perfection of high art.

We also select for printing:

THE WORST JOURNEY IN THE WORLD. BY APSLEY CHERRY-GARRARD. (Constable.)

This is a complete account of Scott's last Expedition, told with a wealth of detail and a refreshing directness that make it most fascinating reading. The author shared in all the sledging expeditions and was in one of the last return parties on the Polar march. With Wilson and Bowers he made the appalling winter journey, suffering incredible hardships, in quest of the "Emperor" Penguins' eggs the museum reception of which is described with some natural bitterness. The book arouses pride and humility—pride in a nation that can produce such men, humility lest it prove unworthy of them.

(B. Noël Saxelby, 26, Hardwick Street, Buxton.)

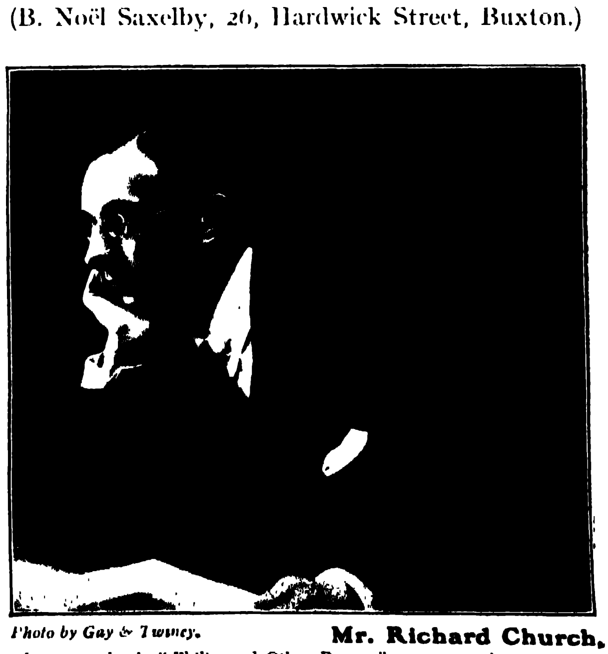


Photo by Gay & Twiney. **Mr. Richard Church,** whose new book, "Philip and Other Poems," was recently published by Mr. B. H. Blackwell of Oxford in his Adventurers All series.

HELEN OF THE OLD HOUSE.

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In " Helen of the Old House " Mr. Harold Bell Wright solves the problem of class war, replacing it by the doctrine of the oneness of humanity, and consequent dependence upon each other. The American industrial problems with which he deals are no less our own. The greed of the capitalist, the misdirected zeal of the popular agitator, the splendid type of America's young manhood—these are arrestingly and vividly dealt with in the story ; yet above all rises the noble and inspiring character of the crippled " Interpreter," the moving spirit of the book, which will appeal to all thinking people.

(B. M. Beard, 214, Broadway, Bexleyheath, Kent.)

COLIN. BY E. F. BENSON. (Hutchinson.)

Few would attempt to create a character so devoid of human understanding as Colin Stanier. Yet Mr. Benson has accomplished this feat with outstanding skill. Throughout he has weaved around his diabolical hero a sense of sheer, evil intoxication. In the ceaseless baiting of his hated brother Colin touches supreme heights of refined cruelty. The book is predominantly evil. One turns the last page with feelings of morbid depression, for no character is even likeable. And yet a vivid mental picture remains, and one recognises—in a maze of fascination—the perfect craftsmanship of him who spun the web.

(Charles Stapylton, 24, The Avenue, Eastbourne.)

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(Oxford Press : World's Classics.)

This is an amazing book and of infinite value to " us." It is a history of sheer hard work under real difficulties. Trollope meant to succeed and he *did*. He wrote so many hours a day wherever he was and whatever other work he was doing. There is a wonderful pathos in the example of his mother who kept a household of invalids by her pen and who wrote night after night by the bedside of her dying sons. She must have used the same talisman as Anthony—" Cobblers' wax " ! Which legacy he bequeathes to all would-be authors.

(Mrs. Gibbins, The Rectory, Oxted.)

We select for special commendation the reviews by W. L. Dudley (Bridge of Weir), Sybil C. Dean (Exmouth), G. Baker (London, E.C.), J. A. Jenkins (Birmingham), J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), James A. Richards (Tenby), John I. Morrison (Ealing), H. Dalton Vasey (Portslade), Phillis Rees (Macclesfield), Emily E. Moore (Letchworth), E. E. Crawford (Fuley), Phyllis McVean (Bradford).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Mr. R. Jagannathan, of 30, Nallataunbi Mudali Street, Triplicane, Madras, India.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

RICHARD KEARTON.

" The passion for light and open air is an old, unvaried sign of the unfailing perception of beauty, and of a residence of the poetic in outdoor people."—WALT WHITMAN.

" THE greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world," said Ruskin, " is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way." That is exactly what Richard Kearton has been doing for over thirty years as a writer and lecturer on Natural History subjects. He did not need to learn " to look on Nature " ; that was part of his equipment when he was born sixty-one years ago at a little place called Thwaite, in Swaledale. Coming from good old yeoman stock, it was of course in the natural order of things that he should follow the traditions of the family by starting life as a farmer, though an incident occurred when he was only twenty which changed the whole of his career. As a boy, with the broad and breezy Yorkshire moors as his playground, he possessed an extraordinary knowledge of every living thing of the country-side ; he loved nothing better than to roam over the wide, untrammelled spaces of the moors seeking new acquaintances, and he soon learned to call rabbits out of their burrows, tickle trout and entice an old cock grouse to him with uncanny skill.



Mr. Richard Kearton.

Once when he was rambling over the fells with a son of the late Thomas Dixon Galpin, who happened to be shooting in the neighbourhood, young Kearton asked the sportsman if he would like a grouse called up to him. He received an astonished answer in the affirmative ; the old cock was promptly brought along as if by magic, and at once bagged by a pretty cross shot. Observing something remarkably original in the weird young shepherd, Mr. Galpin began to talk of London and of the possibilities that a position in a great publishing house presented, with the result that the Yorkshire farmer succumbed to the lure of the city and migrated to La Belle Sauvage Yard in 1882, when the firm was known as Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

To fit himself for his new responsibilities he became a regular student at the evening classes held at the old Birkbeck and other institutes, learned shorthand, studied English grammar and literature, made himself indispensable, and in a few years was occupying an important position in the house. But even in those stern and strenuous days, which were full of hard work, though relieved by the pleasure which came from acquaintance with a wide circle of well-known authors, Kearton continued his beloved study of Nature, spent his Saturday afternoons and Sundays in the woods, the fields and the hedgerows, added thus week by week to his stock of Natural History facts from which he gradually began to build up theories, and to view them with something of the mind of the scientist. Then he made the discovery that there was a demand for articles written in a popular style on all sorts of Nature subjects, and fortunately he was able to supply the newspapers and magazines with just what was wanted.

In 1892 Kearton conceived the idea that Natural History books, however excellent they might be in the text, required pictures of greater truth and accuracy than most of them then possessed, and he decided, with the co-operation of his brother, Captain Cherry Kearton, of Big Game fame, to illustrate a book on British birds entirely from photographs taken direct from Nature. When he began the work facilities and

appliances had not been brought to anything like the state of perfection which prevails to-day. To photograph a bird or other creature in a wild state was then something new; he had to devise methods, learn from experience and make endless experiments. But though he encountered many disappointments before any satisfactory pictures could be secured, he was determined that his efforts should succeed—as they eventually did after months of striving and strategy. The result immediately brought fame to the brothers as the first naturalists who were able to substantiate their statements by photographs of the actual birds described. The latest edition of this book contains the fruits of 30,000 miles of travel and the exposure of 10,000 photographic plates.

Kearton was not only a pioneer in this respect, but he also produced the first work of fiction to be illustrated throughout from actual photographs of the characters living and moving in its pages. This was his "Strange Adventures in Dicky-Bird Land," containing a series of delightful stories, intended for young people, told by the mother birds to amuse their chicks, and supposed to be overheard by the author. His finest work is probably the "Nature Pictures," which contains hundreds of some of the most remarkable Nature photographs ever published. He applied the same methods of illustration to an edition of White's "Natural History of Selborne," and in the photographs of the natural objects referred to in this very human-hearted document he came into very close touch with the spirit of the author.

But the literary and pictorial material which went to the making of his books * —nearly a score of them in all, with translations into French, German, Spanish and Dutch—would never have been collected had it not been for the fact that his enthusiasm for the subject grew into a passion of such intensity that he often defied danger and physical suffering of the most acute character. He has, for instance, used his camera whilst standing entirely unprotected on a ledge of rock no wider than the seat of an ordinary chair, with a chasm six hundred feet sheer yawning immediately beneath. Many of his negatives could never have been obtained except by kneeling in one position from half an hour to sometimes nearly six hours, looking steadfastly through an aperture no larger than the keyhole of a door, patiently awaiting the correct second to make the exposure. Even then, after enduring pain almost indescribable, the pictures were not always successful.

* All published by Cassells.

He has resorted to all sorts of ruses—an imitation ox, stuffed sheep, artificial rocks made of easily adjustable material, tents covered with heather, sod houses, etc.—behind which he could hide to catch the elusive, shy creatures in their natural state and natural haunts. And as he has never made a secret as to how he obtained his pictures, a host of disciples has arisen in all parts of the world. When the kinematograph made its appearance Kearton at once saw the uses to which it could be put, and again his patience and resource were rewarded by the production of Natural History films which have never been excelled.

As a lecturer he has probably done more than any other man of his day to stimulate men and women to the study and love of wild nature. To him came the honour of being the first popular lecturer to be commanded by the King to relate his wonderful stories of bird and animal life to the Royal children; he has shown his pictures by request to members of the Royal Society, lectured for universities, colleges and hundreds of other educational institutions, and has given demonstrations before experts at White House, Washington, in Paris, Berlin and other cities of learning.

Although he has now grown grey at the task he loves, his enthusiasm is just as irrepressible and his spirit as buoyant as when he roved the Yorkshire dales, where, by the way, he still owns a precious acre or two of land that has been in the hands of his family for hundreds of years. His interest in his work and his passion for truth and beauty are as keen as ever, and nothing can prevent him from undertaking arduous expeditions with his trusty cameras in pursuit of new pictures and films to delight his innumerable admirers.

Walter Haydon.

MISS CICELY FOX-SMITH.

Miss Cicely Fox-Smith has almost imperceptibly made her way into the front rank of those who sing of seamen and shipping. Her progress has been as unobtrusive as the rising of the tide. Readers of *Punch* and other periodicals are accustomed to expect something breezy, something with "the tar and the seaweed smell," from a poem over the signature of "C. F. S." But with too many that is the limit of their acquaintance. A few have ventured further and bought one or two of the dainty little volumes of poems by C. Fox-Smith. Had they suspected a feminine authorship it might have added piquancy to their venture, and lent wings to her fame. But the author was obviously a man. What woman would talk about "Rusty red old hookers going plugging round the world"? Besides, nautical journals found nothing in the poems to quarrel with; all the details were quite correct. Obviously a woman.

Seamen wrote many letters to "C. F. S." testifying that here at last was the genuine thing, something worth reading.

Miss Fox-Smith owes nothing to Masefield. In fact to some extent she is prior to Masefield. "Sailor Town," which includes some of her best and most characteristic work—for example, "The Ballad of the Matterhorn," her own favourite, and "Rathlin Head," a great favourite with her critics—was written two years before "Salt Water Ballads" appeared. Nor, when her Muse leaves the sea for the dry land, does she owe anything to Kipling, as far as she knows, though the perusal of her "Prairie Shepherd" with its refrain, "Baa, baa, black sheep, no one's fault but your own," is not unlikely to recall Kipling. "The Route March," with its imprecations on the foreign service boot—"We're 'oppin' and we're 'obblin' to a cock-eyed ragtime tune"—has really nothing in common with

Kipling's "Boots." But the same cannot be said of her treatment of the mule—"the late lamented army mule, you'll meet him in the stew"—which has a strong smack of the verses on the "Commissariat Camuel."

Having said that, you have said all there is to say. The vast majority of Miss Fox-Smith's poems are inspired directly by the living fact, the actual experience.

The "Prairie Shepherd" was connected with an important chapter in Miss Fox-Smith's life. A brother had settled in Alberta, and three years before the war she and others of her family went out to join him. Twelve months of that western prairie were enough for them. "Bare and bald and droughty and dusty" it was in summer, and during the interminable winter "the fierce Keewatin whistled over the waste like a flight of geese from the Pole, and the strong breath of the Chinook thundered across the plains." Anyone who wants an unvarnished picture of a settler's life in Alberta should read her story, "The City of Hope."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé

Miss Cicely Fox-Smith.

From Alberta to Victoria, B.C., was a pleasant change, and her old enthusiasm for the sea re-awoke as she wandered through "Sailor-town," got glimpses into the interior of "Chinese Charley's junk store" and listened to

> "Little tunes on Chinese fiddles in a quiet street,
> Full of dinky Chinese houses."

In due time a return was made to London, and henceforward the ballads introduce themselves familiarly with such phrases as "Limehouse way, the other day" or "Down by Millwall Basin." The singer was in fact haunting the docks and the lower river, gathering that knowledge which she has turned to such good account in "Sailor Town Days." Loyalty to actual fact makes her introduce the chantey but sparingly into her ballads "Sacramento" may be accounted one exception and the "Heave all together" of "Rolling Home" another The chantey has gone out with the going of the sailing ship. The few of these that are left are nearly all foreigners, and foreigners don't sing chanteys. But the spirit of the chantey, its rollicking breeziness, pervades her song, mingling with and often overcoming the melancholy of the seaman's ballad, sung, not round the capstan, but "in the tavern window old and brown," the long ballad, as she terms it, "that they generally sing through their noses," the "doleful, sentimental bawl" imitated by Kingsley in "The Last Buccaneer." In her own words it is "a queer old quaver, shaky, shrill and sad, with queer little curly cues, twiddles and quavers," sung to the accompaniment of "a creaky old leaky concertina underneath the great gold moon." But this pathos wages a losing fight not only against her prevailing humour, the humour of "The Ballad of the Resurrection Packet of the Salt 'Orse Line," for instance, but against her high spirits, which insist on embarking on a good swinging rhythm.

Such musical verse, such singable ballads which retain their quality even when chanting of the

> "Rampin', raw-boned, cast-steel-jawboned
> Any transport smile,"

ought to proceed from a musician or the daughter of a musician. But she can put forward no such claim. Nor does she owe to heredity her great feeling for the music of the sea. You would imagine her father an old sea captain. But he was a solicitor. How then did the love of the sea come to her, living on those Lancashire wolds? "By intuition," she says. It is a riddle. Perhaps the explanation may be found in the way of her life on those wolds She lived an open-air life, following on foot the Holcombe Harriers, whose huntsman, John Jackson, she celebrates in "For'ard on!" And roaming over the hillsides she got wide views of cloudland and plain down to the distant sea. Remember that Coleridge was similarly soaking himself in moorland air when he wrote the greatest of all sea poems.

Here on these Lancashire hills must have begun that love of the sea which was confirmed when she came south and haunted the London Docks, and steeped herself in sea-lore. She learnt the heart of the sailor, his golden visions of lazying at home or in South Seas lotus lands, and his deep-seated mistrust of these visions.

> "I'd want the hard-case mates a-bawlin', an' the strikin' o' the bell.
> I've cursed it oft and cruel but I miss it all like hell."

"Ain't it queer," another of her sailors says, "how a feller never knows what he likes best till it goes?" Happier the Tommy of the "Grand Tour," undistracted by any sea longings, who has seen just as much as he wanted. "I've seen the Perramids and Spink, which I 'ad oft desired."

We suspect that Miss Fox-Smith has no longing for South Sea beaches or "Spinks," but is content with her own world, limited but inexhaustible, of docks and seamen and coasting vessels. Her senses are almost unconsciously on the alert to catch every little point of interest:

> "The patter of reef-points on tops'ls a-shiver;
> The song of the jibs when they tauten and quiver,"

come as natural, unsought music to the ears of this true poet of the sea.

W. A. F.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C 4

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

It is a long and very interesting procession of women authors, artists, actresses, public workers, society beauties, famous hostesses, and others, that passes across the pages of Mr. Harry Furniss's "Some Victorian Women" (12s. 6d ; John Lane), and he has personal recollections, many pleasant and a few unpleasant, of most of them. He is at times delightfully genial, and at times fiercely censorious, but his censoriousness amounts only to a drop or two in an ocean of lively anecdotes and kindly or amusing memories. His reference to one lady writer, who slighted him, is unforgivingly severe, and he is scornful of Tom Taylor (who, however, cuts a much better figure in Mr. G S. Layard's "Life of Shirley Brookes"), and has something to say about literary "ghosts" which I think is rather too sweeping. He tells how a lady journalist met Oscar Wilde in Paris shortly before his death and heard him read the first act of a new play :



Mr. H. Bedford Jones,

whose new novel of life in the wilds of New Mexico, "The Mesa Trail," Messrs. Hurst & Blackett are publishing.

"Some time after she saw a very brilliant and successful play which was attracting all play-going peoples The name of a very clever dramatist, who had already written attractive plays with much success, but in a different style, was given as the author, who had turned his talents into a new channel and made a fresh departure. My lady friend assured me that Act I was identically the same, word for word, as the one scene read to her by Oscar Wilde."

This follows a comment on the significance of how the wives of some celebrated painters, having been exhibitors themselves, have painted no more after the deaths of their husbands ; and an anecdote of how "a rather pretty little woman I used to meet at Tinsley's, the publisher," declared, and Tinsley confirmed her statement, that she wrote and sold novels to Edmund Yates which he published as his own, and when she died Yates never published another novel. On all which Mr. Furniss observes :

"So it comes to this—as far as I can judge—that some critics were not partially, but entirely, ignorant of their matter ; clever journalists posed as novelists with books written by literary lady 'ghosts' ; pictures publicly exhibited were often not painted by those who signed them ; plays were not always written by those who, for the sake of convenience, appended their names ; Cabinet Ministers did not write the descriptive articles applauded by the public ; nor did high legal luminaries always write their own books Those, my dear readers, are some of the by-ways and queer ways which had better not be followed too closely some end in *culs de-sac* and most of them are unsavoury."

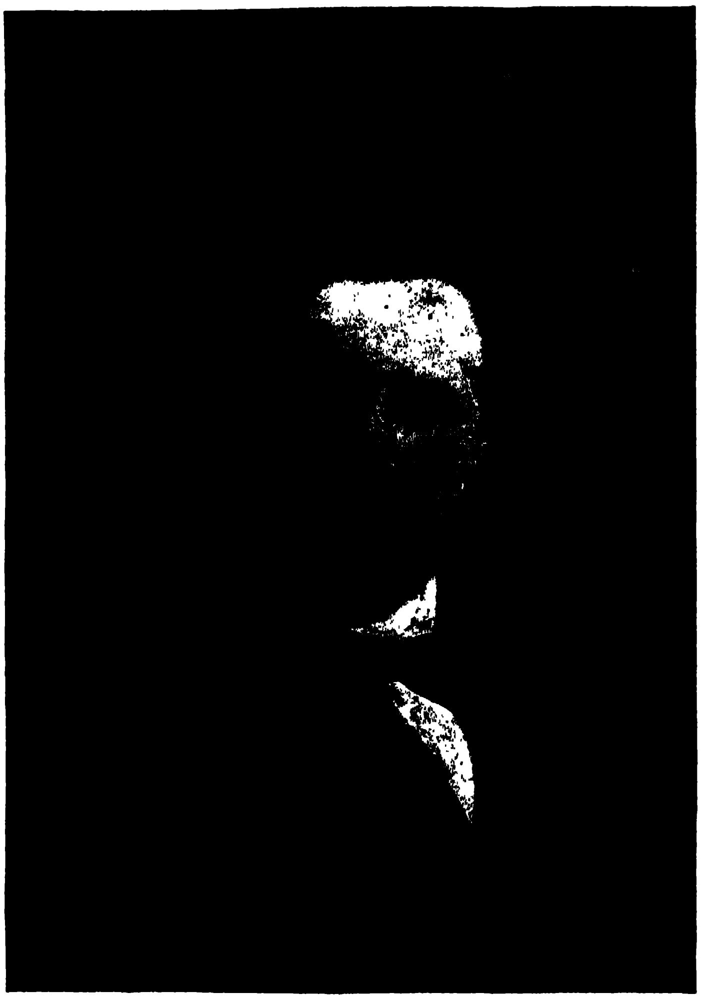
But the literary world is not really quite such a dreadful place as this seems to suggest. There are literary "ghosts," and I have known two or three ; but usually when a man claims to be the author of a book ostensibly written by another you will discover, on inquiry, he has done no more than certain research work and got together, by dredging at the British Museum, statistics or historical facts that the other has utilised in writing his book. Dumas had "ghosts" who wrote part or possibly all of some of his numerous novels, but, in the main, you may be sure that a "ghost" is no good to any author that matters. No "ghost" could have written anything that would pass as Carlyle's, or Dickens's, or Thackeray's, or Meredith's could no more have done it than Bacon, the Earl of Oxford, or any other high-class "ghost," could have written



Mr. Henry Baerlein,

whose new book, "Over the Hills of Ruthenia" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

Shakespeare's plays for him. I know nothing of Cabinet Ministers and legal luminaries, but I have been a good deal behind the scenes in the book world and only once have I found a popular novelist who retained "ghosts," and he for a brief period employed three. He was (for he is now dead) a very popular writer of sensational novels, and finding his books greatly in demand and his prices soaring, he entered into a sort of partnership with three sensational novelists who were not popular and arranged, being fertile of ideas, that he should supply them with plots and they should between them and at great speed write the stories, which he would revise and publish as his, since his name could command a thousand pounds where none of theirs would fetch so much as a hundred. He was to pocket two-thirds of the profits, and they were to take equal shares in the remainder, and he affably spoke of this concern as his "Fiction Factory." Leaving a full supply of plots behind him, he went off to Monte Carlo and other pleasant resorts looking for more. But the thing was too good to last. Very soon he was warned that such rapid production would cloy the public with too much of him, and his sales and his prices would swiftly diminish, and within a year, for those excellent business reasons, he gave up his ghosts, closed down the Factory and reverted to orthodox methods of work.



Sir Henry J. Wood.

See page 267.

No, except for their legitimate assistance in research, there is not much in these yarns of the literary "ghost." Apart from other considerations, authors are, as a race, addicted to vanity, and few could bring themselves to believe their books could be written by another so well as they could be done by their own hand. Cruikshank used to say that he wrote "Oliver Twist," but who believes him? Once I was visited by a man who claimed to be the author of a very successful book lately published anonymously, and that rumour was ascribing to somebody else, but I invited him to send me a story, and when it came it was evident that he could not even write passable grammar. So I am something of a sceptic when the ghosts I am asked to believe in are those that belong to this world.

An exhibition is being held just now at the Bristol Reference Library of a large collection of Thomas Hood manuscripts which were recently presented to the Library by the Misses Broderip, of Elmdale Road, Clifton, who are Hood's granddaughters. It was the evident intention of their mother, who died in 1878, to bequeath Hood's books to the Library, for among the MSS. presented is a note in her handwriting intimating that such books were "presented to the Public Library of Bristol by the author's daughter as a slight token of her deep value of the half-crowns, shillings and pence contributed by the people of Bristol to the Hood Monument." At the home of the Misses Broderip are a number of interesting memorials of their grandfather, including his cabinet, easy chair, paper-knife bearing his initials, the Hood family Bible, the portrait in oils by Lewis, and the bust by Edwin Davis. Certain of these have been lent for the occasion and are included in the exhibition.

Among the manuscripts are a good many letters, some of them unpublished, manuscripts of a few of Hood's poems and one of his stories, and a Common-place Book of John Hamilton Reynolds containing early work of Reynolds in his own handwriting or extracted from periodicals, copies or printed cuttings of poems by various contemporary poets, and three poems by Hartley Coleridge written in the book by himself, one of them, "The Vale of Tempe," differing considerably from the version that appears in his published volume. One of the unpublished letters is from John Hamilton Reynolds, the friend whose good judgment

persuaded Keats to discard his first preface to "Endymion" and write the nobler preface that replaced it—the brother-in-law of Hood, with whom he collaborated in writing the "Odes and Addresses to Famous People." A copy of this letter has been very kindly sent to me by the Librarian of the Bristol Reference Library, and is reproduced below. When it was written, Hood was living at Ostend, negotiating with his creditors and rebuilding his broken health, and Reynolds, in London, was apparently looking after *Hood's Own*. Dickens and Ainsworth, to whom slighting reference is made, were then engaged on *Bentley's Miscellany*; the hint of his "whitewashing" glances at a financial dispute in the Courts from which he had lately emerged; Eliza was Reynolds's sister; Dilke, of course, the proprietor of the *Athenæum*, and Jane, Hood's wife :

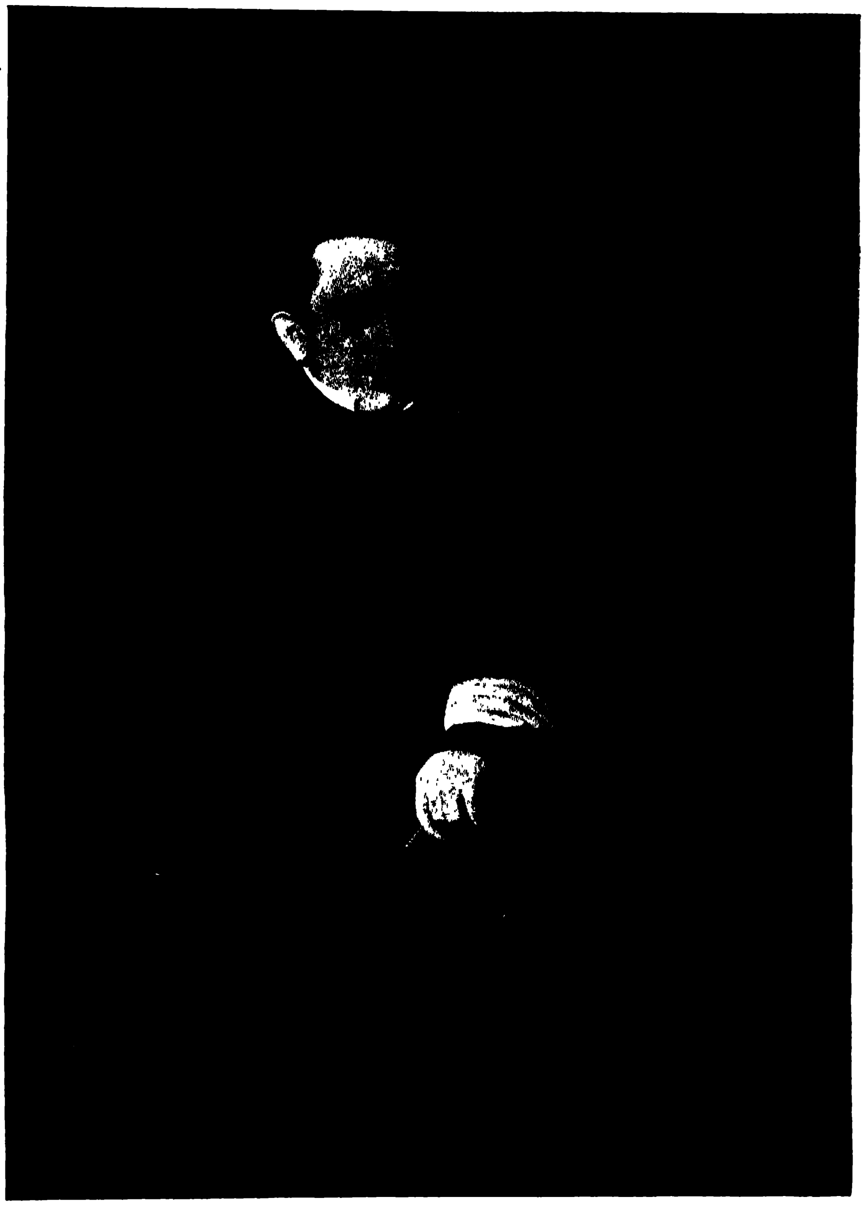


Photo by Reginald Haines **Thomas Hood.**

From the painting by George Robert Lewis.

Pray let me hear from you soon.

13 John Street, Adelphi,
13 March, 1840.

MY DEAR HOOD,

Many thanks for the sardines which are delicacies indeed ; They seem to be a sort of anchovy becharmed ! I presented some to my friend Mills, who prized them vastly.

I will arrange with Mr. Speirs about the magazines,— and pray let me have the promised paper at your earliest convenience—as the month is careering on again to its close. I do seriously believe that the Months are very unlike cherubs, and consist *only* of *Latter Ends*. I am no sooner out of the frying pan of one magazine,—but I am in to the fire of the one immediately following. I have been endeavouring once more to get into Westmoreland for 3 or 4 days on pressing business,—but that cursed thing which is proverbially said to make a "Mare to go" makes me stay, to my great detriment in interest as well as pleasure. I am now,— or rather my new Residence is— undergoing repair and whitewashing :— I wish I could undergo repair myself ; the *whitewashing* I have gone through.

I hope your health is good enough to allow you to set heartily to work at some new matter, for depend on it, my Dear Hood, this world is all oil to monied gentlemen, but cayenned—hell-vinegar to pauperized people !—You and I are decidedly very ingenious persons of wit about Town ;—but we grow our Talent in so rich a compost of indolence and negligence,— that we hardly produce even *Annuals*. Both of us might have rolled in our own *Dickenses*,—or kept a one Horse Ainsworth ; but we allow your industrious crawlers and Empty Hard-Workers to go a-head without a head ;—whilst we are limping along with down-at-heel shoes and hats with the lids off. You could, with your power and name, with little trouble make £500 a year out of the Magazines only :— But as Roderick Random says "Let me not profane the chaste mysteries of Hymen !"—

Writing from England, I ought to give you some news of your natural Home ; but what would you care to hear about the rise and fall of Theatres, the babble about Prince Albert and the young Lady in gingerbread, the Literary Announcements of Colburn and Bentley ; the laying down of wooden pavements—the taking up of the weather. You are so removed—and have been removed so long ; that your sympathies with matters here are below zero. Then I know nothing of bonnetless heads,—large shrimps, cheap markets, foundered English,—sloppy dishes, etc., etc.—in all which of course your heart abideth.—Our intercourse therefore (See Commissioner Tim's Chinese manifesto) is "prohibited *for ever !*"—Were it not for our late short treaty, we should scarcely have one common conversational chair between us to sit down upon.—I must

however whisper to you a decent reply I could not help making the other day to Eliza after she had had an explanatory chat with Mrs. Dilke about my alleged "speaking against the Athenæum"- The latter had observed that it was like attempting "to take away their bread"—and Eliza said to me *en passant* "and why should you attempt to take away their bread."—My answer was "because it is *so dry*."—How poor a consumptive thing is a little joke when you bleed it in ink!



Miss Vera Brittain,

whose striking novel, "The Dark Side," has just been published by Mr. Grant Richards.

Give my love to Jane, I thank her for her few lines on your sheet of paper—I hope her face - jaw teeth—ear and all other the appurtenances whatsoever have, like mine, taken a whole holiday from pain. I have nothing now but the influenza—with a gnaw in my liver through to my shoulder-blade, -and a tendency on the part of the whole army of "Innards" to shew inflammatory signs. So that I may say I enjoy the usual portion of good health conceded to mortals.

I should not of course know Fanny, who must by this time have run up into that sort of monument height such as to make you, as a Parent, keep anxiously watching that in some wayward moment she does come Miss Moves over you, and throw herself off the top of herself. Tom, I should much have liked to see more of. He is a fine, frank, easy, happy Lad,- and made one quite proud of being an Aunt, crossed out] an Uncle.

Eliza does not know I am writing,— or would join me in all regards and good wishes to all.

Yours ever truly,

J. H. REYNOLDS.

It surprises me a little to find Reynolds has no place in the three recent Enclycopædias that I possess; he wrote much and was a man of more than respectable talent, but the only book of his that is available is "The Fancy," which was reissued by Mr. Elkin Mathews a few years ago.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton's new novel, "Young Felix," is to be published this month by Messrs. Hutchinson.

It is a little disquieting to find that somebody you have known when she was very young indeed has grown up and is old enough to have become not only an author, but the author of a book, and this is what Miss Pamela Hinkson has done. She is the daughter of the distinguished poet and novelist, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and, having tried her 'prentice hand in stories and sketches for various periodicals, she has written a novel of latter-day Irish life, dealing with the general condition of things in recent years and having a certain political interest, and under the title of "The End of a Dream" it is to be published shortly in Mr. Fisher Unwin's First Novel Library series.

Mr. Graham Sutton, who has been doing excellent work in dramatic criticism for our own and other pages, has lately finished a novel, which Messrs. Brentano are publishing, with the intriguing title of " - Who Travels Alone." It is the story of an artist who, having proved his genius, lost his gift among the chatter of the Chelsea studios and the artifices of society, but found it again when he withdrew from all that and returned to the scenes of his first triumph and, deserted even by the girl who loved him and knew what was best for him, went on his way alone.

Among authors who "never have holidays" we must count Mr. Ward Muir, who has been spending the summer in Scotland, but instead of passing his days on the links or in the tennis court, has started a new story and corrected the proofs of his book, "A Camera for Company," which Messrs. Selwyn & Blount are publishing this autumn. The sub-title, "Adventures and Observations of an Amateur Photographer," explains the book's scope. Mr. Ward Muir, who has photographed since he was ten years old, has here written a series of essays and travel chapters not "about" the camera but "round" it. These essays, mostly humorous, deal with experiences in Italy, Albania, Egypt, Ireland, Russia, Spain and other countries, and, according to their author, "will not tell anybody how to develop a plate, but may explain —indirectly—why making

Mrs. Henry Dudeney is always at her best in stories of Sussex life and character. She has lived long in those parts and a while ago removed from Angmering to take up residence in a beautiful old house in the secluded precincts of Lewes Castle. A new novel of hers, "The Finger Post," about the Sussex country-side and Sussex people she knows so intimately, is to be published this autumn by Messrs. Collins.



Mr. Hugh Lofting (left) and Mr. Henrick\Van Loon.

This year the Newberry Medal, which is presented in America to the author of the best contribution to juvenile literature, was awarded to Mr. Lofting for his "Dr. Dolittle" (Jonathan Cape). Last year it was awarded to Mr. Van Loon for "The Story of Mankind" (Harrap).

photographs is the most amusing hobby of man's invention."

A new version of "The Cyclops" of Euripides, freely translated and adapted for performance in English by Mr. J. T. Sheppard, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, is published by the Cambridge Press. It was first used in a performance of the play given at King's College last month.



Miss Madeline Linford,
whose clever novel, "Broken Bridges," is published by Messrs. Leonard Parsons. Miss Linford is on the staff of the *Manchester Guardian.*

"Five Years of European Chaos," by Maxwell Macartney, to be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, gives the views and opinions of one who has had exceptional opportunities for studying the social and economic conditions of Europe. Though somewhat disguised from BOOKMAN readers through having dropped two of his initials, Mr Macartney was, until the war took him abroad, one of our most constant contributors for many years, and is nowadays special foreign correspondent of *The Times*, and when I last heard from him was settled in Constantinople.

Mr. Stephen McKenna, who never likes a winter in London, went voyaging last winter to the Bahamas, and has written an itinerary of his journey, with personal opinions of people, places and things he came across by the way in "By Intervention of Providence," which Messrs. Chapman & Hall are about to publish. In what manner Providence intervened is more than I know and cannot be revealed until the book comes to hand.

From Messrs. Chapman & Hall, too, we are to have "Robert Burns: His Life and Genius," by Andrew H. Dakers, who has set himself to give a general estimate of Burns's achievement as a poet, to tell a clear story of his life and write an impression of his character based entirely upon indisputable facts and setting aside and dissipating some of the extravagant legends that are all the foundation there is for much that has been written to his discredit.

Messrs. Methuen have just published a new and fully revised edition (the twenty-third) of Mr. E. V. Lucas's delightful book, "A Wanderer in London." Nobody has written of London more charmingly or more informingly than Mr. Lucas, and this book of his, with its sixteen illustrations in colour by Nelson Dawson, numerous reproductions of works of art, and a map, is as entertaining and serviceable a guide to the great city as any visitor could desire.



Photo by Langfier.

Mr. R. J. Minney,
whose successful new novel, "The Road to Delhi," Mr John Lane has published.

A reissue of Sir George Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," one of the greatest of modern biographies (2 vols., 12s.), is a very welcome addition Messrs. Longmans have just made to their admirable "Silver Library" series.

The Librarie Gallimard is starting in Paris, with Mr. Arthur Griggs as editor-in-chief, a new literary magazine, "The Books of France," the first number of which will be published in October. The aim of the magazine will be to keep literary circles in England and America informed as to the new books appearing in Paris. Arrangements have been made for contributions by prominent English and American writers, as well as for translated articles and notes by French men of letters of international reputation.

Last year I was much interested in an unusual book by Mr. Grant Overton called "When Winter Came to Main Street." I had read a striking novel by the same American author, "Island of the Innocent," and knew he had done others that had not crossed the water to me, and when I first heard of it was curious to know what sort of a story was this he had written and adroitly named after two of the most successful novels of the time. But it turned out to be no fiction; it was an ingenious and entertaining book of biographical, critical and general gossip all about the authors, English and American, published by Messrs. George H. Doran & Co. The book was none the less attractive to the general reader for being frankly a publisher's method of advertising, and I am not surprised to hear it was so successful that he is repeating the experiment and will shortly publish "American Nights Entertainment," in which, judging by some early pages I have seen, he will discourse this year with the same blend of humour and information on the authors of four of the leading American publishing houses—Messrs. Appleton, Doran, Doubleday Page & Co., and Scribners. Starting with Mr. Galsworthy, he deals with a bewildering number of distinguished writers, including Mr. Conrad, Miss Sackville-West, Mr. Harold Bell Wright, Mr. Ralph Connor, Mr. Booth Tarkington, Miss Zona Gale, Mr. Christopher Morley, Mrs. Edith Wharton, and others too numerous to mention. It will be illustrated with portraits in photogravure,

and looks like being one of those books about authors that are good to read and useful for reference.

THE BOOKMAN.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The six essays in Mr. George Duncan Grey's " Secret Riches " (3s. 6d. ; Arrowsmith), include a sympathetic reconsideration of Matthew Arnold as poet and philosopher, and thoughtful, suggestive talks on the power of dreams, on the charm of hills and quiet villages, the search for happiness and the possession of those secret riches of the heart and mind that may render a poor man wealthier than a millionaire in the things that make life worth living. A pleasant and a wise little book that should have many readers.

" The Magic of Common Sense," by George Frederick Wates (3s. 6d. ; Murray), plainly indicates its teaching in its title. It looks at all sides of the questions it considers, recognising that all of them have more than two ; offers a broad, sane view of life and its infinite complexities, and supports that view with examples from history and personal experience. " After hearing what the philosophers have to say," writes Mr. Wates, we must in the end " test their opinions by the canons of common sense," and this he does in his book ably and very interestingly.

Those interested in Divorce Law reform will find in " Married Misery " (3s. 6d. ; Gyldendal), a reprint of Lord Buckmaster's searching article of that title, and a useful summary of recent Scandinavian legislation concerning the regulation of marriages and divorce, some of which are much more strict and others more sagacious than the regulations in force among ourselves.

The best parts of Mr. James C. Richardson's " The Living and the Dead " (6s. ; Stockwell) are those in which he writes of his personal experiences in the war. He gives an amusing account of his work in a recruiting office, when the war was in its first stages, and his reminiscences of soldiering, after he had misrepresented his age and joined up, are worth reading. He fought in Flanders, and later in Egypt and the Balkans. It is quite clear that he enjoyed writing the book ; and despite its, at times, almost bewildering discursiveness, its liveliness and quaint ruminations will keep you entertained if you have leisure and the mood to follow the author on his rambling progress through it.

Mr. H. Dennis Bradley, in ' Adam and Eve " (2s. ; Werner Laurie), talks of many things and talks of them with a good deal of shrewdness and humour. He discusses the poverty of the English drama of to-day, the follies of super-finance, the hideousness of modern fashions for men and denounces snobbery with refreshing vigour and outspokenness. You may resent his opinions as often as you agree with them, but he is an acute as well as an amusing philosopher. The cleverest thing in the book is the vivid, exciting story of how he unwittingly fell in with a set of West End swindlers and very neatly hoisted them with their own petard. This is quite a little masterpiece in the art of narrative.

" Fisticuffs," by Harry E. Cleveland (6s. ; Sampson Low), is a curious and very entertaining collection of anecdotes and historical records of the Prize Ring and the personalities of those who have won fame in it. Incidentally there is a capital chapter on the poets of the Ring, and if none of them achieved more than vigorous doggerel, John Broughton himself, the father of English boxing, was, as Mr. Harry Preston reminds us in his preface, buried in Westminster Abbey.

There is a good story and some capital characterisation in Mr. Cecil H. Bullivant's " Innocence " (7s. 6d. ; Jarrolds). It is the story of Loraine Merrick, an innocent, high-minded girl, who becomes engaged to a rising artist, Gale Stannard ; her love for him and his for her revives his flagging inspiration ; she sits as his model for a picture that makes him famous, but it soon becomes apparent that he is too self-conceited and fickle to care long for anyone or anything but himself and his own ambitions, and, realising this after an unpardonably callous exhibition of his indifference, Loraine breaks their engagement, and he goes his own way to ultimate disaster. Gale and his friend Dr. Wayne are particularly well drawn (so, too, is Miss Bristowe, the cinema actress), and it is left for Wayne to bring back to Loraine the happiness she seemed to have lost. A very readable and interesting romance.

The predominating personality in " Love's Ordeal," by Sydney A. Moseley (7s. 6d. ; Stanley Paul), is Thirza whose diary, scattered through the pages, links up the story and reveals the heart of an unprepossessing girl, capable of the deepest love and profoundest self-sacrifice. There are many Thirzas in the world, plain, ungraceful, but as hungry for romance as their more comely sisters. It is true that Thirza's charms do not go entirely unappreciated, though the men who woo her do not include the one towards whom she turns with a wild yearning that finds expression only in her diary. The man of her choice is undeserving—vain, selfish, egotistical. Only in flashes can we feel anything but contempt for Wren Harding. The other characters are drawn less forcibly but with sufficient skill to fill in the background of a story that has many unusual qualities, and for which we could have wished—for Thirza's sake, at all events—a more satisfactory conclusion.

" His Dolls," by Charlotte Mansfield (7s. 6d. ; Holden), is the tale of a girl's self-sacrifice to a worthless young brother—even to the extent of giving up her lover. Was Eleanor justified in this ? Was it fair to the man she loved, even if she chose to put her own feelings aside that she might be near to the selfish, wayward Raymond and guide him in his walk through life ? Events proved the sacrifice somewhat futile, but we suppose Eleanor's conscience would not have let her rest, and her heart would have troubled her—for she was unreasonably fond of the young cad—if she had not tried to save him and reduce the extent of his disastrous influence on other people's lives. It is a story that will appeal to all who like sensation mellowed with pathos and centring round the exploits of a none too moral drug-fiend.

The scientist with a taste for fiction will find " Nordenholt's Millions," by J. J. Connington (7s. 6d. ; Constable), very much to his liking. It is a tale of the accidental release of certain bacteria which break down every nitrogenous compound and create famine through the length and breadth of the world. England, Europe, America go down in the terrible catastrophe which Mr. Connington describes with a graphic, thrillingly realistic power. Civilisation crumbles, but Nordenholt and his chosen million step into the breach and rescue humanity at the eleventh hour.

New Books.

THE EIGHTH WONDER.*

You may analyse charm, as poetry has been analysed, but the one will still remain as indefinable as the other. You know the thing when you meet it, but if you try to explain it in words you find when you have finished writing cleverly about it and about it you have still left its secret untold. Now there is that charm in these stories of Mr. Hutchinson, and I have tried to run it to ground and discover a form of words that would express what it is, but it is as elusive as the fragrance of flowers and as impossible to reproduce in written phrases. The nearest one can come to it, perhaps, is to say that it is an emanation, a spiritual essence, the personality of the author naturally and involuntarily revealing itself in his work. I say involuntarily because the conscious attempt to make such revelation nearly always results in a style that is self-conscious, insincere, affected, and destitute of the very magic that the author has sedulously laboured to conjure into it.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé **Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson.**

But Mr. Hutchinson is no conjurer; he is the true magician and puts his spells upon us by simply being himself. His style is his own and, though I notice that some critics are perturbed because it is not like everybody else's, its justification is that it subtly and triumphantly serves his purpose, and is so distinctively his that you know him by it as you would know him by his voice. Give his stories—such stories as "There Still are Fairies," "The Eighth Wonder," or "The Grim Test"—to a writer who has not his individuality, his peculiar narrative gift, his sincere and intimate imaginative sympathy with his characters, and that writer certainly could not have brought the depth and beauty of their significance home to us. "A Magdalen of the Soil" easily might have been as grim and squalid a tale as any that has been told by the most uncompromising of the Russian realists, but in Mr. Hutchinson's hands it remains starkly, realistically true without becoming in the least degree repellent; there is no needless over-emphasising of its darker aspects, and no more than a due presentment of the finer qualities of the rural magdalen who, after her repentance, uncomplainingly, even happily, acquiesced in her ostracism, and it takes me as one of the most strangely touching and beautiful stories in the book.

If I were put to it to name the best of these eight, I think I should hesitate between "There Still are Fairies" and "The Eighth Wonder"; these and "Some Talk of Alexander ——" and "The Grim Test" are a blend of the real and the ideal, of quiet humour and pathos that make a special appeal to me. But three of the others, at all events, are too different in idea and manner to be compared with them, and in those differing veins I would rank highest "A Magdalen of the Soil"—perhaps I would place this first of all if I might choose only one—yet for the thrill and dramatic force of its bizarrely terrible episode of the blind man's vengeance "The Swordsman" is not second to any, and the little allegory or morality, "In Evening Bells," has a tenderness and charm that are all its own.

And here we are closing, as we began, on that word charm, for when everything is said it is the one inevitable word that comes to you when you try to convey an impression of the prevailing quality in these stories. I could outline the plots for you, but this would not tell you enough; the author has a way with him and their charm is in that, and to know what this is you must read them for yourself.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

* "The Eighth Wonder, and Other Stories." By A. S. M. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DEGAS.*

From Ingres to Hokusai, from Hokusai to himself—that was Degas's amazing journey before he arrived—a spiritual progress of infinite adventure, infinite travail, infinite aspiration. Contemplating the hundred and more beautiful reproductions in this fine volume one sees plenty of vacillation to this side and to that, but through all this strange being's gropings and renunciations the scarlet thread of a single purpose can be traced, the fixed determination to find, if it was to be found, ultimate simplicity and directness of graphic expression. True, it took Degas far longer than his great contemporaries to discard the last academic remnants, but in the end he was more completely emancipated, more monumentally the pure painter, the abstract artist, than any other of them. Any English reader who cares to take the trouble to visit the Ionides collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum can see this at a glance. There, though not yet quite at its zenith, his wonderful painting dominates by its unstudied yet perfect composition every other painting in the gallery, whether it be by Millet, Ingres, Delacroix or Poussin—masters one and all, but one and all self-consciously hinting at their mastery. High qualities they have which Degas has not, but ethical rather than pictorial. They are preachers concerned with a public to be educated. Ingres of plastic, sensuous beauty, Millet of the dignity of labour, Poussin of reverence for the classic past. But Degas is the pure painter, detached from ethics, detached from moral or immoral, unconcerned with his audience, brutal towards them even to the point of cruelty, making no concession to their weaknesses, indifferent whether they be mocked or edified. Like Dostoieffsky, he paints his picture, leaves it where it stands on the easel and quietly withdraws from the room.

That is how the man, whom Mr. Meier-Graefe sets out to explain to us in this fine volume, presents himself to me, and I ask myself how far he has succeeded. Frankly I find myself bitterly disappointed at a great opportunity missed, not for lack of stimulating thought and profound study, but for lack of that clear and simple statement of which Degas in a different medium was so outstanding an exponent. The translator, Mr Holroyd Reece, whose version of the same author's "Vincent van Gogh" lately met with such deserved approval, must, I think, also (although he is too loyal to say so) have felt some such disappointment. His unorthodox and laborious method of treating the "van Gogh," where he "virtually committed the original to memory and wrote the earlier drafts without reference to the original text," was so remarkable and successful a *tour de force* that it should have been and might have been repeated here. But he has, I think, been deterred by a task made too formidable for his industry by Mr. Meier-Graefe's shortcomings. It is all very well to make excuse that "the style of the German text is simply the outcome of the assertive force of the author's thought," but when we come to analyse that we find all the more reason for regret that the translator has "placed his trust in the sense which the English equivalent of the German text conveys." For it is the curse of what is called

* "Degas." By Julius Meier-Graefe. Rendered into English by J. Holroyd-Reece. With more than one hundred plates. £2 12s. 6d. (Benn.)

"literal translation" that the equivalent word in any two languages has, by local accretion, ceased to be the expression of the pure mental concept. Take at random the closing sentence of one of the chapters—"Objective qualities are always ephemeral actualities." That may be the literal translation of the author's German, but it leaves the reader tired and angry and convinced that he had much better have tackled the German for himself. The Anglo-Greek and Latin of it requires retranslation into Anglo-Saxon, and the reader boggles at the task imposed upon him. And it is the more regrettable that Mr. Holroyd Reece has not attempted to repeat his former triumph, because as a Degas picture-gallery this volume, which the publishers have so lavishly illustrated, must of necessity take its place on the shelves of all lovers of art. Were not Degas so magnificent a subject for consideration, both as artist and man, this lack of literary and pictorial co-ordination would not so much matter, but it is the great simplicity of the man, compared with the "about-it-and-about" confusion of the author, that makes for bitter regret.

And in saying this it must not be supposed that Mr. Meier-Graefe's monograph fails to provide much food for thought, but this food is so ill-prepared that to the ordinary palate it must result in a mental indigestion, a discouraging confusion. What a subject was here for a clear-cut presentment. This lonely, hostile soul, this solitary whom everybody knew, but to whom everybody was a stranger. This "carved figure of the *Quattrocento*" sardonically watching a sale of his pictures in the nineteenth century at the Hôtel Drouet, pictures which "drove the buyers to the verge of madness." This pitiable old man, who never had a youth. This enviable artist whose maturest work will always be young This cynic made cynical by excess of emotion. This fanatic lover turned hater by the festering of suppressed desire. All this and more can, if one is industrious enough, be found in Mr. Meier-Graefe's monograph, and is well worth the seeking. The pity of it is that he has not made it readable to the man in the street, who must have his seeking done for him.

It would of course have been too much to expect a portrait of the master as profoundly simple as a pastel by Degas himself. That would have meant a lifetime of work and renunciation emulating that of the artist. But, with the material put at his disposal by his author, the translator, had he been so industriously minded, might have given us something of outstanding value, something which would have rendered this volume not only invaluable as a picture-book—as it undoubtedly is and alone well worth its price but also invaluable as a piece of art biography and a profoundly moving study in human psychology. Let me, however, again insist that this beautiful volume, which does so great credit to its publishers, is of inestimable value as a picture gallery, and as such will be treasured by all lovers of pure art, conveying as it does the direct message of a portentous artist, who requires nothing of dissertation or commentary to commend him to those who have insight and understanding.

G. S. LAYARD

SIR GEORGE BUCHANAN'S MEMORIES.*

Sir George Buchanan, who is in his sixty-ninth year, has been in the Diplomatic Service since 1875, and during that long period has served his country in many places, from Vienna to Tokyo, from Berne to Caracas. He went as British Agent and Consul-General (with the rank of Minister Plenipotentiary) to Bulgaria in 1903, and during his stay at Sofia the independence of Bulgaria was declared and Ferdinand (whom he had previously known at Vienna as an Austrian cavalry officer) was recognised as King. The knowledge that Sir George Buchanan during the seven years he was there acquired of Balkan affairs stood him in good stead when he went in 1910 as Ambassador to Petrograd.

No one was in a better position than the British Ambassador to watch events in Russia, and of course no one is more fully equipped than he to record the relations between that Empire and this country. When it is added that Sir George Buchanan has a very marked gift of expression, it will be gathered that this book is not only a valuable historical work but also a most interesting narrative. Further, he is able to speak the more fully because both the Provisional Government and the old Autocracy have disappeared from the scene.

It is not necessary to follow Sir George Buchanan in the statement he makes to confute the charge of German writers, firstly, that Russia wanted war in 1914, and, secondly, that England encouraged her by promising armed support. That these charges were false has always been accepted in this country, though the author is able to supplement our knowledge of the negotiations before the outbreak of war. It is more to the point to follow him in which he calls his "melancholy task" of tracing the gradual decline of a great Empire. This he does in full detail, and the tragedy of the Emperor and Empress well-intentioned, as the writer views them dashing down headlong to their own destruction, and at the same time bringing about the ruin of their country and their people, is graphically related. The ex-Ambassador writes in sadness about this catastrophe which might have been averted had the monarch been wiser and his advisers more capable or more honest.

Sir George Buchanan, while he does not minimise the faults of Nicholas, laments that the Empress was so ill-suited for her high position, and believes that she, "though a good woman, actuated by the best of motives, was instrumental in bringing about the final catastrophe." Much stronger willed than the Sovereign, she imposed upon him ministers who had no other recommendation than that they were prepared to carry out her reactionary policy. With a more discerning woman by his side, a happier issue might have been brought about, although it must be confessed that some other observers have come to the conclusion that the end of the existing state of affairs was inevitable, owing to the immense unrest rampant throughout the Empire.

Of the Emperor Sir George Buchanan writes from his heart:

> "The Emperor Nicholas II is one of the most pathetic figures in history. He loved his country He had its welfare and greatness at heart. Yet it was he who was to precipitate the catastrophe which has brought it to utter ruin and misery. Had he lived in classic times the story of his life and death would have been made the subject of some great tragedy by the poets of ancient Greece. They would have represented him as a predestined victim pursued, in each successive act, by some relentless fate, till the curtain fell on that heartrending scene in the basement of the house at Ekaterinburg, where, with his only son by his side, with his wife and daughters looking on, awaiting the same doom, he was brutally murdered by the Bolsheviks."

The expression of Sir George Buchanan's views on Russia after the revolution will be read with great attention, not the less because it is known that he did not always see eye to eye with the Cabinet at home, which indeed, in 1919, reprimanded him for having propounded a policy contrary to theirs—to which reprimand he made answer that he had never been able to make out what their policy really was.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

* "My Mission to Russia, and Other Diplomatic Memories." By the Right Hon. Sir George Buchanan, G.C.B. 2 vols., 30s. (Cassells.)

HERMAN MELVILLE.*

Surely it was but yesterday that Mr. St. Loe Strachey, Mr. Masefield, Mr. Shorter and I were uttering, lonelily, the praises of Melville and his books—voices crying in the wilderness, or so it seemed then. In the eighteen-eighties and early nineties there were eloquent champions in that

* "Typee," "Omoo," "White Jacket," "Moby Dick," "Mardi." By Herman Melville. 7s. 6d. each. (Jonathan Cape.)

same cause—R. L. S., " B. V." Thomson, Clark Russell—yet when Melville died in New York on September 28th, 1891, he had become for most people less than a name This may have been due in some degree to his own morbid shrinking from publicity. Arthur Stedman has told us that " More and more as he grew older he avoided every action on his part and on the part of his family that might tend to keep his name and writings before the public "

To-day there is no lack of editions of " Moby Dick," from the finely illustrated volume published by Lane at a guinea to the " World's Classics " edition at two shillings, admirably introduced by Miss Viola Meynell. And now we have Mr. Jonathan Cape putting forth this Library Edition, with " Typee," " Omoo," " White Jacket " and " Mardi " in uniform volumes. These, with Mr. Raymond Weaver's " Life of Melville," published last year, Messrs. Constable's Standard Edition of the Works, completed this year in twelve handsome volumes, and sundry volumes of prose sketches, verse, and correspondence separately garnered, to say nothing of two careful bibliographies, make it clear that our " Ishmael " has come at last into his kingdom

I remember Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's saying some years ago that he would like to give a copy of " Moby Dick " to each schoolboy in the land It is an enthralling book, with fun and excitements aplenty, yet the average schoolboy, I fancy would skip too many pages of it, because the average schoolboy is little of a poet, and " Moby Dick " is the greatest of sea romances because it glows and pulses with the very spirit of poetry. Read by the boy, however, it is for just that reason a book to haunt the memory and sooner or later draw the man back to it, to seek to scale the heights and plumb the depths of it It measures the genius of Melville at its flood. Swift's exclamation when, during a lucid interval toward the end of his life, he dipped into the " Tale of a Tub," might with full justification have been repeated by Melville, had he chanced, under the like sad circumstances, to read again his tale of a whaling tub " My God! What a genius I was when I wrote that book ' "

What is the ultimate secret of supreme literature? Mr Arthur Machen in " Hieroglyphics " says it in a word *ecstasy*; and the critic who first recognised Melville's affinity with the riotous Rabelais had the root of the matter in him. To Melville was vouchsafed sudden visions of infinite things, and a power of expression that carries us in his great moments to the verge of the Incommunicable. The mysteries that abide he shaped to his vast and soaring conceptions, and " Moby Dick " is his eternal vindication. There he triumphed as few writers have done, and as he himself never triumphed again, over the meagreness of words in the shadow of infinite occasions. There is a story told of an American girl who confessed to an editor that there were times when she didn't know what to do with herself, she was so filled with *mammoth thoughts!* Well, " Moby Dick " is, by that token, a mammoth book. Melville saw and felt with the intensity of a poet and delivered himself with the energy of an Elizabethan dramatist, though he had neither the mental discipline nor the technical equipment that go to the making of a great poem or play. The verse he wrote is dead, and the plays he did not write are not among our losses; yet " Moby Dick " has in it poetry and drama enough to found a school of laureates.

Mrs. Hawthorne was fond of telling of an evening when Melville described a fight which he had seen in the Pacific, and the wonders one of the savages performed with a heavy club. After he had gone, somebody asked, " Where is that club with which Mr. Melville was laying about him so?" It was searched for in vain. The next time Melville came they asked him about it whereupon it appeared that the club was " still in the Pacific island, if anywhere." So might one imagine Kit Marlowe, on some tavern floor, scourging the " pampered jades of Asia," yoked to the chariot of Great Tamburlaine, and the company prying about afterward for a whip that never was



Herman Melville.

There is a vivid description in " White Jacket " (a narrative of life in a man-of war in the bad old days) of flogging with the " cat," and a descriptive writer no less practised than the late S. R. Crockett owned to having been so daunted by the chapter as to tear it from the book A mutilated volume however disturbs a bookman's peace of mind, and Crockett gave the book to a library. The librarian promptly collated and returned it, with a request for something complete. He was given a set of the Works of A.L.O.E. to collate, and " White Jacket " was dropped into a handy river. The next day a ragged urchin appeared at Crockett's door, with a soaked book in his hand and a sixpenny look in his eye. (Moral: Don't write your name inside your books.) And darkly, at dead of night, " White Jacket " was buried deep in a corner of the shrubbery De Quincey's friend, " Walking Stewart," buried his own masterpieces to preserve them for unborn generations. Mr. Birrell buried Hannah More's Works in his garden when he could no longer brook their dullness It was reserved for Mr. Crockett to bury a book because of its literary power, its graphic representation of things seen, its moving tale of wrongs stoically endured.

F. C. OWLETT.

TWO WOMEN POETS.*

Lady Margaret Sackville's " Poems " are to the lover of poetry sheer delight. Here are no new fashions nothing that was not yesterday and will not be to-morrow and many morrows while poetry lasts. There is nor difficulty, nor artifice, nor affectation, but just the vintage that English poets have given us since Chaucer. She belongs to no school except Poetry's. There have been times like ours when poetry has for a decade, or a quarter of a century, or a reign, ceased to be or has been replaced by something which was not poetry, as in the days of Queen Anne. Lately, being somewhat starved of poetry, I, the reviewer, sent for some volumes, among them some I had once loved. Now and again I felt that I loved something less than I had once done, that the glamour had faded, and wondered if it was in myself the change had taken place. I knew that nothing was amiss with the " Hound of Heaven." And now, taking up these " Poems " from a

* " Poems." By Lady Margaret Sackville. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.) " Pride and Other Poems." By Dorothy Wellesley. 5s. (Heinemann.)

bundle of review books, it is to taste the old vintage, mellifluous, sweet as honey and thyme of Parnassus in the mouth. If one has any fault to find with this most charming Muse it is that there is a certain monotony of pensiveness. The colour is twilight's. In the collection of thirty-four Epitaphs one might have received a sharper impression if there had been three or four. They are all beautiful, but one gets the feeling one has in a house or a garden where one beauty is dulled by fifty or a hundred. The poet gives us almost too much of what is within its scope perfectly beautiful. There is delightful fantasy here as well as the twilight things. But how lovely these things are!

> " Why did you die? I died of everything
> Life was deep waters, robbing me of breath;
> Sorrow, delight, love, music, winter, spring,
> Slew me in turn, and last of all came Death."

and

> " Now her golden self is gone,
> Cut her image in white stone.
> And in deep wood let her lie
> Under tangled greenery.
> Hidden in a quiet shrine
> There all night a lamp shall shine,
> That travellers who pass that way
> Here entering may rest till day.
> Let books, and flowers, and pictures grace
> Her retired dwelling-place.
> So her carven beauty shall
> Still unconquered, hold men thrall,
> And her lovers counted be
> On, on throughout eternity.
> Loyal suitors here shall press
> Like bees about her loveliness.
> Where through softest sleep she gives
> Such radiance forth and dead yet lives."

These are what we are accustomed to call Greek, the thing which is yet English of Elizabethan days and French of the days of Charles d'Orleans. Nothing could be less formal than the sonnets in this book, which palpitate with life. The freakish things -" The Faun and the Vicar's Wife," " The Sprite's Song," " The Faun's Call in the Woods," bring the rare spirit of delight. There is nothing in this slender volume which is not excellent.

A book at least worthy to stand by hers is " Pride and Other Poems," by Dorothy Wellesley. To come upon it in a bundle of drab books is to seize the lightning. It is a strange book, full of passionate impulse, which leaves you when you have raced through it breathless and exhausted. The reading of the book is an adventure and a wild and splendid one. I prophesy that Dorothy Wellesley will go far. We have not so much fire and energy in our exhausted world that one does not leap with delight to this fierce Muse. The poetry begins gently enough:

> " You walk in all the gardens that I know,
> In all the playgrounds of my dreams you were
> Before I knew you far and long ago,
> You swift and sudden and ineffably fair,
> Light-filled and full of morning, you forever
> Were sun on water, brown and olive streams,
> The early grief, the pilgrimage, the fever,
> The soul's demand, the soul debarred of dreams,
> You were the beautiful deaths, the loves, the glories
> Of East and West, love's good and evil luck,
> Holding the magic of the ancient stories,
> You swayed through all the songs that gave me suck."

This gentleness, rising like a crescendo to fire and flame, leads one on through poems of an extraordinary fierce vitality to such tragic beauty as the " In Memory " poems at the end:

> " With head thrown back you took the gale at daybreak,
> Clear, clean and passionate, so like a flame,
> So like blue steel, that after-years have given
> Not memory, but legend to your name."

To discover poetry like this in a rather jaded world is to feel like stout Cortez. If this is a first book, or even if it is not, one must look forward with eager anticipation to its successors. The poetry has quite unusual power and beauty of a most impressive kind. It has violences and lapses and sometimes a harsh or a grotesque image, once even a Cockney rhyme, but such is all part of its youth.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

SWITZERLAND'S FINEST CANTON.*

" Discursive Information for Visitors " is the sub-title of " Switzerland in Summer," by Will and Carine Cadby. A very suitable sub-title it is. These authors have the knack of putting into plain language exactly the odds and ends of information and advice which are generally not to be found either in the formal guide-book or in the more ambitious work of descriptive literary travel.

Part II of " Switzerland in Summer," which deals with the Grisons, has made me homesick for that wonderful Canton, adjoining the Tyrol and Italy, and partaking of the character of both. As I read the names in this little book—Davos, Klosters, St. Moritz, Arosa, Thusis, and many others—I recall those amazing valleys and peaks, that crystal-clear high-altitude air, and the unbelievably diverse scenery, from the orchards and vineyards of the low lands to the melodramatic, bare precipices above the topmost pine-forests; and I long to pack my suit-case and be off eastwards.

The Grisons (German, *Graubünden*) is the furthest east and the largest of the Swiss cantons, and I do not think it is prejudice on my part which would claim that its scenery is the noblest. It contains, too, oddly enough, the least sophisticated resorts and the most fashionable: it can provide lake-bathing, tennis, golf and trout fishing, with orchestras and fox-trotting: it can offer, also, some of the loneliest tracts of natural magnificence in Europe. Its inhabitants, as I can testify, are the friendliest, most unspoilt, bluffest and least grasping Swiss in Switzerland; and its climate is dry and bracing.

In the fastnesses of its mountains the Rhine rises a short distance from where rise other rivers which flow into the Black Sea, via the Danube, and the Adriatic, via the Po. Geographically its situation is extremely interesting; " it reeks of history," as someone said. I wish I were leaving for my beloved Grisons to-morrow; and failing such luck I must content myself by being thrilled by the reminiscent photographs in the Cadbys' jolly little book.

WARD MUIR.

OLIVE SCHREINER ON SOUTH AFRICA.†

The modern world contains no country in which time's healing hand has been at work more remarkably and surely than South Africa. When the author of " The Story of an African Farm," the book which made her famous, began to take part in racial controversy at the opening of the South African War twenty-five years ago, her name, in an England then entirely under the influence of a passing war fever, naturally became something of a storm-centre around which raged the clouds of passion and inevitable prejudice. In the interval the air has cleared as it was bound to clear, and it is now long since those best able to judge have done justice to Olive Schreiner, the great artist whom indifferent health, that ended in her death in 1920, alone prevented from giving the world more than a mere handful of books.

Olive Schreiner was not a creative artist only, but one whose comprehensive mind was such as to entitle her to rank as one of the greatest women of the age, and incontestably the most formidable interpretive intellect that South Africa has produced. You may disagree with her as you read; you may assent with reservations: but, whatever your attitude, you feel her forcing you to think hard. On the first page of almost any of her books you realise at once that you are in touch with that rare phenomenon, a truly first-class mind, bearing all the essential marks of such a mind, such an imagination, impassioned wide sympathy, and penetrative power bent

* " Switzerland in Summer." Part II: " The Grisons." By Will and Carine Cadby. 5s. (Mills & Boon.)

† " Thoughts on South Africa." By Olive Schreiner. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)

to the search for truth. It is on that account that this book, modestly named and made up of a series of essays, most of which were written more than twenty years ago, forms in reality an almost complete picture of the South Africa of last century—its geography, history and the racial problems which that strange history has brought about — on whose foundations the emerging great sub-continental Dominion of the present and the future is being built. Most of the papers are appropriately concerned with the racial questions which have been the chief problems of the country since " Hollander," Boer, and Britisher came into conflict ; but Mrs. Schreiner so plays upon her subject that the book is packed with far-reaching and wide thoughts, which, with her immense grasp of history, light up almost every page of it. It is perhaps true that Olive Schreiner, with her intimate understanding of the Boers, leaned heavily towards them as against ourselves (then their enemies) at a critical time ; yet a perusal of this book, which, after a marvellous study of the Boer, closes with a chapter on " The Englishman," should largely adjust many wrong impressions formed of the writer in the now distant days of conflict. Most remarkable to anyone who knows latter-day South Africa is the author's apparent gift of prophecy ; her forecasts written in most instances not less than a quarter of a century ago have all come true to-day. But then to prophesy is only to possess the gift of thinking so deeply and logically as to be able to pronounce the outcome of one's conclusions. " Thoughts on South Africa " is, under an unassuming title, the groundwork of a history of South Africa, and a book which no one who wishes to understand that wonderful country truly must fail to read.

MOORE RITCHIE.

OUT AND ABOUT.*

For a ramble through English towns and villages and little-known rural by-ways one could wish for no better guide than Mr. Allan Fea. He has a neat hand at describing the places he visits but never overloads his pages with such descriptions he is more taken with their human interest, with the history and old association that belong to them, and the legends that have become as intimately part of them as is the authentic, duly recorded life they have known. " Where Traditions Linger " takes you here and there about Middlesex, Hants, Wilts, Dorset, Berks, Oxon and Bucks, and wherever it takes you the halls, the little houses, the country-side are filled with memories of famous people, or of people who were important in their day, and with glamorous tales

> " Of old, forgotten, far off things
> And battles long ago "

You pass by the rectory of George Herbert at Bemberton village in Wiltshire, and linger awhile about Wilton House, with its gallery of Penruddocke portraits, notably the portrait of that Colonel John Penruddocke who lived here and plotted for the restoration of Charles II, and failed and was beheaded : and here among other relics are preserved two pathetic letters, the last he wrote to his wife, Arundel, and the last she wrote to him.

> " Adieu, therefore, ten thousand times, my dearest dear," her letter ends, " and since I must never see you more, take this prayer : may your faith be strengthened that your constancy may continue, and then I know Heaven will receive you, whither grief and love will in a short time, I hope, translate, my dear, your sad but constant wife."

And he answers her :

> " Dearest and best of creatures, I had taken leave of the world when I received yours, and did at once recall my fondness for life ; I shall leave none behind me like you ; fondness breaks in upon me, and as I would not have my tears flow to-morrow, when your husband and the father of our dear babes is a public spectacle : do not think meanly of me that I give way to grief now in private, when I see my sands run so fast, and within few hours am I to leave you helpless and exposed to the merciless and insolent."

* " Where Traditions Linger." By Allan Fea. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)



" King John's Hunting Lodge," Aldbourn.
From " Where Traditions Linger " (Eveleigh Nash).

You come across frequent traces of Cromwell in your ramblings, and Mr. Fea is no partizan of his, though it should be safer and easier for him to forgive Cromwell than it was for Cromwell to forgive his enemies who plotted against him. However, the political leanings of such a book are of no moment ; it is rich in historical and legendary lore and alive with interest, and what is one small fly in an ointment that is so good ?

R. H.

THREE HOLIDAY NOVELS.*

Our title is almost inevitable, but these three novels, like certain liquids, " mix " only mechanically not chemically. They are so different that they are to be judged by no single standard. Johan Bojer is a famous name in Norway, and a name that is rapidly becoming famous in this country ; and his is serious work— a picture of life, of a past austere, hard, merciless, even cruel. The power that can take the reader back to that not far distant past, and in spite of its hardness, its cruelty, set him longing for those times and make him regretful that they have gone, is very great. Bojer undoubtedly has this power in a very marked degree , for " The Last of the Vikings " is a most alluring story. It is as the call of the unknown to an adventurer, as the sea to the fisherman, and mere landsmen though the majority of its readers may be, the book must make a universal appeal. Kristaver, the hero, inherits all the old viking qualities, tempered

* " The Last of the Vikings " By Johan Bojer 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton) " Nicolette of the Quarter " By Victor MacClure 7s 6d (Fisher Unwin) " The Dark Tide." By Vera Brittain. 7s 6d. (Grant Richards)



Addison's birthplace, Milston.
From Where Traditions Linger " (Eveleigh Nash).

with perhaps a little more gentleness than was usually credited to these pirates of the North. The voyage of a fishing fleet northwards into the ice regions makes up the greater part of the story. Keen sportsmen they all were, and their rough kindness to a comrade in distress, their powers of endurance, make one wonder whether the life they led was not to be preferred to that of the modern motor fisherman who has supplanted them. The latter, in the words of the Norwegian, is "an industrial workman on the sea, who smokes cigarettes and is a member of a trades union"; and this sums him up very well. The genius of the Norwegian novelist is assisted by the undoubtedly fine translation of Jessie Muir, whose English is beautifully chosen.

We have taken the best of the three novels first. In "Nicolette of the Quarter" Mr. MacClure gives us a delightful, amusing picture of a Paris which we should like to think is the Paris of to-day, but which we fear has been painted in rather too pretty colours. It is impossible, however, not to like the book. Those two bohemians, Aristide and Anatole, are irresistible, the jolliest of fellows, with a touch of the stage Frenchman about them which only adds to their charm. And of the beautiful Nicolette, easy in her friendships perhaps, but generous and a true comrade to the "boys" who adore her, we can say nothing amiss. She is the life of the piece, and her relations with the calm young Englishman whom she found sitting on a box in the Rue du Bac (have we not stayed in the Rue du Bac, and can we not imagine it, we also!) are told with a skill that will make any reader defy an attack of the "blues." Credit, then, to the author, for his provision of gaiety in a book which is the very thing for holiday hours!

Coming to our third novel, we must say that the beginning of "The Dark Tide" roused hopes that the author was going to give an interesting picture of women's university life; but, on thinking over the book, we are forced to acknowledge that very little insight is given into the actual life led by the students. And Daphne, one of the principal characters, is not very convincing. Her uncouth behaviour, her aptitude for always saying wrong things, her lack of taste in dress, her clumsy manners, can hardly be reconciled with her admitted intelligence. And the professor, the man she marries, does not strike one as a professor at all. We feel that in any other setting the characters could do and say almost similar things to those they do and say at Oxford. Still the story is not without interest, and even if we cannot quite believe in the salvation of Daphne, and Virginia, her rival, through the channels in which the author forces them, no reader will wish to drop the book until the last page is read.

Our title, therefore, is justified, since any or all of these three novels will beguile the reader into the reading mood which comes with leisure and sunshine—or even with the rainy days which seem so far off, so incredible, as we write in a famous British heat-wave. For an intellectual treat, the first; for an hour or two of fun, the second; and for an ordinarily "good story," neither highly distinguished nor to be discarded as below the average, we can recommend the third.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THE SENSE OF WONDER.*

There are words, like child prodigies, which after a brilliant dayspring pass into neglect and even bad odour. Because of this treachery of time Professor Lynn Thorndike has displayed a considerable daring in his title, "Magic and Experimental Science," since to the ordinary person "magic" is associated either with a conjurer or spooks, while to the academic mind the term covers as much or as little as is desired. For that reason Professor Thorndike is prudent to give his definition, since the whole perspective of his two volumes is naturally dependent upon a clear comprehension of the term.

"Magic appears," he writes, "in our period at least, as a way of looking at the world which is reflected in a human art or group of arts employing varied materials in varied rites, often fantastic, to work a great variety of marvellous results, which offer man a release from his physical, social, and intellectual limitations, not by the imaginative and sentimental methods of music, melodrama, fiction, and romance, or by religious experience or asceticism, but by operations supposed to be efficacious here in the world of external reality."

In that sense the definition supplies the wide basis the author requires, namely, the identity of magic with the evolution of human thought. Or in other words, in the childhood of civilisation, when knowledge was untested and mystery lurked behind all nature, the wisdom of that twilight era was *magical* since its attitude towards the world was coloured by a universal credulity in the supernatural. It might however seem somewhat hazardous to attempt to separate with Professor Thorndike the magical from the scientific, since the former is as near the latter as an amateur to a professional and sometimes considerably nearer. At the same time not sufficient admiration can be given to an author confronted by so much that is obscure and psychological and yet preserving a course at once intricate and illuminating. A study of human thought admits no boundaries and allows innumerable by-paths of inquiry, and when the particular avenue of research is one leading through darkness into the antiquity of the human soul it is something of an achievement to produce any kind of sequence at all. Professor Thorndike is not one of those airy specialists so popular in our day of textbooks. He does not pick up a decade and, indifferent to the immensities that gave it the breath of life, dissect its separated tissues in a neat octavo at 5s. net.

This history of the long struggle between magic and science opens with an examination of the forerunners of the Middle Ages. "If the student of the Byzantine Empire needs to know old Rome, the student of the mediæval Church to comprehend early Christianity, the student of Romance languages to understand Latin, still more must the reader of Constantinus Africanus, Vincent of Beauvais, Guido Bonatti and Thomas Aquinas be familiar with the Pliny, Galen and Ptolemy, the Origin and Augustine, the Alkindi and Albumazar from whom they drew." In the thoroughness of his progress from Pliny's Natural History to early mediæval thought with the scholastics of the twelfth century and the philosophers of the thirteenth, Professor Lynn Thorndike has marshalled a progressive study of human speculation quite without comparison amongst this most voluminous and diffuse literature. There are innocent persons who cherish the belief that books first appeared, and then quite as phenomena, about the seventeenth century, but were never in common use until the circulating libraries. And even moderately informed people do not realise how much the mediævalists wrote, and how manfully they resisted clarity or abbreviation. If only, however, to raise a point not of criticism but of argument, it might be suggested that Professor Thorndike is tempted to segregate magic as the sworn opponent of knowledge and even ventures to diagnose it as an example of man's "love of the fallacious" and sensational. The attitude is hardly kindly and perhaps not quite just. Whatever experimental science learned it owed to magic, whatever Christianity may become it is founded upon the ritual of superstition, to whatever heights literature or medicine or art may attain they are one and all the offspring of the primitive sense of wonder.

In the earliest days of all when man was faced by an immense mystery he established himself as best he could and his sense of bewilderment found refuge in a diabolic explanation. But it was a sincere conviction, not a kind of wilfulness. Life was henceforth a series of incantations intermingled with haphazard thrusts at the unknown country of knowledge. Out of this prolonged childhood of civilisation magic remained to envelop the Middle Ages.

* "Magic and Experimental Science." By Professor Lynn Thorndike. 2 vols. 42s. net. (Macmillan.)

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Professor Thorndike presents an impression of knowledge slowly climbing through the centuries and usurping magic in every branch of learning, not unlike the picturesque and dramatic legend that on the birth of Christianity a voice travelling along the shores of the Ægean Sea was heard to cry, " Great Pan is dead." This idea of progress, as Dean Inge recently pointed out, is hardly justified by history. The ancient religion of nature did not collapse at a breath, and for centuries to come magic was prophet, priest and king. In medicine Galen, Rhazes and the school of Salerno founded a school of medicine which Professor Thorndike so admirably describes. But he does not sufficiently emphasise that it was smothered by magic until the nineteenth century and that it achieved advances in surgery which were forbidden for five hundred years by order of the Roman Church. Professor Thorndike asks how people to-day would care for the ancient physician without reflecting that as late as the eighteenth century a most popular remedy for indisposition was a process of mummy dust and the moss from a dead man's skull. It was magic allied with " popular medicine "—that eternal hinterland that crushed a condition of rude but cleanly surgical technique in the twelfth century infinitely safer, as Sir Frederick Treves has recently emphasised, than the London Hospital in the nineteenth.

Professor Lynn Thorndike has also decided to omit the retrogressive influence of superstition in the Roman and Reformed Church, especially the immensely injurious conception of Satan. He even seems to admit a certain toleration for the Papacy. He remarks that Michael Scot was an example of the Roman toleration of a belief in astrology. The explanation lies in the suave amiability of Rome towards all persons, even secret heretics, whose scepticism was tempered by subservience to the Pope. If any cases of the real attitude of the Church are required one is provided by the persecution of Galileo, the great astronomer whose influence on human thought places him in the ranks of universal genius, while another is in Servetus, that unstable man of genius, who escaped the Inquisition, to be betrayed to death by Calvin. Nor perhaps can anyone afford to speak lightly even of the most fantastic flights of magic which reached their height in witchcraft. Professor Thorndike refers to the persecution of the witch as " a delusion." It was a delusion in one aspect, namely the inability of the mediæval mind (and not infrequently the modern also) to perceive the survival of magic, not in the supernatural but in the ancient worship of nature. Out of all the victims of oppression the magic of the witch holds on its course with hardly a rebuff. Moreover, what the witch died for creeps back to life. Although she (or the leech for that matter) was quite unscientific in her concoctions she acted up to the most modern principles in establishing with success the fundamental practice of auto-suggestion. Magic was as often as not the jam upon the science and in an age of absolute acquiescence when superstition was a habit, not a recreation, it possessed a crude efficacy. Nor has this tide of magic ebbed so entirely away as to make one easy in mind. There is an effulgence of dreams to-day, of messages from ghosts, of photographs of fairies, of distinguished scientists rivalling one another after the crusted traditions of Doctor Dee or of Saul and his prehistoric Witch of Endor.

Of all this Professor Thorndike is naturally better aware than I and in no degree impressed by modern enlightenment. He remarks of the magic of to-day, " One can well imagine that a future age may regard much of the learning even of our time as almost as futile, superstitious, fantastic in method, and irrelevant to the ends sought, as were primitive man's methods of producing rain, Egyptian amulets to cure disease, or mediæval bloodletting according to the phases of the Moon." And admirably concludes, " Magic and experiment yesterday; science and experiment to-day. Long live Thought! and may it some day regroup itself into Truth."

FREDERICK WATSON.

THE FRENCH ROMANTIC DRAMA.*

As a textbook invaluable to students of the French Romantic Drama, Mr. Draper's study of the decadent and melodramatic tragedies composed by Victor Hugo and by Alexandre Dumas merits high praise. The reader who would know the precise obligations of the French theatre to Shakespeare, to Byron and to Scott will find this work a regular storehouse of information. The only fault we have to impute to so admirable a thesis is that it is overloaded with examples. To drop into metaphor, the building is obscured by the scaffolding. In other words Mr. Draper, throughout the book and most noticeably in the first 120 pages, wherein he gives a full account of all the French plays adapted from or based upon the three great English authors, has in his zeal for thoroughness incorporated into his text large masses of material which ought to have been relegated to notes. In consequence his whole volume has more the appearance of a *catalogue raisonne*, of a list of origins and provenances, than of a closely-woven series of arguments. This mere piling-up of data, or at best of generalising piecemeal, makes quite half of what the author has to say very difficult to digest. The reader who wants to get to grips with main principles and tendencies is perpetually beset by an over-accumulation of detail. In the latter half of the book, however, Mr. Draper manages to master his material; and the chapters discussing the romantic hero, the political side of the romantic drama and the reasons for its ultimate collapse possess the double merit of perspicuity and perspicacity.

The French romantic drama perished because it was not founded on human nature. Its authors aimed at reviving the spirit of Shakespeare; but they merely succeeded in recalling those scenes of monstrous crime and hectic sentiment in which such post-Shakespeareans as Ford, Tourneur and Webster revelled. From Shakespeare Hugo and Dumas borrowed the mixture of comic and tragic scenes, the breach of the unities of time and place, and to some extent the alternation of prose and verse. The return to the Middle Ages and the gift of colloquial and sprightly dialogue were the devices they took over from Scott. While by Byron they were furnished with a ready-made hero whose egotism and misanthropy they managed at once to coarsen and to heighten. Their heroines they themselves invented, finding fitting mates for *l'homme fatal* in the adulteress and the courtesan; for neither of the great French romantics cherished a very lofty notion of feminine chastity, either in theory or in practice, priding themselves indeed on a sort of robust sensuality.

But, as if it were not enough to have adopted a rotten hero and to have discovered a rottener heroine, the French Shakespeareans must needs spice their so-called romantic scenes with anti-social propaganda. Into these scenes they introduced not only tirades against kings and nobles, and pæans in favour of " the people "; but they converted the Byronic hero who has a theoretical feud with society into the melodramatic hero who harbours an actual grudge against it. This new kind of hero whom, as Mr. Draper rightly points out, they owed to Goethe's " Werther " and to Schiller's " Raüber," wore many disguises of ill-will. In " Richard Darlington " his grievance was that he was illegitimate; in " Kean " that he belonged to an outcast class. In " Charles VII " he rebelled against having been transported into an alien civilisation. In " Angèle " he ran amok because he had been ruined by a lawsuit. In " Marie Tudor " and in " Ruy Blas " he inveighed against his lowly birth and his consequent deprivation of the rights of free men.

That such an unnatural drama could ever have succeeded in securing for itself a permanent position on the French stage seems more than doubtful. But Mr. Draper has contrived to find no less than five good reasons for its early failure. The first reason is the desertion of its three great playwrights. Hugo, a poor dramatist, ceased to write for

* " The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama: With special reference to the influence of Shakespeare, Scott and Byron." By F. W. M. Draper. 15s. (Constable.)

the stage after the failure of " Les Burgraves " ; De Vigny, never a complete romantic, followed Hugo's example ; while Dumas soon abandoned the melodramatic romantic in favour of the costume romantic. The second and the third reasons for the drama's collapse Mr. Draper discovers in the hostility of managers and players, the former kicking at the costly mountings and crowded stages required, the latter harking back with regret to the old classical tragedy of Corneille and Racine, which it only needed the arrival of a great tragedienne like Rachel to recall to favour (reason the fourth). Finally appears the *causa causans* : the romantic drama became in the end so odious to public taste that it was practically compelled to perform the happy dispatch. It was a very different romantic drama, a romantic drama ultra-patriotic instead of anti-social, which Rostand was destined to sponsor fifty years later.

LEWIS BETTANY.

THE SECRET YEARS.*

Always, I think, Mr. Pugh is at his best when he draws, or seems to be drawing, on remembrances of his own childhood and youth. How much of himself, I wonder, was in " Tony Drum " and in " Harry the Cockney " ? At a venture, I would say he found that poignant, beautiful story, " The Eyes of a Child " (he never wrote anything better, and I am glad to see it is just out in a new and cheap edition), all in his memory, and used his imagination only to recreate in words the life and the people he knew when he was young. " The Secret Years " continues the story of Tobias Morgan, after he leaves school and starts to earn a livelihood, first as a boy in a factory, then as a clerk in a lawyer's office, and leaves him, when he is turned twenty, happy in the love of the adorable Minta, and looking forward to greater happiness.

But do not suppose from this that it is all pleasant romance ; there is pleasant romance in it, but it vividly and minutely realises the surroundings and everyday experiences, the home and business life of Tobias, the boys and girls, the men and women with whom he associated, and as Tobias was reared in poverty, and his circle was necessarily not a select one, if his story were all pleasant much of the truth must have been left out of it, and Mr. Pugh has left out no truth that was essential to complete his picture of the life Tobias had to live. Here again let us be clear. There are modern realists who practise no reticence ; they throw all they see or know into their books, as the dustman shoots his cartload of gleanings into one heap, leaving who will to sort the unsavoury mass and pick out the treasures, if there are any. Mr. Pugh has too keen a sense of humour to be so fatuous ; he is not a realist of this crude, inartistic kind, but allows for the intelligence of his reader ; assumes that he is not utterly ignorant of the common facts of life, and instead of explaining portentously the unlovely things we all know of each other and calling himself a psycho-analyst, he credits you with enough common sense to be aware of them and is contented to make his people alive and show them to you living and wonderfully human, as you might have seen them for yourself had you been one of them.

When you close the book, the factory and the office in which Tobias worked are as indelibly stamped on your memory as if you had worked in them too and rubbed shoulders with the motley, rugged crowd in the one, and the genial, outwardly respectable, more or less rascally young and old gentlemen in the other. And Tobias at home, or diverting himself in his leisure, becomes equally real to you. The decency and goodness and sound boyishness of his character is quietly and subtly revealed. Nothing could be more natural nor more shrewdly and delicately handled then his first love for the glowing Fanny Cashion, otherwise " young Coppernob," and this simple naturalness is the key-note of the book throughout. There is no insistence upon it, yet you are made to feel, by the glimpses you get into their lives, that there is no justice, no

* " The Secret Years." By Edwin Pugh. 7s. 6d. (Cecil Palmer.)

health in the social order that can handicap the poor so heavily as Tobias and his associates are handicapped; are made to feel also that there is something indomitably gracious in human nature when even among those poor and heavy laden there can emerge such men as Tobias's "incredible uncle, Dolly Holebright," whose tolerant philosophy is, "Be kind. The whole law of God is contained in that: Be kind." I am not attempting to repeat the story; it is a story that must be told in full so that you grow intimate with its various characters and can thus be sensible of the laughter behind the tears and the tears under the laughter of it; and in Mr. Pugh's book that is how it is told.

R. H.

OXFORD.*

It might have been thought that there were already guide-books in plenty to the city and university of Oxford; but Mr. Stirling Taylor is able to show good cause why he should add another to their number. "It is not possible," he says, "with profit to mind and body, to walk and read and observe with the eyes, all at the same time. The usual guide-book is too often a vast mass of facts thrown together without much order, and intended to be read while the traveller is on the road. The result in most cases is mental and physical weariness. Travel becomes a toil instead of a pleasure." This is very true. Baedeker, if he is often a necessity, is none the less often a nuisance; and, if one is not very strong-minded, may easily become an obsession. Mr. Taylor has aimed at writing a book which, being read before the work of exploration begins, shall prepare the mind for that work. "It gives the main anatomy of the place; all that the traveller can be expected to grasp on the spot. With this outline in the mind the visitor can see what is all-important and big, and can fill in the smaller details at home, at rest, and at leisure." The idea is an admirable one, and very admirably is it carried out. Mr. Taylor's summary is well calculated to stay in the reader's memory, for it is the vividly presented output of a mind which has absorbed its theme. Nor is he so austerely hostile to the book-in-hand as not to provide a brief itinerary, which "should be read *en route*"; and as his book is of comfortably portable and pocketable size, it will be easy to refresh one's memory from it in the intervals of sight-seeing—while lunching at the "Mitre" for example.

Mr. Taylor clearly loves his Oxford with a deep affection, and dwells rather in its past than in its present. "Most progress is the going back to something older," he says, and it is the "something older" which holds his heart. His is the Oxford of "lost causes and impossible loyalties." He not only dislikes the architectural modernity of Balliol, but views its intellectual modernity with something akin to disfavour. "The gardens and the quiet of all St. John's are symbols of the dignified virtues that were so hated by the Puritans who made England more 'modern,' but far uglier and noisier." Such prejudices are all to the reader's benefit and aid the accomplishment of the writer's purpose; for it is by the personal presentation that even the impersonal fact is best implanted in the memory. Mr. Taylor's book is closed with an admirable series of photographic illustrations, for which his brother, Mr. Will F. Taylor, is responsible.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "Oxford: A Guide to its History and Topography." By G. R. Stirling Taylor. 4s. (Longmans, Green.)

MR. CADBURY'S CAREER.*

"A well-written life is almost as rare as a well-spent one." Carlyle spoke out of a disappointing experience of biographies, and his word still holds good. Biographies of good men may be too long, or they may be fulsome, or they may be dull. We have all known such. Now, Mr. Cadbury's was a well-spent life, and it is well-written by Mr. Gardiner; we have here an honest, well-proportioned record of a man who built up an enormous business and kept his soul alive. The successful merchant may be rather an unhuman being, but in Mr. Cadbury's case the acquisition of wealth meant a constant and fresh sense of responsibility not only towards his employees at Bournville, but far beyond them. Mr. Gardiner's enforced leisure from editorial work has been wisely spent in compiling this book.

Mr. Cadbury and his brother Richard inherited their father's business in 1861. George Cadbury was then twenty-two. He lived in what Mr. Gardiner calls "the highly charged spiritual atmosphere" of his father's house at Edgbaston. The family were strict Quakers, so strict that no piano was allowed in the house, and no carriage was kept; the boys had ponies, but they had themselves to attend to them. George was apprenticed at the age of fifteen, and seven years later he found himself obliged to take over his father's business in a declining condition. Only about a dozen hands were employed in the cocoa business of the Cadburys. But the brothers threw themselves on their task,



Christchurch from the South.

From a print *c.* 1800.

From "Oxford" (Longmans).

* "Life of George Cadbury." By A. G. Gardiner. With ten full-page illustrations. 10s. 6d. (Cassells.)

put all their funds into the concern, lived laborious days, and, after two years of anxious labour, managed to weather the storm. They improved the quality of their cocoa, by "taking out the cocoa butter instead of adding flour to counteract it." From that day the business prospered hugely.

The next step was to move out to Bournville in 1879, a venture which richly justified itself. One reason for transferring the business was "the conviction that the health and happiness of those whom they employed formed the first condition of an enduring business," and the Garden Village scheme was as much in the interest of the employees as of the proprietors. Mr. Cadbury believed in housing his workers well. He felt that he owed it to them, and even as a business proposition it was remunerative. Mr. Gardiner has succeeded in showing how the factory system has been humanised at Bournville. The details and principles of the scheme are amply discussed, and this is one prominent feature of the book. It is not surprising to learn that trade unionism does not flourish at Bournville. There, as in the thread works at Paisley, some better thing has been devised by far-sighted employers, and the workers know when they are well off.

Mr. Cadbury never took a prominent part in the civic life of Birmingham. But he mixed in politics as the proprietor of newspapers, a venture which brought him some discomfort and loss. He had left Mr. Chamberlain over the Home Rule question, and the Boer war deepened the breach, till he purchased the *Daily News* in order to influence public opinion as he desired. Financially, he was a loser. He excluded liquor and betting advertisements, and this self-denying ordinance handicapped the paper. Undeterred by this, he bought the *Morning Leader* and the *Star* in 1910, and yet allowed them still to provide betting and racing news! Mr. Gardiner's comment is: "It must be admitted that the position was equivocal, and that the argument [i.e. that if you let the papers be ruined by excluding such news, it would only transfer the news to other papers] was capable of being represented as casuistical. But of the motives that actuated him there was no doubt in any mind that understood him." The final rumpus came after the Great War. Mr. Cadbury had penetration enough to see that intrigues against Mr. Lloyd George would ruin the Asquith Liberals and not Mr. George himself. He never ceased to believe that Mr. George was the real progressive leader of the country, and, as Mr. Gardiner, who was editing the *Daily News*, saw otherwise, the two parted, with mutual respect. In 1922 he died, "just as the signal from Bournville of the close of the day's labour fell on the ears of the watchers by the bedside."

And the man behind the work? Mr. Gardiner allows us to have some glimpses of a resolute, Christian character, autocratic now and then, but dominated by a practical zeal for his fellowmen, without much humour, but with a simple generosity which made him the friend and helper of every good cause. He cared little for travel, and he was not a bookman. Last year, in a New York club, a friend pointed out to me the picture of an American merchant prince on the walls of the library, and dryly remarked: "I don't suppose he ever read a book of literature in his life." Mr. Cadbury was not quite so limited. He read his Bible; he liked the "Bucolics" of Virgil, and apparently could appreciate Dickens and Browning. "But ordinarily he read only for the enrichment of his social ideas, and the worlds of art, romance and fancy were to him an untravelled realm." However, he loved flowers and gardens.

You lay down this biography with the sense that you understand better what Jowett meant by saying that "men may do good things if they do not want credit for them." Mr. Cadbury strikes one as having been indifferent to praise and personal credit, in a remarkable degree. He lived for what he conceived to be the ends of God in his day and generation. No man can do that on any scale, least of all upon the large scale, without

imposing on himself many limitations and without forgoing many personal ambitions. Mr. Cadbury makes this impression of disinterested activity, and to those who never knew him personally it is a heartening fact.

JAMES MOFFATT.

FIRST NOVELS AND THEIR REVIEWERS.*

It has been generally assumed by the young novelist that the reviewer of his first attempt at fiction is the author of at least one novel himself, whether the *magnum opus* lies in the sixpenny box at the second-hand bookshop or in the reviewer's secret cupboard of "skelingtons." But unfortunately the assumption is mistaken. One may depend on it that the imitation Giffords and Jeffreys of our time, the reviewers who, to make a modern newspaper reader's holiday, are in the habit of ridiculing other folks' first attempts at the novel, do so precisely because they themselves have never worked for their only legitimate credentials. The reviewer of a beginner's novel who has obtained his credentials (the nature of these is obvious) can be relied upon in every comment he makes to reveal an understanding of the mountain-like mission which the inexperienced author has undertaken when he sets out upon his new adventure: he, and he alone of the critics, knows what heartbreaking disappointments and heart-searchings a young novelist experiences as he goes heroically along, ploughing his way through the complications of a technique that cannot be understood or prepared for simply by reading and studying the novels of one's predecessors. Indeed there is no project in any of the arts which presents such unique difficulties as that of the first novel. Surely this is sufficient reason why such work should be treated in a particular manner, that is, less for what it achieves than for what has been attempted. It is not the way in which a man hitches his wagon to a star that matters to begin with, but the magnitude, the significance of the star.

A young writer's technique is bound to be faulty, but even perfection would be little to the purpose so long as drabness or unimaginativeness were revealed in the aspiration. On this principle there are at least two distinct kinds of welcome to be distributed among the four first novels lying before me. Mr. Scarborough and Miss Fagan are content for their part that they should tell a story, and this they do skilfully enough to disabuse anyone of the notion that their pens are unpractised. The pseudo-romanticism of "Stephen the Well-Beloved" is amply suggested by a picture-cover on which are introduced the beautiful heroine, a foreign-looking villain, and the hero himself, garbed in a green uniform that we discover eventually is that of a new kingdom in Central Europe created by the Treaty of Versailles, a kingdom of which he, although an Englishman, has been invested with the crown. Stephen goes through a number of thrilling adventures before and after that investiture, and finally he resolves that the title of Lord Beauwitte, which he conveniently inherits, is good enough for him: especially as the Princess of Charopuk is quite willing to stoop to his low station and become his Viscountess. Mr. Scarborough's style is unambitious, as though he were resolved that his story should not be obscured by the trappings of "fine" writing; but it is adequate for his purpose, and he keeps us interested in each of his clearly-defined people, especially Stephen, who incidentally has a sort of taste in literature, for he refers to Jammes as "François Jamme," and considers Mr. Gerald Cumberland's "Set Down in Malice" to be "priceless."

Miss Fagan's story deals with a type of character apparently removed only a very little from these cosmopolitan foster-children of Mr. William Le Queux, but in reality as apart as David Copperfield's Agnes is from Diana of the Crossways. For her mythical folk of Mayfair are pallid-minded, and their sins are so pallid that Omar Khayyám could hardly have had their species in his thought when he spoke of the futility of tears to wash out the records of the Moving Finger; the sponge of a tiny schoolmiss would be adequate in cleaning away the blackmailing and kindred crimes of Mr. Greville-Saumarez when he gets "dear" Lady Ann into his power. In fact, Miss Fagan's method is thoroughly and delightfully old-fashioned. In future work she and Mr. Scarborough should satisfy the public that cares for their class of fiction—and, moreover, satisfy the publishers who, on the strength of these first books, are probably building up extravagant castles in Spain.

The welcome we would wish to give to Miss Ethel Mannin and Mr. Ivor Gatty is different. Here are writers whose aim is considerably farther than their reach, for they have attempted the larger task of interpreting a phase of experience which has moved them imaginatively. Technical accomplishment is bound to fall short in such instances, without detracting, however, from an author's *moral* success. Mr. Gatty will soon learn to refrain, for example, from writing a sentence like: "Already the birds were . . . announcing *to all and sundry* the coming of the sun," or a sentence without a predicate, as on page 6. Miss Mannin will acquire the smoothness by which the crudities of a rather ruthlessly-working pen may be eradicated, nor will she be content to borrow her minor characters out of "stock," so to say, reserving her gift of original observation for her important Martha Leigh and David O'Halloran. Mr. Gatty's novel is less a story than a study. He presents with excellent effect a sensitive and rather exceptional type of boy and describes his emotional experiences in Paris and London until he leaves him at the stage where he takes up a medical practice, from motives of altruism, in an East End slum. Miss Mannin's heroine is a workhouse child who has intellectual gifts which enable her to become a doctor's secretary, and, later, his wife. But she discovers her mistake immediately afterwards, and runs away to earn, or try to earn, her own living in London. Her struggles, temptations, and ultimate triumph are graphically and sympathetically described, though during the latter half of the book it is the story rather than the mood that keeps us interested. At one important point our sympathy for Martha is rather strained. She discovers that her dead mother has left an unfinished play, and, inheriting her literary gifts, the daughter completes it and enjoys its success as her own. The legitimacy of this does not appear to be questioned, even by the author of the story, but at least one reader who hitherto has regarded Martha as a woman of unfaltering rectitude is, like Mr. George Robey's optic, filled with pain and surprise.

THOMAS MOULT.

* "Stephen the Well-beloved." By Harold E. Scarborough. 6s. (First Novel Library: Fisher Unwin.)—"Dear Ann." By Elizabeth Fagan. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Edgar." By Ivor Gatty. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)—"Martha." By Ethel E. Mannin. 7s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

GATHERING CLOUDS.*

"There is no more dangerous centre of future disturbance, if not of a new war, than the regions which include Hungary and its immediate neighbours." Grave words, these, with which Mr. T. P. O'Connor opens his foreword to Major Street's new book, "Hungary and Democracy."

Whether they are justified or not is what Major Street has set himself to show.

For some time past certain well-informed people have regarded the proceedings of the Hungarian authorities with interest, if not, indeed, with positive anxiety. One does not need to be reminded that the death of a single man in 1914 was the spark which kindled a blaze that eventually destroyed thousands of lives. The Near East has ever been a hot-bed of intrigue, and the redistribution of territories which followed the war-to-end-war has done nothing to improve matters. Major Street writes:

"Hungary to-day differs little from the Hungary of the years before the war. It is ruled by an oligarchy whose agents strive their hardest to disguise the fact. The old oppression of all

* "Hungary and Democracy." By C. J. C. Street. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin).

democratic ideals continues, rendered more dangerous by the determination of the jealous rulers of the State to undermine their neighbours, in whose territories these ideals flourish Hungary, while professing poverty and proclaiming her impossibility to exist within the limits imposed by the Treaties, expends her revenues in the maintenance of a military organisation with which at the propitious moment to attempt the invasion of the surrounding States."

This is a serious indictment, but if Major Street's preceding pages contain accurate information it is not too serious. And he writes from personal experience of the Near East; as a trained observer; as one who has had access to documents and conversations with persons from which and from whom valuable information has been obtained; and finally as a man who desires to attack no party or power, but to adopt the same impartial attitude which made his earlier books worthy of the plain man's consideration

The alarmist listening eagerly for the rattling of the sabre is merely pathetic; but the first essential for a real world peace is a clear understanding of the problems with which the nations of the world are attempting to deal. Therefore it behoves us to learn something of the causes of these problems, and of the possible consequences of the steps which are being taken to solve them. It is impossible to deal here with Major Street's mass of statistics and deductions, but it would be well for the man who reads his daily newspaper in the train on the way to his office to read what Major Street has to say about the propaganda which is being issued from certain quarters expressly for the edification of the peoples of the greater nations. Sane men shudder at the idea of another war; it is not enough to shudder Public opinion is a force of incalculable power but it must be based on a clear understanding and appreciation of facts to be of real value

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

MYSTICISM AND THE SAINT OF ASSISI.*

Mr. George Santayana, whose "Interpretations of Poetry and Religion" is in parts one of the most dense minded books which was ever eulogised by intellectual critics, says many strange things about mysticism, which is, according to him, "an incurable disease" "Need we ask," he says, "where we should look for that expansion and elevation of the mind which the mystic seeks so passionately and so unintelligently? We can find that expansion, in the first place, in the imagination itself. That is the true realm of man's infinity, where novelty may exist without falsity and perpetual diversity without contradiction. But such exercise of imagination leaves the world of knowledge untouched. Is there no escape from the prison, as the mystic thinks it, of science and history which shall yet carry us beyond reality? Is there no truth beyond conventional truth, no life behind human existence? Certainly. Behind the discovered there is the discoverable, beyond the actual the possible." Such eloquent nonsense is difficult to answer calmly, but it does nevertheless reflect a very common attitude of half-baked minds, this dogmatism of spiritually blind intellectuals. That is why the consideration of Mr. Nicholson's conscientious piece of work may well be approached from the camp of science and history. Scientists and historians of genius and unspoilt and simple-minded ignorant men are not blind to the mystical outlook. The traditional common sense of the English, for example, what is it but a genius for welding the five senses into one essentially mystical sense? The synthesis of the historian of genius is similarly directed by this wisdom which is above the intellect. Mr. Nicholson does well in his book to stress the parallel between the philosophy of intuition (though perhaps Bergson was not the most useful philosopher he could have quoted) and the teachings of the mystics. So, too, when a thorough scientist like Metchnikoff gives us his conclusions on "The

* "The Mysticism of St. Francis of Assisi, illustrated from etchings by Laurenzo Laurenzi." By D. H. S. Nicholson. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Nature of Man," he ends by warning us that " to modify the human constitution it will be necessary first to frame the ideal, and thereafter to set to work with all the resources of science." True, he adds: " If there can be formed an ideal able to unite men in a kind of religion of the future, this ideal must be founded on scientific principles." But since the reason acting on no material outside itself is sterile, scientific principles only come into being as a systematisation of knowledge which appears first as mystical apprehension. You may term this inspiration, for it enters the intellect from higher levels of intelligence. If the shock of discovery excites the discoverer into expression in beautiful concrete forms, he is an artist. The discovery may, however, provide food to the logical faculty, and then the discovery is scientific. The answer to Mr. Santayana's jargon is that the discoverable, " behind the discovered," and the possible " beyond the actual," is in the possession of mysticism, the " incurable disease." The mystic's mysticism is certainly incurable; but a study of such a mystic as the sweet Saint of Assisi does not incline one to dread the " disease " of mysticism.

The author of this book gives a clear and comprehensive account of the fundamental ideas of mysticism before merging, in a pleasant manner, the biography of St. Francis into the illustrations of the practical application in life of his mysticism. St. Francis (like most people), being human and passionate, made mistakes, but to know him as he was is to love him; and to bring down on earth the love that lives in heaven is after all the chief aim of mystics and the most important consequence of mysticism. Nothing could be a more instructive lesson for the general English reader than to watch the mental and spiritual biography of a man of inspired common sense like Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells's imagination is illuminated by mystical ideas even while his intellect denies knowledge of mysticism. But, better still, let the reader go direct to the masters of spiritual knowledge, of whom none is more easily approachable than St. Francis—unless it be He of Calvary.

No reference to Mr. Nicholson's book can be made without mentioning that the reproductions of etchings by Laurenzo Laurenzi with which it is illustrated are really beautiful.

R. L. MÉGROZ.

MR. ROBERT NICHOLS'S "FANTASTICA."

Mr. Robert Nichols bids fair to join the ranks of inveterate preface writers. The preface and epilogue to his new book* exhibit both his genius and its chief defect—a swashbuckling exuberance of emotion and thought. He is fiercely concerned with the condition of the post-war world and the manipulation of men's minds for the material advantage of a few; and recalling Shelley's phrase, " Poets are the legislators of the world," and wishing to earn the title veritably, he rather naïvely claims that he " raises a solitary voice among the English poets " in the defence of liberty. This is of course absurd, but its very extravagance is a measure of Mr. Nichols's limitations. He adjures his fellow-poets to quit their hedgerows and, " in the name of St. Francis, of Blake, of Shelley," to leave " their somewhat fuddled loves and fretful disillusions " and make their exploration " not subjective but objective." The intention of the counsel is excellent, even though it rings somewhat penitentially from the poet who sang " Aurelia, when our bodies shall be rotten." And certainly the poets have turned the glass too exclusively upon themselves. There has been too much psycho-analysis over café tables, too sedulous a cultivation of the grotesque and cynical, too little Beauty which is also Truth. But, even so, poetry may well decline and perish if, in the achievement of complete objectivity, in the sounding of the trumpets of revolution, it ignores the hedgerows. " Of what value," cries Mr. Nichols, " the song of the free lark . . . when man himself is placing Man in a cage ? " The fact assuredly is that poets who are impelled to sing of the free lark will sing of the free lark, and if Mr. Nichols would dissuade them the less poet he. Finally, on this point, it is significant that he chooses prose as a medium for his reformist fantasies rather than verse.

Of the three tales in the book the least successful is a somewhat sophisticated version of the myth of Perseus and Andromeda. Sir Perseus is maloried into a pinchbeck prig with Arthurian connections, whilst Andromeda is a minx of all time who avows a final preference for chains and sensual regard over freedom and rectitude. The mixture of periods and style is at times amusing, but at the end I have a feeling that Mr. Leacock, after a course of Jung and Diana Watts, would do it much better.

" The Smile of the Sphinx " is accompanied by a prefatory explanation which rather ponderously and needlessly imputes to it a Promethean significance. But it is a delightful fantasy none the less. The theme itself is slight: an aspirant to the favours of a princess is sent by her to discover the secret of the smile of the Sphinx. After a life-time of anguished contemplation of the enigma, of unremitting scholarship and journeyings to and fro, he learns in his heart that the smile is itself the secret and dies content. Of the style it is sufficient to say that it frequently mounts to the quality of Pater's prose, possessing withal a vitality that only lyric genius confers:

> " Then was it that for Es-siddeeh the body and the face of the Sphinx achieved a final apotheosis. Her limbs throbbed with a deep and terrible energy. From her breast issued an all-embracing warmth similar to that of the earth. Her breathing became distinct as an august and stupendous rhythm, resembling the ascent and descent of waters from firmament to firmament . . . Around her head, entangling in its mesh the nearer planets, there wreathed itself an enormous halo, iridescent as that which encircles the frosty moon. Her whole being exuded a supreme lustre until she became one living and colossal crystal which distributed in refraction all the colours of the rainbow and which palpitated with powers unguessed."

Artistically, and even didactically, the third and longest story, " Golgotha and Co.," is as curious an enigma as the Sphinx was to Es-siddeeh. Exuberance and the almost prophetic intensity of his purpose has lured Mr. Nichols into tracts of rhetoric where bold outlines are lost. As a satire it lacks conciseness, as a record of conversations and speeches it is frequently overweighted and dull. What is triumphant is the quality of imaginative genius which so often lifts Mr. Nichols head and shoulders above his contemporaries. Here is told the story of a world of the future " run " by the few in the interests of the few, of the cynical plan to reinstate Christianity as an other-worldly antidote to proletarian unrest, of the boosting of religion by film, radio and all the available resources of science. It tells of the exploitation and victory of the mysterious Protagonist and His agony in Gethsemane under the scrutiny of cameras and pressmen's eyes, of the colossal defeat of Antichrist in the person of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew. The discussions are immensely clever but I get a sense of Mr. Nichols's book-knowledge being ransacked for ideas and correlations beyond the need of the theme. It is a tremendous effort for one who is primarily a lyric poet, and though it fails to be an artistic whole because of its rhetorical unwieldiness it has a passion of conviction which is a beautiful portent in literature. Mr. Nichols is already an asset to modern English letters: with greater self-discipline he has it in him to rank among the immortals.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

* " Fantastica," By Robert Nichols. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

"CORSICA" BOSWELL.*

" What think you, Sir, of [Boswell's] account of Corsica ? " asked Peter Pindar of Samuel Johnson; to receive the answer, " Sir, he hath made a mountain of a wart. . . .

* " The Journal of a Tour to Corsica; and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli." By James Boswell, Esq. Edited with an Introduction by S. C. Roberts. 6s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The account is a farrago of disgusting egotism and pompous vanity." It is amusing, and not severe on anybody but Dr. Wolcot (the aforesaid Peter Pindar), to contrast that opinion, uttered "a few months before the Doctor paid the great debt to nature," with the one expressed by him in a letter to Boswell after the publication of the third edition of the Journal in 1769, as "in a very high degree curious and delightful." The dialogue, as detailed by Wolcot, is so blistered with prejudice against Bozzy as to put it hopelessly out of court; while, assuredly, the modern reader endorses the better opinion.

It is a curious thing, on re-reading the little book, which has been strangely neglected (for until now it has only once been reprinted since 1769), to discover how its main interest lies, not in the particulars about Corsica or even in that pleasant patriot, General Paoli, but in its reflection of the personality of Boswell himself. Indirectly, the circumstance marks Bozzy's continued and rapid progress to a foremost position among our literary artists and men of letters; and illustrates as well the curious manner in which he is living down those rapid judgments of wild-man Macaulay. In reading the Journal one accepts the persons and conditions that pass across its pages as merely subordinate—supers and background—to him. Boswell stands forth from the narrative so brilliantly that, if only he could have known it, how gratified he would have been! For he is the man of this book; and in that man we see, young but already full-grown, the same persevering, hero worshipping, persuasive, inquiring, note-taking and patient reporter of mankind whose crowning achievement was the "Johnson." Boswell was already the accomplished biographer.

Few books have been written with greater enjoyment. Certainly no visitor to any country carried there with him a greater equipment of goodwill. Not many would have survived that earliest interview with Paoli, of which we have the complementary account from the General himself, recorded by Dr. Tinker in his recent "Young Boswell." For ten minutes or so the two stared at each other, Paoli in a rage because of the visitor's openly taking notes and the easy possibility of his being an "espy." The same tactics of flattery and goodwill, before which the bear Johnson rapidly succumbed, were equally successful with the patriot, and so there began between them a friendship of years, a friendship which served Paoli well when, as an exile from Corsica, he became through Boswell's kind offices one of the circle surrounding the Doctor.

It is amusing to recognise Bozzy's complacent acceptance of the suggestion, current among Corsicans, that he was a secret plenipotentiary from this country to theirs. Although frequently protesting his denial of being the "ambasciadore Inglese," yet throughout the narrative one is conscious of his delight in the idea and of his implicit acceptance of the unauthorised office, as he discusses international politics with this person and with that.

> "I threw out many flattering ideas of future political events, imaged the British and the Corsicans strictly united both in commerce and war, and described the blunt kindness and admiration with which the hearty, generous common people of England would treat the brave Corsicans."

So too when he was answering the questions of the peasants and soldiers. "I did everything in my power to make them fond of the British, and bid them hope for an alliance with us." And when he played on his flute to them Scottish airs and sang a ready translation of "Hearts of Oak." "It was quite a joyous riot," he declared. "I fancied myself to be a recruiting sea-officer. If the official *corps diplomatique* had always served us so heartily and well!"

Thanks and congratulations to Mr. S. C. Roberts and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press for a book of the first quality in form and style and Boswellian interest.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

It would be delightful to send out these seven authors on an expedition and request them to write a book about it. Suppose, in order to be fair to all of them, it were an expedition to a land which none of them has previously visited, a land to which they have perhaps not even in their dreams been previously attracted. If they be sent to Iceland, say, what sort of books would they produce for us? . . . Miss Overell would become acquainted with some of the most interesting old inhabitants, and from them she would cull an admirable harvest, while at the same time she would reinforce her booty from here and there and everywhere. As a result of reading her book—and we should read almost every word of it—we should possess a very satisfactory knowledge of the people and have enjoyed ourselves while we were acquiring it. Mr. Humphries would undertake a most perilous journey to parts of the island where no stranger had ever been seen. By tact and good fortune he would survive, bringing back to us a tale of heroic endurance narrated in the most modest fashion. "One cannot," he says, "be too sure of anything one meets for the first time in Papua, so I cannot be emphatic about it." This is as charming as the similar remarks in old Diaz, the historian of the Conquistadors. The book of Mr. Humphries would be the one which practically every boy would seize, not only on account of his excellent photographs but because of the businesslike way in which marvels are related. Professor Toynbee's book, on the other hand, would at first repel the boy who does not care for tables of dates and foot-notes and an air of discontent. He would admit that the Professor, in his book on the relations between Turks and Greeks, knows probably more about the subject than anybody else, and in glancing through the book again he would after all be gripped in spite of himself. For the Professor is so enthralled by his subject that he triumphantly enthrals his readers. One expects a special correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* to be a special kind of man, fearless and graphic, and erudite and humorous. Even as Nevinson, so is Toynbee. May they always be—they always will be—provided with atrocities. It is so pleasant, in the midst of a most able exposé of the military position, to come across the author's dry remarks on the fabrication of legends. His descriptions of men and of the environment are at times gloriously romantic. He says of those against whom great parts of his book are written, to wit the Greeks, "they fought like lions—attacking strongly fortified positions for six days running without reserves." Mr. Harry de Windt is a different kind of traveller, and on his return from the trip to Iceland he would fling himself down and throw off a book in which there would be quite a lot about the ladies of Costa Rica. The word "Costa" would remind him of a late Marquess who preferred to live in the East End of London, and "London" would cause him to embark on cheery anecdotes about a good many miscellaneous people. The sedateness of the average Icelander—it is said that no woman on that island has been known to smile—would drive Mr. de Windt to despair. But he would ascertain their nicknames and would try to be gay. A dignitary of the Church was at a smart dinner at Newport, U.S.A., and when his hostess apologised for the low gown of one of her guests—"Oh, don't mind me!" replied the aged priest. "I have been a missionary." As for Colonel Casserly, his contribution to an Icelandic collection would be a rather uncritical but thoroughly well-meaning and well-informed volume. Professor Poulsen's book would be delightfully written, with most unprofessional touches. His escapes from the non-smiling but determined ladies of Iceland would be vividly told, his encounters with children would be full of wistful poetry, and his description of Icelandic interiors would be such that we would never want to go there. Finally we would take up the account of Mr. Harry L. Foster; we would start at the beginning and read every word of it. His book would be less authoritative than that of Professor Toynbee, it would be less poetical than Poulsen, less dull than Casserly—in spite of the Colonel's lavish, too lavish, local colour—it would also be less full of quotable and unquotable anecdotes than de Windt. But we would spend with this very modern Mandeville perhaps an entire day, oblivious to appointments and grave affairs. We should in the evening excuse ourselves by saying that we had at the same time been instructed, and in branches quite remote. "I might have spent an enjoyable twenty or thirty years," he tells us, "in such a place as Zamboanga, but the poet had to be pursued." This is by no means one of those dreadfully facetious books of travel; it is the work of a man who knows how to travel, whose eyes are trained to observe the essential and who puts your sourest critic in a very good humour.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

* "A Woman's Impressions of German New Guinea." By Lilian Overell. 12s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)—"Patrolling in Papua." By W. R. Humphries. 21s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Western Question in Turkey and Greece." By Arnold Toynbee. 18s. (Constable.)—"My Note Book." By Harry de Windt. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Algeria To-day." By Gordon Casserly. 16s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Travels and Sketches." By Frederik Poulsen. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)—"A Beachcomber in the Orient." By Harry L. Foster. 2s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Novel Notes.

JIM MAITLAND. By "Sapper." 7s. 6d. net (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Tall, lean, sinewy, immaculately dressed, Jim Maitland strolls round the world wearing an admittedly unnecessary eyeglass, and handing out admittedly necessary punches wherever he goes. To accompany him under Sapper's guidance is as thrilling an experience as a reader could wish. From Dagos, Huns, white slavers and the like Jim Maitland delivers us, and having a nice eye for a dramatic situation, Jim delivers us, not too soon but just in the nick of time. Little use warning Jim he is up against a tough customer. "I like 'em tough," replies Jim. For his duel with the formidable Baron Stockmar, who for political reasons must not be killed openly, Jim selects big-game rifles, and suggests they go ostensibly after lions to some suitable place, and that then the principals should take cover, and at a given signal each should regard the other as a lion to be stalked until "a result" takes place—the blame for the killing to be borne by the lions. Naturally, Jim's adventures do not always leave him heart-whole or body-whole, but for all that up he bobs triumphantly in the dancing halls of Valparaiso, in the drinking saloons of the South Seas, in Sydney, in Egypt—wherever the pavement ends. There can be no doubt that Sapper's latest novel will be devoured eagerly by all who "like 'em tough."

THE TURNING SWORD. By G. V. McFadden. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Poole in the early nineteenth century coaching days is the background of Miss G. V. McFadden's new novel, a book which shows her qualities as an artist at their best. In the smooth working-in of character with character; in a well-knit story where all the loose ends have been caught up and tied, the reader enjoys watching her skill. She does not overload her canvas. A coach-load brings to Poole all the characters she needs, with the exception of those who already are there. The excitement of the opening scene introduces us to most of the people whom we need to know. Miss McFadden has put a lot of work into her studies of the three sisters in her book. Here also is seen her economy of touch. For the same lover—in the person of Mr. Northway—suffices for two of the sisters. He becomes engaged to Charlotte and to Susannah in turn. John Memory, the villain-hero, gets much more interesting as the story goes on, and although at the end it looks as if Gillian, the third sister, would have to wait for him for fifteen years, the story closes quite cheerfully upon her happiness and her hopes.

NO EXTRADITION. By A. Safroni-Middleton. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

RAGGED ROMANCE. By A. Safroni-Middleton. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Safroni-Middleton has wandered about the world and lived so much romance himself it is no wonder the spirit of romance runs riot in his books. "No Extradition" is the story of a beautiful French girl who escapes from a penal settlement and is rescued from the sea to meet poignant, thrilling experiences among a motley group of Europeans and natives in the South Sea Islands. "Ragged Romance" starts in New Zealand with the passionate love of a young Englishman for a Maori girl, whose spirit, after her death, strangely influences him through the grim and perilous adventures that await him when he goes adventuring into the South Seas Mr Safroni-Middleton knew Stevenson at Samoa and introduces him vividly and effectively into this story Here are two tales, widely differing in plot and character, but alike in this, that the thrill of romance is in them, and both make capital reading.

THE HEART KNOWETH. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 7s. 6d net. (Hutchinson,)

Who but Mrs. Horace Tremlett could touch the fringe of tragedy so delicately, so subtly, with such half laughing tenderness? For this is the tragedy of two hearts or so nearly a tragedy that even when the sun breaks through the clouds at last for Ashley Wilde, the bitterness of the lost years cannot be forgotten. Don't imagine that Mrs. Tremlett is sacrificing her sparkling dialogue, her flippant, light hearted characters to grim drama. All the surface glitter is here, but beneath is the disaster of a shattered love affair, of a terribly mistaken marriage. Wilde is drifting into happiness with Lula Berenger when he learns from his supposed aunt something of his past that makes him feel he can never ask the girl he loves to share his life with him. Misunderstanding the sudden change in him, the girl marries another a man of detestable personality. Out in East Africa the three meet again, and there the little drama is brought to a happy and perfectly natural conclusion.

KNIGHTON. By Guy Rawlence. 7s. 6d net. (Duckworth)

Mr. Rawlence has done well in this novel, and with great promise. It is a difficult theme, though a theme that is current at the present moment—how a man is absorbed and held by a house that sums up his family and its history and ideals for many generations Oliver Rooke has come back after twenty years' absence to Knighton, his ancestral home, lived in with love and reverence and devotion by Rookes from father to son for three hundred years Twenty years ago his young man's follies had incurred debts that perilled his family's hold on Knighton, and after twenty years he returns to find his father and mother dead and the place sold to a novelist, Mallow, who and whose wife have modernised the old house, restored its noble panellings and made the gardens a wonder of beauty. Rooke is rich and is fain to buy Knighton back, in vain, but falling in love with Mallow's daughter he marries her, and his father-in-law sells house and farm to him. So he settles down to supreme felicity, passionately loving Viola, passionately devoted to Knighton. Now Viola is a creature of artistic London, and is unwilling to find herself gradually becoming subordinate to Knighton, as her husband grows more and more incorporated with the place, more and more ardently devoted to it. The conflict between her affinities with Chelsea, and Rooke's passion for his ancestral heritage brings danger and trouble to their common life, and a third person comes to menacing importance, an artist who had loved Viola in vain, and now enters her life again and wins an avowal of her love, but not her consent to join her life with his. There is much to praise in Mr. Rawlence's book; it is interesting, it keeps the attention, we accept the people and what they do. It seems, however, on the whole bettur realised, better imagined and felt, than

expressed. There is a veil, impalpable and filmy, between his thought and his reader. It is not failure to achieve, merely a certain dimness of effect throughout. Yet there are occasional touches and strokes that attain strength, definiteness and accuracy, and these embolden the reader to hope that Mr. Rawlence will advance in his technique and find expression for his really rather distinguished inventions.

LITTLE FLOWER OF THE STREET. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Calthrop is incurably romantic. We once heard him, if we remember aright, upholding in debate the romantic, as opposed to the realistic type of drama, and the argument had his full enthusiasm. Time in his stories never presses, never worries. We are scarcely conscious of its passing. It does not pass for Prue, his fairy heroine, Little Flower of the Street, who is loved by everyone. It is no use suggesting that in real life Prue would scarcely have walked through obstacles so easily, that the strain of her position as a county lady in a conventional and censorious country-side would have sent tired lines into her face. In romantic fiction there are no tired lines. Mr. Calthrop's story has an eighteenth century background, is picturesquely and merrily told and the incidents go with a flourish. It is the tale of how the Lady Barbara Quality, the young widow of a wealthy baronet, unwilling to be burdened by the care of an infant son, has the child left at a foundling hospital and gives it out that he is dead. Nicholas grows up and becomes known to his friends as the "Whistling Porter." One day Lady Barbara requires the services of a porter. Who but Nicholas should come? He is handsome, very like his father, and Lady Barbara has begun to long for a son. As one to the manner born, the boy fits into the part. All is going smoothly—too smoothly for a romantic tale, and Mr. Calthrop whips his inventive powers into action. Nicholas, bored with country life, goes to London, falls into enemy hands and is shipped off as a slave to Algeria. All ends happily, with Prue in Nicholas's arms, but there are some stirring passages before the tangle comes straight.

THE TALE OF THOMAS TRUELOVE. By Anne Topham. 7s. 6d net. (Melrose.)

A delighful romance of the days when George III was king. Thomas Truelove enlists at once our sympathy and interest and holds it successfully to the end of his story. The first chapter gives a vivid little picture of Thomas as a child on a visit to his Uncle Jacob, who keeps a music shop in the town of Derby; it is a skilfully told chapter, which creates the right atmosphere for the period in which the story takes place; and this atmosphere is carried well throughout the book. Adventures down lead mines, with sheep stealers and highwaymen, with horses, and horse-racing, and with a fair maiden—such is the lot of Thomas Truelove. Events move swiftly and easily, and always Miss Topham has something of interest to unfold, so that the end is reached long before we wish it—which proves to us what an enjoyable tale it has been.

SPEED THE PLOUGH. By Mary Butts. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Not everybody will find pleasure in Miss Mary Butts' stories, though few will deny their cleverness. Like many so-called realists, Miss Butts' realism runs mostly to distasteful things; she finds more inspiration in a dustbin than in the stars. One might pardon this if the people she wrote about were the real human, flesh and blood beings one met in the street, but nearly all of them are abnormal, some frankly mad. Of course perhaps many of us are so, though it is only here and there we will recognise ourselves and our neighbours in her sexual, introspective men and women. Nevertheless the stories are unusual, distinctive and altogether modern, and written in a strong, vivid way that, in spite of little vulgarisms, makes them fascinating reading.

SPECIAL LICENCE. By Frank Stayton. 7s. 6d. (Nash & Grayson.)

Someone—why not Mr. Stayton himself—could turn his novel, "Special Licence," into an excellent play. The book abounds in admirable stage situations—the twentieth century elopement from an upper window of a Yorkshire country house, the irate parent blustering in the dining-room and demanding his daughter who is stifling her giggles in a convenient cupboard within a few yards of him, the imperturbable young reporter locked up in the larder to prevent his report from reaching the "Morning Megaphone." Finally, the gulling of the crafty parents at the end of the book is like nothing so much as the characteristic close of a Restoration comedy. In addition to his appreciation of a telling situation, Mr. Stayton can carry on his story with an easy and rapid dialogue. When, however, he begins to talk with heavy disapproval of the post-war generation, its selfishness, its craze for amusement, its hatred of discipline, he is giving his own feelings on this subject a "special licence" which not all his readers may endorse. The book as a whole makes good reading, is a cheerful story well told and has some fresh and lively characters.

THE MURDER OF M. FUALDÈS. By Armand Praviel (Translated by Doris Ashley). 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

There is something in the wealth of detail, the elaborate care with which this story is constructed, that makes the ordinary detective yarn flimsy by comparison. The murder of M. Fualdès was no jigsaw crime in which clues and facts formed an orderly pattern—it was just a jumbled mass of jagged-edged happenings, intertwined with lies and false evidence, and through this we fight our way, clogged by popular prejudice, injustice and the petty tyranny of French officials in the year 1817. We do not even arrive at a definite finish with the innocent absolved and the guilty punished. Yet it is all intensely fascinating, a book to get immersed in, to read with unflagging interest.

LONELY FURROW. By Maud Diver. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Unquestionably the best of all the stories of India that have made Mrs. Diver world-famous. It is a long story, but it grips and holds to the end. The India of to-day is depicted seething with difficulties for those who bear the white man's burden. The tale deals with the tragic separation of husband from wife or children or both which business in India entails for a man. But in the case of Ian Challoner and Edyth the separation was one of soul and temperament even more than of time and place. Ian, seeking a cure for his soul hunger and desperate loneliness in the mountains, discovers in Mrs. Vane—a woman with an unmerited reputation—the ideal mate he should have met and married long ago. Ian is a "white" man and insists that Edyth shall this time not refuse to return to India. The only balm she brings with her is her little daughter Eve, her father's idol; the beautiful love between father and daughter are reminiscent of Barrie's "Dear Brutus." Characterisation is excellent and the descriptive passages are wonderful. While the author deals effectively with human emotions and passions, it is always with admirable restraint.

LYDIA OF THE PINES. By Honoré Willsie. 2s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A long, brightly written story of a motherless and remarkable child, Lydia Dudley, who fights her way through poverty and gradually acquires the education her dead mother longed that she should enjoy. The provoking and interesting thing about this story is the relationship between John Levine, the politician, and Lydia, the growing girl. Lydia, when she comes to years of intelligence, is much absorbed by the problems of the Indians and their rights, and cannot agree with Levine's view, though she adores him. In the end the tangle is unravelled by Levine's death. A closely-woven, well-planned tale of American life.

DR. THORNDYKE'S CASE-BOOK. By R. Austin Freeman. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To the thwarted author, publishers, booksellers, magazine editors, all tell the same tale: "Why don't you write detective stories?" The result has been a flood of detective fiction—good, bad and indifferent. Mr. Austin Freeman's work belongs to the first category. He has established a dependable reputation for not letting his readers down, and these latest exploits of Dr. Thorndyke are sufficiently ingenious and "scientific" to intrigue the reader right up to the *dénouement*. His clues fascinate at the start. The strange Egyptian hieroglyphics, for example, the story of "The Blue Scarab." Or the discovery of the white footprints on the linoleum by the bedside of the poisoned woman, the little toe being missing from each footprint. Or the dental plate found some distance from the skull in the burnt haystack. With clues like these to follow, the slowest reader must quicken his pace, and it will take a quick thinker as well as a quick reader to anticipate by a page any of Dr. Thorndyke's startling conclusions.

The Bookman's Table.

OVER THE HILLS OF RUTHENIA. By Henry Baerlein. 7s 6d. (Parsons.)

Until the end of the war Ruthenia was one of the Hungarian provinces; and even now the average man of normal education would have to think twice before he could point it out on the new map of Europe. Mr. Baerlein has a positive genius for picturing vividly these European by-ways. He gives us conversations—for a good beginning—which set the tone of the book and illuminate our dim ideas on the theme of Czecho Slovakia and its neighbours, and he has a delightfully humorous way with him. Not all of his experiences are precisely healthful. In front of the hotel at Jasina, he says, there lies "a piece of unused ground on which one might arrange a very pretty garden if some flowers were to grow there, and the rivulets, which nowadays meander nonchalantly over it, were to be furnished with restraining banks. I know not if the ground is fertile. Judging from the rather desolate small hills by which Jasina is surrounded, this is not a very prosperous soil; but as the aforesaid rivulets are offsprings of the open drain that borders the main thoroughfare of Jasina, it is to be presumed that by and by the piece of waste land will be so manured as to become productive." We can only indicate, in a necessarily brief notice, the style and scope of this charming book. By the time it is finished—and it is not easily set down—the reader will have gained some knowledge of the remote corners of the Continent, and will have captured the feeling of having taken a very interesting journey with a lively and valued friend.

HUNTERS OF THE GREAT NORTH. By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

The author of "The Friendly Arctic" gives us in this book the story of his early experiences of regions which we, who are not in love with snow and ice and temperatures of many degrees below zero, are apt to regard as distinctly unfriendly. He will have nothing to do with the tropics, or even with temperate zones; the only life for him is on equal terms with the Eskimo (whose language he speaks fluently), and, as with all true enthusiasts, he is able to communicate through the printed word something of his enthusiasm to the reader. His stories of the descent of the great Mackenzie River, and particularly his account of a race against time from the far North to Eagle City on the Yukon, with the object of telegraphing to the world a contradiction of the false news of the death of some exploring friends, are more fascinating than the wildest of imaginary adventures. A part of this last trip was done alone, on a raft, drifting at the speed of the stream. Our comment upon this journey, and upon Stefansson's general

life and movements in the Arctic regions, is that only a man of magnificent physical strength and endurance could do these things, and that "Hunters of the Great North," with its good pictures, is an ideal book of travel, and we hope it is not the last from the same pen.

SARAH BERNHARDT. By Sir George Arthur. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

The life story of Sarah Bernhardt has still to be written, incident by incident to be pieced together until out of the pattern emerges one of the greatest figures of her generation. This little book is a garland by the way, an impression, an appreciation by an intimate friend of a wonderful personality, rather than an attempt to show that personality in steady growth and movement. The author has an admirable eye for selecting details and the touches that make a portrait. Here is Sarah being admitted into the Conservatoire. According to official regulations the candidate had to propose two comedy scenes, one of which would be selected by the Directors for recitation. Sarah was asked what she wished to play. The reply was that she would recite *Les Deux Pigeons*. "*Mais, mademoiselle, on joue ; on ne dit pas des fables,*" was the official exhortation. "*Je vais dire 'Les Deux Pigeons,'*" insisted Sarah in a voice so arresting that one of the Directors was moved to murmur: "*Laissez donc dire.*" After the recitation the committee immediately surrendered, precedent was set aside, and "*Mademoiselle, vous êtes admise,*" fell on ears that, truth to tell, expected nothing else.

EVERYBODY'S LAWN TENNIS BOOK. By "E. E. M." 10s. 6d net (Collins.)

Assessing himself as merely an average player of lawn tennis, E. E. M. contends, not without reason, that he is more likely to understand the difficulties of the average player than is the champion who starts with a natural aptitude for the game. In his capacity as newspaper correspondent at Wimbledon and elsewhere the author has seen many of the world's great players in action, and in this book he has brought together a number of stimulating hints and useful warnings based on his own experience. A section for ladies, written by Mrs. Parton, is included, and Robert Spence contributes a series of amusing and helpful illustrations.

THE SAAR QUESTION : A DISEASE SPOT IN EUROPE. By Sidney Osborne. 12s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Many simple folk wonder why Germany shows no eagerness to join the League of Nations. They forget that the League of Nations has rarely shown itself worthy of its name and has generally acted as the obedient instrument of the Treaty of Versailles. The League has, among other things, handed over the entire administration of the Saar Basin, of which it is the official trustee, to an exclusively French control. In other words the League, by depriving Germany of its iron ore and coal and by making a present of these to France and to France's friends is elevating France, already the greatest military power in Europe, to the level of the greatest industrial power. How this grandiose scheme of denationalisation and appropriation is being worked in the Saar, by a system of espionage, expulsion and military occupation, and by the introduction of the French customs and the French franc, Mr. Osborne describes in masterly fashion in his latest book. The evidence he furnishes is irrefutable ; it is based mainly on the actual reports sent to the Council of the League of Nations by the Saar Basin Governing Commission. A reading of these reports will convince any impartial person that Mr. Osborne is in no way exaggerating when he says that the miners of the Saar Basin are being "treated as the experimental objects of a heartless and self-seeking administration, very much as mice and guinea pigs are treated in the laboratory of a vivisectionist."

Music.

PETER WARLOCK: THE MAN AND HIS SONGS.

By RODNEY BENNETT.

AS I waited, having come before my time, I looked at the bookshelves, since they say you can tell a man by the books he reads. They were mostly books that I should have expected from the music: wedged beside miniature scores were "Meals and Manners of Olden Times," a rich and luscious early English text, Chambers and Sidgwick's "Early English Texts," one or two other collections of old poems, W. J. Turner's "Fantastica," "A disputation between a hee coney-catcher and a shee coney-catcher," by Robert Greene, 1592, and, rather out of place, as it seemed, "Les Fleurs du Mal" of Baudelaire. The room looked out over the noise of Cheyne Walk and the quiet of the river beyond ; and on the door post were two name-plates—P. Heseltine and P. Warlock.



Mr. Peter Warlock
(on extreme right of photograph).

Presently P. Heseltine and P. Warlock came in, a tall, rather slim man, the bearded lower part of the face sagacious and the upper part correctively humorous. As we began to talk it quickly became obvious that conversationally Heseltine entirely overshadowed Warlock ;

and though he was fluent, humorous and interesting, the result was disappointing, as I had come to interview the musical half. " Now for autobiography," said I. " I have none," said Warlock, abruptly retiring; " nothing that matters. Why not invent that part ? " Now, inventing biography is an easy, amusing and popular pursuit; but since truth is often stranger than fiction I refused, and brought Warlock up to scratch again, unwillingly. " Very well, then," he said. " I was born in 1894 on the Embankment. I have a horoscope somewhere. I was born under Gemini, which signifies duplicity." I pointed out that this was not useful and that I could invent better. " But I was really born on the Embankment and it was in 1894. It was in the Savoy; but the Embankment sounds better." Gradually the facts came out, and here they are, sifted.

Philip Heseltine, born in 1894, went to a private school at Broadstairs. He had already started piano lessons at the age of 6, hating them soundly; but at Broadstairs he was awakened to a real interest in music by the son of the proprietor, who operated a pianola and made him a permanent admirer of Liszt. Leaving Broadstairs, where he enjoyed life, he went on to Eton, where he did not, being put with boys younger than himself. " I shall always hate that house master," was Warlock's comment. " I became a moody, vindictive youth and absolutely lost a rather real power of concentration that I had." But his music was kept alive by Colin Taylor, who is now teaching the piano in South Africa. The lessons chiefly consisted of solos by the teacher, so that the pupil can still only play the piano slowly and experimentally; but the interest was real and continued after Warlock went to Oxford, which he regarded as a prison and endured for only a short time. The next musical step came in 1910 when at the age of 16 he was shown Delius's " On Craig Dhu," and obtained all that composer's work, much of which he has since reduced to piano score. This was followed by his meeting Delius himself in 1911. That, I take it, was the beginning of Warlock's musical career, for of musical education in the academic sense he has had none, developing his musical ideas by studying the work of men he admires, particularly that of Vaughan Williams, Bartók, Schönberg and Bernard van Dieren, and by conversation with such as he has contrived to meet.

The name Peter Warlock gained a sudden fame by association with six songs which appeared in 1919. The immediate cause of its adoption was that Heseltine, an impetuous and controversial spirit, had considerably offended the particular publisher he had in view for his songs. He sent in the manuscripts under the new name; they were accepted, published, and had made a considerable stir and been acclaimed in the *Daily Telegraph* as the work of a very clever young man with a heaven-sent name, not a pseudonym at all, before the publisher discovered that the strangely mediæval Warlock and the obnoxiously modern Heseltine were one. But there is more in it than that. Heseltine has a keen critical faculty to which he likes to give pen, and the double name allows freedom. " I know when I think a work is first-class," he explained, " and I like to say so. If I think a work third-class I like to say so too.

And if I use two names I can do so without being greeted with, 'If you know so much about first-class work why don't you write some?' Because I don't think my songs first-class. I write them because I enjoy writing them and to earn some money. Why not? And anyway, if I send a publisher a bundle of what I think my best and what I don't, he always chooses the don'ts." And there is more in it too even than that, I think. When a personality is so strongly dual as Heseltine's, the use of a second name must help to give spiritual freedom.

Particularly when the name is so happily chosen as "Peter Warlock." For, so far, the most striking thing about Warlock's music is his power of sinking himself in the spirit of old poetry. "Take, O take those lips away," charming song though it is, is the least interesting of the set from this point of view, for the effect is modern and owes something to Roger Quilter. The others are uniformly successful in a very individual way. "My Gostly Fader," with its whimsical humour, "The Bailey Berith the Bell away," with its curious and lovely placidity, are unforgettable. There are some archaisms, but generally the harmonic method is distinctly modern, yet the total effect is mediæval in a way which is as impossible to define as it is not to feel. There follows a group of songs which are best described by the words humorous and mannish. "Good Ale," "Captain Stratton's Fancy," "The Bachelor," "Mr. Belloc's Fancy," and "Hey, Troly Loly Lo," are fine, sturdy things that will soon be sung more than they are yet. They get to the point without fuss and move along with rare spirit and gusto. In these, all of which have words either old or in the old style, Warlock shows his unfailing instinct for a sheer good tune, as does "Piggësnie," a charming thing. The same certainty of touch, unexpectedness and high spirits appear in the first set of "Peterisms," which have just appeared, and include "Chopcherry" (words: Peele, 1595), "A Sad Song" ("Lay a garland on my hearse," by Fletcher, 1610), and "Rutterkin" (? Skelton, sixteenth century), a boisterous and exciting frolic with which a robust tenor could make a great success. In the two songs with modern words which have yet appeared, "Romance" ("I will make you brooches," R. L. S.) and "To the memory of a great singer" ("Bright is the ring of words," R. L. S.), there is not the same spontaneous surety; and though the second has moments of beauty, the composer seems sometimes to be feeling his way. I know settings of each which I prefer.

There is no space here to mention Warlock's small body of work for piano, nor to discuss his interesting work, "An Old Song," for small orchestra, recently peformed by Anthony Bernard; and only passing mention can be made of the fine "Corpus Christi Carol," recently sung by the Oriana Choir, and a series of unison songs with piano, published in the Oxford Choral series, which teachers in search of school songs worth singing cannot afford to miss. Two of them, "Tyrley Tyrlow" and "Balulalow," are being arranged for voices and orchestra for performance by the Bach Choir. As I have already said, Warlock does not consider his published work adequately representative. Whether he or the publishers are the better judges will soon appear, as he has taken his own steps to overcome their prejudices, and presently there will be published a considerable body of work beside "The Curlew," a setting of W. B. Yeats's poem for tenor voice, flute, English horn and string quartet, which has been accepted by the Carnegie Trust. This will include a second set of "Peterisms" (two songs), "Lillygay" (five songs), and "Saudades" (three songs). Of most of these I have by me either the manuscript or proofs, but since my space is dwindling it will be convenient to defer any account of them till publication.

Enough has been said to show that the critical Heseltine, himself a busy man with a book on Delius in the press and another projected on the psychology of composition, is allowing Warlock enough time to do an astonishing amount of work; for beside original composition he is collaborating with Philip Wilson, the tenor, in the preparation of an exact text of 600 Elizabethan lutenist songs, 500 of which are already transcribed and a few published. Of these too it will be interesting to write later at length when a further number, already in the press, appear. If it be added to this that Warlock is ambitious to write light opera, a work for which, given the right text, he has strong qualifications, it will be obvious that he has more than recaptured such concentration as he lost, and that his future promises to be full of interest and hard work.

ORIGINAL SONGS BY PETER WARLOCK.

[In the following list A. indicates Augener; C., Curwen; R., Winthrop Rogers; Ch., Chester; t., tenor; l., light; s., soprano; m., medium; b., baritone. The songs are published in only one key and at 2s. unless otherwise indicated.]

"Dedication" (R m.); "Take, O take those lips away" (R.m.); "As ever I saw" (R m.); "The bayley berith the bell away" (R.m.), "My gostly fader" (R., m b. or t.); "Lullaby" (R.m.); "Romance" (R. L. Stevenson; C., l.b. or t.); all published in 1919. "Captain Stratton's Fancy" (Masefield, A., t. or l.b.), "Mr. Belloc's Fancy" (J. C. Squire; A., t. or l.b.); "The Bachelor" (A., 1s.; t. or l.b.); "Good Ale" (A., two keys, b. and t.), "Piggesnie" (A., l.t. or s.); "Hey, troly loly lo" (A., t. or l.b.); all published in 1922. "To the memory of a great singer" (R. L. Stevenson; A., t. or s.), 1923. "Peterisms" I., "Chopcherry" (m.); "A Sad Song" (t. or s.); Rutterkin" (t. or s.) (Ch., 3s., 1923); "Unison songs, with piano accompaniment," published by Oxford University Press. "Tyrley Tyrlow" (carol, 4d.); "Rest, sweet nymphs" (3d.); "Sleep" (Fletcher, 3d.); "Adam lay ybounden" (carol, 3d.), "Little trotty wagtail" (John Clare; 3d.), "Balulalow" (cradle song; 3d.); "Corpus Christi" (C., carol for contralto and tenor solo and s.a.t.b. chorus).

Appearing shortly: "The Curlew" (Stainer & Bell; t. solo, flute, E. horn and string qu.; Carnegie Award, 1923): "Peterisms II" (Ch., ? ?: "Lusty Juventus," "Roister Doister"); "Saudades": "Along the stream" (t. or m.s.); "Take, O take those lips away" (m.); "Heracleitus" (m.) (Ch., 3s.); "Lillygay": "The Distracted Maid" (m.); "Johnny wi' the tye" (s.); "The Shoemaker" (m.s.); "Burd Ellen and the young Tamlane" (s. or t.); "Rantum Tantum" (s. or t.) (Ch., 4s.).

MUSIC AND THE POEM.*

This question of music and the poem is a hardy perennial, and a kind of cactus, too, judging by the painful points it sometimes raises for many who come into intimate contact with it. We need not, fortunately, pursue the analogy much farther. The surface of the cactus affords no pleasant resting place for the weary traveller, but there are occasions when the sympathetic union of music and poetry is as a couch of Elysian charm for his spirit. The success of this union of music and the poem depends, like the success of human marriages, upon spiritual affinity and a mutual recognition of, and consideration for, the qualities of each other.

* All the songs mentioned in this review are published by Augeners, excepting the last, which comes from Winthrop Rogers.

For example, superficially regarded, "The Reason," one of the charming poems of the child-spirit from Marion St. John Webb's book, "The Littlest One," might seem to be only a clever visualisation of a naughty child that had been sent to bed. The composer, Vivian Hickey, who has given the poem musical expression, has happily felt its deeper import, and The Reason why, when

> ". . . . Mother, instead,
> Came suddenly to me with arms open wide,
> Her eyes were all shiny, . . ."



Photo by Kay & Foley. **Mr. Vivian Hickey,**

a brilliant young composer, whose work is attracting much attention. A group of his songs was recently reviewed in the BOOKMAN

Those singers who appreciate the emotional delicacy of both the music and the poem, which is here in close union, will succeed in their interpretation of the song, for it is the outcome of a sympathetic comprehension of mood throughout.

There is a gracious charm in the melodic line of D. M. Stewart's setting of Swinburne's "Night":

> "Night, whom in shape so sweet thou here may'st see
> Sleeping, was by an Angel sculptured thus
> In marble, . . ."

and the suggestion of the sculptured marble has not confined the musical inspiration to a set accompaniment figure. There is variety both of harmony and rhythm in the part written for pianoforte. Not the least merit of this fine song—from a purely musical point of view—is the fact that the sense of dramatic change at the words, "Thou doubtest? Awake her: she will speak to thee," is managed without recourse to one of those drastic changes of time signature so dear to the heart of the average modern composer when he attempts what is commonly styled an "art" song.

It is a pity that E. A. Forbes Maclennan became a slave to the harmonic sequence with which his (or her) setting of Christina Rossetti's "May" begins. In itself the sequence is pleasing enough, but its extended employment has fettered the melodic expression of the words, and not even a sudden change in rhythm hides the inadequacy of the music that is introduced, but not wedded, to the delicate fancy of the poem where the poetess tell us that

> "As yet the poppies were not born
> Between the blades of tender corn,"

This failure to respond imaginatively to the setting of the words is the more surprising because one finds a most perfect realisation, musically, of the pathetic ending of the poem. This indeed is a touch of inspiration that makes the work a restful experience instead of an entirely uncomfortable heap of cactus points!

A melodious accompaniment for piano does not compensate for the commonplaceness of idea that pervades Muriel Herbert's setting of Robert Bridges' "When Death to Either Shall Come." Frankly, it was a mistake to attempt the expression of this slight poem musically.

The composer is more successful in her conception of Swinburne's "Cradle Song." Although the rhythm of the accompaniment is a "rocking" one in common time, there is nothing commonplace in the application of this rather obvious idea. From that the song, as a whole, is saved by the beautiful little melody, in the left hand, that gradually steals in, to symbolise, perhaps, the sleepy opening of baby's eyelids. It is quite independent of

the expressive melody given to the voice. The song is emotionally perfect: vocally, the composer should avoid the risky experiment of giving one syllable, or rather clipped-syllable, words to tied, and slurred notes of bar length.

There is a certain simple majesty about Earl Cranston Sharp's "Japanese Death Song," the words of which are by H. K. S., that makes it impressive. Bass-baritones will find it grateful and effective. WATSON LYLE.

SOME NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.*

Very modern, very clever, extremely fascinating in its fantastic way, this music, beneath its surface of sheer impressionism, hints often at a deeper thought, a more permanent emotion. One is reminded of that blue-green ice-chink which becomes a fathomless crevasse; only that there is nothing icy about these pages—most of them, indeed, proclaim aloud the sultry atmosphere of Oriental heat.

"The Orchid Garden" contains a wonderful variety of 'impressions'—all of singular exotic attractiveness, none of any great difficulty to a sympathetic performer. "Javanese Dance" is quaintly gay, not in the least reminiscent of the Javanese Dance in "Chu Chin Chow," and alluring in its bizarre tonality. "Song of the Malay Fishermen," a melodious melancholy *cantabile*, has a wild charm of its own. As an amazing contrast, follows "In a Porcelain Tea-House," delightfully vivacious—one can hear the very tinkle of the tea-cups. This will be a favourite number. "Lotus Flower" is far from resembling Schumann's impassioned "Lotos-Blume": it is remote, mysterious, dreamy, plunged in profundities of thought. "Bird of Paradise at a Waterfall" (exquisite combination!) brilliantly responds to its title, with fluttering plumes and flickering drops transmuted into sound. A little jewel of a thing. "Orchid Blossoms" is of languorous type—"The Indian Charmer" subtle and significant. "In the Chinese City" the air is full of pagoda bells, dainty tintabulations—but strange and savage under-currents are discernible below. "Moonlight beneath the Palms" is so exactly expressive of its lovely name that n further description can be needed. No. 10, "A Rickshaw Ride," proves less to my fancy than the rest: although its delineations of the rickshaw jog-trot are most dexterous, yet they become a little monotonous as they proceed. These "impressions," it will be noted, are detached from, and independent of, each other: they would make admirable little encore pieces.

The Egyptian studies, "In Pharaoh's Land," are well differentiated from the preceding Theirs is a sonority, a noble archaism, thoroughly in accord with the six thousand years' history of Egypt "Evening on the Nile" vast fragments of elegy, like broken statues—blends river, sky, and desert into one brooding reverie. "The Sphinx," with its persistent four-note phrase in the bass, is a majestic lyric—a colossal idea contained in small compass: and "Old Egyptian Temple Dance" is suffused with the fervour of religious frenzy cymbals and sistra adding their voices to the chant of the crowding devotees.

Mr. Niemann's "Suite" is as strongly distinctive as these others: a very modernist Suite indeed, where, after the "Preludium," the antique disguise is thrown off, and nothing but the unmistakable rhythm remains to identify Sarabande, Menuett, and Rigaudon. Personally, I find much magic in this Suite, though probably some people might consider it too queer. The conventional, orthodox, familiar forms are there, inhabited by an entirely new spirit. Should not this definition be an ideal one for music—just as it must eventually apply to every succeeding generation of men? M. B.

* "The Orchid Garden": Ten Impressions of the Far East for Pianoforte. By Walter Niemann.—"In Pharaoh's Land": Pictures of Egypt for Pianoforte. By Walter Niemann.—"Suitef ür Clavier." By Walter Niemann. 3s. each. (Lengnick.)

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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A. E. W. MASON.

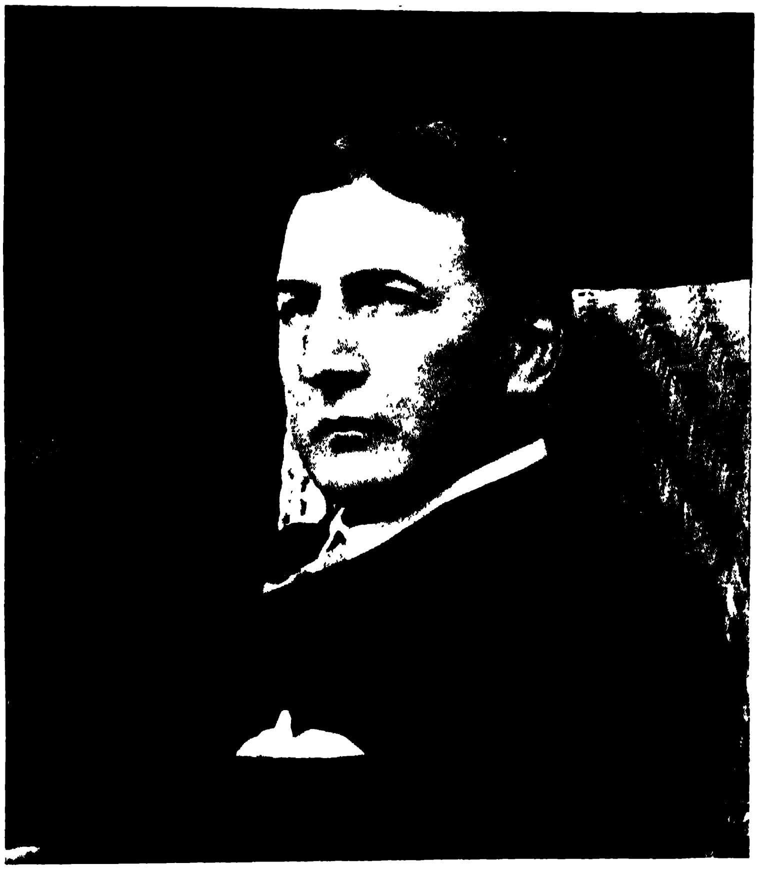
By Louis J. McQuilland.

IN fiction only the best men (and women) "stay the distance." Some novelists have a success which lasts three, six, nine years, and then all their grey matter is exhausted and the books they turn out are lacking in the spirit of life.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason is one of the "stayers"—and he has never got staid. In the most serious of his work there have always been glints of light, hints of laughter, something of the gaiety of the good soldier of life who marches in the sunlight as well as in the shade.

Mr. Mason, too, possesses that rare thing—the spirit of romance. That is not a quality that can be simulated in writing. It must be inherent, part of a man's soul and body. It is a difficult virtue to maintain in a period of lounge suits and bowler hats, as it was in the even uglier days of frock-coats and silk hats. Romance will not fully come into its own again until men have the courage to dress in beautiful fabrics and splendid colours as women do. The novelist believers in romance, therefore, like Mason, when they have desired to live exultantly and proudly, have cast back their eyes to periods when men walked as kings and when kings were dressed as for a pomp or a carnival.

But Mr. Mason is so much tinged with the hues of lordlier days that even into his chronicles of serge and tweed he can get the authentic notes of glamour and chivalry. I should say that the one thing he values above all others is courage—not alone the courage of the great thing done sword in hand, as it were, but the bravery of the man who will face any fate sustained alone by the trueness that is in him, which disdains the world's censure and the scorn of friends. On the other scale we have his fear of cowardice. At times he realises that fear can be an involuntary thing, accidental, exceptional, phenomenal, and he hastens to supply the victim of such a visitation with the fate that will retrieve his lost honour. The theme he has dealt most seriously with has been that of the over-imaginative boy who mistakes nervousness for cowardice. In still another mood, he lets his chosen figure sacrifice even honour for an act of quixotism.



Mr. A. E. W. Mason.

Some of his readers prefer him when he is not concerned with the soul's depths for good or evil, but with the joy of youth, the gaieties of love and all that merry pageant of the sunlit land of cape and sword. Another side of Mr. Mason's genius as an author I must by no means overlook is his fine *flair* for criminology. The sinister people of "At the Villa Rose" remain always in one's memory, and the diabolical, charming figure of the murderer in "Running Water" is equally unforgettable.

I always think of Mr. Mason as young and buoyant; and one is startled to think that it is twenty-eight years now since he wrote his first novel, "A Romance of Wastdale," which is still selling; but the lucky young man came to immediate fame with his second novel, "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler," which has become a kind of classic, still possessing a considerable vogue. "The Philanderers" was a delightful story of intrigue with plenty of witty dialogue; and I remember it much better than its successor, "Laurence Clavering." Next came a yarn which R. L. Stevenson would have loved, "Parson Kelly," in which Mr. Mason had the deft assistance of "Andrew of the brindled hair." "Miranda of the Balcony" (the title was an inspiration) had a much wider and younger public. One can turn to it in an hour of softness or

when suffering from an over-dose of psycho-analysis or American crudity. This can be said with double force of "Clementina," which is like a goblet of enchanted wine to the palate of the mind.

Mr. Mason reverted to the manner of "The Philanderers" in "The Watchers," with an additional element of shadow. With the publication of "The Four Feathers" his fame became world-wide. That was the beginning of Mason's second period, in which he left all the external trappings of romance behind and depended henceforth on the eternal springs of emotion and passion confronted by danger and baseness which make drama in any circumstances. "The Broken Road" was in the direct strain of "The Four Feathers," and "The Winding Stair" is compounded of much the same elements.

Not many men of letters have distinguished themselves permanently in the House of Commons; but when in the great Liberal upheaval of 1906 Mr. Mason stood for Coventry and was returned, his maiden speech was hailed by old Parliamentarians as one of infinite promise. In the three years that he remained at St. Stephen's he succeeded in keeping the ear of the House; but he wearied of the monotony of Westminster and its failure to fulfil ideals. I fancy he regards his time there as rather a waste. It is quite certain, however, that such was not the case in the human sense, as the House of Commons in detail is a study well worth psychological examination. At the same time it is a good thing that Mr. Mason did not get really attached to it, for promotion there would almost certainly have deprived him of the time and the capacity for imaginative work.

Mr. Mason began his education in Dulwich College and graduated at Oxford. His passion there was not for oratory at the Union, but for Thespianism at the O.U.D.S. He was more than stage-struck—he was stage-fit, exhibiting as an amateur the qualities of a sound professional. It was natural that when he left Oxford he should join in succession the two most famous touring companies, one Frank Benson's and the other the Compton Comedy Company. Of course, even with all the laurels of the O.U.D.S. still upon him, he did not expect to play leading parts—nor was he disappointed. In London he ascended to no more dazzling heights than that of one of the soldiers in G. B. Shaw's "Arms and the Man." I think this put the finishing-touch to his dramatic ambitions, and he retired from the stage in order to take seriously to writing.

But he had loved the life of the stage and learned a lot from it. The best of his plays is "The Witness for the Defence," which is admirably constructed and intensely effective. His dramatised version of "Miranda of the Balcony" was given to New York, but London was remiss about it. The other dramatisations of "At the Villa Rose" and "Running Water" have proven his practical aptitude as a man of the theatre. "Colonel Smith," which was written at first hand for the theatre, had a considerable success; and he did well with other pieces.

Mr. Mason has more plays in the technical phrase "up his sleeve," and we shall hear of them in due time, but he is not in any particular hurry, knowing that the present exorbitant rents of theatres militate against sound productions. Personally I would much prefer (and I form one of an immense majority)—that he would not trouble with the stage at all, but would continue to write for us such books as "The Winding Stair." *

"'I have finished work for the week. I'll see no one else were he as terse as Tacitus,' cried Mr. Ferguson the lawyer." So Mr. Mason's *The Winding Stair* opens, tersely and arrestingly. But Mr. Ferguson relented, and had a long talk with his caller, Paul Ravenel, a tall, slim youth, brown of face and fair of hair. The boy's father had died, in a house he had built himself upon an island off the coast of Spain, at Aguilas; had died leaving the boy in curious ignorance about his family. But he knew that Ferguson had been at one time his father's legal adviser and friend. Mr. Ferguson was entirely non-committal about the dead Ravenel; but he listened with marked interest to an incident of young Paul's childhood, of how his father, on a certain night of summer in London, had come face to face with a man with a limp, a man with his overcoat upon his arm and wearing a conspicuous row of miniature medals with their coloured ribbons stretched across his left breast. The man with the medals had greeted the elder Ravenel intimately, but that being of mystery had passed on with a whispered word to his son, "Take no notice, boy."

This was one of the slender clues to Paul Ravenel's belief that his father had been a soldier. Ferguson preserved his interested silence, but gave young Ravenel an introduction to Colonel Vanderfelt, of Goring. The Colonel was the man with the limp. He told Paul the secret of his father's hidden life. Ravenel was John Edward Revel of a good English family. Vanderfelt and he had been cashiered for abandoning a military post in India. Revel went under but Vanderfelt had rejoined the Indian Army under another name and finally cleared his reputation That hint was more than enough for young Paul. He determined to retrieve his father's honour by his own service—but not under the English flag.

Years pass, and we meet Paul Ravenel again in French Africa. He has attained the rank of captain in a crack regiment. He is as famous for his skill in disguise as for his military capacity. He resembles a good deal the hero of "The Four Feathers."

Alas! from the moment of introduction to Madame Delagrange's bar, the Villa Iris, Paul is impelled to a fate similar to his father's. He has never been "gallant" in the French sense, but rather a man without feminine preoccupations. At first glance Marguerite Lambert, an indifferent singer in a rather dubious café, appears a too frivolous agent for the destruction of a painfully achieved career; but the remainder of "The Winding Stair" is devoted to the story of how a brave and honourable man loses his treasure of reputation because of a love for a very foolish girl. In time of emergency and a Moorish rising in Fez, Paul forsakes his post to look after Marguerite. His dearest friend, Gerard de Montignac, damns him as a coward. This is not the end. There is a long redemption to follow.

* "The Winding Stair." By A. E. W. Mason. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The book has a great fascination as a story. It has, too, a power of characterisation which Mr. Mason displays in everything he has written. The evolution of Marguerite from helpless sentimentality to a courage of abnegation is subtly and skilfully indicated. The story ends, as it begins, in Mr. Ferguson's office. That worthy receives a telegram from a French officer who has regained all his medals.

" I shall want to-morrow," says Mr. Ferguson to his head clerk, " all the necessary forms for securing English nationality, and please give me Colonel Vanderfelt on the trunk line." Mr. Mason has for the motto of his stern romance Bacon's saying, " All rising to great places is by a winding stair." The novelist gives the philosopher's saying a twofold meaning ; and in that twofold meaning lies the great excellence of his book.

COURAGE IN THE WRITING OF FICTION.

(A SYMPOSIUM.)

By H. G. Wells, W. J. Locke, I. Zangwill, Marjorie Bowen, W. E. Norris, Margaret L. Woods, Arnold Bennett, Lucas Malet, Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, H. A. Vachell, W. W. Jacobs, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Robert Chambers, Beatrice Harraden, William Le Queux, John Galsworthy and E. Phillips Oppenheim.

I

I WAS once reviewing a clever novel in which courage, moral and physical, but chiefly moral, was the key-note of the heroine's character ; that high courage, with of course something of desperation in it, which faces the supreme adventure, Life, the supreme awfulness, the Future—open-eyed to its appalling possibilities, with brave front and smiling face ; the courage which the Creator of All Things Who, we are told, knows and can see the End, must surely admire and marvel at in His creatures ; a courage which He Himself, as Providence, cannot experience, for Foreknowledge draws the sting of Fate. And, as I read, I fancied I saw that the clever lady whose novel I was reviewing might, with illimitable advantage to her art, learn a lesson in bravery from her own creation, might, in a word, refuse to plan out before putting pen to paper the fate to which her characters were predestinate, and be content to go hand-in-hand with them into the Future, unaware whether the logic of their characters would lead them to eventual happiness or to the Everlasting Bonfire.

Nor was I only putting to the question the writer who was for the moment my victim, prepared, if need be, to condemn her for a kind of cowardice. Was not I, her judge, guilty of the same offence ? Had not I myself in the writing of many stories also generally played the more cowardly part, taken the easier road, seen the End before I began, forced my puppets to keep to tracks, when logically their characters would have forced them to "jump the metals"?

True, I was aware that, on rare occasions, I had taken my courage in my hands, had jumped my wall without first peeping over it, and had got a great spiritual reward. Much virtue had, I knew, gone out of me in the doing of it, but that very exhaustion seemed to show that, for the moment, I had been an artist rather than an artificer, had given of the little best there was in me to give.



Mr. G. S. Layard.
From a caricature made while he was working on this Symposium by John Dodgson.

So I became convinced that here lay the fundamental principle which differentiates the novel of the highest order from the conventional and plotty novel of commerce.

Still I might be wrong—and the subject continued to occupy my mind with relentless persistence. I vainly weighed the pros and cons without coming to an entirely definite conclusion. Then, in a happy moment, I bethought myself of setting the matter at rest by taking the opinion of the body of contemporary writers of fiction *quorum pars minima fui*. Hence the following symposium, for which I have to thank the generous co-operation of my many correspondents.

The response to my bold request was far more than I ever hoped, for I could not conceal from myself that I was asking questions which perhaps I had no right to ask. Indeed one distinguished novelist, in refusing to be drawn, wrote : " I prefer to keep my little secrets to myself. I don't like talking or writing about my methods."

Mr. H. G. Wells wrote :

> " Your questions are highly indelicate and also—I really don't know. But I suppose every novel is more or less 'thought out' before it is written."

Another eminent writer, who shall be nameless, rather shocked me, and I think

condemned himself as an artist, by refusing to give away his " *trade* secrets " !

Mr. W. J. Locke was wholly non-committal:

" A novelist," he says, " has his story to tell. He tells it. That is all I know about it."

Whilst Mr. Israel Zangwill considered that these questions do not concern the public:

" It is," he writes, " far more important that they should subject themselves to the impression of the final artistic product than be occupied with the details of the manufacture."

Fortunately for me these were the few exceptions with whom, however, I confess some sympathy. For I recognise that there is danger in an artist analysing his methods, that deadly danger of self-consciousness which, as someone lately wrote, " tends to produce beautifully delicate little things instead of robustly beautiful great things." However, as I say, the vast majority were other minded and to them I, for one, owe a great debt of gratitude.

The definite questions put to my correspondents were, " Do you face the Future hand-in-hand with your creations, going with them step by step and refusing to plan beforehand that to which they are predestinate? Or do you know what the ultimate fate of your characters will be before you put pen to paper and work directly towards that issue? Whatever may be your own practice in this respect, do you consider that the greatest novels have been the result of the one method or the other? "

These questions, it will be recognised, cover a wide field and it is not surprising that they called forth more than mere negatives or affirmatives, that the answers involved modifications and explanations. On the whole, however, they will be found to have fairly grouped themselves under the two headings suggested.

II

Dealing first then with the Providential group, it must be remembered that to this of necessity belong the historical novelists, who are here well represented by Miss Marjorie Bowen, authoress of " The Viper of Milan."

" For myself," she writes, " as an historical novelist I have to follow known facts more or less closely, and of course cannot do as I like with my characters but must describe their lives as they lived them. Therefore I do know what is going to happen to them from the very first. When I have written on an original theme I have followed this method too, though many details become altered as one goes along."

Nevertheless she modestly adds:

" But I think the greatest novelists have developed their plots as they proceeded and that they probably did not know what their characters' ultimate fates would be when they first described them."

So much for the historical novel. Let us now see what is said by one or two of our older novelists, who have chosen to act Providence to their creations.

Mr. W. E. Norris writes:

" My own method of writing novels is to draw out the entire scheme, with the contents of each chapter beforehand. The latter are subject to alteration, but are, as a matter of fact, seldom altered. To me this process is detestable; but I reap my reward—or think I do—in subsequent peace and in the avoidance of discursive irrelevancies."

From which brave confession it is evident that we owe such delightful stories as " Adrian Vidal " and " Lord Leonard the Luckless " to the happy fact that Mr. Norris has been bold enough to recognise his own limitations.

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods says:

" I only once started a novel without having the least idea how it was going to end—and the result was that I never found an end worthy of the name. But no doubt every writer has a different method. Georges Sand wrote her novels mostly for serial publication, and to the best of my recollection invented the chapters from week to week, or month to month, just in time for publication.

" Personally I know when I start my characters and I know where they have to get to. The rest I leave to them."

Mr. Arnold Bennett is of the same opinion. He says:

" I am convinced that a large majority of the greatest novels have been the result of ' knowing the ultimate fate of the characters before the writer has put pen to paper.' In fact, I fail to see how there can be a doubt about it."

" Lucas Malet " (Mrs. Harrison) takes the same view:

" Take, for example, Balzac who spent weeks in thinking a novel out, days in writing it. How, indeed, is it possible to tell a story if you don't yourself know what the story is about? Construction, in my opinion, is just as necessary to a fine novel as composition to a fine picture, or instrumentation to a fine music score. But then I am a believer, not in ' inspiration '—so called—but in technique and in intelligent, hard work."

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick is equally frank:

" My faith," she says, " is best expressed by quoting Mr. Rudyard Kipling—

" ' There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays
And every single one of them is right.'

" In my own novels I think out my characters and their adventures as carefully as I can beforehand, but I *cannot* separate character from destiny, and I do not know myself which comes first. I am guilty of happy endings because I think them most suitable for light novels like my own. So I know that the ultimate fate of my young people is to marry each other. *I should like to write a tragedy and kill everyone.*"

I have ventured to italicise the last sentence because the sentiment is so refreshing.

With slight variations others write in the same vein.

Mr. Horace Vachell, for instance:

" As a rule I think out every incident in my novels before I set pen to paper. I want to visualise clearly the beginning, the middle, and the end."

But some of my correspondents are, of course, not so definite in their practice, and stand on the neutral land which divides the " Providential " resultists from those who altogether disclaim " Foreknowledge."

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is one of these, who says:

" In my own books—and I expect other people's books—the methods are apt to overlap."

Mr. Henry de Vere Stacpoole is not so emphatic. Indeed the interesting issue which he raises makes one doubt whether he ought really to be called for the defence or prosecution.

" It seems to me," he says, " that every story should have a double vitality; arising from the life of the characters and the life of the story itself, which is expressed by the actions of the characters. Rigidity—that is to say, binding characters down to an absolute rigid and complicated plot—spoils the life of the characters. Fluidity—that is to say, letting the characters have too much freedom—spoils the life of the story. The happy medium can only be arrived at by the subconscious brain."

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1923.



From a Water-Colour by MARGARET TARRANT. **THE COTTAGE.**

An Exhibition of Miss Tarrant's pictures, under the auspices of the Medici Society, opens at the Kensington Fine Art Society's Galleries on the 15th October.

Lastly, though by no means of least importance, Mr. Robert Chambers says he is sometimes a recorder of his creature's actions, sometimes a Providence, and that he does not consider the greatest novels necessarily to have been the result of the one method or the other.

So much, then, for the evidence in favour of what I have ventured to label the "Providential Novel," though, as I say, some of the writers already quoted are non-committal and some might almost as justly be called on the other side. One thing, however, is conspicuous in almost all, the modified realisation of their creatures' self-will, to which most of them yield more or less. In the coming group we shall find the creatures of the imagination in active revolt, whilst their creators stand by bewildered at the amazing doings of the monsters they have so rashly conjured into existence.

III

We now pass on to that more select band of writers —more select in numbers that is to say—for I dare not take the hazard of differentiating their merits—who refuse to know the Fate of their characters before the word "Finis" is written, who are Creators without being Providences, content to discover from their creatures that to which they are predestinate.

I once came upon this sentence in an article by Mr. C. Grahame-White, the well-known airman. "Imagine," he said, "a man launching himself in a frail boat, on a sea of which the waves are invisible, so that he cannot perceive from what direction he may be engulfed. Such is the position of the airman when navigating the aerial sea." And such I would add is the position of the Writer-Hero who casts himself adrift upon the sea of fancy, trusting in himself from moment to moment to deal with the action of forces which he cannot foresee, caring nothing and fearing nothing of what is to come of his amazing flight so long as he finds self-expression, criticises life truly and thus creates a work of art "which has as much reason for being as the Earth or the Sun."

That Miss Beatrice Harraden is a whole-hearted supporter of the non-Providential attitude is evident from the fact that in answering she quotes the very words of my question:

"My own practice in novel-writing," she says, "is to face the future hand-in-hand with my characters, going with them step by step and not planning their destiny."

Mr. John Galsworthy is not so definite but would seem to be in ultimate and practical agreement:

"The question," he writes, "is perhaps the most difficult that can be asked of a novelist, and the least susceptible of definite answer. In fact, only the rash will give you 'Yes' or 'No.' The more one meditates on the actual art of novel-writing, the less certain one becomes of what exactly does occur. But I am under the impression that in all fiction of high quality there are two processes continually and about equally at work; the one—a large, loose constructive speculation concerned with idea, and therefore with destiny if you like, and the other—an immediate, springing, emotional vision, shaping out incident and character from minute to minute and hand to pen. These two processes of the mind and of the emotions are for ever at war, and yet profoundly and secretly in agreement and the result is a creative work."

I once had a letter from Mr. William de Morgan on this subject in which he confessed to his own method, but doubted whether it was the best:

"One point," he wrote, "is very interesting. I allow my story to get the bit in its teeth and guide me. My ideas of what will happen are only distinct by accident occasionally. Mine is the lazy way—gives least trouble—I have no doubt that the great writers had much more definite ideas. I suppose the reason dramas give so much more trouble than novels is that *scheme* is so essential."

Mr. Le Queux, a strong believer in the effect of environment upon character, is yet mainly non-Providential. He wrote:

"My own method of work is to first make a skeleton plot, allotting my characters to their respective spheres. I then consider their environment, and if possible make a study of the spots where the action is to take place, and in most cases I write the book in the district where my drama is enacted. As regards the question you put to me, I always 'face the Future,' and allow my characters to live and act according to their own inclinations without any set plan beyond my skeleton plot contained in perhaps thirty lines. By those means I find that I am allowed wider scope and am able to evolve a better, more interesting and more dramatic story than if I worked upon any set synopsis. Certainly the greatest novels have been produced by this method which, if perhaps the more difficult, is undoubtedly the best."

Finally, of this group—space forbids many other interesting opinions—Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, whose highly sensational and ingenious plots would lead anyone, without direct evidence to the contrary, to place him amongst the "Providential" writers, is surprisingly emphatic:

"In the first place," he writes, "I do, as you suggest, move forward hand-in-hand with my characters. I do not know their ultimate fate when I commence my story. I leave the matter of their future in their own hands, for them to work out. I am simply the chronicler of their emotions and actions. A story which I worked out beforehand with a predestined termination, would be, I am sure, so far as I am concerned, a dismal failure."

Here we leave those who have faith enough to act upon the dictum of Emerson that "Cause and effect, means and end, seed and fruit, cannot be severed; for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed." I leave to a later occasion—to a day when time and space and opportunity may serve—a certain small group of novelists who regard themselves as the Pens in the hands of a Power outside themselves, rather than as creators or Providences.

G. S. Layard.

HEARTY, CHEERFUL MR. COTTON.*

By John Freeman.

The publication of this collection of Cotton's poems, which Mr. Beresford states is the first complete edition of his author's shorter pieces, reminds us of the unkindness which has pursued him since the original edition of his "Poems on Several Occasions" was issued, two years after his death, in 1689. Scores of lesser poets flared into brief brilliance in every succeeding generation, and died unnoticed away; greater poets

* "Poems of Charles Cotton, 1630–1687." Edited by John Beresford. 15s. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

arose and made their graver and imperative demands; moods changed, modes changed, formality and wildness alternated, but few of his successors cared for Charles Cotton or indeed knew that he had ever lived. Even when the resuscitation of his death-fellows began, when readers turned again to Donne and Vaughan and Marvell, Cotton was neglected; the honours paid by scholars to these and others were withheld from the young associate of Izaac Walton. Walton himself, redeemed from neglect that had never been complete, could not avail to redeem his poet; and even the casual, hearty praises of Lamb, Wordsworth and Coleridge could not lift him into common knowledge. Hence Mr. Beresford's labours, which follow the gallant success of the charming Lovat Fraser selections of a few years ago, are sure of a welcome to-day, when readers are at least as willing to dart back as to grope forward.

The prefatory memoir will tell the reader all he needs to know and nearly all there is to know. I will not recite this narrative now, except to point out that Cotton is set amidst those splendid stars, of various magnitude, Cowley, Herrick, Vaughan, Marvell and Lovelace, who were almost completely contemporary; while Crashaw, Herbert, Carew, Suckling and Donne were only a little earlier. He was in fact born into the metaphysical excitement, and although he is not definitely one of the metaphysical group he could not escape the touch of their excitement at viewing the world afresh and finding it as strange as beautiful. Thus a short poem entitled "The Contest" has precisely the enchanting intellectuality by which simple things are transformed into subtle and so delicately artificialised as to gain a fresh interest:

"Come, my Corinna, let us try,
Which loves you best, of You, and I,
I know you oft have in your glass
Seen the faint shadow of your face;
And, consequently, then became
A wond'ring Lover, as I am;
Though not so great a one, for what
You saw was but a glimpse of that
So sweet, so charming majesty,
Which I in its full lustre see . . ."

and so on, rising prettily amid decorous ingenuities. Sometimes it must be owned he discards decorum and is then, it must be owned again, yet more amusing. No one can be offended by Cotton, for he is so candid and good-humoured; it is sometimes easier to be bored, but even that is not very easy, for he is nearly always displaying his own mind and has few reserves and no disguises. But he is a far better poet than I have hitherto suggested. Mr. Gosse years ago found him much tainted with a hopeless indifference to prosody. If Mr. Gosse thinks of Cotton now I would entreat him to revise this opinion: haste or momentary coldness alone could have shaped it. Cotton has a beautiful ease, simplicity, directness, solidity. When he describes, the object is held steadily in his eye, grasped capably in his hand, kept firmly and turned briskly before him. His very extravagances are rational, sober and good-tempered, his love poems have less the character of heat than light. No poet ever enjoyed better spirits; no poet ever enjoyed misfortunes better—not even that severe, universal misfortune of debt, which is said to have driven poor Cotton to hiding in caves. Such a resort, if Cotton's it was, only amused him as soon as the occasion was past and provided him with a singular absurdity:

"Cellars and grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest,
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge underground.

"When pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

"And as that heat did cool at last,
So a few scorching hours o'er-pass'd,
In a more mild and temp'rate ray,
We may again enjoy the day."

Was ever absurdity greater or pleasanter? Wit he has in abundance, and uses it freely enough. He applies it in "An Old Man's Gift to a Fair Lady":

"Pox o' your doting Coxcomb! was there ever
So old a Lover, and so young a Giver?
A pair of Spectacles! who the Devil, but thee,
Could have found out such a disparity? . . .
What, dost thou think thy Mistress cannot see
Without such helps, thy full deformity?"

and proceeds to a vivid physical map of the hoary lover that can but amuse and never vex the reader. More powerfully, and with a new note of solemnity, he bends all his peculiar genius to an Ode on the death of that Lord Ossory whom Evelyn commended in prose as Cotton did in verse:

"The English Infantry are orphans now,
Pale sorrow hangs on every soldier's brow;
Who now in honour's oath shall lead you on,
Since your beloved General is gone?
Furl up your ensigns, case the warlike drum,
Pay your last honours to his tomb;
Hang down your manly heads in sign of woe;
That now is all that your poor loves can do;
Unless by Winter's fire, or Summer's shade
To tell what a brave leader once you had;
Hang your now useless arms up in the hall,
There let them rust upon the sweating wall."

I would not join in a derogation from Gray, but such lines as these teach me to understand Coleridge when he said there was more lyric feeling in Cotton's ode on Winter than in Gray's "Bard." The Winter stanzas, the only passage of Cotton's which has been well known hitherto, ought to be cited here, as indeed should much beside, in order to give true hints of his masculine, spirited qualities. I have space for scarce a stanza, and must content a dancing pen with:

"See where a liquid mountain rides,
Made of innumerable tides,
And tumbles headlong to the strand,
As if the sea would come to land.

"A sail, a sail I plainly spy,
Betwixt the ocean and the sky,
An Argosy, a tall-built ship,
With all her pregnant sail a-trip."

And better yet, from the same series of quatrains of Winter:

"The squadron nearest to your eye,
Is his forlorn of infantry,
Bow-men of unrelenting minds,
Whose shafts are feathered with the winds . . .

"Their lances are the pointed locks,
Torn from the brows of frozen rocks,
Their shields are crystals and their swords,
The steel the crusted rock affords."

Nineteen-twenty-three will be lucky if it yields better verse, old or new, than Mr. Beresford has reprinted in his fat and comely volume.

"HASSAN."

By Mrs. Cecil Chesterton.

THE production of James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan" at His Majesty's Theatre is careful and artistic. As a spectacle it is completely satisfying. The settings, ballets, incidental music are beautiful; each picture is full of colour and movement. And having said this, one is actually conscious that the very beauty of the setting seems to depreciate the drama. As I watched the figures on a stage perfectly lit, with every cunning contrivance to stimulate imagination, I was hungering for a performance shorn of its ornament in which the purpose of the poet could emerge in all its clarity. The story of the pilgrimage of Hassan, the confectioner of Bagdad, is in itself sufficiently dramatic to hold the attention. The kindly and unshapely creature, with the soul of a poet, falls in love with Yasmin, most beautiful and bitter of harlots. He sends her his choicest wares, dipped in a love philtre, by Selim, his false friend. Selim steals Yasmin for his own, and Hassan, cruelly derided, falls broken-hearted on the ground. It is in this scene that one of the loveliest of Flecker's lyrics occurs:



James Elroy Flecker.

> "How splendid in the morning glows the lily,
> with what grace he throws
> His supplication to the rose . . ."

One is grateful that Delius has supplied a merely fugitive accompaniment so that the author's words lose nothing of their imagery.

The next chapter of Hassan's history is his adoption by the Caliph. Haroun al-Raschid is not the kindly ruler of legend; he uses men as an artist uses colour, painting with the red of cruelty the orange of lust. Seeking adventure, he is entertained by Rafi, King of the Beggars. Ishak, the Caliph's minstrel, desiring to meet "sunrise on the hills," puts the unconscious Hassan in the basket let down from Rafi's window. There follows M. Fokine's ballet of beggars and dancing girls. After which Rafi declares his intention of sacking Bagdad and nailing the Caliph alive in his coffin because the tyrant stole Pervaneh, the woman he loves.

Mr. Basil Gill in this scene surmounts all the splendour of the setting. With a voice expressive of fine shades of emotion he has captured the spirit of Flecker's creation. His next appearance before the divan of the Caliph—rescued by a simple ruse of Hassan—is equally impressive. This scene is justified of its magnificence. Haroun, seated on golden cushions, is faced by the kings and potentates who owe him tribute. Against the high light of the *Scwabe-Hasait* installation—the rich but sombre colour of their garments are symbolical. Rafi in chains and Pervaneh closely veiled are to be judged. Neither in this scene nor in the prison cell where the lovers decide whether they shall choose lifelong separation or death by torment, does Miss Laura Cowie satisfy expectation. Pervaneh is described as an ecstatic, but Miss Cowie remains devoid of any tinge of rhapsody. She is spiritually cold and when she demands that Rafi shall choose death: "The spirits of children not yet born whisper as they crowd around us, 'Endure that we may conquer,'" she might be urging the cause of a society for uplift.

I am grateful to Mr. Dean for his omission of perhaps the finest scene in "Hassan" the meeting of the ghosts of Rafi and Pervaneh. Their appearance, though bathed with the most delicate phosphorescence, would have jarred. As it is we are shown but a fugitive figure flitting up the stairway, a short while since thronged with the procession of death, and hear only the cry of "Rafi, shall we forget?" In the final scene we see Hassan, rescued from despair by Ishak, joining the pilgrims on the Golden Road to Samarkand.

Mr. Henry Ainley gives a genial performance of himself rather than the confectioner of Bagdad. He plays the part at the full pitch of his voice; indeed, generally speaking, the actors are a touch too noisy. Mr. Leon Quartermaine has not quite caught the author's conception of Ishak; but his delivery of certain passages suggests that he will ultimately find the true reading. Mr. Edmund Willard is a superb Masrur; he moves and speaks like the historic negro of our childish terrors; and Mr. Frank Cochran as Jafar, the Vizier, is excellent. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt looks very lovely, but her Yasmin is a touch too modern. The production as a whole should draw large audiences. Those who desire a spectacle will be enchanted; those who go for the sake of the play will return to the reading of the text with fresh enthusiasm.

THE ELUSIVE SHAKESPEARE.*

BY GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

PROFESSOR ADAMS'S book belongs to a class which gives the reviewer in some respects more difficulty than any other—at least as to his summing up about it. It is very well written. It exhibits the always prepossessing, and on this subject more than usually rare, absence of disposition to wrangle with and even revile predecessors. Indeed Professor Adams, in speaking invariably of such predecessors as "scholars," frequently pays them a most unmerited compliment; for it may be doubted whether a large proportion of them have any scholarship at all. In gathering together the results of more recent "discoveries" and discussions on the subject he has no doubt done a kindness to those who like such things. His book is lavishly illustrated with well-executed portraits, pictures of places, sketches of theatres, facsimiles of documents, etc. Even better than all this, his preface, though it may here and there raise qualms in the experienced, contains not a few things that also raise more cheerful expectations. That "many of the incidental and miscellaneous data we possess regarding Shakespeare in themselves carry little significance" (though perhaps "in themselves" might be blue-pencilled with advantage) is the very phylactery of the student in these matters. It should be not merely written but tattooed on his forehead and his hands; it should be woven in silk upon his pillow; marking-inked on his towels; painted on his china and etched on his glass;—nay, imprinted in some fashion on everything that he wears, eats, sees every day. Moreover Professor Adams says he "has avoided prolonged arguments on points which cannot be settled," has "omitted æsthetic criticism" and has "tried to judge each case in the light of all the available evidence." "*Macte* nova *virtute*" one may say with real appropriateness and no banality; for this *virtus* is terribly *nova* on this subject. Nine out of ten biographers of Shakespeare have obstinately refused to admit that the most miscellaneous and incidental data about him "carry little significance"; have argued infinitely on points that at present cannot be settled at all; have dogmatised on the facts because they make them support æsthetic fancies; and have manifested only too clearly that they either do not know what "evidence" means or are utterly careless of their own knowledge.

So far, so good—extremely and unusually good.

Nor in the actual carrying out of the book is it at all difficult to find things to praise. Those who want the results of three hundred years of letting down laborious buckets into nearly empty wells will find them. But unfortunately as usual, and even more than usual, they will also find attempts to fill up the scanty actual contents of the buckets with brimming supplements of guess-work. Almost at once we see that we are in for that peculiar kind of *historia mixta* of which Whitaker's "Manchester" and Godwin's "Chaucer" are perhaps the first examples of the modern type. "We may imagine" this; "probably" that; "it would be natural" t'other. "A person named Willis, born within a year of Shakespeare, has left an account of a stage play which he saw when he was a child." The account, which is certainly not uninteresting in itself, is quoted in full, but why? "If this crude play was still so vivid in the mind of Willis at the age of seventy-five, *we may infer that* the plays acted in Stratford by the best of the London companies exercised a profound influence on the sensitive mind of the youthful Shakespeare." May one without indecency suggest that this inference is still more likely because in "William" and "Willis" there are not only the same capital initials but also the two *i*'s and two *l*'s *in the very same order*? Again, Shakespeare had (we won't quarrel as to the evidence of this) an uncle named Henry who married a woman named Margaret. "The young William, we may suppose, was a frequent visitor in the home of his Uncle Henry and Aunt Margaret, *and on their farm perhaps acquired some of his wide knowledge of rustic types and of country life.*" The only "parmacity" for this sort of thing is the remembrance how William himself would have enjoyed it, and how deliciously he would have woven it into some new Slender's or Simple's conversation.

One awaited the chapter on Shakespeare's "schooling" with resignation, knowing how this sort of biographer would deal with that famous not-impossibility. But the first sentence did certainly rebuke the *outrecuidance* of presuming to anticipate the precise "Diversion of Purley" that so ardent a probabilist as Professor Adams would permit himself. "Such evidence as we possess indicates that neither John Shakespeare, nor Mary his wife, was able to write. Yet the new age, under the influence of the Renaissance, was setting a high value on education; and we may be sure that the Chief Alderman of the town saw to it that his son and heir profited by the really excellent opportunities which Stratford afforded its youth of acquiring book-learning."

Let us see. *Imprimis.*

John and Mary Shakespeare could not read or write; *argal*, they sent their son to school. (If the historian had only interposed the saving clause "not being able to teach him themselves" it would have taken off the shock of the present *non sequitur.*)

Again, Stratford-on-Avon had a school, the Master of which (a "Fellow of Oxford") was paid twice as much as the Master of Eton.

Argal: Shakespeare went to that school—and so on.

If it were not that one has to do one's duty it would be—in fact it *is*—disagreeable to treat in this fashion a book which has so much of good about it as Professor Adams's. But it really is rather irritating to find a man who has the sense to dismiss as "shallow hypotheses" the stuff that has connected "Troilus and Cressida" with the Dark Lady, and so on, apparently taking "*less* Greek" as warrant for "*some* Greek" instead of, as it pretty clearly is, a polite imputation of "*no* Greek at all." Some other rubbish connecting Willobie's "Avisa" with the Sonnets he also and justly dismisses as "hardly deserving good-natured mention."

* "A Life of William Shakespeare." By Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. (Constable.)



WINDMILL AT ENKHUISEN, HOLLAND.

Etching by E. HESKETH HUBBARD, R.O.I., A.R.W.A.
From "66 ETCHINGS."
Published for The Print Society by The Morland Press.

Yet he himself tells us that "no doubt Shakespeare often was a guest at tavern entertainments given by Southampton, or Rutland, or Pembroke, or Sir Walter Ralegh, or Sir John Salisbury. And that he enjoyed these occasions we may well believe. . . . But he must also have been frequently present at more serious gatherings where literature was the common interest," etc. Oh! the "musts" and the "no doubts"! "It may well have been Shakespeare who assisted Ben Jonson out of prison." So it may; and so it may have been anybody else. As an instance of decorating and corrupting sober history with this "skimble-skamble stuff" let us take just one more. The republication of Greene's "Pandosto" in 1609 certainly (in the very best sense of a dangerous word) *may* have had something to do with the appearance of "A Winter's Tale" in 1611. The severest historian should not omit to mention the facts. But Professor Adams, doing this, must needs add that the new edition "possibly caught the poet's eye on the bookstalls." Now this is quite a different "may." Of course it *is* possible. It is also possible that he may have said, "I'll take it out of Greene handsomely for that abuse of his." Or somebody may have lent him a copy; or he may have mistaken cloaks at the "Mermaid" and found it in somebody else's pocket; or, in short, there are possibilities enough to fill this issue of THE BOOKMAN if the editor would permit. But what is the good of indulging in them unless you make avowedly fantastic and amusing "yarns" out of them, like Thackeray's "George de Barnwell"?

Surely everybody, not a born idiot, can supply this sort of thing for himself? Everybody can *not* supply for himself the fact that "Pandosto" was reprinted shortly before "A Winter's Tale" appeared; so that is worth recording. The recent discoveries of Professor Wallace, though possessing hardly the slightest interest as concerning Shakespeare's work or genius, are facts concerning him and therefore are also worth recording after a fashion. But "mays" and "musts" and "probablys" anyone can take out of his own pocket if he cares to do so. Let it be repeated that Professor Adams's book is pleasant to read for anyone not over-troubled with a critical conscience, and more than half full of quite useful matter. If only one could get the other part somehow "thinned out" as the ingenious hairdresser thins out superfluous hair!

STEVENSON AND THE JUVENILE DRAMA.

By A. St. John Adcock.

IN "Memories and Portraits" Stevenson opens his essay on "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured" with "These words will be familiar to all students of Skelt's Juvenile Drama. That national monument, after having changed its name to Park's, to Webb's, to Redington's, and last of all to Pollock's, has now become for the most part a memory." He goes on to give a "roll-call of stirring names" of dramas of theirs that he possessed in his childhood—of those sheets of characters, scenes and "side-wings" that you pasted on card and then cut out in readiness for performances on your mimic stage, having first coloured them according to your fancy, if you had not bought them coloured.

The shop still stands, I believe, at the corner of Antigua Street, Edinburgh, where, as he tells us, Stevenson used to loiter, feasting his eyes on a theatre in working order in the window and on the plates of characters displayed, "one, we shall say, pistol in hand, or drawing to his ear the cloth-yard arrow." But this was only a retail establishment; this was not the abiding-place of the masterly artists who created and manufactured those glamorous things. Stevenson knew that and knew also where the makers of them lived, for their names and addresses were blazoned on their printed works, and when he visited London he found his way, drawn by glowing memories of his past, to the shop in which one such maker still lived and laboured and had his being.

"A word of moral," he writes at the end of the essay, after discussing the fascinations of several of the plays; "it appears that B. Pollock, late J. Redington, No. 73, Hoxton Street, not only publishes twenty-three of those old stage favourites, but owns the necessary plates and displays a modest readiness to issue other thirty-three. If you love art, folly or the bright eyes of children, speed to Pollock's, or to Clarke's of Garrick Street. In Pollock's list of publicanda I perceive a pair of my ancient aspirations: 'Wreck Ashore' and 'Sixteen-String Jack'; and I cherish the belief that when these shall see once more the light of day, B. Pollock will remember this apologist. But, indeed, I have a dream at times that is not all a dream. I seem to myself to wander in a ghostly street—E.W., I think, the postal district—close below the fool's-cap of St. Paul's, and yet within easy hearing of the echo of the Abbey bridge. There in a dim shop, low in the roof and smelling strong of glue and footlights, I find myself in quaking treaty with great Skelt himself, the aboriginal, all dusty from the tomb. I buy, with what a choking heart—I buy them all, all but the pantomimes; I pay my mental money and go forth; and lo! the packets are dust."

Before I first read "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured"—before it was written—I was a devotee at the same shrine; I too found delight in the works of Skelt, Redington and other such old masters. I did not purchase those works at the fountain-head, but at a queer, snug, miscellaneously overcrowded little retail shop in a North London street. A dark shop, when you got inside, by reason of the lowness of the ceiling and the congested state of the window; but this very darkness added to the charm and mystery of it. Stevenson says the shop he patronised in Edinburgh "was dark and smelt of Bibles." My shop had a more complex and wonderful odour, an atmosphere compounded of the scent of pear-drops and acid-drops, of paraffin oil and firewood, of fresh and stale newspapers, mitigated by a cool whiff from the ice-cream bucket, the whole blending to a stuffy, astringent

sweetness the like of which I have never encountered elsewhere in all my wanderings. It remains for me inevitably associated with the buying of such unforgettable plays as "The Miller and His Men," "Richard I," "Oliver Twist," "Aladdin," "The Smuggler" and others that are or are not on Stevenson's list; and I have trifled with a fantasy that if that shop remains and I were to step into its odorous gloom to-day, I could no sooner inhale its incommunicable pungencies than my maturity would fall from me as by magic, and I should be young enough again and happy enough to lean on its dwarf counter excitedly negotiating, as I used to, for the possession of "Robin Hood," "Jack Sheppard" or other of those primitive dramas that were not made for men and only reveal their secret splendours to the heart and imagination of a boy.

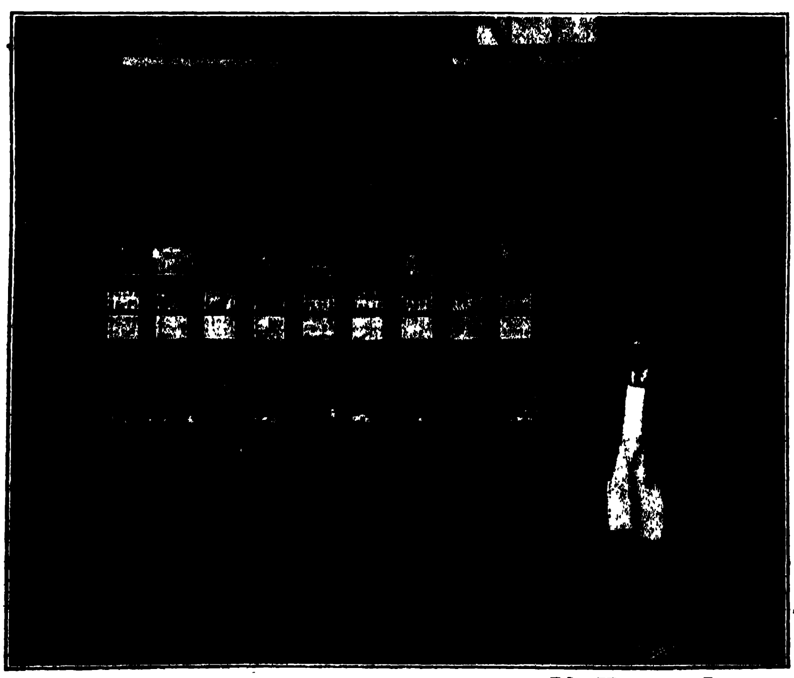


Mr. Benjamin Pollock.
From a drawing by Miss Kathleen Shackleton.
By courtesy of *John o' London's Weekly*.

So when a loyal Stevensonian came down from beyond the Tweed the other day and lured me to accompany him on a pilgrimage to the true home of the Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured I was more than willing to go. Hoxton is not superficially the sort of district you would expect the best of things to come from; you would not guess at a glance that it was or ever had been a reservoir of rich romance which had been piped from it to the small people of innumerable homes all up and down the kingdom. There is nothing dazzling, nothing in the least degree promising in the appearance of Hoxton Street itself—a long, rather dingy, certainly plain and not coloured thoroughfare just behind Dalston Junction station. It is so far from St. Paul's and the Abbey bridge that either Stevenson's recollection failed him or his description is a composite picture; maybe he called on Clarke also, and even on the great Skelt, and in reminiscence made one of the three. Yet as you progress up Hoxton Street, possibly as a consequence of your expectations, you are conscious of a sort of old-world sleepiness about it of which dreams may come There is a factory or so on one side, and a big, unlovely school building, replacing, no doubt, a stretch of motley, snoozing, red-tiled shops and houses that were coeval with those that still survive across the road. And presently, when you are opposite the school, you get the thrill you had waited for, at sight of a small-windowed, ancient shop on which is inscribed the No. 73, the name of B. Pollock, and an intimation that he prints and publishes the Juvenile Drama.

You cross over and gaze in at the window, and behold a toy theatre displayed and sheets of characters from selected dramas, or vividly painted presentments of single characters as played by once distinguished actors, each striking very similar attitudes in a great variety of parts. Then you go in through a narrow shop-door, under a roof so low that you could put your hand up and almost touch it, and here you feel at once that this is no commonplace emporium but veritably a little shop in fairyland. Facing you is a small door leading into a tiny back room, on your right is a glass cupboard containing dolls and orthodox toys; and on your left, with a stained, worn, doll's-house kind of desk perched on the inner end of it, is a squat, short counter, behind which, ranged on shelves, are neatly labelled boxes, the avowed repositories of the pictorial sheets that were dear to youthful play-producers when Stevenson was young, and long before that. Everything is neat and orderly—not as it was in my little North London shop—and here there is no distinctive atmosphere. It is as Stevenson found it, "a dim shop, low in the roof," but at the moment, anyhow, it has not the smell of glue and footlights that he ascribes to it.

As we stand at gaze the small inner door opens, and there emerges quietly a gracious, elderly man who has a detached, subdued, earlier-world aspect which somehow suggests to you that you may be only dreaming him. He slips round by the worn desk, places himself behind the counter, and in answer to your first question diffidently acknowledges that he is the real, original B. Pollock in the flesh. Yes, he will tell you in the course of friendly talk, he remembers Stevenson visiting him, and can recall him clearly as



73, Hoxton Street.
The shop in London visited by Stevenson and referred to in his essay, "Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured."

a frail, delicate-looking man, and rather tall.

"You see those hooks in the ceiling, just above where you are standing," says he; "well, in those days I used to keep some of my stages ready made and hanging from those hooks, and when Mr. Stevenson came in, not noticing, he caught his head against them and nearly jerked his hat off. He asked me all manner of questions, wanted to look at all the plays and had them out on the counter here, going over them and talking and laughing gently about them. A stout gentleman was with him—a doctor, I think; I don't know who he was. I showed him the copper plates I print from, and I remember the one I was using just then was of a set of side-wings for 'Beauty and the Beast.' I don't print direct from the plates, but transfer the designs to the stone and print from that, so the copper plates never get worn, and I still use the same ones as were used from the beginning. I do the printing myself, and colour them myself by hand, my daughter who lives with me helping in the work. No, the business is not what it was. Years ago the shop would be crowded Saturday nights with boys buying the plays, or stages, or the big prints of single characters that they could take home and colour themselves. But tastes change, and I think it is only the better class of people who buy them now, and mostly my customers are the retail shops that send in orders from all parts of the country."



Mr. Marston as Macduff.
"Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured."
Reduced reproduction from coloured print.

The cinemas may have made a difference, or boys may be more sophisticated than they were; I don't know. I inquired about Skelt, that once potent rival of B. Pollock, whose name so charmed Stevenson as indicating things stagey and piratic that he coined the word "Skeltery" to designate those qualities. But it seems that Skelt has gone the way of all flesh, his descendants are otherwise occupied, and Mr. Pollock believes he is the sole survivor of that group of makers whose names R. L. S. joyed to remember, the only actual begetter in London now of the Juvenile Drama. His shop may be anything up to two centuries old; the business was founded there eighty-five years ago by J. Redington, and Mr. Pollock became his son-in-law, was helping him in it when he was twenty, and succeeded him after his death.

We stood for a while where Stevenson had stood, chatting with B. Pollock over his counter as Stevenson



First Sheet of Characters in the Drama of "Oliver Twist."

had done; and he mentioned that many other pilgrims had been sent there before us by that passage in "Memories and Portraits," including G. K. Chesterton, now the possessor of a theatre and I don't know how many plays; George R. Sims; Thomas Burke; and he speaks with pleasure of a day when Miss Shackleton arrived from *John o' London's Weekly* and he stood to her for his portrait. He was uncertain of the year of Stevenson's visit—it was many years ago; but I see in his just published "Forty Years in My Bookshop," Mr. Walter Spencer says Stevenson called on him in Oxford Street in 1885, "during a break in a journey from Edinburgh to Bournemouth," and it is possible he wandered into Hoxton Street in the same interval, for "Memories and Portraits" appeared two years later.

Having duly inspected one of the copper plates and invaded the tiny back room to see the hand-press on which for nearly half a century Mr. Pollock has done an unimaginable quantity of printing, we returned into the shop and, for old time's sake, I bought a complete set of "Oliver Twist" with a book of the words. "They are not twopence coloured now," remarked Mr. Pollock; and it seemed sad that Stevenson's title should thus be set at naught; "prices have all gone up, you know, and the coloured sheets are now threepence each." On the wall beside us hung a framed print of a once noted actor in character, not merely painted, but with shining tinsel pasted deftly over his sword, jewels and armour, so that they glistened like reality; but this was unobtainable.

"That," said Mr. Pollock, taking it down that we might the easier examine it, "was done by a very old customer of ours. He was a gentleman on the Stock Exchange, and he did this when he was eighty and presented it to me, and I would not sell it for anything. Look at it—how beautiful it is! We sell the tinsel, you see, then it has to be cut out and carefully pasted over armour and jewellery to make them gleam like real things, and it is not easy to shape and fit the tinsel so exactly—to do it properly like this is a work of real art."

He restored the picture reverently to its nail, and I had a passing vision of that old, old man, born again in spirit and so, at last, escaping from the costly vanities of the money market to the heaven he left behind him when he grew foolish and fancied he could pay his way into a better one if he had more than a penny. And it was good to feel that though the magic air of my North London shop was not in this one, to make a boy again of me, the place evidently had its own subtle atmosphere, potent enough to give his boyhood back to that aged stockbroker when he revisited it; and you may depend it had something of the same effect on Tusitala himself, at least so long as he lingered here within its influence.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1923.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best account, in not more than two hundred words, of "The Most Miserable Day I Ever Spent."

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

A SPECIAL PRIZE OF TWO GUINEAS IS OFFERED FOR A LIST OF THE FOUR BEST DETECTIVE OR MYSTERY NOVELS THAT HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. THE PRIZE WILL BE AWARDED TO THE SENDER OF THE FOUR TITLES THAT RECEIVE THE LARGEST NUMBER OF VOTES FROM THE COMPETITORS AS A WHOLE. A SECOND PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA WILL BE AWARDED FOR THE SECOND-BEST LIST.

REPLIES MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN," MARKED "SPECIAL COMPETITION," AND POSTED NOT LATER THAN THE 20TH OCTOBER. RESULTS WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

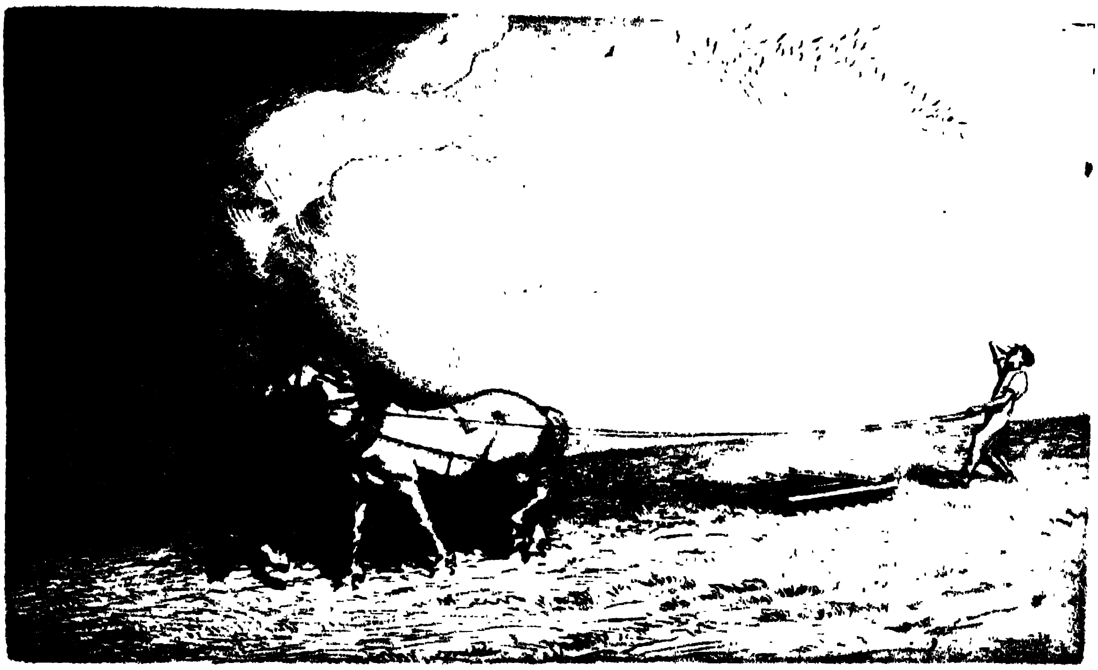
RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mary Frances Nason, of "The Pool House," Willersey, Broadway, Worcs., for the following:

DREAM CHILDREN.

Outside I hear the raging storm,
But here, where flickering shadows form,
The glowing fancies in the fire
Illuminate awhile for me
The heart's poor, tattered pageantry—
Pale ashes of desire.

All the dead longings live again,
Creep from some corner of the brain,
Stretching dull limbs, and wheel and spin,
Flashing their long-sheathed, rainbow wings,
Catch hands and dance like fairy things,
Deliriously, within!



Etching by GEORGE GASCOYNE, R.E.
From " 66 *ETCHINGS.*"
Published for The Print Society by The Morland Press.

THE HARROW.



From "LIFE OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD"
By JANET PENROSE TREVELYAN.
(Constable).

BOROUGH FARM.
From a water-colour sketch by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

This hour takes heavy toll of me,
For, while I sit thus quietly,
Hands folded—eyes half shut (asleep,
So one would say to see me there),
The burning eyes are full aware
That they must close or weep!

And so they close, else grief should win,
And crush the revelry within,
And put them all to instant flight,
The little, dancing feet, I know,
That in my heart, now all aglow,
Trip airily and light!

For now it is the children's hour;
The barren heart doth bud and flower,
And little fingers clutch and cling
About my neck, and somewhere near,
In what rapt ecstasy I hear
Child voices echoing!

What though 'tis but a foolish game,
Played by some trickery of the flame,
Until the hearth is cold and still,
The *heart* is warm, and, all about,
Fair fantasies run in and out,
Its loneliness to fill!

God is most merciful, I know,
He gives us happy dreams; and so
In secret chests I store away
My better thoughts, to be the toys
Of fancy's little girls and boys,
Where, in my heart, they play!

We also select for printing:

THE ROAD.

I sing of the road—
The old road, the high road,
The road that strides the hill.
The path of the Briton, fierce and bold,
The way of the Roman, proud and cold,
Where plundering bands of Saxons prowled,
While the eagle screamed and the grey wolf howled,
And the road went desert many a year
When the Northmen took their fill
On the old road, the high road,
The road that strides the hill.

I sing of the road—
The straight road, the broad road,
The road that follows the sun.
Paced by the splendid chivalry
Of English knight and yeoman free.
Here, spurring hard, the Stuart flew,
Here tramped the lads that Sedgemoor slew;
And the road went mourning a year and more
When a king's bleak will was done
On the straight road, the broad road,
The road that follows the sun.

I sing of the road—
The fair road, the west road,
The road of the sunset light
O'er Bride and Brit, o'er Axe and Char;
'Twixt shouldering hills where the dark woods are.
Beneath that mount with the cap of gold
Where emerald seas the heights enfold,
Till the road goes climbing the last long hill
In a star-lit Devon night
On the fair road, the west road,
The road to the sunset light.

(Jonathan Hirst, 35, Bousfield Road, London, S.E.14.)

We specially commend the lyrics by J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington Park), Marion Peacock (Horsham), R. Fortescue Doria (Old Feltham), Elsie A. Fielder (Horsham), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), Christopher Johnston (Chicago), Ethel E. Mannin (Merton Park), Doris Amy Ibbotson (Newport, I.W.), M. F. Richie (Grahamstown), A. C. E. (Birmingham), F. V. Brennan (Beaton), D. Parry Thomas (Queen's Park), Stanley Penn (Rinxent, France), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), Michael Serge (Eastbourne), Kathleen Elwell (Beverley), Kathleen M. Gush (Sydenham), Eileen Carfrae (Brixton Hill), T. B. MacAdam (London, N.W.), Frances T. Darling (Knaresborough), L. Parkinson (Halifax), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Peggie Ferguson (Eastbourne), L. F. Waring (Wimbledon), Margaret Ormiston (London, S.W.), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), H. I. Strand (Seaton), B. B. Horton (Westerham), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), "John P. Jones" (Bolton), Liam P. Clancy (Tufnell Park), Ida Welch (London, S.W.), Winifred M. Ward (London, S.W.), Penelope Hamilton (Dublin), Barbara Drummond (Kensington), O. R. Bridgman (Cape Province, S.A.), Barbara E. Todd (New Soberton), E. A. Scrutton (S. Chingford), Norah Stanley Grant (Trimley), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), M. Revell (Crawley Down), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), H. E. Bates (Rushden), Eva Harrison (Reddish), Margaret C. Huggins (Exmouth), S. K. Darnley (Beverley), Nurse D. M. Clegg (Halifax), Olive Florence Crowe (Hanwell), Mariquita Guitierrez (San Sebastian), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Margery Constance Nudd (Yiewsley), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Rev. A. H. Candler (Accra, Gold Coast), Susie I. Tucker (Tavistock), Catharine Brebner (Calgary), C. S. Sakangapani (Anantapur, Madras), K. G. Sawmy (Trichinopoly, South India), Alice E. Gillington (Parkstone).

II. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of "Kinkora," Swanley, Kent, for the following:

LOVE—AND THE PHILOSOPHER. BY MARIE CORELLI. (Methuen.)

"How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister
For my darling Clementine."

PERCY MONTROSE, *Clementine.*

We also select for printing:

THE VAULT OF HEAVEN. BY SIR RICHARD GREGORY, D.Sc. (Methuen.)

"The Cow jumped over the Moon."

Old Nursery Rhyme.

(Winifred Simmons, 16, Mortlake Road, Kew, Surrey.)

WHAT IS MAN? BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON. (Methuen.)

"A Man, however well-behaved
At best is only a monkey shaved!"

W. S. GILBERT, *Princess Ida.*

(Teresa Bellamy Noble, 9, Forest Rise, E.17.)

SPECIAL LICENSE. BY FRANK STAYTON. (Nash & Grayson.)

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite
It is their nature to."

DR. WATTS'S *Hymns.*

(E. Gardiner, 5, Limerick Road, Redland, Bristol.)

III. THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best account of "The Happiest Day in My Life" is awarded to Walter Smythe, of "Faunmore," Holywood, Co. Down, for the following:

I had just commenced to practise at law and clients were scarce and rare, so I occupied my time with writing for the press, with varying success. I had sent out much bread on the waters, and it had returned after many days —the editorial seagulls would have none of it. One morning—a day of delightful memories—I received a letter from the editor of *Chambers's Journal*. It was printed in red and it notified to me that a set of verses had been accepted for publication. That was a red-letter day for me, and although I had upwards of a dozen sets of verses afterwards accepted by the same editor the acceptances, although always delightful, did not thrill me to such an extent as the first did. I remember how carefully I read

over the proof and, placing it securely in an envelope, posted it myself. That was a great day—long ago. Law swallowed up literature, but I am coming back to it again in the later years.

We specially commend the accounts by E. M. Riley (British Army of the Rhine), A. G. Skinner (Bude), M. E. Garland (Ipswich), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), James A. Richards (Tenby), Olive Florence Crowe (Hanwell), Marjorie Holmes (Bertham), Angela Doubleday (Streatham), A. J. Edwards (Oldham), Herbert Drake (Ipswich), Mrs. B. Keighley (Bingley), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Ian Kelway (Moretonhampstead), Dorothy O. Trollope (Bexleyheath), Barbara E. Smythe (Perth).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noel Saxelby, of 26, Hardwick Street, Buxton, Derbyshire, for the following:

LIFE. BY ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Collins.)

As a study of the charming, impressionable boy and young man, Chesney Temple, this book is successful. The school and college life is described from first-hand knowledge. But as a "memoir" of the brilliant young poet, Chesney Temple, it fails to convince. Is the author writing with his tongue in his cheek? He admits that his hero is no *born* poet, and the account of Chesney's first attempts at verse-manufacture is mirth-provoking. But later he seems to take his poet seriously and gives many extracts from his "work" that the reader could have dispensed with.

We also select for printing:

THE CONQUEST OF NEW GRANADA.

BY R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. (Heinemann.)

With a whole-hearted enthusiasm Mr. Graham narrates the exploits of the sixteenth century *conquistador* de Quesada, whose career was somewhat similar to that of our own Clive in that he went abroad as a civilian, found his true vocation as a soldier, and added a large tract of territory to the possession of his native land. In the face of tremendous obstacles and with an ever-dwindling band of followers he navigated the Magdalena river and established Spanish rule in the savannah lands of what is now the state of Colombia. It is a tale of high emprise losing nothing in the telling.

(W. L. Dudley, Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland.)

THREE TALES. BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT.

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR McDOWALL. (Chatto & Windus.)

Here are three exquisite little tales showing Flaubert's intense power of feeling, his subtle imagination, his superb skill in arrangement and his ingenious impartiality in portraying character. How delightful to turn for a moment from the second-rate novel of to-day, with all its problems and defects, and to come across these three pieces of astonishing writing. Truly an exchange of the commonplace for the exceptional. "A Simple Heart" is just the most perfect study of an old female servant. Undoubtedly all three stories deserve a place beside Flaubert's masterpiece, "Madame Bovary."

(Gladys H. Cocks, 84, Commercial Road, Newport, Monmouthshire.)

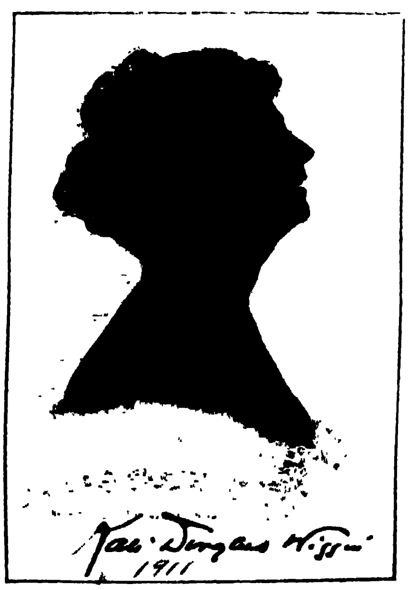
We specially commend the reviews by Reginald W. Harris (Coventry), Constance Pendlebury (Chapel-en-le-Frith), C. F. Rathbone (Birmingham), J. A. R. (Tenby), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), E. A. G. (Kingston-on-Thames), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington Park), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), Egbert T. Colley (Gainsborough), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Frances M. Buss (London, W.C.), D. M. Wild (Southport), R. Stock (Radlett), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Charles Stapylton (Eastbourne), Florence M. Ramsay (Cheltenham).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Felix Webster, of 5, Turquand Street, Walworth, S.E.17.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

BY WILFRID L. RANDELL.

LET it be admitted, with or without prejudice, that when I first read a book by Kate Douglas Wiggin I became a Superior Person; most objectionably so, for I assumed that mental state which in the days of the dear old three-decker novels was expressed by the exclamation "Pish" or "Tush." Everybody in the book was so dreadfully angelic; all the bad little girls became repentant and reformed—*vide* Julia in "Mother Carey"—and every difficulty was smoothed over, flattened out, annihilated by a veritable steam-roller of sentiment and never-failing tact on the part of somebody who was too modest and beautiful or too sweet and ugly to live.



Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Lent by Mr. S. B. Walter Gay.

But it is of no use trying to preserve that superior attitude. I discovered in time that Kate Douglas Wiggin really knew and loved children—also men and women; that she was doing more good in the world than I should ever do; and that there were pages in her stories which had a way of getting at one's heart quite unexpectedly. And here and now I make, too late for her to know, my belated apology for pretending to be "superior."

The story of that full life which closed as far as earth is concerned on August 28th, has been told briefly in various papers. Kate Douglas Wiggin was born in Philadelphia in September, 1857, the daughter of Robert Noah Smith, a lawyer. Her early years were spent in a New England atmosphere reflected, in its mists and sunshine, in her stories; the atmosphere, but slightly mitigated, which Henry James pictured so clearly in his life of Hawthorne:

"No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country houses, nor parsonages, nor

thatched cottages nor ivied ruins ; no cathedrals nor abbeys nor little Norman churches ; no great Universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow ; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot ! "

We qualify such a negative presentment by noting that in Miss Smith's girlhood there was a devoted personal loyalty to the American Flag—as those who have read "The Saving of the Colours" in "The New Chronicles of Rebecca" will remember ; that there was a church and clergy of a very effective type, as Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, in the same book, may bear witness ; and that there were very true and courteous and well-bred gentlemen and ladies in the land, albeit they did not descend from the gloom of history in a knightly glamour. I think we have a glimpse of the atmosphere in a single sentence, again from the book I have mentioned. Mrs. Baxter and Rebecca are sitting on Mrs Came's front steps enjoying the sunset :

" It grew dark soon afterward, and they went into the house to see Mrs Came's new lamp lighted for the first time, to examine her last drawn-in rug (a wonderful achievement produced entirely from dyed flannel petticoats), and to hear the doctor's wife play 'Oft in the Stilly Night' on the dulcimer."

That, to my mind, "puts you there," on the spot, with a stroke of genius.



Kate Douglas Wiggin
(Mrs. G. C. Riggs).
Lent by Mr. S. B. Walter Gay, of Messrs. Gay & Hancock

Removing to Maine as a child, she attended the Abbott Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, becoming, according to her younger sister's account, "a capable little person, concocting delectable milk-toast, browning toothsome buckwheats, and generally making a very good Parent's Assistant." She showed little literary talent, unless we may regard a diary as a hint of what was coming ; and soon after she was seventeen came a move to California where, on the death of her step-father, some difficult and trying days formed an unpleasant interlude. She had one story published in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, for which she received £30—and reversed the customary procedure of young authors by deciding that she had neither the equipment nor the experience for a literary career. "Circumstances, or perhaps my love of children," she says, "led me into the study of the kindergarten theory of education," and the result was that she organised the first free kindergartens for the poor on the Pacific Coast—her idea bearing fruit rapidly and leading to the establishment of many similar schools.

In 1880 she married Samuel Bradley Wiggin, a lawyer of San Francisco, who died nine years later, soon after their departure for the East. Exhausted by the energy she had poured generously into her work, she feared for her health, and decided to write ; "and then," she records, "the thrilling part of my career was over, for there were no misadventures and no difficulties—nothing but appreciation a thousandfold warmer than I could possibly have deserved." For a revealing glimpse of the real woman, her words are worth a more extended quotation :

" It is almost a pity that I had to give up teaching, for although I hope I have a little gift in story-telling, it does not compare with the other, which I know, in all modesty, was a real talent. How I loved it, how I gloried in it, no words of mine can tell. In those few years, in which most of my time was spent with ragged little babies three to six years old—babies of all nationalities, and their still more extraordinary parents—I learned more of human nature than in all the rest of my life put together. Little did I realise that I was gathering first-hand knowledge that would be useful to me in quite another profession. I only knew that I was supremely happy and very useful."

Her work immediately "caught on," and she became before very long one of the most widely read authors in America. She married again, in 1895, Mr. George Christopher Riggs, but retained for her books the name of Wiggin.

Her visits to this country bore fruit in the "Penelope" books—lively impressions which have been eclipsed, popular though they were years ago, by the famous "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The New Chronicles of Rebecca" and other sunny stories—which cannot strictly be termed novels—such as "The Old Peabody Pew," "Mother Carey" and "The Story of Waitstill Baxter," of which the first is pure, pretty, but perfectly healthy sentiment, the second a genuinely amusing picture of children and their universal ways, overspread by the wise mother who can do no wrong—and my one complaint is of the perfection of this adorable Mother Carey. If only she would show a little temper and "bang around" just once she would have been absolutely human, because not absolutely perfect. I am not going to dissect any of these books at length for readers who probably know them well ; but my pen lingers for a moment or two over the third one, with the curious Puritan name. Here, in Mrs. Boynton, we have a magnificent portrait of one of those people who have that irritating intimacy with the mind of the Almighty, occasionally encountered even to-day, which drives their less spiritually exalted—I almost wrote spiritually conceited—friends to desperation. She does not loom large in the story, but she is there, fixed. And yet in her passing there is pathos, and even the compelled recognition that she was a good woman ; such is the art and the strength of the author. The

book has much more definite plot and construction than most of the others, which are often light sketches with a connecting thread of scene and event and character, and it is conclusive evidence that if she had so chosen Kate Douglas Wiggin could have written a warm, powerful novel of New England life worthy to stand beside the more austere work of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." The book is her defence against detractors, if ever she needed defence. "Rebecca" is of course her best known creation, and appeared, in new guise, as the heroine of a play at the Globe Theatre, London, in 1912; but compared with delightful little "Waitstill Baxter" I think Rebecca must come second.

Several of these books have been translated into five or six languages, and the honours of literature came to her more formally when in 1906 Bowdoin University, where Longfellow and Hawthorne had both spent their college days, gave her the degree of Litt.D., thus confirming the verdict of her innumerable readers. And since it is interesting to trace the springs of popularity, whence came her immediate and wide appeal? It was not from intricacy or cleverness of plot, in which she is far behind: her plots are of the simplest. Care in writing she had, for she corrected and remodelled her sentences, even to the rewriting of "Rebecca" two or three times; yet she achieved no memorable distinction of style, no passages that haunt us with sheer beauty, though she occasionally touched high levels with a page of description. Her secret was quite simple—it was in fact simplicity. She wrote from the heart; she was extraordinarily sympathetic; infinitely sincere; she loved the folk she wrote about. Is there any need to search more deeply for the secret of her success? Prime among all her loves was the love of children; without this affection in overflowing measure it would have been impossible for her to establish, before the age of twenty-five, those schools for children of the poorer classes which made her name known for the length of the western American coast. Associate with this her strong sense of humour, which both in character and situation runs like a clear woodland stream through all her books, and the secret is out.

There are books of hers which I have not mentioned —"A Cathedral Courtship" for instance, and "The Diary of a Goose Girl," but the same opinion applies to all, and our summing-up is ended. Her life was well spent and, reversing the Shakespearean phrase, the good that she has done lives after her.

BOOK-NOTES FROM PARIS.

By Brian Rhys.

SEPTEMBER has opened; the holiday-maker will soon be packing his summer's reading into a box labelled for Paris. In the meantime the printer's machines are working busily, for the autumn list of books will be a heavy one. At the end of the year we may well expect to hear that the book production of 1913 has been reached and passed. And, as output and price must go together, there are also promises of an effort to reduce the cost of novels. While it is true that the books of the last two or three years have cost the French reader less, relatively speaking, than his food, much bad paper and hasty printing have been the result. And if two publishers, relying upon large editions, have shown that it is possible to reprint good novels impeccably, with woodcuts by famous artists, at a price equivalent to eightpence, the fashionable public is quite prepared to pay ten francs for the young intellectual's last novel if turned out handsomely and fit to keep. Each publisher, then, has his own solution for the difficulties of the day, and novels have never been less uniform in price and appearance.



Mr. Brian Rhys.

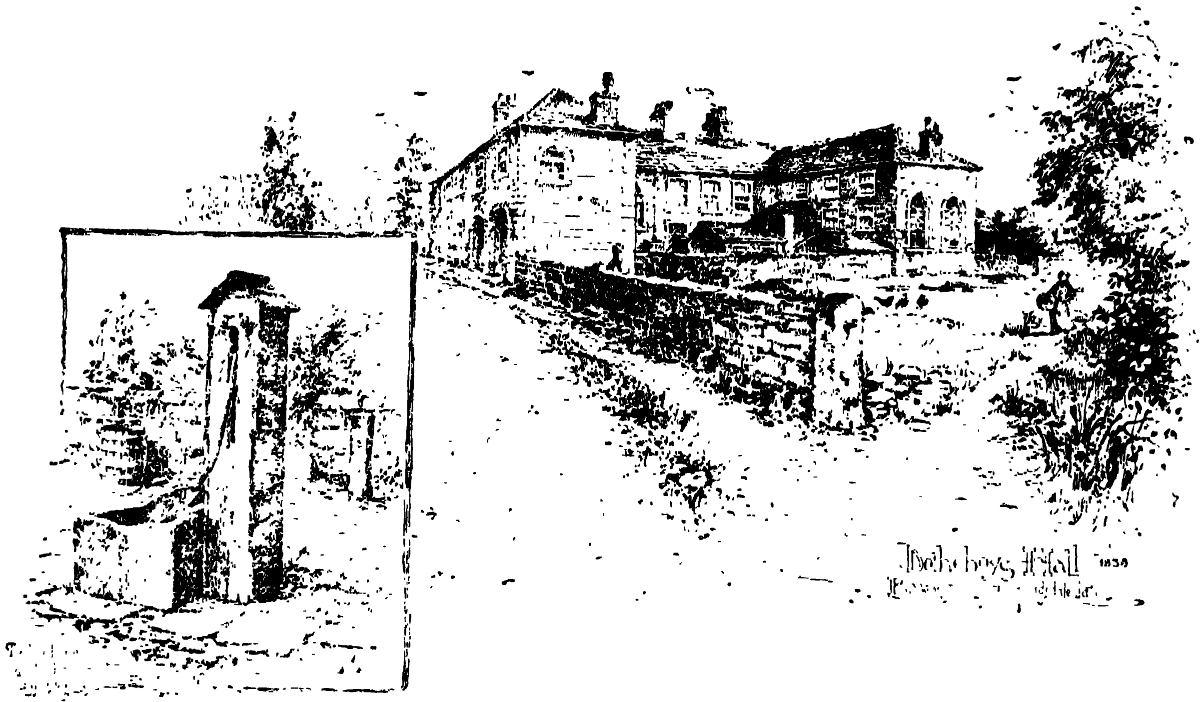
Let us glance at the holiday maker's shelf for a few moments before turning to the future. Three or four of his books have already claimed mention in England: "La Brière," by Alphonse de Chateaubriant (Grand Prix du Roman, 1923), a sombre masterpiece which has diverted the steps of more than one tourist to a corner of fen country in Brittany. There is "La Vie de Shelley," that delightful encounter between Ariel and the malicious, bourgeois French fairy Carabos, known as André Maurois; before many months an English translation will make it widely known. There is "Le Réveil des Morts," by Roland Dorgelès, half novel, half journalism, with its unforgettable pictures of the devastated regions. There is the first novel by the ex-president of the Dadaïstes, "Le Bon Apôtre" ("The Failure"). Philippe Soupault is brilliant and imitative; his ideas seem to stream out of a cinematograph operator's box on to the screen of the page; when "emotionalised," as at the Failure's release from prison, the method becomes very interesting. He also gives amusing sketches of review founding in cafés, and portraits—Poteau is of course Cocteau; Palmyre, Guillaume Apollinaire; Voultas the "mécanicien," Blaise Cendrars. Next on the shelf may lie Pierre Benoît's last novel, "Mademoiselle de la Ferté," in which adventure is at last abandoned for character study. The critics have praised his handling of a rather scandalous theme (involving among other things the ruin of an English statesman of the eighties) where everything is left to our imagination. But they have again raised the charge of plagiarism against him, quoting a novel written nearly a hundred years ago. The charge is a doubtful one, but on return to Paris the holiday maker will find ready for him a reprint of Eugène Sue's "Atar-Gull." He will also find two other novels, both intended to reach a wide public. One is "Verotchka l'étrangère," by Francis Carco,

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN."
OCTOBER, 1923.



From "MYSELF AND OTHERS"
By JESSIE MILLWARD
(Hutchinson).

IRVING AT REHEARSAL
From a drawing by Bernard Partridge



From "WITH DICKENS IN YORKSHIRE"
By T. P. COOPER.
Illustrated by E. RIDSDALE TATE
(Ben Johnson).

DOTHEBOYS HAL

who appears to have abandoned his earlier haunts, the unsavoury little Bohemian bars of Paris in 1910. Last year "L'Homme traqué," which showed the influence of "Crime and Punishment," gave him Academic spurs (Grand Prix du Roman). In his new novel he boldly plunges into very difficult waters. Taking three Russian exiles, a danseuse, a young man, Serge (liar born), and the princess Verotchka, his fiancée, he poisons the first two with cocaine and steps in to form a fourth in a drama of drugs and passions, which lacks, one feels, a grain of salt. But those who care to follow him will allow that he has handled this most complex of non-moral problems with considerable dramatic effect and skill. The other novel to mention is the sequel to "La Garçonne." Suffice it to say that Victor Margueritte has not made another mistake. Though both preface and text of "Le Compagnon" contain bitter reflections about the hypocritical indignation of the past, he respects the feelings of the bourgeoisie. For the rest, he knows what his public wants, and can boast that his sales have reached 100,000 copies in a few days.

And the future? It is hidden behind an interminable list of titles, which tell us but little in the absence of their inventors. Some clues however may be found in certain tendencies of the past. One of these is undoubtedly the enlarging of the literary horizon since the war. "La Brière" apart, we are in full reaction against all that is romantic, against provincialism, whether Parisian (witness Carco) or "extra muros." Jean Giraudoux and Paul Morand have done more than any of the younger writers to throw open the frontiers, and if, characteristically enough, the last named has retired to Greece to plan his first novel, we may be sure that it is not in a quest for mere local colour. Regionalism on the other hand has never shown such vigour; a new series, entirely devoted to regionalist fiction, has just been launched and the literary map of France is rapidly filling in. It is significant to note that a provincial house will have the honour of publishing the next novel by the Tharaud Frères, acknowledged masters among this school of writers. Another tendency must be explained by the bait offered by too many literary prizes; at all costs, says the publisher, throw your book into novel form, so as to reach the widest public. (We may compare here the different results recently attained by Dorgelès and Maurois.) The tendency was to be seen last spring in "Le Grand Ecart." In this "roman" Jean Cocteau showed what a brilliant, supple, highly-tempered blade he was forging, but was it not a little too incisive for his immediate purpose? Be that as it may, to "Thomas l'imposteur," which the N. R. F. will publish this autumn, he adds the label "histoire," and we may hope to see to full advantage the dual qualities of this very versatile young intellectual—the gymnastic of his thought, the growing discipline of his prose.

During the past month *l'Eclair* has been conducting an interesting *enquête* in its morning columns; various writers have been asked to name the *méconnus* of modern literature. Alain Fournier's novel, "Le Grand Méaulnes," has been most often mentioned, and deservedly. Had this young writer lived he would have stood alone as an idealist; let us hope that a translation of his novel will one day appear in England. This autumn his friend Rivière, who has found among his papers several short stories, will preface and publish them under the title "Miracles." Another writer often mentioned was Valéry Larbaud, whose work has certainly never earned its just share of fame. He has more character than any other French writer alive to-day, and owes some of it to Samuel Butler, whom he has been steadily translating into French (pages from the "Note-Books" are now appearing). England indeed owes V. Larbaud several debts, and it is hoped that Gilbert Cannan's translation of his "A. O. Barnabooth" will be published in London before long. In the meantime the first chapters of his new novel, "Mon plus secret conseil," are appearing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

Within a month from the appearance of these notes speculation around the award of the Prix Goncourt will have begun; what new talent will be proclaimed? It is too early to venture predictions, but J. H. Louwyck will certainly be one of the candidates, with "La Dame au beffroi." His first novel, "Un homme tendre," passed almost unnoticed last year, save for the praise of one or two discerning critics, but it gave a tragic little glimpse, both delicate and sure, of the life of the working classes in a Paris suburb.

In *les Cahiers Verts* one of the most interesting numbers to appear this autumn will certainly be "Incarnacion," a poignant novel full of Spanish colouring, written by no less a person than Aurore, granddaughter of Georges Sand. André Maurois' name inevitably occurs to us here; to what will he turn his keen attention, after Colonel Bramble and Shelley? The answer is a little unexpected. One book will be a defence, thrown into dialogue form, of the generalship during the war at G.H.Q. which recently had to sustain an attack from Jean de Pierrefeu, former official dispatch writer. His next book will be a study of capitalism and labour entitled "La hausse et la baisse," in which he may be expected to reveal certain bourgeois tendencies. He has also been heard to inquire with curiosity about the English intellectuals of the "left," who may thus take timely warning.

A few notes on poetry may here find place. Before Christmas will appear two volumes of Paul Valéry's Poetry and Prose. The recent award of the Prix des Peintres and the discussion around this disciple of Mallarmé, this da Vinci of Paris, are known to the *avant-garde* of London. Thibaudet's admirable study, recently published in the *Cahiers Verts*, will serve to show that comprehension of Valéry's attitude and achievement in his art is no light matter. Jean Cocteau's "Plain-Chant," a chain of short poems, recently appeared. They are conservative in form, admirably disciplined, and have something of the polish of steel and yet also of the transparency of deep water. At times, as for instance in "*Au moment de plonger sous les vagues du songe*" he comes near to a perfection entirely his own. Mention must also be made of de la Vaissière's "Anthologie poétique du XX^e siècle," which forms a valuable pendant to the collection published by the Mercure de France some years ago. Inevitably there are omissions, such as the names of Lucien Fabre, Léon-Paul Fargue and Guy.

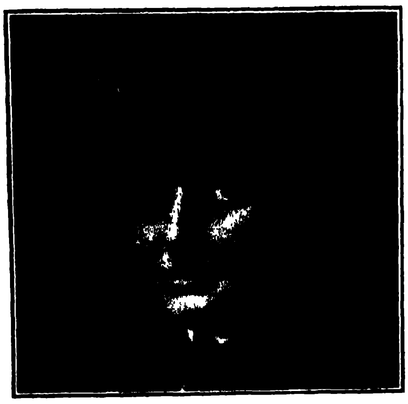
THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C 4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN is now in preparation and we would urge our readers to place their orders for it at once. Although a large edition is printed, the demand every year goes beyond our estimate; the Number is always out of print before the day of publication, and many readers are unable to secure a copy. We are anxious to avoid this, and would be grateful if our readers would help us to do so by giving their orders without delay.



Miss Gertrude Mayo,
whose "Auto-suggestion for Children," with a Preface by Emile Coué, is published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin

The second volume of "The Farington Diary" (Hutchinson) is I think even more interesting than the first; and in his introduction the unrepentant editor, Mr. James Greig, reiterates his conviction that Joseph Farington, R.A., will in future rank with Pepys "as a chronicler of the sayings and doings of the eminent men and the stirring events of a later and momentous period of history." If I doubt this because, apart from questions of personality and style, we are so much more dependent on Pepys for records of his period than we are on Farington for records of his, I gratefully acknowledge that Farington has made a valuable, very interesting and permanent contribution to the social history of his time and to our knowledge of many of its famous men.

He was in Paris in 1802 and jots down some wonderfully and minutely realistic sketches of the appearance and manner of Napoleon; and he is no less revealing in his notes about Sheridan, Sir Joshua Reynolds (henpecked by his sister and reprimanded by her for painting on Sundays), Fuseli, West, Hoppner, Turner, Opie, and a host of other artists, authors, and prominent men of his circle. He amply justifies in his Diary Fuseli's reading of his physiognomy as expressing powers of "intent observation." He looks on at life with a steady curiosity but with a certain air of aloofness. He never lets himself go and give himself away recklessly as Pepys did. He is the painter and shows you the picture; Pepys sets up his mirror and postures and goes his way before it and lets you see as much of himself in it as of his friends.

Referring to Sir George Beaumont's friendship with Coleridge, Farington adds that Coleridge was a few years ago a violent Democrat, "but now quite opposite—about 32 years old—a great genius—a Poet—prodigious command of words—has read everything," and continues, "Sir George also became acquainted with Wordsworth (nephew to Cookson), who is a rival genius, has abt. £70 a yr. is married,—lives near Grassmere,—is about the same age." We no longer describe Wordsworth as nephew to Cookson, but I wish that among his admirable foot-notes Mr. Greig had given us one about that distinguished uncle.

Later, there is a description of an evening with Coleridge, after dinner at Sir George Beaumont's. "The conversation after dinner and throughout the evening was very metaphysical in which Coleridge had the leading and by far the greatest part. His habit seems to be to analyse every subject." He talked of the different powers required for painting and sculpture. "Novels were mentioned. Coleridge objected to them altogether; even the best of them did harm; 'they afforded amusement to the mind without requiring exertion.' . . . The evening was passed not in conversation but in listening to a succession of opinions and explanations delivered by Coleridge, to which I attended with a desire to form a judgment of his ability. It was all metaphysical, frequently perplexed, and certainly at times without understanding. . . . On coming away I expressed to Dance how much I was fatigued by that sort of confinement we had been under. He sympathised in it." So would Lamb, with whom Farington does not seem to have been acquainted; and his fatigue reminds one of that tale Lamb tells of how, on his way through Pope's Head Alley to the India House one morning, he met Coleridge, who took him by the button of his coat and began to discourse, as was usual with him. When he was well started, Lamb cut off the button and left him, and says that on his way home in the evening he found Coleridge in the Alley still holding on to the button and talking fluently. An absurd fiction, of course, but the testimony of Farington, Carlyle, and other sufferers makes one wonder whether it was not devastatingly truthful symbolically. Most famous talkers were, I suspect, in reality terrible bores, but most of their victims, hypnotised by a reputation for learning and vocal genius, had not the moral courage to say so, and one of the things I like about

Farington is the engaging candour with which he always sets down his own impressions, favourable or otherwise, of even his greatest contemporaries. He has entertaining, illuminating gossip about Pope and Johnson by people who knew them, and about a multitude of persons, big and little, who made up the world that he lived in. These Diaries were far too good to be lost, and Mr. Greig is to be very warmly congratulated alike on having rescued them from the oblivion in which they slept so long and on the skill and fullness of knowledge he has brought to their editing.



Miss Sarah Gertrude Millin,
whose novel, "The Jordans" (Collins), is reviewed in this Number.

I have sometimes played with a fancy that it is much healthfuller and pleasanter to buy and sell books than to write them, and a reading of Mr Walter T. Spencer's "Forty Years in My Bookshop" (Constable) almost makes me feel sure of it. An introduction to the book by Mr. Thomas Moult, who has edited it, pictures with a gracious art the charm, the restfulness, the air of romance that are to be found in the shop and the rooms above it. "I truly believe," says he, and immediately illustrates with an anecdote an assertion which the book itself abundantly vindicates, "something romantic happens to Mr. Spencer every day of his life. The world itself must spell Romance to him." And he concludes an indication of Mr. Spencer's genial, warm-hearted personality with, "Indeed, remembering what we have learnt from this Cheeryble-spirited bookman named Walter Thomas Spencer, we may even find ourselves viewing London as that most delectable of all places, where we could take a year's holiday every year."

To say nothing of other experiences, Mr. Spencer's adventures among first editions are as good as a fairy-tale and more exciting. If I had been well out of my cradle when Mr. Hardy's first three novels appeared and could have bought them when, failing to sell otherwise, they were sold by a street hawker for one-and-threepence apiece, Mr. Spencer tells me I could easily have disposed of them to-day for four hundred pounds. But such-like stories are not to be marred in a summary, for Mr. Spencer is no dealer in cold arithmetic; when he tells how some neglected first edition has risen in value to a comparatively fabulous price, he supplements the figures with interesting anecdotes concerning the buying and selling, or about the book itself or its author. Rare or old prints delight him no less than rare books, and the sixteen by Cruikshank, Thackeray and "Phiz" reproduced in colour are among the many attractions of his delightful chronicle. He is so much of a Dickens enthusiast that he devotes four excellent chapters to him and one to his illustrators; he has a collection of his unpublished letters and quotes from some of them. Stevenson visited his shop, and he nearly published a book of Stevenson's poems; Sala, Sir Edwin Arnold, Sir Sidney Colvin, Phil May, Gissing, Swinburne, Meredith, Irving, Zangwill, Hugh Walpole, John Drinkwater—these and too many others to mention Mr. Spencer has welcomed among his books and he has something to say about all of them, but never anything that is not genial and unprejudiced and well worth saying.



Mr. Frank L. Packard,
whose new novel, "The Four Stragglers," is published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

There is no lack of other booksellers in London, but Mr. Spencer does not criticise them; he is genially contented to go his own way and leave them to go theirs. Authors, however, are not like that. They have no such benignance, but often make a business, and sometimes a pleasure of criticising each other. Mr. Gerald Cumberland has written two books of reminiscences and done this freely in both. He called the first "Set Down in Malice," and calls the second "Written in Friendship" (Grant Richards), but some of his friends would hardly have guessed that, in the latter, he was writing about them in friendship if he had not said so in the title. He can praise, and praise wholeheartedly, and does this when he writes of George Russell (A. E.), of Miss Rebecca West, Stacy Aumonier, Phillips Oppenheim, Owen Nares, John Cournos, Edgar Wallace, Keighley Snowden, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, James Agate, and a host of others; but he castigates or ridicules some without mercy—and, on the whole, if he wants to, why shouldn't he? "If her opinions hurt your feelings," he remarks of Miss Rebecca West, "very well, then—your feelings are hurt by her opinions"; and the same justification may serve for himself. He is simply saying what he thinks in plain, blunt terms; that is his way; and it is useless to blame him because his way is not yours, or does not please you so well as somebody else's. If he were subtly and gently ironical the very men who now reprimand him would probably miss his meaning and say he was too sympathetic and good-natured to be quite truthful; though there is no

real reason why even the most unpleasant truths should be told most unpleasantly. After all Mr. Cumberland is, at his worst, only the candid friend. He throws far more bouquets than bad eggs, is witty and lively and at times amusingly impertinent, and were we not a thin-skinned generation we should, if we happen to be of his victims, laugh with him at ourselves and be none the worse for it. If we take his humour too seriously it is perhaps only a sign that our vanity needs something more than a rest-cure.

Very different in form and mood are the reminiscences of Mr. Pett Ridge. His "A Story Teller: Forty Years in London" (Hodder & Stoughton) covers the same period as Mr. Spencer covers in his "Forty Years in My Bookshop," but he is not always among books, like Mr. Spencer, nor always among famous people, like Mr. Cumberland; he mingles in all sorts of scenes with all sorts and conditions of humanity, and is much too keenly interested in the fullness and variety of life at large to be intolerant of the imperfections or idiosyncrasies of a famous or even infamous few among so many. If he criticises he does it good-naturedly, for the best good-natured men have seen and experienced too much, know their fellows too well, and have become too cynical to waste words in censuring them for not being wiser or worthier than they are. There is a neat little parable for critics in his note of what Sir James Barrie said at a dinner given to him after he received his baronetage, where he spoke thus of the criticisms applied to him: "When I began writing novels, people said they were not real novels. When I began writing plays, folk said they were not real plays. I expect men are going about now saying I am not a real baronet."

Mr. Pett Ridge tells you little of his own doings in literature, but a good deal of the London streets and the homely men and women who live and work in them and have furnished scenes and characters for his books. Many of his pages are sown with piquant and amusing Cockney anecdotes; and in many of them he takes you back to the eighties and nineties and deftly sketches the different life that we lived in the London of those days. He has gone about with his eyes open and, though he is philosophically tolerant of the individual, he is a shrewd critic of social manners in general, and understands London and Londoners so thoroughly, I expect, because, like Lamb, he has "given his heart with usury to them." Nor has he put all his sympathy for them into his stories. Some of us know something of what he has done in the way of practical service in caring for and making happier the children of the poor, and here and there in his book you get elusive glimpses of that work. He touches in vivid little sketches of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Irving, and many another; takes you to literary dinners and cricket matches, and keeps you pleasantly entertained from the first chapter on his early days to the last when he says, "If, in reading, or skipping, these pages you chance to gain the impression that I have had a jolly life, you will be correct. If, in closing the book, you suspect I have found it agreeable to set down views gained and incidents encountered during a not excessively adventurous career, there again you are entirely right." And it is this joy in life that makes his book enjoyable. They say that to understand all is to forgive all; and it is probably because he has devoted himself to getting to understand people that he is not often inclined to criticise them harshly.

Mrs. S. G. Millin, whose novel, "The Jordans," published by Messrs. Collins, is reviewed in this Number, has lived in Kimberley and elsewhere in South Africa all her life. She makes her home nowadays at Johannesburg, where her husband, Advocate Philip Millin, practises at the Johannesburg Bar. Her first story was published when she was nineteen. She now writes a weekly column on literary matters for the *Cape Times*. "Jordans" is her fourth novel, and she has just finished a fifth, "God's Step-Children," a story dealing with the colour problem.

I suppose artists, like poets, are seldom best known for their best work, and this seems to have been the case with Rowlandson. His crude and occasionally scurrilous caricatures have been more popular than his often charming and delicate landscape work or his quieter humour in pictures of light comedy. "Thomas Rowlandson: His Drawings and Water-Colours," by A. P. Oppé (*Studio*) shows with sixteen colour reproductions and eighty in black-and-white the extraordinary range and variety of his genius. He has affinities with Hogarth on the one hand and with George Morland on the other. He hardly ever gives you a landscape that is all landscape; I have an idea that, like the good born-Londoner he was, men delighted him more than grass and trees, and he cannot forbear to bring in, very naturally, among the beauties of nature two or three, or a group, or even a crowd of human figures that, graceful, quaint and touched with suggestions of character, are characteristically his. An able biographical and critical essay by Mr. Oppé prefaces what is, under Mr. Geoffrey Holmes's editing, a very interesting and beautiful addition to the many such volumes that have issued from the *Studio* office.

A book that should be useful to young writers is "Short Story Writing for Profit," by Michael Joseph, with a foreword by Stacy Aumonier, which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing immediately.

Mr. S. B. Walter Gay, of Messrs. Gay & Hancock, writing of Mrs. G. C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin),

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER, 1923.



CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA
(In the London Museum.)

From "THOMAS ROWLANDSON.
HIS DRAWINGS AND WATER COLOURS"
By A. P. OPPÉ (The Studio, Ltd.).

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
OCTOBER 1923.



From "THE FARINGTON DIARY"
Edited by JAMES GREIG
(Hutchinson).

SAMUEL ROGERS.
After a drawing by Lawrence.

the subject of a special article in this Number, says that though " Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm " met with extraordinary success here and in America, he had great difficulty in getting the public to buy her earlier book, " Timothy's Quest." He persuaded an Aberdeen bookseller to take seven copies on a promise that if they were not sold in six months he should have them for nothing. At the end of six months only one had been sold, so, with the bookseller's consent, he gave the six copies to the shop assistants. He continued to push the book till ultimately it began to sell, and recently when the story was filmed Mrs. Riggs sent him a copy of the American edition, containing the following inscription : " To Walter Gay who loved this book and made its success in England, and here it turns up triumphantly more than 30 years after its birth. Kate Douglas Wiggin, who wrote it, to S. B. Walter Gay, who made booksellers buy it."

" Thy Neighbour's Wife," a novel of life in the Aran Islands by Liam O'Flaherty, will be published this month by Mr. Jonathan Cape. Mr. O'Flaherty comes of one of the oldest families in Ireland, and has had a strange, adventurous career. During the war, he served in the Irish Guards ; but he has also been a Sinn Feiner, and was for a time one of the Irregulars. He has now, however, withdrawn from Irish politics, having come to the conclusion that life is a comedy, and you enjoy it better when you look on from a distance.

" Suggestions," by E. E. Kallett, which the Cambridge Press is to publish, is a collection of essays, six on Shakespeare and six on other great poets. Mr. Kallett, who was editor of " A Cambridge Book of Verse," was for many years one of the masters at Leys School, Cambridge.

Mr. J. Anker Larsen, the Danish author who has been awarded the Gyldendal prize of 70,000 kroner for his novel " The Philosopher's Stone," was born in 1874. He studied at Copenhagen University, first theology, then law ; but the philosophy of religion has always attracted him and laid the foundations for the remarkable study in mysticism which he makes in his novel. He has published several collections of short stories (the first in 1905), and is part-author of a number of successful plays. For some years he was an actor, but more recently he has been engaged as producer at several Copenhagen theatres.

A History of the National Lifeboat Institution, which Major A. J. Dawson has written, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Major Dawson, who has for long past been closely associated with Lifeboat work, commanded a Company in the 11th Battalion of the Border Regiment during the war, and was twice mentioned in dispatches. He was severely gassed and, being invalided home, was gazetted to the General Staff in control of a section of the Intelligence Department. In earlier days he travelled much, and put some of his travel experiences into the best of his novels.

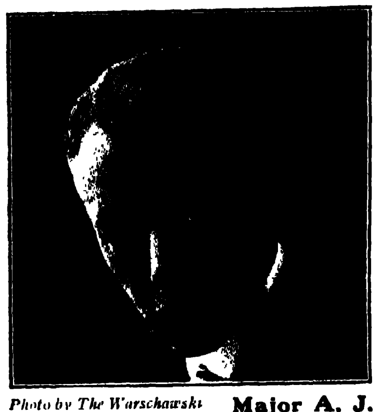


Photo by The Warschawski Studio, St. Leonards. **Major A. J. Dawson.**

Referring to our review last month of his " Where Traditions Linger " (Eveleigh Nash), Mr. Allan Fea calls our attention to a slight error in our statement that the Penruddocke portraits are at Wilton House. They are at Compton Park, near Wilton, the old seat of the Penruddocke family.

Miss Grace Guiney, of 10, Holywell, Oxford, literary executor of Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, writes : " May I ask in your columns for the loan of letters written by the late Miss Louise Imogen Guiney ? I am preparing a volume of these for immediate publication, and any material lent would be gratefully acknowledged and quickly returned."

Without having the courage to say so, many have no doubt felt that the subtleties of Hamlet were not given to him by Shakespeare but by Shakespeare's commentators, and Mr. Chesterton, who is never lacking in courage, not only expresses this opinion in one of the essays in his " Fancies versus Fads " (Methuen), but brushes aside the fussy profundities of the psycho-analyst and presents Hamlet as a normal man, with characteristics that are common to our race, his shrinking from the murder of his uncle, his infirmities of purpose being the obvious, ordinary weaknesses of an ordinary man. " The sort of duty that Hamlet shirked is exactly the sort of duty that we are all shirking ; that of dethroning injustice and vindicating truth." If he were only dull and solemn, G. K. C. would be generally recognised as the arch-apostle of common sense ; but because he puts the truth into a witty or frivolous epigram, states facts fancifully, laughs at our social, educational, political and other stupidities instead of preaching about them, the



Miss Emilie Loring,
whose novel, " The Trail of Conflict," is published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin.

philosophy of his humour runs a risk of being overlooked, and the easy reader who is tickled by his jest is too apt to think it is all a joke. Mr. Chesterton has plenty of prejudices, takes his own way with the Puritan tradition, and is otherwise engagingly fallible, but he is never less than entertaining and suggestive in the thirty essays in his new book; he trifles delightfully when occasion serves, and, when occasion serves, writes prose that has the magic of poetry and says the wisest and wittiest things as spontaneously as the average essayist writes platitudes. "Fancies versus Fads" is one of the best of his books of miscellanies, with one of the worst of his titles.

THE BOOKMAN.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice.**

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," etc.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON'S WINDOW - DRESSING COMPETITION.

RESULTS:

The Prizes for the best Window Show made of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's books by book sellers in any part of the United Kingdom during any one week between July 25th and August 31st have been awarded as follows:

1st Prize of £10 10s. to Messrs. Sellicks, 2, Bedford Street, Plymouth.

2nd Prize of £5 5s. to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son, Above Bar, Southampton.

3rd Prize of £3 3s. to Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, Ltd., London Street, Norwich.

The photographs of the three winning displays are reproduced in our Illustrated Supplement. To accommodate them to our space we have had to reduce these photographs very much in size, but they sufficiently show the ingenuity and effectiveness of the display.

The Ten Prizes of One Guinea each are awarded to:

(1) W. H. Smith & Son, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

(2) W. H. Smith & Son, 72, Terminus Road, Eastbourne.

(3) W. Erskine Mayne, 3, Donegall Street West, Belfast.

(4) Jas. Starr & Son, Ltd., 14, Wallgate, Wigan.

(5) Edward E. Day, Port Talbot.

(6) W. H. Smith & Son, Southport (Lord Street, 479–481).

(7) Roffey & Clarke, 12, High Street, Croydon.

(8) H. J. Evans, 43, East Street, Wimborne.

(9) R. Harris & Son, 6, Bridge Street, Northampton.

(10) Methodist Book Depot, 15, Brunswick Place, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

All these window displays are remarkably good. It has only been after careful consideration of the detail in each that the awards have been made, and in view of their different merits it has been decided to send consolation prizes to the following competitors:

Arthur M. Smith, 132, Argyle Street, Dunoon; Bert Biles, 33, St. Thomas Street, Weymouth; Combridges, 56, Church Road, Hove, Brighton; W. H. Smith & Son, 101, Mostyn Street, Llandudno; Blosse & Co., 35, St. Matthews Street, Ipswich; Hubert Giles, 22 23, Broad Street, Oxford; W. H. Smith & Son, 7, Commercial Street, Batley, Yorks; C. Combridge, 4–5, New Street, Birmingham; G. W. Lovsley & Co., 114, High Street, Watford; Wyman & Sons, Ltd., 56, St. Mary Street, Cardiff; Slade's Stores, 42–50, Abingdon Street, Northampton; W. H. Smith & Son, Esplanade, Ryde; Miss E. E. Clark, 90, High Street, Cowes, I.O.W.; E. F. Hudson, 116, New Street, Birmingham; Misses Bastin, 4, Torbay Road, Paignton; W. H. Smith & Son, 4, Victoria Street, Grimsby; W. H. Mack, High Street, Runcorn; R. G. Morton, 39–41, Oxton Road, Birkenhead; W. Maurice Pring, Boots Book Department, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Very notable indeed is "Selwyn Brothers" (7s. 6d.; Hodder & Stoughton), Miss F. E. Mills Young's latest addition to her stories of South African life. Each of these stories—there must be close upon a dozen of them now—has been marked by individuality and distinction, but with the present absorbing yet painful romance the author gives us what is perhaps her finest achievement. The book, along with much of direct and vivid presentation



Mr. Calder Wilson,
joint-author of "Monsieur Zero" (Fisher Unwin), reviewed in this Number.

of its scenes, is in the main a wonderful study of a character on whose behalf the reader's sympathy is not wholly captured until near the close. Petronel Selwyn appears before us as a beautiful but hard, luxury-loving and wholly selfish young woman from the first, and it says much for the skill of the novelist that in spite of this our interest in her heroine never flags. Petronel had, as a girl not out of her teens, married Ernest Selwyn, and when we are introduced to her it is nine years later and she is just sailing for South Africa, after having received a cable telling her not to do so. Her action when quietly dropping her wedding-ring overboard is observed by a young man, Rutherford, who comes to play an important part in her development. The plot of the story is at once boldly conceived and carefully worked out, while the principal characters are not only realised by the author, but delineated with a sureness that gives them actuality for the reader. The "beast" is perhaps a trifle over-accentuated, especially towards the unconventional close, by which his true character comes to be revealed. Petronel herself is portrayed with remarkable skill, and if the reader's admiration and sympathy for her are but gradually awakened, they become but the stronger in the end.

Mr. Henry Baerlein has written a delightful masque in three acts called "The Raft of Love" (7s. 6d.; Simpkin, Marshall), in which our old friends Harlequin and Columbine appear at the commencement very aged and nearly worn out; he has a long grey beard, and she a furrowed countenance. The scene is a street of partly finished houses on a wintry night, and a Watchman sleeps by the fire. Harlequin and Columbine are asleep too in the shadows, and covered with wraps and ulsters. The Man of the Moon descends from the sky by means of a rope ladder, and learns from Harlequin:

> "We cannot dance, we cannot dance
> Before the lovers of romance
> Receive us in their hearts again."

When Phil and Jane, the two grandchildren of the Watchman, arrive with his supper, it is discovered that through Phil Harlequin and Columbine may possibly regain their youth again. This is through Phil declaring his love for "old, neglected things." They spirit Phil away into the moon—Act 2—and there he sees and hears many remarkable things. Among the people he meets are children who have lost their way on their journey to earth. Phil also sees the Ambassador of Destiny, and a little girl who, had she come to earth, would have been a scullery-maid. And when he has seen and learnt what is necessary he prepares to depart, and the Man of the Moon says, "There are some navigators who will gather moonlight from the sea." In Act 3 they are back in the street, and we see how Harlequin and Columbine are made young again. "The Raft of Love" is a quaint and charming fancy which Mr. Baerlein has handled in an uncommonly skilful way. The book is illustrated by Eileen Lawrence Smith.



Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon,
joint-author of "Monsieur Zero" (Fisher Unwin), reviewed in this Number.

"The Captivity and Trial of Marie Antoinette," by Gerald Tate (5s.; Methuen), is a terse and graphic account of the last days of the unlucky yet splendidly dignified queen. The story is presented with a clear simplicity and is horribly impressive. A lady who visited Marie Antoinette during the last days of her imprisonment writes: "She was seated on a low stool mending a petticoat of coarse black serge. Her clothes were in rags, her shoes were worn, across her breast was pinned a white handkerchief. She stooped like an old woman, her face was deathly pale, and we could see that, under her cap, her hair was as white as snow." After the weary wait came the hideous trial, and the frightful last journey. "Still she appeared as proud and majestic as ever, her lips curling with ineffable disdain as she surveyed the coarse and brutal rabble before her." The record is concise and vivid; filled with many fresh and interesting details.

To the West Country—the counties west of Dorsetshire, strictly speaking—belongs a secret magic which holds the heart of its lovers in thrall; and lest we offend, let us even include the county of William Barnes, for there also speech is soft and musical, and we begin to "hear" Devon and Cornwall even in sophisticated Bournemouth. On the dialects and dialect literature of these lovely lands Mr. W. Gregory Harris has written admirably in his introductory essay to "West Country Folk" (3s. 6d.; John Lane), and the rest of his book is composed of West Country sketches in prose and verse. To the thousands who regard a visit "down along o' we" as a visit to the old home, a return to an ever loved mistress, this book will bring back all the delights of the talk of the fisher-folk in the twilight, the lilt of Devon and Cornish tongues, the lights at evening in cottage windows, the cliffs of Lynton and Trevose and Kynance, and the harbours of Looe and Polperro and Fowey.

A new anthology of "English Verse and Prose," edited by Archibald T. Strong and R. S. Wallace (12s. 6d.; Oxford Press), was intended as a complement to a "Short History of English Literature" written by these editors and published in 1921. It opens with selections from the poetry and prose of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries and illustrates, by means of extracts, the growth and variety of English literature down the ages to the present time. No living authors are included, and though for reasons of copyright the later selections are necessarily few they are sufficient for the purpose of the book.

New Books.

MIDWINTER.*

Dr. Johnson's bark was always worse than his bite. He rated the Scots pretty roundly, but he went to Scotsmen for his publishers and his biographer and thereby showed his sense, if not his consistency. Mr. Buchan is one of those members of his race who believe in taking the nobler kind of revenge, as Boswell did, and laying his lexicographer under some degree of obligation. Two cues in Boswell's "Life" supply him with the motive of this book—one positive, the other negative. For we remember how the Doctor, being the staunch old Tory that he was, showed his sympathy with the Stuart cause; and this leaning towards the Jacobites had its source in a vein of chivalry—his admiration for the ill-used Mary. But besides this sentimental declaration there is the long-neglected fact that there exists a two years' gap in our record of Johnson's career, and it is this hiatus that Mr. Buchan has tried to fill with the present romance. There is like to be trouble with the serious minority who have been looking to him for years to give us the standard and final chronicle of the ill-starred insurrection of "the '45," but that is Mr. Buchan's affair; and even the hardest-worked author that we know would need to put other tasks aside if he tackled in earnest the tangle of intrigue and hope and disillusion which found its Waterloo at Culloden and its St. Helena forty years later in the death of the Last Pretender in exile and poverty at Rome.



Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. John Buchan.**

It is the ingenuity of the attempt that attracts—this enlistment of a sturdy and ungainly English dominie in the service of a Scottish conspiracy. There has been nothing quite like it since Queen Elizabeth persuaded Shakespeare to give her a comedy showing Falstaff in love, and where "The Merry Wives" makes up for all absurdity is in an exquisite fooling which is absent here. Mr. Buchan makes the doughty Samuel a tutor in an aristocratic house, and then leads him into adventures through a feeling of responsibility over his pupil's sister, a high-spirited and headstrong girl. There is therefore no derogation, and our author is not likely to be cited before a midnight tribunal of the Johnson Club for dragging their divinity down and making him ridiculous. The utmost they can say is that the attempt to endow him with this startling character of conspirator has failed, but with the best intentions. We hardly recognise the well-known lineaments—the burly, rough-mannered, scrofulous and domineering oracle in this country usher who invades the best society of the Midlands and sallies out from good men's tables on a kind of Tam o' Shanter ride by night across country at the imminent risk of his neck. Samuel in search of a hoyden is too much of a strain upon our sense of the probabilities, but it is due to Mr. Buchan to say that no one else could have led us through twenty imaginative chapters with such eminent enjoyment and content.

For he has put into "Midwinter" a wealth of varied character and a rich vein of descriptive writing. The gipsy scenes in the green shaws of the Cotswold forest country have the authentic quality of Robin Hood, and "Midwinter"—a kind of Neil Gow in the Lincoln green—makes a capital agent for surprise, bewilderment and extrication out of tight corners. In his company you forget the real weakness of the plot, that for once Mr. Buchan has had to cultivate his favourite pursuit—conspiracy—without the advantage of a veiled conclusion, for every reader knows that there is disappointment in ambush at the finish, and this is enough to mar the hottest trail at any time. Where the book excels is in its fine landscape work—enchanting pictures of the Cotswold country in all its homely, kindly beauty, such as will go to colour and adorn many a prose anthology for years to come. Through the eyes of the hero, Alastair Maclean, we get a panorama of scene and character which never fails in freshness, but the scenery is the best, and especially when transmuted by the subjective influences of memory and hope and heartache. With the candour of a great artist Mr. Buchan makes us a present of his palette, you may say, in the graceful and characteristic verse of his dedication; and he puts the right frame around his picture by the touch of documentary discovery and incompleteness at the beginning and the end. The result is a finished and delightful piece of work, done in a holiday mood, but if it recalls the greatness of "Greenmantle" it is mainly by way of contrast.

J. P. COLLINS.

* "Midwinter." By John Buchan. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

CURRENT LITERATURE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.*

The old contemptuous attitude to American literature ("*Has* America a literature?") is now giving way to one that is half a belated appreciation and half a misunderstanding, so that any serious introduction to the study of contemporary American work is to be welcomed. It is unfortunate, however, that the welcome needs to be qualified in the case of Mr. Bechhofer's little book, for he takes sides so dogmatically that although his statement of the position happens to be sound for the moment it is not difficult to imagine a period approaching with which those readers who have adopted his standards may find themselves completely out of sympathy. And that will be their loss, for they would be incapable of deriving from a considerable body of writers the pleasure which, unless we mistake it badly, is and will be the purpose of art across the water as it is in the older world.

Mr. Bechhofer's partisanship is natural enough. Indeed we feel that an observer of his temperament—his previous works have all been records of travel in Russia or translations from Russian writers—could hardly avoid it, especially as the younger American critics like Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, Mr. George Jean Nathan and Mr. H. L. Mencken had already given the ground the necessary bias, as they say on bowling greens, by the time Mr. Bechhofer arrived in New York. Much of the impressiveness of these critics, as we know, is due to a genuine intellectual scorn of what they call "uplift," "right thinking," or "the optimism of the pioneer." In other words, their artistic ideals are the antithesis of what Mr. Bechhofer calls the "yearning for the assurance that all would at last be well, the desire for relief, and laughter, and comfort and hope." He echoes them, almost parrot-like, ignoring completely the possibility that there is a "yearning" in a good many

* "The Literary Renaissance in America." By C. E. Bechhofer. 6s. (Heinemann.)



A STREET IN PARIS.

Etching by E. MARSDEN WILSON, A.R.E.
From "66 ETCHINGS."
Published for The Print Society by The Morland Press.



Drawn by MARJORIE NASH.
From "BERRY: THE HEART OF FRANCE."
By PERCY ALLEN
(Francis Griffiths).

LA MÈRE CHAMBLANT.

folk, especially nowadays, for the assurance that all would at last be ill, the desire for melancholy and gloom, discomfort and pessimism. He ignores also the likelihood that this corresponding outlook may just as readily be the source of bad literature. Moreover, why is the yearning for relief, comfort, and all that, looked upon with such suspicion by these apostles of darkness? How badly Charles Dickens would be faring at their hands were he writing his novels to-day as an American contemporary of Mr. Sherwood Anderson!

To speak quite frankly, it is rank bad criticism to appraise a novel by the author's outlook. The critic's business is to look at life for the time being through the author's particular pair of spectacles, and then to judge the work by his sincerity or otherwise of expression, and by its adequacy or inadequacy. To demand that a novelist's vision shall be coloured to suit the critic is impertinence. Fortunately for Mr. Bechhofer, as we have already hinted, it happens that during the period under his survey the authors of most significance belong to what one critic has called "a race of Hamlets, the like of which has hardly been seen before, except perhaps in nineteenth century Russia." Therefore his book has a certain value at the moment, although even this is considerably discounted by his peculiar method of approach

He begins by defining the outlook which he believes is the correct one for an American author (!), introducing the younger critics as his supporters, ignoring those who are not. He goes on to review the work of Mr. James Branch Cabell, and Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Miss Willa Cather, Mr Sinclair Lewis, Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, and Mr. Sherwood Anderson. But his review is scrappy and disproportionate. He devotes ten pages to a eulogistic summary of that tedious and unimportant book called "Jurgen," despite his own dictum that "I cannot help thinking readableness is one of the requisites of a good writer, especially at such a critical period as America is now passing through"; and he dismisses the whole of Mr Theodore Dreiser's far more important work in half a dozen pages. It would almost seem that the really significant people are those who fit into his own peculiar scheme, which is to take one novel as "symbolising the end of the old style in the Middle West," another as piercing "to the core of its rottenness," a third as showing the vitality of the non-English element there, and so on. It does not seem to occur to him that several novels might "symbolise" the same thing; and if it does he must have rejected all but the required example, however good the rest may be, so readily does he find some one novel fitting into some one niche.

When these niches have been satisfactorily occupied he turns with complacency to the many other authors now writing, and in his final chapter deals with them all in less space than he gives to "Jurgen." Miss Dorothy Canfield, Mrs. Evelyn Scott, and Miss Zona Gale, Mr. Floyd Dell, Mr. Claude Washburn, and Mr. Upton Sinclair—his references to their considerable and not altogether negligible contribution are almost crowded out. In view of this it is natural, but regrettable, that a patronising note should have crept into what cannot by any stretch of imagination be called criticism, whatever one may grant in the case of the earlier chapters. "Miss Dorothy Canfield's 'The Brimming Cup'—an earlier novel was 'The Best Thing'—has been successful on both sides of the Atlantic, despite its almost unbelievable long-windedness. Parts of it are good. . . ." We are inclined, however, to forgive Mr. Bechhofer for many things when we come to his expression of confidence in the work of Miss Ruth Suckow, a young magazine story-writer whose name is already marked for honours by readers who seriously follow the stream of American literature, but entirely unknown hitherto by those who have no inclination to look beneath the turgid surface. We even forgive him for omitting a dozen worthy authors altogether.

THOMAS MOULT.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF SHAKESPEARE.*

The re-discovery of Shakespeare goes on apace. Such a varied collection of volumes as the present shows that while the "wry minds" are hectically striving to establish a mythical Shakespeare in Viscounts, Earls and other Noblemen wropt in the mistry of cryptograms, acrostics and submerged documents, the genuine scholars are quietly busy making clear whatsoever difficulties of text and authorship the time and circumstances of the Elizabethan theatre have left obscure.

As a guide to what has been accomplished in recent years, Dr. Herford's volume is indispensable. It surveys the whole field of research very thoroughly, and presents the results with brevity and even with charm. Scholar and humanist are united in Dr. Herford, who, I believe, would be able to make the multiplication table readable.

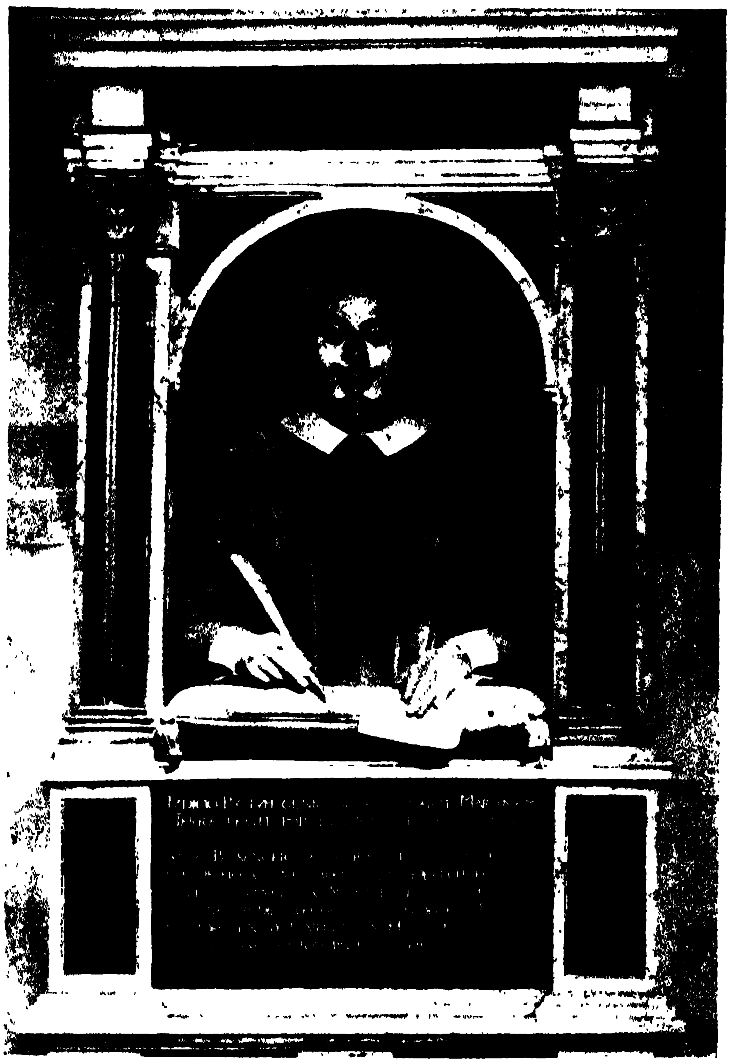
What a pity Mr. J. M. Robertson hasn't that gift of charm among the qualities of a magnificent mind! All that is possible for a splendidly organised and formidable mental equipment to do he does superbly; but make his essays attractive he cannot. If there is anything in current literature more dreary to read than a discussion between Mr. Robertson and Sir George Greenwood I should like to know it in order to avoid it. Mr. Robertson's present volume is, in its general contention, quite unanswerable; but his inability to put a case with brevity, lucidity and economy gives many chances which a nimble and subtle controversialist will be sure to make the most of. Mr. Robertson is here specifically attacking Mr. Clutton-Brock's little effort to prove that Shakespeare was attempting some Elizabethan psycho-analysis, and meant "Hamlet" to be a study in "inhibitions." Hamlet, it appears, had "complexes" and had them pretty badly. Mr. Robertson demolishes this rather insubstantial structure with some very heavy artillery, and incidentally reveals the nature of the attack on his own position.

Really many of the difficulties in this eternally fascinating play disappear when we consider the history of its theme. Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is the last stage of an ancient and barbarous story that first comes into literature in the twelfth century chronicle written by the Danish writer, Saxo the Learned (Saxo Grammaticus). After some adventures which we cannot here pursue, the story, with its bloody and barbarous details well established upon it, came at last under the hand of a supreme dramatic and poetic genius. What was he to do with it? Elizabethan playgoers were thoroughly familiar with certain traditional features of the tale—the murder, the marriage, the ghost, the mock-madness, and so forth—and they would expect them all in any new version. Shakespeare could no more dare to leave them out than a mother could dare to omit the sanguinary utterances of the wolf when telling her children the story of Red Riding Hood: the audience in each case would see to that. What happened was that Shakespeare kept the details, but placed the emphasis on character and spiritual conflict. Shakespeare civilised the old story of Hamlet's revenge, as Goethe, two centuries later, civilised the old story of Faust's bargain with the devil, flooding it with the light of poetry, enriching it with deep and daring revelations of human character, softening it with the pathos of a maiden's passion, and moralising it, so to speak, in the spectacle of death let loose upon old and young, guilty and innocent, by the first murderer of the story. Nevertheless, here and there in the civilised drama traces of the barbarous original are strangely

* "A Sketch of Recent Shakespearean Investigation." By C. H. Herford, M.A., Litt.D. 6s. net. (Blackie.)—"'Hamlet' Once More." By the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson. 7s. 6d. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)—"The Tragedie of Cymbeline." ("The Players' Shakespeare.") £4 4s. net. (Ernest Benn.)—"Shakespeare the Man and His Stage." By E. A. G. Lamborn and G. B. Harrison. 2s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)—"The Tempest." Edited by Lloyd Storr-Best, M.A., D.Lit.; "Macbeth." Edited by H. J. C. Grierson, LL.D., D.Litt.; "Twelfth Night." Edited by K. N. Bell, M.A., and E. G. Francis, B.A. ("The Companion Shakespeare.") 2s. net each. (Christophers.)

discernible, as jags of ancient rock break out through the surface of some green hill-side. The play does not quite forget the pit out of which it was digged; and Hamlet, the sweet prince, has now and then a gesture that belongs, not to him, but to the ruthless and cunning Amleth of Saxo, or the bombastic and roaring Hamlet of Kyd. We must not be disconcerted by inconsistencies that would never have troubled an Elizabethan playgoer for a moment. As Mr. Granville-Barker points out in his general Introduction to the Players' Shakespeare, our greatest poet made no attempt to be an ideally perfect playwright, but collaborated (so to speak) with the actual physical facts of stage and performers, aiming, not at accuracy, but at vitality, and achieving it intensely. Mr. Robertson's essay is full of acute and valid criticism suffused in the warmth of a rich appreciation. Mr. Robertson not merely knows Shakespeare as few men do, he loves Shakespeare as few men do.

Mr. Granville-Barker's introductions continue to be a main attraction of the sumptuous edition produced by Messrs. Ernest Benn. The publishers' prefatory note confronts us with almost as many names as those of the authors of a revue. Thus we read: "The Introductions are by Mr. Harley Granville-Barker. The volumes have been printed at The Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon, under the direction of Mr. B. H. Newdigate, and the coloured illustrations have been carried out in facsimile collotype by Messrs. Whittingham & Griggs. The line blocks are by Messrs. Emery Walker. The volume is illustrated by Mr. Alfred Rutherston." The most admirable feature of the edition, however, is the attempt to give us the real Shakespeare in perfection. The first sentence of the first volume strikes the key-note: "In this edition of Shakespeare it is intended to present the plays from the point of view of their performance on the stage." And really, what could be a better course? Shakespeare did not write "Hamlet" as Swinburne wrote "Bothwell." In the seclusion of Putney Swinburne may have allowed himself the vision of some ultimate translation of "Bothwell" into action; but there was no stage waiting for it as he wrote. Shakespeare, whatever (if any) his ultimate vision, could not afford to indulge himself with distance; he was an actor and manager preparing pieces for immediate performance under specific conditions of place, persons and properties. If we do not approach Shakespeare as a practical working playmaker we shall not reach the threshold of intelligent understanding. To wander in the wilderness of corrections proposed by two centuries of merely bookish editors is to reach the conclusion that Shakespeare's real intention in writing was to win the approval of pedantic schoolmasters, to whom, be it observed, he is invariably disrespectful. Yet the fact that he did not print one of his plays clearly shows that for him the play was the thing said and done on the stage. A printed play of Shakespeare is the score of a poetic and dramatic symphony; it is the representation of spoken music, and what matters is not how it looks on paper, but how it sounds in performance. Mr. Granville-Barker, who has written, acted and produced plays with extraordinary intelligence, is a most admirable editor. His prefaces are really original essays in criticism, rich in what we understand as personality. He has, too, a touch of style in his prose: but he should be told very firmly that his trick of giving all nouns a genitive case is very irritating. I have no schoolmasterly feelings about such things; I say as a reader that encountering on almost every page such locutions as "the play's acting" and "Cymbeline's writing," is an offence. Reform it altogether! These essays are too good to be marred with mannerisms. The discussion of "Cymbeline," that strange mixture of the depths and the heights, is admirably done. I remember the performance of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in this play. Iachimo was one of Irving's over-elaborated parts, but no one is likely to see a lovelier Imogen than the matchless Ellen. It is a consolation of middle-age that one is able to recall Ellen Terry in her prime.



Bust of Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon.
From "Shakespeare, the Man and his Stage" (Oxford Press).

To the re-discovery of the real Shakespeare the little manual by Mr. Lamborn and Mr. Harrison is a valuable contribution. There is simply no better book as an introduction to a right understanding of the plays. It runs to no more than 128 pages, but its four sections—The Life, The Age, the Theatre, The Plays—cover the whole ground with a masterly understanding of the general need. The authors have accomplished a miracle of compression and completeness, and if the other "Oxford Manuals" at all resemble this, the Press, so to speak, have struck it rich.

I have left myself no space in which to praise the latest additions to the "Companion Shakespeare." The rapid progress of the series and the high quality of the presentation testify to a vigorous and enterprising general editor. To have enlisted the ripe scholarship of Professor Grierson in the adventure is an achievement. And pray observe the price of the volumes. Thus for youth as well as maturity, for the public with shillings as well as the public with guineas, the re-discovery of Shakespeare goes merrily on.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE MODERN SHORT STORY.*

Of making anthologies of short stories there is no end. They increase and multiply like clusters of weeds: very

* "Thirty and One Stories by Thirty and One Authors." 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

beautiful weeds, many of them, and some not so beautiful.

The editors of this present volume make only a very modest claim upon the public which they more than fulfil. Their idea (as they express it) was to collect a number of short stories which should illustrate the art in all its modern variety and its contrasted colours. They have done this with fine discretion and discrimination, so far as lay within their powers and limitations.

One realises their difficulties. They have had here and there to accept the second best—and, in one sorry instance, the third or fourth rate— from authors who should have known better than to foist inferior goods upon a too complaisant customer. I will not indict the one really bad story in this collection. It is always pleasanter to acclaim the best than to gloat over the worst. Nor will I attempt the invidious task of ranking these short stories in their order of merit, even if I were presumptuous enough to think that I was qualified to do so.

Let it be said at once that all these stories, except one, are good. Most of them are very good. But—alas!—none of them is even approximately a masterpiece—except, again, one, Mr. H. G. Wells's " Door in the Wall," which has a quality of symbolic realism—if the phrase may be permitted—that is most rare in English fiction.

Most of these thirty-one authors are well-established favourites, the beloved of the magazines. Their good wine needs no bush. And yet it would hardly be fair to pass them by without a word. For chaplets of bays are the lightest of wear until they fade, and then they are sometimes heavier than the massive gold and thickly-encrusted gems of a kingly crown—and so even the lowliest of critics may not hesitate to add one more green leaf to their glory. There are, then, Zangwill's " Sabbath-Breaker," " Q's " " Statement of Gabriel Foot, Highwayman," Jacobs's " Fine Feathers," and, inimitably rendered and perfectly poised, Stacy Aumonier's " The Great Unimpressionable." All these are stories of distinction, though perhaps a little too craftsmanlike, making their appeal rather to the head than to the heart.

Other stories, by less well-known or less popular authors, not so craftsmanlike, hardly more craftsmanlike than Kipling at his best and most irresponsible, have more of that careless splendour and crude force which, the further it gets away from art the nearer draws to nature.

Among these more inspired stories the most revealing and compelling are by women. Mrs. Dawson Scott's own contribution, and the stories by Catherine Wells, Mary E. Mann, Grace Rhys, and especially the exquisitely poignant study, hardly a story, by Mary Webb: all these are worthy to rank with the best in their several kinds.

And then there is Grant Watson's story, " Out There," which fails by all academic standards to be the perfect *conte*, and yet succeeds by sheer dint of its abounding vitality, its sure grasp of elementals and its tremendous gusto, in achieving an effect unsurpassed by any other story in this volume.

Well, I have got much pleasure out of this book. And yet I lay it down with a sense of depression. The stories in it best worth reading are stories that no popular magazine would accept.

Does the average reader realise that no popular magazine nowadays would print Wells's " Door in the Wall " or Grant Watson's " Out There," or Zangwill's " Sabbath-Breaker," or Galsworthy's or Cunninghame Graham's stories? That no popular magazine nowadays would take any of Kipling's stories or even the " Sherlock Holmes " series of Conan Doyle, as they were originally written, if they were submitted to them by an unknown man? " No love interest. No snap. Wants pep. Too long getting a move on. Boil 'em down to four thou. and I'll talk to you." One hears the authentic voice of the up-to-date editor saying that.

And the bookstalls groan under their heavy burden of gaudy rubbish, and there is not one ounce of literature in a ton of it.

EDWIN PUGH.

CRESCENDO.*

Many years ago Robert Browning, writing to a happy schoolgirl who had shown him her young poems, said the lack of the age was originality, and in that respect at least times have not changed. The writer of to-day can compass a charming style, but rarely does he or she say anything that has not been already said. This is the case with " Beggar's Banquet," by Miss St. Joh[illegible] pleasantly written book, well [illegible] and it relates a commonplace st[illegible] a legacy to give up work as a typist, visits a Beauty Parlour till her pristine looks are restored—she is only twenty-seven, but from the point of view of the book's popularity it would have been a mistake to have made her older—then starts husband-hunting. She meets in unconventional fashion the destined lover who, of course, is unhappily married. Her sense of propriety makes her give him up for a time, but after travelling about the world, she returns to find him a successful playwright, about to be divorced by his wife on account of his unconventional friendship with herself. All very nice and not too respectable.

" The House of Memories " begins and ends well; it is a far better book that " Beggar's Banquet," yet because it aims high, it is the greater disappointment. It is admirably written, but Miss Harding has rushed in where angels may well have feared to tread, for she has taken the situation with which D. H. Lawrence dealt so supremely in " Sons and Lovers," and, alas, she has cheapened it. A man is dying of cancer, he has a somewhat unconvincing accident, and his adopted son allows him, again unconvincingly, to die of it. A merciful death and one over which everybody must rejoice, but what a pother the writer makes about it When a man kills the thing he loves, as in " Sons and Lovers," what matters is not the killing but the loss. When that is deeply realised, we do get a " brooding horror, phrases which cause the reader to lose a heart-beat," but such horror is entirely absent from Miss Harding's muddled presentment of a great story.

It must have been a congenial task to introduce this clear little story, " The Kiss of the Leper," to English readers. An unfortunate youth, ugly, stupid, yet longing for an impossible happiness, is married to a simple girl. Being as ignorant as she is good, she takes him in all good faith, but finds herself repelled by his stunted ugliness. She does her best to love him and fails. To set her free—and this is the poorest part of the book—he determines to die. Contracting tubercle from a friend he leaves her free to marry again. To the ordinary mind it is a little puzzling that this should not happen. What is to prevent the young doctor who loves her and whom she loves from making her his wife? However, the writer prefers a less conclusive ending.

In " The Pitiful Wife," which might equally well have been called " The Impatient Griselda," we have at last a book which is neither vulgar nor forced, neither commonplace nor obvious. The story is brilliantly written and a great advance on Miss Storm Jameson's previous work; but she has to go farther yet before she will be able to stand comparison with Conrad or Lawrence. She writes with ecstasy and inspiration, she has a little tamed a natural exuberance, she can imagine a deep romantic love. In " The Pitiful Wife," however, the characters do not fit the story she was determined to tell. Jael is all of a piece, but not her husband, while Trude is seen with an entire lack of humour, his Gargantuan prank with the priest being treated seriously, and his gigantic and obese figure forming a sort of horrid tapestry on the wall of the tale. Moreover, the scales are not held by a blind justice. Miss Storm Jameson tilts them a little in the scenes at the end, takes the woman's point of view, fails to see the man's. She

* " Beggar's Banquet." By G. St. John-Loe. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)—" The House of Memories." By Jane Harding. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—" The Kiss of the Leper." By Francois Mauriac. 6s. (Heinemann.)—" The Pitiful Wife." By Storm Jameson. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—" The Dead Command." By V. B. Ibañez. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

has written a lovely book, but when she writes with more restraint and deeper imagination, she will give us something even better.

In this crescendo of stories Ibañez comes last. For some time we have heard it said that his work is less fine than it was. Certainly "Woman Triumphant" was a rhetorical, unlikely, melodramatic sort of novel; also, in spite of its popularity, not much could be said for the "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Very different from these gra[illegible] It[illegible] is "The Dead Command." Reading it we fi[illegible] remar[illegible] writer which they only suggested. The book [illegible], both tremendous and magnificent, and yet how simple is the story. The scene is laid in Majorca, where the Febrers have a palace built for giants. The last of the line is living in poverty among pledged and mortgaged relics, his food is milk and bread, an aged servant waits on him in the crumbling halls of his forefathers, but he has still his handsome person, his name, his title. He determines to sell these assets to a rich friend of his, a Jew, for his daughter. He does not love her, but she is a pleasant girl with whom he can contemplate a return to the life of *grand seigneur*. The girl's uncle sets his face against the match because it is loveless and Febrer at last decides to retire to his last piece of property and live by fishing and hunting. He falls in love with a peasant girl whose parents will not hear of a marriage between them. Let her marry in her own rank of life. Febrer discovers that if she is to be won he must fight for her, risking his life. He nearly loses it at the hands of another of her admirers and, wounded, is brought to the farm to be nursed back to health and love. The book is eugenically sound, its appeal is universal, it has a depth and splendour which no other book of this generation can boast, and it enables the reader to realise how the great Spaniard has come by his reputation.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

ART AND COMMERCE.*

Examination of this volume, which in addition to the Sixty-six etchings advertised in the title, contains reproductions of a few mezzotints, aquatints and woodcuts, leaves me torn between two rather lukewarm emotions, an indifferent sympathy with the artist-craftsman whose chief aim is public recognition and a still more tepid sympathy with the collector who desires to enshrine in his portfolio what future generations may recognise, not necessarily as a work of genius or of art, but as an asset of monetary value. I speak of lukewarm sympathy because the older I grow the more I am convinced that the true artist, in whatsoever medium he may work, must, if he is to deliver his soul and to produce anything of lasting value, "work for the joy of the working," must go forth uncalculating to meet and greet an unknown glory and leave the material or pecuniary reward to hazard; and that the collector, if he is to deliver *his* soul, if indeed a collector has a soul at all, must collect, not with an eye to a rise in the market, but with an eye to the nourishing of his personal æsthetic, the development of his individual taste and fine feeling. I recognise that this is a high line to take, and that in taking it I lay myself open to charges of æsthetic snobbishness and intellectual high-browedness. But it is, I think, high time in these days of flabby flattery of the second-rate that some of us should dare to make ourselves unpleasant and disagreeable for the advantage of the many.

If Mr. Parkes, who writes the Introduction to this volume, had confined himself to cracking up the Print Society's wares and pointing out the beauties which in his

* "Sixty-six Etchings by Members of the Print Society," brought together, selected and edited by E. Hesketh Hubbard, with an Introduction by Kineton Parkes. 21s. net. (Print Society.)

opinion are to be found in them, there would be no legitimate fault to find, for his opinions could be taken for what they are worth. He says for example: "The seventy-four prints of the following pages appeal to me in a very convincing fashion, intrinsically, collectively and representatively." That, though not very helpful or illuminating, is a statement of personal opinion and valuable or the reverse as we lay store by or do not lay store by Mr. Parkes's personal taste. But when he takes upon him to state that "this book contains a thoroughly representative collection of etchings, for many of the best etchers of the day are members of the Print Society" and consequently hints that here may be found masterpieces which will challenge comparison with "your Albert Dürer or your Rembrandt, or your Whistler," the matter assumes a very different complexion, and the self-respecting critic finds himself compelled to "sit up and take notice." Being extremely anxious in no way to quench the smoking flax, in no way to discourage, I have gone through these reproductions more than once, but I am bound to confess that I fail to find anything remotely emulating a Méryon, a Whistler, a McBey, a Seymour Haden, a Forain, a Muirhead Bone, who are presumably amongst those designated by Mr. Parkes "collectors' etchers." I do not deny the technical excellence, so far as can be judged from flat reproductions, of many of these plates, but I do most emphatically deny that technical excellence is the cardinal thing in a work of art. There is technical excellence in Dorothy Wollard's "Tower Bridge," in Mr. Hesketh Hubbard's "Windmill at Enkhuisen," in Mr. Arms's "An American Cathedral," in Doris Stacey's "Head of an old Woman." There is even a hint of something more than technical excellence in Mr. George Gascoyne's "The Harrow." But I find little of poetic insight, of the vision of the see-er, the interpreter, which is surely the artist's function in the world. I find nothing, I am introduced to nothing, which I could not have discovered for myself. For that is what the artist must be, a spiritual microscope or telescope, seeing more deeply or farther into things than ordinary men can see for themselves, and setting down for all time the revelation vouchsafed to him. He is wrongly supposed to be a mere maker of pictures. He is a discoverer, a pioneer, a Moses striking the arid rock and finding water, a poet showing us the light that, so far as our prosaic minds could tell, never was on land or sea.

Certainly in this volume I do find a couple of etchings by a young etcher who has undoubtedly in him something of the divine fire. Mr. Percy Smith in his "Dance of Death, 1914–1918," has lately proved himself an etcher and artist (by no means the same thing) of remarkable accomplishment, and has received proper recognition in the highest quarters. It is therefore the more to be regretted that he is so inadequately represented in this volume. True, the time may come when possession of "The Dying Tramp" may mean money in the pocket of its possessor, but that will be, not for its intrinsic merit, but because it is the immature work of one who has since proved himself a master.

The Print Society may, and I hope will, in the future introduce work of the highest merit to its "collecting members," but it will have to improve on that reproduced in this, the only one of its publications I have seen. O. Henry once wrote, "Bohemia is nothing more than the little country in which you do not live. If you *try* to obtain citizenship in it at once the court and retinue pack up the royal archives and treasure and move away beyond the hills." So it is with the realm of Art. Self-consciousness is the serpent which will destroy that as well as every other paradise. If you work for what you are to get, honour, applause, money, you are merely masquerading as an artist, whose reward is what moth and rust cannot corrupt and the cleverest thief ever born cannot break through to steal. No man ever yet did his best for money. His cleverest, yes, but that is quite another thing!

G. S. LAYARD.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.*

The man who would be an optimist to-day must focus his vision afresh and take long views. The horizons upon which, as it seemed to us yesterday, there gleamed the Promised Land have betrayed our hopes; but already new horizons are unfolding to the view of those who have eyes to see. The last century placed its trust in Democracy and Education; but these things—or, more strictly speaking, what have passed for these things—have signally failed us. Only extend the franchise, it was thought; only bring the printed page within the reach of every man, and the millennium will be in sight. But, alas! this simple faith has brought not the millennium, but Armageddon; and the world of to-day, as it is faithfully reflected in the gutter press, offers irrefutable assurance that in Democracy and Education, as they have commonly been understood, there lies no salvation. Those who saw in them the light of an early dawn had reckoned without human nature. They had assumed that men were rational creatures, and that, if only they were given opportunities, they would necessarily make the best use of them. But in a welter of irrational hatred and bloodshed the sun of this shallow optimism has set.

Confronted with such a catastrophic eclipse of his hopes, the man of superficial sense may well wring his hands in despair. But men of tougher fibre will search the catastrophe for its lessons, and out of failure will draw new knowledge, new courage, and new inspiration. That is what the authors of the two books before us do. Mr. Edmond Holmes needs no introduction. In this collection of disconnected essays, which have, however, a unity of theme and breathe a uniform charm of spirit, he expands the thesis already familiar to readers of his previous books. He is the sworn foe of conventional education, which, with its system of mass "cramming," its repressive discipline, its insistence upon "results" that can be tabulated, and its stimulation of the competitive spirit by means of the "bribery" of marks and prizes, is the antithesis of that true education in which alone he sees any promise for the future. Popular education has drilled children into machines, and has fostered among them that rivalry and that desire for material "rewards" which have been the curse and ruin of our civilisation. Or, to be more precise, we should say that these things have been of the very essence of our civilisation itself, and that education, instead of seeking to mould a new civilisation, has merely reflected the worst evils of that already existing. If we are to have a new world, we must, first of all, have a new education, and that education must be one which does not repress, but which *educes*. The individuality of the child must not be crushed; it must, in an atmosphere of freedom, be given every encouragement to expand. More and more widely it is being recognised that every normal child is born with an innate capacity for good and with potentialities which, when fostered by freedom instead of being nipped in the bud by a cast-iron discipline, are found to be astonishingly rich. Here, if I had space, I should like to support Mr. Holmes with proofs of his contention that have come under my own notice. I should like especially, if it were possible, to describe what I saw only the other day at the Daubeney Road Council School, in the wilds of Hackney Marshes. Here, though the human material with which the masters have to deal is of the poorest nature, a partial measure of "free" education has enabled boys who have never seen the sea or the hills, and seldom even the green fields, to produce pictures and essays and verses—not to mention mechanical models—that reveal a wonderful quality and variety of inward resources; while, even in Hackney, freedom has at the same time evolved a communal spirit that automatically solves the problem of "discipline."

For, while mechanical methods of teaching and repressive discipline make for individualism, the cult of

* "Freedom and Growth, and Other Essays." By Edmond Holmes. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Social Life and the Crowd." By J. Lionel Tayler. 7s. 6d. net. (Leonard Parsons.)

individuality naturally produces a communal spirit. The explanation of this seeming paradox is simple. When men are spiritually repressed they seek their pleasures and rewards outside themselves, and this leads inevitably to bitter rivalries for the possession of material things. But when individuality is developed, men discover that the Kingdom of Heaven is within them; spiritual values replace material ones; and, though differences and inequalities are more marked than ever, they are no longer the source of hostility, but of mutual interest and—in the words of Dr. Tayler, whose book forms an admirable complement to Mr. Holmes's—of "mutual help and strength."

Space is unfortunately lacking for any adequate analysis of Dr. Tayler's volume. It must suffice to say that the author, who is not only a physician and surgeon, but a trained philosopher and a man of wide general reading, has given us a brilliant contribution to the subject under discussion, and a study as delightfully human as it is brilliant. Though his approach to, and treatment of, the problem of democracy and education is very different from Mr. Holmes's, his general aim and conclusions are the same. The moral of both books is that man is not a simple and a rational creature, and that therefore no merely simple and rational scheme of reconstruction can save the world. Utopia is still a long way ahead, and there is no short cut to it. Psychology is increasingly showing man to be governed by the most complex motives; and only as psychology enables us still further to understand ourselves and each other, only as opportunity is made for men to discover and develop their own individualities, shall we travel along the far-stretching road that is now seen to lie before us, towards the ultimate goal of unity in diversity.

GILBERT THOMAS.

GUILDS IN ITALY.*

"A. E.", in one of his charming prefaces, tells us that there might be hope for his unhappy Ireland if he could get its wild political leaders under his control for a few months' imprisonment. He says he would not shoot them—since he does not believe in capital punishment—he would merely make them read such books as this by Odon Por, which teach how to build up a civilisation, instead of how to destroy one. It has always been one of the chief difficulties of public life to persuade our rulers to learn the rudiments of their trade of governing. It is the most difficult of all trades; yet it is the only one, apparently, which can be entered without an examination or an apprenticeship.

We have heard of late a good deal in England concerning the Guild theory. In Italy they have gone much further than theory; the whole land is filled with its practice. Italy, indeed, has never made any complete break with the Guild spirit of the mediæval period. It has not yet reached the modern age, in the sense that England and Germany and the United States may be classed as modern civilisations. Italy is still full of the sentiments of the age of Saint Thomas Aquinas and Simon de Montfort. Mr. Por tells us that the Italian workman does not object to hard work if he gets some fun out of it, and can retain his sense of personal freedom. He does not mind if his own reward is a very modest one; but he strongly resents building up a fortune for somebody else.

But the most valuable mediæval quality which Italy still retains is that instinctive respect for the good of the whole community which in the Middle Ages was so persistently asserted over the selfishness of the individual. It was considered bad form in the thirteenth century to make large profits out of one's neighbours. If one had acted like the modern profiteers act, in these earlier days one would have gone to the priest and asked for absolution for a sin.

* "Guilds and Co-operatives in Italy." By Odon Por. Translated by E. Townshend, with an introduction by "A. E." 5s. (Labour Publishing Company.)

Mr. Por's book is a startling revelation of the social developments which are taking place in Italy at this moment. The whole industrial and agricultural structure is permeated by a system of groups of workers in every form of occupation. The capitalist large-scale companies have never got a firm footing in Italy; for the reason that they would clash with some of the most fundamental instincts of the normal Italian mind. Instead of taking the form of limited liability companies, the Italian economic structure appears almost inevitably to tend towards the guild or co-operative society.

It is this fact about Italy which makes it so interesting for the industrial organiser, the financier, the public administrator and the statesman. The social reformer too often wastes his time over theories, which turn him into a faddist and crank—and a general nuisance to his fellows. This book is a useful corrective to all such wildness; for it is so largely a statement of facts which have already happened, and not vague dreams of an improbable future. It is also particularly useful in that it gives us the latest light on Fascism, which Mr. Por wishes us to believe will develop on Guild lines.

It is a thousand pities that Mr. G. D. H. Cole was allowed to add to this book a dull chapter on the English Guild movement, for it may lead innocent people to imagine that the guildsmen of Italy are akin to the muddle-headed group of theorists who, under Mr. Cole's leadership, have brought the National Guilds League to an untimely end in this country. In a wave of sentimental hysteria they mistook the sham soviets of Russia for a Guild development; just as they mistook the Bolshevist tyranny for a new democracy. The truth being that the Guild is at the other end of the earth from the bureaucrat and tyrant beloved by those of the Communist faith. Mr. Odon Por's whole book is a suggestion for constructive reform on sane, natural lines, and a protest against the folly of destructive theories which clash with every established instinct of the normal man. It is not an exaggeration to say that this book is one of the most important contributions to serious economic and political thought.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

MISS SINCLAIR AMONG THE GHOSTS.*

When the young Carlyle went on his first visit to Paris he saw Talma in Voltaire's "Œdipe," and heard him declaim, to popular applause, the war-cry of the eighteenth century, "C'est nos craintes qui ont formé les cieux." Carlyle hated this applause; he was never willing to face the fact that, unless you have faith of some kind, you are forced to the sensible, Voltairean, Gibbonesque view of the supernatural, a view he detested. He got rid of his Calvinist demons; but only to be terrified by the shadows of them. Miss Sinclair is no Voltairean—yet in these subtle, at times terrifying and beautiful studies in the unusual, she is in a way repeating the Voltairean proclamation. It is fear which makes Steven see the ghost of the master he has murdered; it is fear which makes Hollyer to be haunted by the mother he has misrepresented; it is fear, too, that sends the philosopher Spalding wandering in the next world; it is fear which possesses and constrains Harding Powell and Rodney Lanyon, and the absence of fear which gives Agatha power to lead them until she, too, is afraid and stumbles on the edge of disaster. Only, as she shows terribly in the most powerful of the stories—"Where their Fire is not Quenched"—for Miss Sinclair fear makes not heaven, but hell. It is that which separates her most decidedly from the old rationalist philosophy.

It is impossible in reviewing this book not to insist on the fact that Miss Sinclair is a philosopher and a student of modern philosophy. Only in one story is this interest of hers explicit; but it underlies all of them, and it makes what some may think the best of the seven—"The Flaw in the Crystal"—a remarkable document in mental derangement as well as a first-rate short story. It is impossible too for me not to refer to the extraordinary and unimaginative nature of many of the notices this book has had in the daily and weekly press. While most people in Europe are more and more preoccupied with the supernatural, with the odd, with the inexplicable in life, there seems a conspiracy among the more cultured critics to treat any manifestation of interest in these subjects as a disgraceful lapse on the part of a novelist. It is true that if an author's view of the abnormal and the supernatural is vague, if he has no conviction, no definite vision, he may be forgiven; mistiness is excused or welcomed, where mysticism is barred. Miss Sinclair is never vague. She treats here of border-line states, of mental and emotional conditions which are fluid, or of emotional conditions which are really unworthy and superficial, but are suddenly gifted with eternity. This is the subject of the first and, to my mind, best story. It is a study in sensuality, in two people with no motive but appetite. Harriott Leigh, thwarted of her one love, is disloyal to it out of mere lust—treacherous to her friend, and assistant to Oscar Wade's idle, sensual pleasure. The affair ends, as such affairs do. Three years after Oscar dies, and twenty years after Harriott. In these years she has taken to religion, but never intensely or sincerely; and when she dies she finds herself and Oscar in hell, doomed to a nauseating repetition of a sin to the making of which there was nothing but a lascivious will. They run away from each other, but in vain. In a terrible passage Oscar enlightens Harriott:

> "It must end some time," she said "Life doesn't go on for ever We shall die."
>
> "Die? We *have* died. Don't you know what this is? Don't you know where you are? This is death. We're dead, Harriott. We're in hell."
>
> "Yes. There can't be anything worse than this."
>
> "This isn't the worst. We aren't quite dead yet, as long as we've life in us to turn and run and get away from each other; as long as we can escape into our memories. But when you've got back to the farthest memory of all and there's nothing beyond it—when there's no memory but this—in the last hell we shall not run away any longer, we shall find no more roads, no more passages, no more open doors. We shall have no need to look for each other. In the last death we shall be shut up in this room, behind that locked door, together. We shall lie here together, for ever and ever, joined so fast that even God can't put us asunder. We shall be one flesh and one spirit, one sin repeated for ever and ever, spirit loathing flesh, flesh loathing spirit; you and I loathing each other."
>
> "Why? Why?" she cried.
>
> "Because that's all that's left us. That's what you made of love."

He echoes her own words, uttered in bitterness when they had broken off the liaison. She has accused him, when they were on earth, of being merely sensual—not seeing that in him it was a less offence than in her, who had vague gropings for other worlds. She, who should have checked or helped him, had, for her pleasure, kept him on his own plane. They each got what each—he at his most natural, she at her lowest—wanted; and so to get is hell.

It is a temptation to write in detail of all those stories, but space forbids. "The Flaw in the Crystal" is the longest, and shares, with the first story, the honours of the book. It is not so exciting as "The Victim," a study in murder which incidentally shows that Miss Sinclair could, if she liked, beat the writers of detective stories at their own business; nor as amusing as "The Finding of the Absolute," a philosophic fantasia, which all the young intellectuals would be raving over if it had been translated from the Slav of Mizka Sklavaia—yet, while inferior in immediate appeal, "The Flaw in the Crystal" is undoubtedly a better story than these, or than "The Nature of the Evidence." Its heroine is Agatha Verrall, who has the power of healing others' nervous disorders by somehow breaking down that mysterious wall which divides one personality from another. She does not herself, of her own strength, heal them; but she makes a breach in that stubborn, impalpable barrier behind which the sick soul broods and broods and suffers a horrible delectation of misery, and lets in light and hope and courage. She has

* "Uncanny Stories." By May Sinclair. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

one permanent patient, as it were, Rodney Lanyon, who is married to a nervous and nerve-destroying wife—one of those women who think they are going mad, but don't go mad, only drive their friends into insanity. To Rodney, Agatha gives help and comfort; she lives in a little lonely hamlet, and sees him about once a week; but her power can work at a distance. Then she exercises her gift on another man, Harding Powell; his wife gets her secret out of Agatha, her friend, and then tells Powell. From that moment Agatha fears Powell; he breaks in on her, instead of her peace winning in on him—and she has to thrust him away, before she can recover her poise and her secure communion with the supernatural world, whence she draws her strength. It is a story whose full beauty is not seen on a first reading—but it is easily one of the most remarkable essays in the unusual since Hawthorne.

Miss Sinclair's book has some extraordinarily sympathetic illustrations by M. Jean de Bosschère, who is always at his best when he is interpreting other people's imaginations. He is peculiarly successful in giving us in his drawings that same mixture of the ordinary and the fantastic, the commonplace and the uncanny which is the chief note of Miss Sinclair's tales.

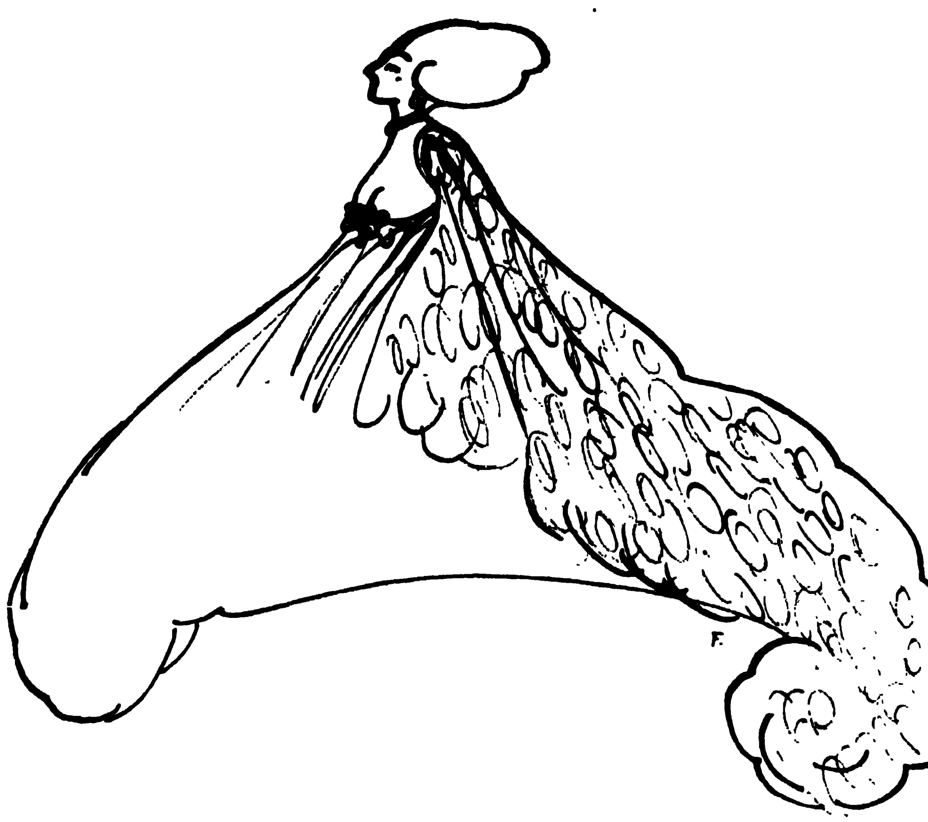
R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

LOVAT FRASER.*

No artist since Aubrey Beardsley has so wholly captured the imagination of the British public as Lovat Fraser, captured it alike by the fantastic imaginativeness of his art, by the magnetic charm of his personality, and by a certain pathos in the brief brilliance of his meteoric career. Very different in temperament and in the styles of their respective arts, there are yet many points of resemblance between Beardsley and Fraser; in each there was an element of romance, and this element permeated their lives as well as their art. They not only drew romantic figures, but they were romantic figures themselves. Both men were essentially decorators, only whereas Beardsley was primarily a decorator in line, Lovat Fraser was a decorator in mass; he wielded the broadsword of his Scottish ancestors where his predecessor had used the rapier and, without straining the metaphor, we may say that Lovat Fraser's was an art of "cuts," while Beardsley's was an art of points. Both men, though living so intensely in the present, harked back to the past in their art; both won fame by their pictorial conceptions of the eighteenth century; but, despite his illustrations to Pope, Beardsley was not really at home, as Lovat Fraser was, in this period: the true spiritual home of Beardsley was the *Cinquecento*.

Lovat Fraser's chief work, his designs for "The Beggar's Opera," was not the result of an accidental commission, but the fruition of a desire long cherished by the artist, and perhaps the most important thing told us by Mr. Haldane Macfall in his admirable book is the fact that Lovat Fraser was drawn to Gay's masterpiece, and busily engaged on working out designs for it long before there was any thought of producing the opera at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. Mr. Macfall is careful to tell us that his "Book of Lovat" is not the authorised "official life," on which other hands are now engaged. His book is a vivid and inspiring appreciation both of the man and of his art written with the affection of an intimate friend and with the insight of a keen critic. Fraser was born on the 15th May, 1890, and was christened, we are told, "Lovat Claud," but these Christian names have so long been transposed by custom that, though his friends and relatives may continue to think of him as "Lovat," the world seems destined to remember him as Claud Lovat Fraser. Of his early life Mr. Macfall tells us little; for his book is nothing if not personal, and he wisely hurries to the point where he has first-hand knowledge, to the day when he first met the young man and formed a friendship which lasted till his death.

* "The Book of Lovat Claud Fraser." By Haldane Macfall. 25s. (Dent.)



From "The Book of Lovat Claud Fraser" (Dent).

After leaving Charterhouse, Lovat Fraser spent a year or two in the office of his father, a London solicitor, and while there he made the acquaintance of Mr. Macfall in Dan Rider's book shop in St. Martin's Court, which before the war was a favourite haunt of many well-known writers and artists. This meeting was the turning point in Fraser's career, for it was the coterie at Dan Rider's that encouraged him to develop his artistic gifts, and Mr. Macfall, we gather, was largely instrumental in persuading the father to allow the son to adopt art as his profession.

To anybody who wishes to study the genesis of Lovat Fraser's distinctive style, this book will be of absorbing interest, for the writer was the intimate friend of the artist during the critical years when his art was in the making, and he is therefore able to tell us with authority the influences which shaped "Lovat" to the appointed end. When Lovat Fraser first made his appearance in Dan Rider's bookshop, he was leaning towards caricature, we are told, affected principally by the work of Max Beerbohm and Ospovat. This was in 1911, and at that time Joseph Simpson was very much to the front in Dan Rider's den and elsewhere. Lovat Fraser was "much intrigued by the masterly broad black line of Joseph Simpson, though the craftsmanship of this fat black line and its massing at that time baffled him." Materials and implements, as even laymen have learnt to recognise, play their part in channelling a talent, and it is not improbable that Lovat Fraser's introduction to the reed-pen was a decisive factor in his art. The circle among which Lovat Fraser now moved did not teach him so much as help him to find himself. Mr. Macfall urged him to cease mimicking "Max" and Ospovat so closely, and "led him towards the broad simple line and mass of the woodcut." He was introduced to the work of Joseph Crawhall, Senior—not the painter of "The Spangled Cock," but his father the wood-engraver—to the woodcuts and drawings of Gordon Craig, Pryde and William Nicholson, the colour-prints of Steinlen and Caldecott.

"Lovat steeped himself in a craftsmanship and a romantic spirit so akin to his own genius. And he rapidly developed a very personal style. His most marked advance was with the fat black velvety line of the reed pen; it seemed to give him at once a large style, and developed the broad simple statement which the reed pen compels."

That by 1912 Lovat Fraser had already formed his own distinctive style is abundantly clear from the designs he executed for Mr. Macfall's "The Splendid Wayfaring," which are given in this book. Mr. Macfall claims, not without justice, that these designs show Lovat Fraser's perfection with the reed-pen as the designs for his play "The Three Students" show the splendour of his colouring. From these two sets of designs are culled the illustrations to this book which, it should be added, is very beautifully printed and produced, and the volume accordingly is an exceedingly precious gallery of Lovat Fraser's work, all the more important because many of the designs have not been published previously. Writer and artist long hoped that they might collaborate in the production of this play at His Majesty's, but after negotiations had been well advanced, Sir Herbert Tree finally decided against it in 1914, and Mr. Macfall tells us that it was after this disappointment that Lovat Fraser busied himself with "The Beggar's Opera," in which he "always had an uncanny confidence."

How the war interrupted his artistic career, what Lovat Fraser did during the war, how just after the Armistice he got his chance with the famous poster he designed for Nigel Playfair's "Make Believe" pantomime at the Lyric, Hammersmith—all these things are told briefly, but vividly, by Mr. Macfall. His designs for the Pergolesi Opera and "As You Like It" for the Lyric in 1919 showed the road on which Lovat Fraser was travelling, and the immediate success of "The Beggar's Opera" in 1920 is a matter of common knowledge. His death on the 18th June, 1921, cut short a career in full flight, but by that time it was fairly certain that Lovat Fraser's *metier* was that of a stage decorator, and despite the interest of all his work, whether designs for poetry or for commercial printing, we feel that it is on his work as an artist of the theatre that Lovat Fraser's fame most firmly rests.

FRANK RUTTER.

YOUTH'S WAY.*

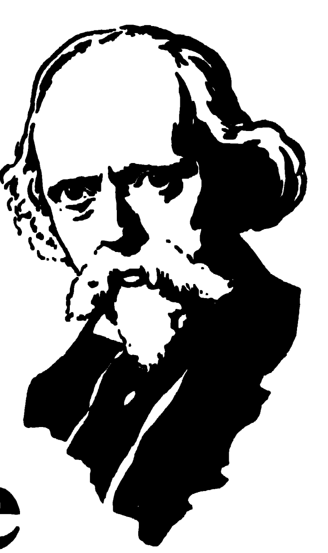
"The imagination of a boy is healthy," wrote Keats in his preface to "Endymion," "and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain." It is this space between the end of boyhood and the beginning of manhood that Mr. Cale Young Rice has studied with extraordinary subtlety and insight in "Youth's Way"; and even if I had not read the short stories he contributed to those "Turnabout Tales," written alternatively by himself and his wife, author of the delightful "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," I should have been prepared to find no 'prentice work in his first novel. For I have read most of the lyrics and ballads and the brilliant poetical dramas that have given him his reputation as a poet, and the imagination, the narrative art, the deep understanding of human psychology in certain of these are the same qualities that here he dedicates to the writing of prose fiction.

There is the poet's vision behind this story of David Anson's development from boyhood to early manhood. Mr. Rice remains an idealist not by shutting his eyes

* "Youth's Way." By Cale Young Rice. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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to the unpleasant facts of experience, but by seeing still the soul of goodness in things evil. His world is no sunny theatre on which nothing is enacted but idyllic romance; his human beings are starkly human, and he draws them with all their imperfections on them. David is no blameless hero. The sweet simplicity of his childhood on the farm of his kindly Uncle William, and the small heroisms and fierce despairs of his boyish love for his little cousin Hallie, sensitively, suggestively prelude the blind chivalries and darker passions that are to bring him to disaster in later years.

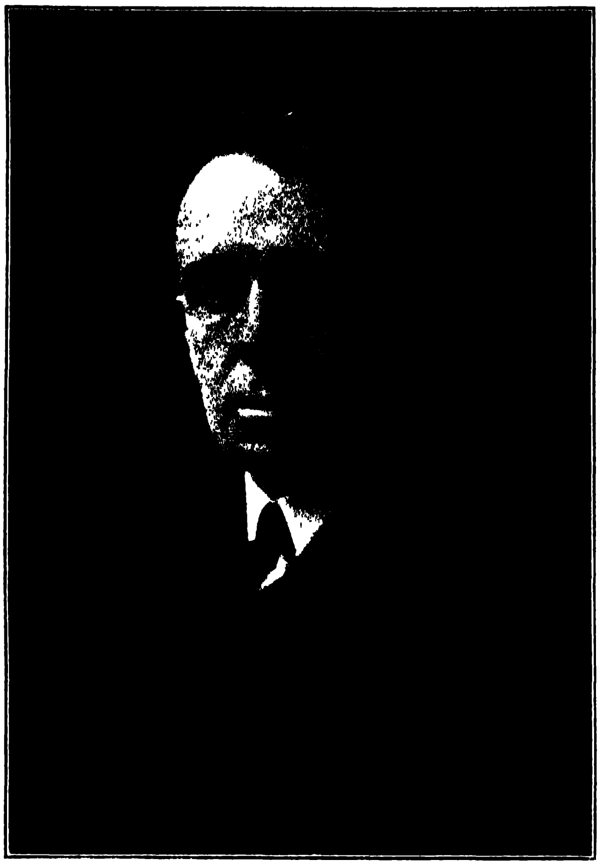


Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Cale Young Rice.**
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Two of the most powerfully dramatic scenes in the book are that in the barn when Aunt Mary, profoundly religious and having a strange gift of curing the sick, is holding one of her faith-healing meetings and a gaunt, fanatical travelling preacher breaks in to overwhelm her with lurid denunciations and offer a terrible test of her powers; and that startling scene when, after David has lost hope of winning Hallie and, chivalrously kept a promise of atonement to the pitiful, beautiful Emma Magee, she tells him, after they are in the train going off on their honeymoon, her abhorrent reason for marrying him. Always the interest centres on David; the worst of him is shown with a fearless realism, yet you are made to see that his sins and follies are largely the outcome of his very innocence; his greatest misfortune arises from the innate sense of honour, fostered by his upbringing, which is for ever in waiting to prompt him to put right what his natural impulse has driven him to do wrong. As much sinned against as sinning, he has made a wreck of all his hopes before the end, and yet things so work out, naturally and without strain, that at the last, in the shadow of a death, Hallie is brought back to him, and the way seems opening to a new and happier beginning. The art and strength of the book lie in the uncompromising truthfulness of its study of the heart and mind of youth, in the truth to life of its various characters and of the poignant story in which they play their parts. Mr. Rice has set himself a high standard in his first novel and I, for one, shall look for his next with more than ordinary expectations.

ARTHUR RUTLAND.

THE IRISH REVOLUTION.*

Mr. O'Brien's record of more than 450 pages is a candid and illuminating contribution to the story indicated by his title rather than that story itself. From the very nature of his strenuous part and preoccupations in the Irish struggle, he is more concerned with (and more of an authority upon) the parliamentary and quasi-political aspects of the battle than with elements and individualities that went deeper and eventually wrought wholesale transformation. Honest and alert, he recognises those elements and individualities, but admits or suggests that their unfolding and interpretation, soon or late, must be the task of others. The long and at first obscure story of the activities of the Gaelic League and its cultural and psychological outcomes, the patient but for years the widely unregarded teachings of the Sinn Fein pioneers, the agricultural co-operative movement, the Anglo-Irish literary and dramatic phases, the awakening of Labour, with its educative mission and frequent militant outbursts—these and other complex factors demand exhaustive treatment, delicate and penetrative description. For the first decade and a half of the century hosts of Irish folk appeared to be dwelling in different and almost unrelated "Irelands" till stress and sequels of the world-war changed their outlook and inlook and whirled them towards the momentous and often terrible drama of the past seven years. Of those most concerned with that drama, some are gone for ever, more are scarred and disillusioned, others are struggling for peace and reconstruction, a few for creativeness. Scarcely anyone whose story is worth telling has been calm and serene "above the battle."

Of political and kindred outcomes—with folly and intrigue behind the scenes at St Stephen's, in Downing Street, in the South and North of Ireland, Mr. O'Brien writes with force and ardour, with occasional passion, with caustic thrusts at old opponents, but on the whole with the palpable desire to afford light and leading. We realise anew as we read him how very much that was burning controversy even ten years ago now leaves all combatants cold. Ireland's self-determination is accepted; opposition or doubt has changed to faith or good wishes. Few will question Mr. O'Brien's vision of the fall of Irish parliamentarianism and the causes thereof: its loss of idealism; its growing remoteness from Irish realities; its drift to jobbery and self-seeking; its capture by "Hibernianism," which meant sectarianism, or what has been called "Catholic Orangeism", its fatal acceptance of Irish partition. The young generation—and much of the old—more or less taught by the Gaelic League, Sinn Fein, and other forces, and stirred by the sacrifice and avowed idealism of the world-war, revolted and swept it away. There will also be a good deal of sympathy with Mr. O'Brien's contention that the general acceptance of ideals of his All-for-Ireland League (1910) would have won over North-East Ulster and Southern Unionism, and led to a settlement by consent of the National question as of the land question, thus sparing us later divisions and terrors. None will question his own deep devotion to the spirit and practice of toleration and brotherhood.

Many sensitive spirits, Irish and English, have little desire in these days to review the painful story of 1918–1922 beyond the Irish Sea, or to dwell on the saddening contrast of the might-have-been and the actuality. Mr. O'Brien was a helpless and mentally tortured spectator, and his picture has moving phases in all conscience. But there is something very winning in the fresh and hopeful human spirit which he preserves through all. He has helpful criticism and good counsel for the new leaders of all parties and elements. But this is incidental; his main rôle is that of historian and interpreter. Taking into account

* "The Irish Revolution and How It Came About." By William O'Brien. 16s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

his experiences, ordeals and disappointments he has achieved a fair measure of self-suppression and a generous width of view on the whole. When the best and the worst are surveyed we arise from the work with a quickened interest in Ireland.

W. P. RYAN.

ANATOLE FRANCE'S "CLIO."*

In approaching each new volume that is added to the uniform English edition of Anatole France's works, his admirers this side of the Channel, unless they have studied it already in the French, must ask excitedly some such question as this: "Now which of the Anatole Frances shall I meet with in this book?" For as they will have good cause to know, if their collection of the issue is complete and its thirty volumes are on their shelves after being diligently perused, there are several Anatole Frances --not one only—and each with a masterpiece to his credit. Not to mention the critic who has given us various series of essays on "Life and Letters" and made of criticism a living, creative art, or again the autobiographer who, under the thin disguise of "Pierre Nozière," has revealed to us the inner life of his own youth and manhood, even Anatole France the novelist has assumed a variety of phases during his long career. There is the satirist who has savaged modern civilisation, with a ferocity worthy of Swift, in "Penguin Island." There is the Rabelaisian humorist who wrote "At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque" and invented the wonderful character of the Abbé Coignard. There is the historical romancer whose genius shed new light on the old theme of the Terror in "The Gods Are Athirst." There is the naughty wit whose preoccupation with sex takes so fantastic an aspect in "The Revolt of the Angels." There is the gentle, tolerant philosopher of the "Bergeret" studies. There is the humanitarian, with a pity that may blaze into indignation, who is responsible for "Crainquebille." And still we have not exhausted our Anatole France.

Which, then, is it that this time we encounter? The title of the volume almost gives away any secret, for Clio was the Muse of history, and if I add that the various sketches or short stories covered by the title are somewhat in the manner of "The Procurator of Judæa," experienced readers will know what to expect. The "Clio" tales recall what must have been the earliest phase of Anatole France's development from critic to novelist when, like a bee with its honey, he began turning his stores of scholarship to creative account. He takes famous characters from legend or history, ranging from Homer to Napoleon, submits them to the microscope of modern research, and then with a free pen repaints their features and the conditions of their time in a way to silence the cavils of the most exacting expert. It is a business that calls not only for the most accurate and up-to-date knowledge, but also for a vivid imagination working on lines as exact. That M. Thibault has caught his Napoleon, as he was when he sailed secretly from Egypt, in his sketch called "La Muiron," I have no more doubt than that he succeeds with his picture of the Gallic chief who intrigued against Cæsar. But I would be prepared to rest all my faith in Anatole France's infallibility on his treatment of Homer. "The Bard of Kyme," as this study is styled, exposes marvellously the barbaric side of early Greek civilisation as reflected in "The Odyssey."

Bound up with the "Clio" series is "The Château de Vaux-le-Vicomte," which was written to accompany plates in an edition de luxe descriptive of the famous monument of Foucquet's follies and ambitions. Anatole France's genial study of the Minister whom Louis XIV used and disgraced fits in well enough with the other contents of the volume, and there is one sentence in it that clamours for quotation because it betrays a facet of Anatole France's many-sided personality—I have not so far hinted at

* "The Works of Anatole France: Clio and the Château de Vaux-le-Vicomte." Translated by Winifred Stephens. 7s. 6d. (John Lane.)

his passionate sympathy with Socialism. Speaking of the Grand Monarque's severity to Foucquet he says of the King that "throughout the whole business he appeared hypocritical, violent, pitiless and patriotic." Note the climax!

F. G. BETTANY.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.*

The machinery of the popular novel demands that the opening of the story should be arresting and the final sentence the coping-stone. If Scott himself should ever lose his hold on his public it will be because he takes too long in his opening chapters to excite the reader's interest, and his climax rarely finds expression in a memorable phrase. Indeed I can recall only one opening of his which conforms to the canons of modern art in the telling of a story, and that is in "Ivanhoe." You all remember the masterly ease of that opening: "In the pleasant district of merry England which is watered by the river Don——."

The two most memorable endings in modern fiction will be found in "Tess" and "Vanity Fair." "'Justice' was done," said Hardy, "and the President of the Immortals (in Æschylean phrase) ended his sport with 'Tess.'" Thackeray put the same philosophy in terms of more popular expression: "Ah! Vanitas, vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied? Come, children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is played out."

I am reminded of this by careful reading of five typical stories by well-known present day writers. With the exception of one of these there is little to distinguish them from the mass of novels of these versatile days.

Rafael Sabatini is well known for his historical work, and in "Fortune's Fool" we have him at his best. The story revolves round the Great Plague, and its supreme merit to me is this—that it opens well and ends well. Here is his first note: "The times were full of trouble; but Martha Quinn was unperturbed"; and this is his last: "They were married on the morrow . . . they were permitted to go forth to garner the honours that Fortune had stored up." This Miltonic touch will strike most readers. But there is nothing in the book that rises above the level of Mr. Sabatini's earlier work. He maintains his reputation, which is the highest praise that one can give.

The opening of "The Justice Clerk" recalls the opening of "David Copperfield." W. D. Lyell writes: "Having now, at the age of two and twenty, achieved a considerable degree of success and cast off the bondage under which I have groaned for so many long years, it is only due to myself that I should proceed to chronicle . . ."

The book, indeed, is one which I can thoroughly recommend. W. D. Lyell showed us his mettle in his famous story, "The House in Queen Anne Square"

Mr. L. Adams Beck in "The Key of Dreams" begins by flinging in our face, like a Whistler pot of paint, the question that philosophy has not yet solved: "What shall a man do when the bottom has fallen out of the life he knew, when the whole world reels about him, when every settled plan for the future crumbles into dust?" How the book solves it I leave to the reader, and I make no comment on the final sentence: "We sat in silence, and saw the eternal stars set their lights upon the peaks."

Miss Marjorie Grant Cook knows the value of the sensational opening: "The tall coffin stood upright against the wall of the barn, exactly opposite the door." Here you have at once the Grand Guignol setting You expect the thrill and I am bound to say you get it. The scene is in a French-Canadian village and the theme is the passionate love of an unmarried woman for her sister, niece and great-nephew. The central figure, Alma, is finely drawn. This book, too, like the preceding, ends (as Dante always ended) with the stars. "She saw the stars, sharp as spears in the remote dark sky, and she was content."

I come to the last of the five, and it well bears out its title, "One of the Best." Among novelists of Anglo-India life Mrs. Penny ranks among the very highest. It is a very brilliant and a very challenging book. You have the seething unrest and all the perils associated with the unscrupulous agitator. You have English life in India depicted with great power. Fate, as in Hardy, is here the dominating factor: "It is the will of Allah. He rules our destinies." The story opens with a promise of power that is fulfilled in every chapter; and it ends on the highest note. I commend it to every reader who feels the fascination of the glamour of the Orient, and who can appreciate a fine story finely told.

BRODIE FRASER.

* "Fortune's Fool." By Rafael Sabatini. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"The Justice Clerk." By W. D. Lyell. 7s. 6d. (Hodge.)—"The Key of Dreams." By L. Adams Beck. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)—"Another Way of Love." By Marjorie Grant Cook. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"One of the Best." By F. E. Penny. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE.

Once in a while, by a recurring miracle, the most composite of all the arts evolves some incredible pact whose partners were quite obviously predestined for one another. Gilbert and Sullivan are the classic instance; Synge and the Abbey Theatre, a more recent case, have an exact Russian counterpart in Tchekhoff and the Art Theatre, Moscow. These splendid accidents remain so rare that it is not surprising to find the best part of Mr. Sayler's book* devoted to the Tchekhoff-Stanislavsky saga. Five chapters deal with the Art Theatre exclusively—its principles of production, its personnel, its repertory, its two "studios" or training schools now increased to four, and its great master spirit Stanislavsky, who not only dominates this section, but seems too big to be left out of any part of the book; one grows to love the man the more one reads of him, and Mr. Sayler is noticeably at his best wherever he touches Stanislavsky's work. But "The Russian Theatre" is by no means a monograph. There are some chapters of deep interest on the Kamerny, a "theatre of revolt," whose experiments in symbolism, cubism and futurism are discussed with insight and sympathy, and are contrasted suggestively with the reticent-realistic methods of the Stanislavsky school. (Light is used more boldly at the Kamerny than among us; and we are given a vivid if slightly hysterical account of the production of Wilde's "Salome" there.) Then follow miscellaneous chapters, with the copious illustrations so essential to a book of this kind. There is one on the Ballet and its people; another on Meyerhold and the "theatrical" theatre from which, though indirectly, the rebel Kamerny sprang; another on Yevreynoff and his "monodrama," a mode of presentation which shall be wholly subjective, if I understand Mr. Sayler aright—but I confess that without a sample I'm still not quite sure what monodrama is! And a half-dozen more of chapters on current theories and experiments, on difficulties artistic and political, on the achievements, prospects and personalities of the Russian stage. Altogether a most complete and admirable record, a little idolatrous in parts—but a book on the theatre is no worse for that: we have too many blasé critics already—and a long-felt need; for as the author says, "these Russians know more about every country on earth than all the others put together know about them."

The companion volume† should be read first by anyone who has not yet dipped into the Russian dramatists. Here again Tchekhoff predominates, with his three greatest plays. Of the rest, Alexei Tolstoy's historical "Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch" is a little formless and unenthralling, as such chronicles are apt to be in any language—nothing like so clear-cut, for instance, as the average Drinkwater play. Gorky's "Lower Depths" reduces it to insignificance. And yet I divine Gorky's play to be much greater than here appears; this grim dosshouse piece, this "Hairy

* "The Russian Theatre." By Oliver M. Sayler. 15s. (Brentano.)

† "Moscow Art Theatre Plays." Translated by Jennie Covan. Edited by O. M. Sayler. 12s. 6d. (Brentano.)

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Ape" of Russian drama, does not bear translation; it should be paraphrased, as Playfair paraphrased parts of the Insect Play, into the slang of each foreign race to which it is addressed—one version for English readers, another for American; turned into "literary" English here, it is too often unreal and artificial, though never ridiculous, as it might easily have been. Tchekhoff translates more easily (the idiom of cultured people varying less from race to race than that of the underworld), though even here the servants are less convincing than their masters. The plays themselves no longer need commendation. We know these pleasant, futile folk, bogged in the morass of their own inefficiency while life passes them by; we know them in English country houses and "artistic" coteries; we know them in "Heartbreak House," a play as Russian as it is English; we know them in translations which have been published already—less racy than Miss Covan's, if I remember rightly —and produced by the Stage Society from time to time. Next winter we shall see them presented by the Art Theatre itself. Meanwhile if Stanislavsky be as great as Mr. Sayler finds him, it is worth while to re-read these plays against his arrival. They will bear reading many times.

GRAHAM SUTTON.

THE PASSING OF THE COUNTY FAMILY.*



Photo by The Warschawski Studio St. Leonards.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith.

The appearance of a new novel by Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has now come to be regarded as an event of importance, as well as interest, by the critics, by the literary world, and by the big general public. This fact is worth noting, for, in addition to marking a stage in Miss Kaye-Smith's career, it forms evidence justifying the belief that her writing possesses a quality by no means common to all good work: the quality which makes for survival. The approval of the critics, or his fellow writers, or the circulating libraries, need not indicate an author's power of survival. The approval of all three comes as near as anything well could to certain demonstration of that power. And this it is that Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has won since the War.

Her new book is a distinguished piece of work, possessed of value and importance upon several separate counts; such as its writing, its appeal as a story, and its significance as a contribution to the social history of post-War England. As a speculative commentary, the story of Bladesover in "Tono-Bungay" was richly stimulating and full of insight. As a piece of English history, cast in the form of a very modern novel, "The End of the House of Alard" has perhaps greater value than any speculative commentary. It is a real life record, so vitalised by its author's imaginative genius and gift for emotional romance as to be equally acceptable to the student and to the seeker after entertainment in fiction.

It is with all deliberation that one applies the word genius to this writer's work, which has reached out beyond the field of trained and brilliant observation to the imaginative heights which are accessible only to genius; and it has sustained adequately the foothold there obtained.

The classic quality distinguishing Greek tragedy has displayed itself in the best work of the modern novelists who have bent their minds to the study and interpretation of "the land," of the soil of England, and its sons and daughters. As the mind reverts naturally to the figures of Jude, Tess, Yeobright, Giles Winterbourne, Marty South, and others of the unique Wessex gallery, it may well recall to us Reuben Backfield, Claude Shepherd, Frank Rainger, Maggie Coalbran, Joanna Godden; as it will presently recall the Alards—Peter and Gervase, Jenny and Mary—and such living persons of Miss Kaye-Smith's new book as Stella Mount.

> "We only know that the last sad squires ride slowly towards the sea,
> And a new people takes the land."

Assuredly there is no denying the tragedy of "The End of the House of Alard"; but neither, for them that have eyes to see and ears to hear withal, is there any fear of missing the C major of strong, reasoned hope—yes, and of happiness—which its author's outstanding sanity and beautifully balanced insight and judgment have given to this masterly picture of the post-War passing of the old-style, landholding county family. Many writers have known fame for half a century without ever seeing life either as sanely or as whole (as widely) as Miss Kaye-Smith has seen it in her first decade of authorship. Finely she records here that the king is dead; with quite equal success she bids us cry with her: Long live the king! Her eschatology might be rooted, sweetly, in the Sussex meadows and copses; as clean and invigorating in its promise as the advent of the rathe primrose.

Love, jealousy, greed, sacrifice, nobility, pettiness, violence, death, birth, hope; and again hope; you shall find them all here, set in their due places and proportions as demanded by the construction of a satisfying modern novel. For setting and background there is given to us the singularly delectable slip of Sussex by the sea contained in the triangle between Rye and Winchelsea and Hastings and Bodiam and Udimore; but the drama of contemporary life that is here unfolded is not in its essence local, and might have been set in any county of the kingdom. In detail it is not without the dear parochialism—like the intimate homeliness of one's mother's face—which has so enriched its author's previous work; but in plan and spirit, in its quality as current history in the form of romance, it is Britain, rather than a corner of Sussex, that is painted here with masterly strokes, keen insight, cunning manipulation of the true colours.

As a matter of taste, pontificating is never perhaps to be excused; but as a matter of expediency, having regard to the rigid limitations of space, it may yet have its uses. Thus, to sum up:

In point of simple attractiveness as a story, this book of the Alards does not mark an advance from the notable level of such fascinating romances as "Sussex Gorse," "Tamarisk Town," "A Challenge to Sirius," "Spell Land," and others. As a finished work of the story-teller's art it is not to be placed before "Joanna Godden."

* "The End of the House of Alard." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

Emotionally, in charm, in atmosphere and in colour, and possibly in humour, it may even be accounted by some appreciative readers less compelling, less endearing, less rich and generous, than some of its predecessors. But the authentic genius of Sheila Kaye-Smith does indubitably illumine its most sombre pages. As a piece of current history in fiction, it is the most important and ambitious of her books. From all points of view it is a novel which no student or lover of contemporary fiction can afford to miss. The craftsmanship and artistry of its writing, the finished simplicity of its style, display even greater sureness of touch than is found in " Joanna." And, be it noted with sincere gratitude, there is not a word here to indicate that Miss Kaye-Smith is likely to desert the peasants and farm folk of her other books, or that the scorching breath of success and celebrity has been permitted to sear the roots of her fine talent.

" The End of the House of Alard " will be, and should be, very widely read upon both sides of the Atlantic.

A. J. DAWSON.

SCIENCE AND THE SPIRIT WORLD.*

The literature of Spiritualism and Psychical Research grows more and more scientific and portentous. Professor Richet's latest contribution to it is a bulky tome dealing with practically every form of phenomenal evidence, including many examples of each—premonitions, dreams, visions, automatic writing, table-tilting, rapping, levitation, materialisation, haunting, and the like. These cases cover some hundreds of pages, and for the general reader will probably form the most interesting part of the book.

The serious student, however, will doubtless be more concerned with Professor Richet's observations on the evidence, and his theories to explain it without recourse to the idea of the spirits of departed men and women.

Those who have followed the question, even superficially, will readily see that it falls naturally into two parts: (*a*) The truth of psychic phenomena; (*b*) the truth of human survival. The controversy which has raged over the matter during the last two generations has mainly centred about the first part of the question, and to the impartial observer it will have seemed that a great deal of nonsense has been uttered on both sides, the main part of which, however, must be debited to the many " authorities " who have judged the matter adversely without hearing it.

Professor Richet has at least given it thirty years' study, and so acquired a right of judgment; and his opinion may be briefly stated. It is that of one of the foremost scientists of the age. He finds that the phenomena of each class of which he treats are authentic—even the much-discussed " ectoplasm " is to him a well-attested fact.

There is something pathetically eloquent in one of his observations. One can imaginatively enter into the mind of the scientist when he writes thus of materialisation:

> "It is very absurd—if a truth can be absurd. Spiritualists have blamed me for using this word 'absurd,' and have not been able to understand that to admit the reality of these phenomena was to me an actual pain; but to ask a physiologist, a physicist, or a chemist to admit that a form that has a circulation of blood, warmth and muscles, that exhales carbonic acid, has weight, speaks and thinks, can issue from a human body, is to ask of him an intellectual effort that is really painful. Yes, it is absurd; but no matter, it is true."

That admission may be held to cover the whole ground of the phenomenal evidences, so far as Richet is concerned—they are " absurd," but they are true—and to the first part of the question, therefore, his answer is affirmative. As to the second part, i.e. whether the manifestations prove human survival or not, he can offer no decided view. His verdict may be briefly described as one of " Not proven." He speculates on the possibility of mysterious beings existing in the viewless spaces of the cosmos, but he seems most inclined to the theory that supernormal manifestations are due to unknown powers and forces in man himself.

As a scientist pure and simple, he naturally disregards all those finer indications which reach us through the intuitions, and are set forth in especial by the poets, mystics and seers of all the ages—Plato, Thomas Aquinas and Tennyson amongst them.

The question evidently troubles him considerably, for one finds evidence of oscillating views in the book. In one place, the Professor seems inclined to favour the " spirit hypothesis "; in another he spurns it almost with impatience.

Doubtless the Great Question will be settled for the world sooner or later. In the meantime Professor Richet has considerably advanced the material for its discussion by a mass of collected evidence, great in range and in particularity of statement. For the general reader the book is made a little formidable by the technical terms which the author has coined to cover phenomena more simply named by those who study them. Thus " psychometry " becomes " pragmatic cryptesthesia," and speaking in foreign tongues—a phenomenon occasionally found in mediumship—is set down as " Xenoglossis." One is reminded of Mr. Chesterton's dictum that Science might admit the Ascension if it were called " Levitation "; and even the Resurrection if it could find another name for it—say the " Re-galvanisation " !

The book, which is translated from the French, has found a capable translator in Mr. Stanley De Brath, M.Inst.C.E., formerly of the Indian Public Works Department, and a copious writer on psychic themes; and there is a full index of names and authorities.

DAVID GOW.

* " Thirty Years of Psychical Research." By Professor Richet. 25s. (Collins.)

MURDER MOST FOUL.*

Reading in close succession a number of recent " murder mystery " stories is to be made to realise that to the present-day purveyors of such the murder is, as it were, merely incidental, the mystery is the thing. There is little or no attempt made to arouse our pity for the victim, our sense of awe and horror over the tragic; we are for the most part invited to watch the author put together the pieces of a jig-saw puzzle of his own devising, and stimulated merely to the mild wonder as to whether a certain piece is not as it were the one that, falling into place, will make the rounding of the whole easy. The author's purpose seems to be to make us think now that one and now another is the key piece and then by popping in the true key piece to show that it could not have been one of those others, or to flatter our cuteness if we have spotted that particular piece early in the game. There is more of real tragic intensity in the three words at the head of this notice, as uttered in their context, than in the half-million or so of words that make up the half-dozen volumes before me—yet tragedy is the subject of most of the stories.

Though that feeling of a " problem game " is the general one engendered by the reading of mystery novels, I have found it most markedly in one of the two best of the batch of a half-dozen volumes I have before me. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, whose name is widely familiar in connection with books of a widely differing character, makes so brave a start as deviser of a murder mystery that it may well be believed that he will be encouraged to continue upon this new line. He shows himself skilful in the devising of a tangled plot, and interesting in his method of unravelling it, and boldly starts with two murders so ingeniously perpetrated that each victim appears to be the murderer of the other—and

* " The Brooklyn Murders." By G. D. H. Cole. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—" The Island of Destiny." By Arthur J. Rees. 7s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)—" The Beautiful Devil." By Detective Dunn. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)—" The Call-Box Mystery." By John Ironside. 3s. 6d. (Methuen.)—" The Iron Box." By C. Ranger Gull. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)—" Mr. Fortune's Practice." By H. C. Bailey. 6s. (Methuen.)

the majority of his readers will, I fancy, find something of dramatic surprise in the *dénouement*.

Mr. Arthur J. Rees has before proved himself a master of the craft of unfolding a mystery story and though the "murder"—if as such it could be described—which was at the back of Robert Lynngarth's disappearance is not the immediate theme of the story, it plays a sufficiently important part to allow of this book being grouped with companions to most of which as a literary performance it is far superior. Mr. Rees, indeed, may be said to have this advantage over Mr. Cole, that he not only interests us with a carefully planned and well knit story but has the story-teller's gift of stirring our emotions as well.

In "The Beautiful Devil"—as its title seems abundantly to promise—we are introduced to an adventuress of a somewhat conventional type, and the series of remarkably melodramatic happenings in which she plays her sinister part; and what is more we leave her in circumstances which suggest that Detective Dunn may have something more to tell us of her later doings. The associate of crooks and the wife of a man undergoing a long term of imprisonment, we meet her as the "wife" of the Earl of Lanchester, and a woman inspiring passion in men as is the way of the conventional adventuress. The story is one of sensationalism all compact.

Mr. John Ironside shows something of the skilled and practised hand in "The Call-Box Mystery," and though he goes on the rather well-beaten track of incriminating a wholly innocent person, and making the mass of circumstantial evidence overwhelming, he does so without any of that highfalutin which converts tragic drama into melodrama. When a titled lady who is stabbed to death in a telephone call-box is known to have stolen secret dispatches from her husband's safe, and those dispatches are returned through the post a few hours after the discovery of the murder, we have the elements of a thorough mystery. For those responsible for the elucidation of that mystery suspicion points to only one possible culprit, and the author follows the inevitable course of things, and keeps his solution until within a few hours of the time when a fatal miscarriage of justice would have taken place. Of course the reader knows that when the hero of the story is the suspected one his innocence will be established before the end, and readers who have the bad habit of "glancing at the last chapter" before immersing themselves in the story will in the case of a story such as this lose much of the well maintained interest.

"The Iron Box" of Mr. Ranger Gull's story is one brought home from abroad by a certain "rolling stone" of an Irishman, Colonel Moore, and there are the wildest attempts made to get possession of it by his "enemy." Its fortunes—and those of the Colonel's daughter and her lover—are set forth in a series of phantasmagoric chapters that suggest nothing so much as some of the rough-and-tumble stories sometimes shown at the cinemas, which, seeing that film production forms part of the dramatic background, is not altogether unfitting.

Mr. Bailey's volume is one of short stories—"cases" in which Mr. Reginald Fortune, surgeon and scientific adviser to the C.I.D., is concerned. The seven stories, which are of murders and mysteries such as crowd the pages of our fiction magazines, form rather slight material as a volume; in them Mr. Fortune plays somewhat the part of his greater prototype in those stories of Sir Conan Doyle's which may be looked upon as having started the modern fashion in "series" of crime tales linked by the personality of some particular investigator, amateur or professional.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE SCOTTISH MANSE.*

The minister of St. Mary's—the parish kirk of Dundee—has compiled a volume which should go into every manse in Scotland and into every Scottish elder's house, be read by members of all the Scottish churches, and by a host

* "Sons of the Manse." By A. W. Fergusson. 10s. (Dundee: Mathew.)

of church-loving folk south of the Cheviots. This is asking much, to be sure. But the work is so fascinating, and so informative, and so readable, and so inspiring that those of the clergy who read it not, and those of the laity who are tempted to put it aside as more a minister's than a layman's story, will assuredly miss what is a real treasure-house of literary biography and romance.

Mr. Fergusson (we must now say Dr. Fergusson), as one happens to know, has made meticulous research in the preparation of the forty-six chapters which comprise this carefully ordered and well printed book. The hours spent over his growing mass of material can never have been dragging, weary hours. On the contrary they must have been hours of congenial and exhilarating recreation in the life of a busy city pastorate. The author set himself the formidable task of tabulating a record of the children of the Scottish Manse who had climbed to the pinnacle of celebrity which warranted inclusion in the "Dictionary of National Biography." He took its sixty-nine ponderous tomes and, picking out every reference to a Scottish minister's son, piled up a list of 381 out of a possible 2,274 sons of British clergy mentioned in that exhaustive work. Thus he postulates that out of every six or seven clerical sons in the "Dictionary of National Biography" one is a son of the Scottish Manse. Moreover it is found that one out of every six or seven famous Scots is a minister's son. Further, considering the ratio of population, it is seen that three sons of a Scottish manse have risen to fame, whereas the population should lead us to expect but two.

The whole inquiry is stimulating and striking. It is shown beyond dispute that the Scottish manses have always been nurseries of merit and renown—that the inspiring influences emanating therefrom have been great and lasting. Religiously, educationally, socially, the Scottish manses ever since the Reformation have stood in the very van of the nation's progress and have never ceased to indulge their noble and patriotic domesticities. To-day the manse is moulding the present and the future as much as ever it did. The process by which it reacts upon character and destiny is not a declining one. Sons of the manse still attain to great eminence, as is displayed in the recent instances of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and a President of the Court of Session drawn from its ranks. Daughters of the manse, too, pursue their beneficent missions in every profession and, not least, in that oldest profession of all—"mothering" those sons of other manses who will take forward the torch of notability into far distant years.

Dr. Fergusson's remarkable statistics cannot be analysed here. From his list (it is not complete, by any means, for it does not include living representatives) readers will see for themselves the locale of each particular son, his parentage, his date of birth and the distinction which qualifies for a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography's" resplendent bede-roll. The major portion of the book is devoted to an elucidation of Famous Manse Families, of which (if it can be authenticated) the most extraordinary instance seems to be that of a transatlantic manse family—the Woodbridges—who are said to trace a direct clerical ancestry from John Wycliffe's time, a record no Scottish manse can boast of, perhaps no manse of any other Church in the world. But with the Scottish Bonars and the Moncr*eiffs* (not Moncr*ieff*, as Dr. Fergusson has it—they were finical about the spelling of the name) and the Simsons, Listons and others, the Church of Scotland has admirable records to show of that long and honourable service which is "still going strong" in 1923, as in 1723 or earlier. Of the Famous Manses of Scotland Dr. Fergusson is probably right when he assigns the palm to Loudoun, in Ayrshire, where Robert Burns spent a night with his friend the minister, Dr. George Lawrie, and penned the memorable stanzas beginning:

"O Thou dread Power, Who reign'st above"—

verses which banish for ever the suggestion that Burns was irreligious and profane, though he certainly gave hard knocks to some reverend divines who doubtless deserved all they got, and whose names would have passed into oblivion but for the poet's vigorous and well-timed castigations. Almost three-fourths of this delightful study is taken up with biographical matter, and it is here that one comes into the pith and marrow of the book. How many of the most illustrious names in literature, and art, and science, and law, and invention, and travel, and statesmanship, and commerce, and military and naval affairs, are associated with the "simple, homely aristocracy of the Scottish Manse"! Apart from ecclesiastics like Archbishop Leighton and "Cardinal" Carstares, and three and forty Principals—sons of ministers—who have ruled the colleges and universities of Scotland—apart also from moving pulpit orators like Norman Macleod and others, Dr. Fergusson brings together a bewildering array of famous personages who are of more than merely national interest. It was John Witherspoon, for example—a son of the manse of Yester—who revised the Declaration of American Independence and was second signatory to the fateful document. The works of the historian, Principal Robertson, may not be read much nowadays, but Scotland never had a better interpreter of its past. The bard of "The Seasons" was a son of the Scottish Manse. So was John Gibson Lockhart, Sir Walter's biographer. Sir David Wilkie, the painter, and Lord Chancellor Campbell drew first breaths in quiet Fifeshire manses. The "greatest of English ambassadors," Sir Andrew Mitchell, was son of the minister of St Giles's, Edinburgh. In the serener paths of life it must not be forgotten that the founder of Savings Banks sprang from the manse of Lochrutton, that Creech, "Robert Burns's best friend," publisher of the Edinburgh Edition of the Poems, was the minister's son of Newbattle; that the father of the Burnses, founders of the Cunard Line, was minister of the Glasgow Barony; and that the creator of "John Bull" invincible prototype—was John Arbuthnot, in Thackeray's words "one of the wisest, wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind."

Not more than a tasting can be given of this exquisite dish so excellently served up by the minister of Dundee. The whole tone and temper of the book are admirable. There is not an unworthy sentiment, not a misused word, not a criticism to cavil at or to lament. Everything is in estimable balance—in joyful and golden tune. The literary judgments are just and fair. The grace of humour scintillates in every chapter, and there is not a dull page. This is a live book, and it could not have been done in a better spirit.

W. S. CROCKETT.

Novel Notes.

UNDER-LONDON. By Stephen Graham. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

The term "novel" has of recent years grown so elastic that we suppose it may legitimately be applied to Mr. Stephen Graham's new book. But those who look for even the flimsiest thread of "story," in the conventional sense, will be disappointed in "Under-London." There are practically no incidents in it, no "situations," and no love interest. After saying all this, however, we hasten to add that few ordinary novels could be more engrossing than this long series of sketches in which Mr. Graham follows the careers of a number of boys, and of one boy in particular, from their early childhood in the year of the first Jubilee to the outbreak of the Great War. The scene is laid in the East End—not the most sordid East End, but one of those mysterious and pathetic regions of it that still retain some of the respectabilities of Suburbia. To say that the author, with realism just tinged with sentiment, describes in detail the development of these boys, entering into their activities, their escapades, their thoughts and hopes and fears, and that he has made their whole lives and their background live for us, is to convey small idea of the actual charm and interest of his pages. The book is a triumph of insight and sympathy, of delicate humour, and sensitive description.

MONSIEUR ZERO. By Nellie Tom-Gallon and Calder Wilson. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The writers of this fascinating and distinctive book believe that joint authorship of man and woman make for broader outlook and truer representation of men and women in fiction. Certainly the men and women who revolve round the little office of Comus Cibo in Monte Carlo are interesting and cleverly depicted types; and above them all the detective himself stands out as a very human creature—shrewd, quick-witted, a bit of a dandy and quaintly amusing. Known as "Administration 14," he handles cases connected with the gambling-room as nimbly as a juggler catches plates—but his plates are psychological details which, though they miss the perception of the reader, slip like magic into his active fingers. These episodes in the career of a remarkable personality have an unusual setting and are something really new in detective fiction.

WITHOUT JUSTIFICATION. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

Mrs. Victor Rickard's novels are always good company. She touches her readers at many points, and if the plot is not going briskly forward there is some worthy reason for delay. Perhaps a sidelight is being played on the frailties of human nature, or a snatch of phrase from a commonplace conversation is being made to unmask a personality behind. In "Without Justification" Mrs. Rickard is at some pains to draw and differentiate three men friends, and with their actions and reactions on each other and on Hilda Challis the story deals. Hilda is drawn well. Her complex nature calls for the skilful strokes which the author practises. She marries Remington, one of the three friends, does not announce her marriage, finds it a failure and they separate. Lysaght, another of the three, believes himself in love with her, presses her to marry him, and forces her to a confession of the truth. The ending is a little in the air, but we are given to understand that Hilda and Remington make up their quarrel.

PRUNELLO. By S. P. B. Mais. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

This story embraces an extensive view of modern life. The style has the snap and crackle of modernity together with the restlessness of cities. Mr. Mais well knows the surface of the world about which he writes, and it is with the surface that this story is concerned. The tale is simple enough: the history of two pairs of lovers, their swift affinities, their difficulties, their divergence and their final reunion. All this, as far as personal relations are concerned, is upon conventional lines; the psychology is not deep, though the details are more convincing. One does not doubt that the author, like Mr. W. L. George, with whom he has much in common, has used his eyes and his senses. Those readers who have enjoyed Mr. Mais's earlier books will not be disappointed in "Prunello," which will be numbered amongst his best.

A SON AT THE FRONT. By Edith Wharton. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Not even Mrs. Wharton's great talent can make this story seem other than a belated essay in propaganda. Some day the war will fall into place and be a proper subject for artistic treatment; but it is not there yet, at any rate not to Mrs. Wharton. She is still too angry—angry at the attitude of Americans in Paris, angry at German atrocities, angry at the waste and horror of the war; and in spite of some beautiful passages, and some excellent humour and satire, "A Son at the Front" must be reckoned a failure. The son is George Campton, son of the great American painter who lives at Paris, whose wife has divorced him and married the millionaire banker Brant. There is much of Mrs. Wharton's old skill in her depicting of the relations between Campton and Brant, between George and his parents, between George and Brant. The introduction of the war, however, makes these personal issues seem trifling—and Mrs. Wharton is unable to decide about which she really wants to write. So the story rather falls to pieces—while George's love affair with Mrs. Talketh never gets real at all. It is for its incidental humours and its incomparably vivid accounts of Paris in war time that this novel will be read.

BLACKKERCHIEF DICK. By Margery Allingham. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

In these days of occult research this book should arouse attention, for the details of it, we are told, were obtained at séances held on Mersea Island in August, 1921. Miss Allingham, then only seventeen, being one of the company present, took it upon herself to construct the information thus occultly received into a thrilling novel of smuggling days. The novel as a piece of fiction is thoroughly entertaining, for Miss Allingham writes with an ease and finish given to few young writers; but spiritualistic investigators will probably regret that the experiences of the séances were not set forth in an ungarnished manner, and will feel that "Blackkerchief Dick" is too much of a romance to be accepted as evidence. Be that as it may, it is a good yarn, the characters cleverly sketched in. Blackkerchief Dick himself, sleek and fascinating, mingling in his Spanish blood brutality, gallantry and magnetic courage, stands out in sharp relief against the bleak wastes of the Essex marshes; no less real are the simpler English folk—Anny, Hal Grame, the landlord of the Ship Inn, and others who play their parts in an exciting and cleverly handled plot of love and stirring adventure. E. C.



Photo by Hana. **Miss Margery Allingham.**

THE FOOLISH MATRONS. By Donn Byrne. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

There is much that is arresting, much that is finely discerned and finely written in Mr. Donn Byrne's new novel. But there is also much—especially in the latter half of the book—that is unexpectedly thin, theatrical and unsatisfying. "The Foolish Matrons" is the story of one happy marriage and three unhappy ones. Four independent stories, really, for the only connecting link is New York. New York is vividly presented in its aspect of City Sinister, with its lure of pleasure, screaming success and secret vice. Most care has been devoted to the lives of the first two couples introduced—Annis Grand, a great actress, and her surgeon husband, Ian Fraser, and Georgia and Lafayette Wayne. The downfall of the pleasure-loving Georgia is traced step by step with deadly logic, and the author's portrayal of the loathsome Chester King and his kind, in whose vicious net Georgia gets trapped, could hardly be bettered. Of the other foolish matrons who "queer" their married life, Sheila Hopkins, owner of a college degree and a job in a newspaper office, sacrifices domesticity to a dubious "career," while Sappho Shores, who moves in an atmosphere "where the newest, shallower things in art and thought are handled, titillated, and passed by," gives up a good steady man for an adventurer with the name and style of "de Sousa." For its sudden flashes of beauty and understanding, its wonderfully intimate pictures of New York and New Yorkers, as well as for its diagnosis of unhappy marriages, this is a novel that should not be missed.

THE SLEEPER BY MOONLIGHT. By K. Balberine. (Constable.)

As regards the composition the plot of this book is mere fragment, and the book concentrates on the psychological presentation of "Katie." Herein it succeeds, for Katie is convincing, and gradually comes to life as you read. She has been living for some years in an unnatural relationship with Maurice Cavander, who is an intellectual prig. Nervous reactions have long ago marred their relationship, and the book is merely the story of how, and when, she gets away from him. In this she is assisted by John Inglis. He is far too much in love with her, and too simple, to understand her. He is a sailor, and she is an "intellectual," or rather, she is essentially an intelligent woman, and her emotions of body and soul are very closely interconnected. When the book opens John Inglis has just returned from a voyage. He goes to visit Katie down in Cornwall, and the picture of her life is seen through his eyes. His blunt perceptions form a good medium for revealing mysteriously her intellect and soul-experience. Technically there is no start or finish, and it comes with rather a shock when, towards the end, John Inglis suddenly drops his part as medium. During the moonlit crisis in the garden, when Cavander is discovered making real love to another girl, John Inglis has been left indoors, and events are described in plain speech, as they occurred. The story suffers a certain loss of subtlety in consequence.

A DEALER IN ANTIQUES. By Basil Tozer 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

Love and adventures and mysteries and much to-do in England and in Buenos Aires. If you do not mind swallowing a few improbabilities whole (and what is that, said he smiling, to a modern stomach ?) you will enjoy this book, for Mr. Tozer has a way of rushing you breathlessly along from thefts to—well, certain things which I am not going to mention lest I spoil his plot for you. If you are going on a good long train journey—without too many eerie tunnels this book will almost certainly make you forget the junction at which you should change, so be sure and tip the guard before you start.

HARLEQUIN AND COLUMBINE. By Booth Tarkington. 5s. (Heinemann.)

"Harlequin and Columbine," written ten years ago, is a story of the theatrical world which carries very little conviction with it. The particular aspect of stage life described was, as Mr. Booth Tarkington says in a prefatory note, even then "faded and passing"; but this would not have detracted from the interest of the book if the author had managed to infuse a little blood instead of sawdust into his characters. As it is, "Harlequin and Columbine" fails to give intelligent pleasure the primary object of fiction—because of this presentment of stock types. Talbot Potter, the actor-manager, who is the central figure of the novel, is merely a younger, more personable, and more talented edition of Mr. Vincent Crummles (Americanised). The remainder of the cast, the young playwright whose comedy is mangled by Potter in order to create an effective part for himself; the sweet young understudy with whom both dramatist and star fall in love, and who is secretly married to the stage manager —these puppets are too well known and their attire is threadbare. Written in a semi-sentimental, semi-humorous style which is not devoid of grace, "Harlequin and Columbine" will afford half an hour's pleasant distraction to an uncritical reader.

SOME PLAIN, SOME COLOURED. By J. J. Bell. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Long ago Mr. Bell defied the public demand for more stories about Wee Macgreegor and has given us a host of yarns more or less adventurous. But the Wee Macgreegor label sticks fast and is the best of introductions to its numerous successors. In a collection of short stories a writer can be all things to all men within the compass of 300 odd pages. Here we have seventeen stories dealing with tragedy, comedy, pathos and mystery. When Mr. Bell gives us pure adventure he is less successful. We do not

feel proud but rather annoyed at having envisaged the end from the beginning. The chase falls flat and we plod wearily on to the end. There is really only one here as bad as all that, the rest are redeemed by some vital quality. When the author shows us the rogue, the thief or the man of sharp practice outwitted by one of his own kind, he has us with him every step of the way, as in "The Price of a House" and "Doubles." In "The Laird's Lucky Number" we get the real old-time flavour of Mr. Bell's humour; it sets us chuckling happily. "Fellow Travellers," "Maggie" and "Lottie Fortune" are perfect gems of Scottish life, full of tender, wistful beauty, and the characters are well contrasted. The note of tragedy is touched again and again, but melodrama is carefully avoided.

THE SINS YE DO. By Emmeline Morrison. 7s. net. (John Long.)

The author of "Good Grain," the £500 Prize Novel in Mr. John Long's 1921 competition, has achieved another success with her latest book, "The Sins Ye Do." The theme is a little daring, but so delicately handled that even the most fastidious reader will find nothing in the story to jar his finer senses. Nadine, the daughter of a mother whose name has been dragged through the divorce courts, falls in love with one of the men who, unjustly, has shared her mother's disgrace. This tale is of their secret marriage, long separation, and the lies and misunderstandings that keep them asunder. They meet again after years of suffering, in which the war has played its part, and—what then? Miss Morrison handles the situation ably and, with the gift of the true story-teller, keeps the interest taut. One feels little or no sympathy with Ronald Hillier, in spite of his remorse; but the girl, of whose innocence and ignorance he takes advantage, is well drawn, and arouses our pity by reason of her helplessness and temperamental loneliness.

WOMEN OF THE HILLS. By Harry Tighe. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

What is love? If Mr. Tighe does not answer the question in his excellent study of French married life, he discusses it very thoroughly and certainly tells us what it is not. Anne-Miette, familiar only with the rough love of the men of her native Vence, despises as weakness the tender affection of her city husband who would save her all pain. Anne-Miette, ailing, departs joyously with little Miette to her beloved hill home. By the time Francois joins her Anne has responded to the passionate advances of Napoleon, the Corsican grocer. Francois in revenge sets up a rival store and ruins his wife's lover. Anne's second love has a tragic ending; at no time did it bring her happiness. Love is translated differently by each character; Madame Pilain, a painted old woman of many loves, who adopts Miette, perhaps gets nearest the truth in her worldly scheming for the child, or else she builded better than she knew. Miette has a flash of intuition. "If we always give love only to one person, so many must go without." The author shows much careful observation and his style is very straightforward; he does not compromise with truth. Though we can love none of the characters, we are absorbedly interested in them. In Miette we get a very convincing study of the child mind.

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER. By Althea Brooke. (Heinemann.)

A sympathetic and powerful study of a woman's jealousy. The relation between a husband and wife who see their love die, and find in its place bitterness and bitter argumentative words, is portrayed with a simple and genuine understanding, and also with commendable courage. The cause for jealousy between these two comes in an insidious form, through an intellectual sympathy between the husband and another woman. The intimacies and reserves of personal contact are delicately though somewhat naïvely handled, and the story is brought to a conclusive finish. We hope the authoress will write another book starting from that larger, more impersonal theme suggested on the last page.

The Bookman's Table.

THE PAGEANT OF GREECE. Edited by R. W. Livingstone. 6s. 6d. (Clarendon Press.)

In "The Legacy of Greece," Mr. Livingstone presented a series of essays by expert scholars on various aspects of the Greek genius. In his present and companion volume he lets that genius speak for itself. It is a book not about Greece but of Greece. "But it is not a mere anthology of selections. I have tried, as far as possible," says Mr. Livingstone, "to piece the passages together in a continuous whole, and, further, to trace the growth of Greek literature, and indicate the historical background in which it is set. Anyone who reads these passages will not merely read famous or typical extracts from the great Greek writers, but will also follow in outline the most important part of that vast intellectual development which started with Homer and outlasted the Roman Empire." Mr. Livingstone has done his work with great skill; his selections, which are taken from the best available translations, are excellently chosen, and his connecting commentary, the cement which binds together the bricks of his beautiful edifice, shows a fine critical judgment. His division is according to subject, tragedy, comedy, history, philosophy, history, and so on; and within each division the arrangement is chronological. This is probably better than would have been a purely chronological order, which might have resulted in a confused impression. As it is, whoever reads this handsome volume through, whether he have small Greek or none, will certainly finish with a clear and vivid impression of the greatest of civilisations, quintessentialised by its greatest intellects. He will have lived in such a world of beauty and lucid wisdom as no other race of men has ever created, and doubtless he will be tempted to further exploration. It may even be that he will be moved to draw his old schoolbooks from their forgotten shelves, and try once more to master the golden language which the methods of schoolmasters too often made the bugbear of boyhood. More probably he will content himself with reading fully the translations which Mr. Livingstone has given him in part; and, though not to know Greek is inevitably to miss the finest shades of the Greek spirit, to read Murray's Euripides or Rogers's Aristophanes, for example, besides bringing him very near to the originals will heighten his sense of the greatness of his own language. At any rate he will be grateful to Mr. Livingstone, and will eagerly anticipate his half-promised sequel dealing with the less glorious but hardly less interesting writers of the Silver Age.

THE MIND AND WHAT WE OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT IT. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The title of this book is a good indication of its useful contents—eight lectures delivered to the People's League of Health by distinguished authorities upon the following aspects of a big subject: Primitive Instincts in the Human Mind; Sensation, Perception, Ideation, and Attention; Association of Ideas, Recognition, and Memory; Habit and Adaptation; Fatigue and Sleep; Mind and Body; Crime and Delinquency; and Mental Deficiency. Only rudimentary considerations enter into the scheme of these very readable little studies, of course; but it is a sound and comprehensive scheme from following which the general reader will gain enlightenment upon his own and the mind of other people. More: the realisation of the continuous links between emotion and reason, instinct and intellect, thought and action in the individual, and again the social soil or racial memory out of which these spring and in which they often merge, provides a good fundamental scaffolding from which may be built up an intelligent and well proportioned philosophy of society. Many people are too prone to dismiss philosophical views with an impatient "about it and about!" but the test of good citizenship and noble nationality includes to an ever increasing degree a wide and intelligent understanding

of psychology. This book will surely prove on that account of considerable social service, and one could wish to see it in the hands of senior school teachers and lecturers on citizenship whose task is to lay intellectual foundations. The authors, all of them except Dr. Macnamara (who is an authority on sociology, and who speaks here of "Habit and Adaptation"), are men eminent in medical science. The result is an absence of unsafe speculation and a clarity of expression which belongs to those who know what they are talking about. There are plenty of adventurous books for the reader who is stimulated by this one to pursue the subject, books as admirable, for instance, as Mr. Austin Freeman's "Social Decay and Regeneration," the late H. M. Hyndman's "Evolution of Revolution," Dr. Rudolf Steiner's "The Three-Fold State" and Professor McDougall's "Social Psychology."

ROMAN POETRY. By E. E. Sikes, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of St. John's College, Cambridge. 8s. 6d. (Methuen.)

As a corpus of æsthetic criticism dealing with the Latin Poets Mr. Sikes's dissertation on "Roman Poetry" merits the high praise due to the work of a writer who is at once steeped in the classics and an adept in the comparative method of criticism. To make Virgil, Horace, Catullus and Lucretius alive to twentieth century readers requires a combination of the scholarship of Connington and Robinson Ellis with the humanism and modernism of Frederick Myers and Gilbert Murray; and it is because Mr. Sikes is at once an erudite Latinist and a fully equipped judge of English poetry that he is able to shed so much new light on a well-explored field. Whether he is discussing "style," "environment," or the stock epithet "doctus," he is always fresh and suggestive; he can even find something new and true to say on so hackneyed a theme as the Greek and Roman feeling for Nature and appreciation of landscape.

THE LIFE-STORY OF A HUMANIST. By F. J. Gould. 4s. 6d. net. (Watts.)

This little book—too slight to be regarded as an autobiography—is a record of Mr. Gould's experiences in association with various Ethnical and Secular Institutions, and an attempt to trace the evolution of his own mind, from the early days when he was surrounded by religious and pseudo-religious influences to the time of his present eminence as a leader of humanitarian thought. Throughout his career Mr. Gould has been an inspirer of the young idea in the pursuit of "The Good, the Beautiful, the True"; a formula which is occasionally varied by another format—Love, Order and Progress. There is a good deal of argument about it and about, and Mr. Gould neatly scores off certain divines who, impressed by the moral sincerity of the young pioneer, feared that his moral courage would lead him astray. A chapel deacon once wrote to Mr. Gould imploring him to "give up Atheistic literature and turn again to the Word of God," enclosing the sum of £1 as an encouragement to fly from the Devil. "I always recall with satisfaction," writes Mr. Gould, "that this city gentleman and experienced valuer had definitely valued my soul at One Pound." After a long connection with the Freethought and Positivist Associations, Mr. Gould branched out on his own and, in 1899, published the first of the now famous Moral Instruction books. Always a rationalist of strikingly original tendencies, he travelled abroad, learned much from Indian philosophy, and appears to have been deeply impressed by the material success of America. Mr. Gould's style is rather Victorian; he has a penchant for the capital letter. If his doctrine is a little vague, the value of his social work is unimpeachable, and everybody who appreciates his skill as a teacher of children and the real moral purpose underlying his life endeavour, will read his book with interest. He is a born evangelist; and his honest doubts, leading him as they did once, to deplore the absence of a similar motive in the works of Shakespeare or Charles Dickens; or to fight hard for the right to instruct without dogma, never interfered with the ruling passion of his life.

CHILDREN'S STORIES AND HOW TO TELL THEM. By Woutrina A. Bone. 4s. 6d. net. (Christophers.)

A book to fill with misgivings and forebodings the happy-go-lucky teller of stories. It shows how the stories you tell or do not tell may deeply affect the after-life of the child listener for worse. Pitfalls lie on every hand. Story-telling is evidently not a profession to be lightly undertaken. Luckily, merely to read the book through will illuminate unforgettably the whole subject of the story as well as the child mind. It is impressed on the reader that his knowledge must not be obtruded upon the child; his mind must be a deep well out of which sparkling water is handed by the cupful. The three chapters on "The Place of Stories," "The Technique of Story-Telling" and "Picture-Making" are full of thought and beauty, glowing with colour. The whole genius of story-telling seems to lie in these few words from Chapter IV: "The story must be thoroughly known, believed in and enjoyed by the teller; and it must for the time being possess him. Only after it has been chosen (and sometimes it seems as if it were the other way, and that the story actually claims the teller), studied, thought about and allowed to sink into the self, is it really ready to be *shared* . . . not just passed on, but really shared." There is a forty-page bibliography at the end which makes no claim to be exhaustive—children have a vast literature of their very own. Everyone who has to do with children should buy this book.

MILTON AGONISTES. By E. H. Visiak. 3s. 6d. (Philpot.)

Mr. E. H. Visiak, himself best known for his poetry, has written a "metaphysical criticism" of one of the greatest of poets which is of remarkable interest. His book is a short one, but it is packed close with thought, packed so close indeed that it is not altogether easy reading. Mr. Visiak, who deals as much with Milton's prose as with his verse, has been influenced by his subject to a pregnancy of utterance which makes for obscurity to all but the most concentrated attention. There is no reason, however, why he should have indulged the weaknesses of a careless generation, have given it a "Milton without tears"; and the attention which he demands he amply rewards. For there is not only thought in his argument, but imagination; and his is a new envisagement of an old theme. His method is to some extent psycho-analytical; but he has his own reading of the theory of repressions and refuses to be bound by the Freudian formula. "There are," he says, "greater sufferings and nobler struggles" than those allowed for by the eminent psychologist. "There are frustrated ideals as well as repressed desires; and these, in my view, are the motive of epic or tragic genius which is manifested by a modified operation of a similar power, by a correspondingly greater force of repression, creative organisation and volcanic upheaval: a vent, an outcome by breaking violent way through obstruction; an insurgent reaction in the world of imagination. There is involved, not the repression of a personal wish, as in the case of ordinary dreams, but the positive frustration of a universal ideal; not the whim of a day, but the aspiration of a life." "Paradise Lost," in Mr. Visiak's view, is the expression of the poet's disillusionment at the failure of the Commonwealth, and the fallen angels "disguised" or "inverted" symbols of his own shattered ideals. This however is but one thread of a complex argument, the whole of which it would be impossible to unravel in a short review. No doubt there is much that is debatable matter in Mr. Visiak's book. His Milton will not be every man's; but at least he is not a lifeless or academic figure, not the repellent puritan whom critics of the "hearty" school are wont to represent him. He is a man of noble dreams and fervent passions, of dreams unrealised and passions unfulfilled. He is an agonist.

Music.

THE WELSH EISTEDDFOD.

By Anthony Clyne.

A FEW days after returning from this year's Eisteddfod at Mold I happened upon this exquisite specimen of mid-Victorian John-Bullishness, from a leading article in *The Times* in 1866:

> "An Eisteddfod is one of the most mischievous and selfish pieces of sentimentalism that could possibly be perpetrated. It is simply a foolish interference with the natural progress of civilisation and prosperity. Not only the energy and power, but the intelligence and music of Europe, have come mainly from Teutonic sources, and this glorification of everything Celtic, if it were not pedantry, would be sheer ignorance. The sooner all Welsh specialities disappear from the face of the earth the better."

That expresses one school, and at Mold one heard rumours of the activities of the opposite school, the perfervid Nationalists, the artistic Sinn Feiners of Wales, whose zeal for Celticism has swamped not only the catholicity of true culture but the moderation of common sense. A very small body of fanatics, with no one of light and leading to lend his name to their pseudo-patriotism, they have, it is said, organised a campaign to influence the music board appointed by the Bardic Gorsedd. The most eminent musicians and composers of Wales, through this board, are in the future to guide the decisions of the committees in selecting the various test pieces, ensuring that the music of Wales and of Welsh composers occupies its proper place in the programmes. The Nationalist extremists conspire to make the programmes almost exclusively Welsh, exerting themselves to oust "foreign" influences and have "Wales, Wales, glorious Wales" and nothing but Wales. But, let us rejoice, there is Sir Walford Davies to show the better way, not really a middle course between two extremes, for in art one cannot strike averages and devise compromises, but an altogether higher course which leads upward and away from the stagnation of Nationalist backwaters without leaving the flowing stream of Cymric inspiration and enthusiasm.

Welsh music and its great annual festival are, as Sir Walford Davies says, at a parting of the ways. If Nationalist exclusiveness and rooted conservatism is to triumph, if Welsh musicians and music-lovers are to be shut off from the music of the outside world, then

whatever the popular success and financial prosperity of the Eisteddfod, its doom as a music festival is sealed. To pack the programme with inferior native works is fatal. It must remain truly and splendidly Welsh, but in vital contact with the great music of the world, not afraid of comparison with universal standards nor clinging to narrow ideals. "The Welsh child," said Sir Walford Davies (and for "child" we may substitute "people"), "will no more lose its identity and become German by studying Bach's Passion Music than it will lose its native aspirations and become Hebrew by studying St. Paul—thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians." The National Director of Music is doing a great work for Welsh music in combating the foolish prejudices which must extinguish the national genius. The question is whether the Eisteddfod is to be a more or less picturesque adornment of "the Celtic fringe," like the tartan or the shillelagh, or whether it is to be a Cymric glory which shall evoke the admiration of all and fertilise the whole national life. At the Eisteddfod at Barry in 1920 I listened to a notable address protesting against submergence in such matters as bardic lore and narrowly national achievements. Certainly tenacious holding to tradition has contributed to the strength of Welsh music, but it has also induced its weakness by isolating it from European influences, by excluding outside stimulus. All the development, one might say, was gained from what Mendelssohn had taught. Then, last year at Ammanford, the process of liberation began. It is a liberation not only from narrow Nationalism, but from excessive emotionalism to the neglect of intellectual substance, from slavery to merely attractive melody and lack of appreciation of form, delicacy of harmony, subtlety of rhythm. Last year Cyril Jenkins's music dominated the Eisteddfod, and he is a modern with an extra-national reputation. Bach's Mass in B minor was given for the first time in Wales, but in rather poor fashion. This year, in the little Flintshire town, there were signs that the newly-won freedom is being enlarged.

The outstanding feature was the performance of Bach's "Passion according to Saint Matthew." The music of the chorales, with English and Welsh words, was circulated among the vast audience, which was invited to join in singing them. The effect of that Thursday evening is not going to evaporate and leave only a memory of Bach's tender and devout meditation. Those chorales are going to be sung this winter by many a church and chapel choir. They are going to become a touchstone. Welsh singers have had their appetite whetted, and the rest will follow, provided only that the foolish rebellion against Sir Walford Davies's leadership is confined to its little clique. The test piece of the chief open choral competition was Bach's motet, "Jesu, Priceless Treasure." Mr. Graham, in his recent admirable little book, "A Century of Welsh Music," tells how, when an adjudicator protested against the absence of Bach in a festival's programme, the committee maintained that experience has proved that very few Welsh choirs could sing Bach's motets. Here were three of the five competing choirs, three Welsh choirs, earning admiration for their interpretative powers, even when their technique was imperfect.



But an Eisteddfod is still, of course, a medley of good, bad and indifferent music rendered in good, bad and indifferent fashion. There is crying need for drastic reform in the choice of test pieces. The meretriciously pretty, the commonplace, the weakly emotional seemed worse than they really were in contrast with Bach's sincerity and thoughtfulness. In the principal male voice choral contest the singing was unmistakably below the usual Eisteddfod standard, and famous Welsh choirs were vanquished by an English one, as in the other chief competition for male choirs Americans triumphed. One of the tests was an empty love song, a pleasant trifle, but for a test in the great festival of the land famous for male choral singing an absurd selection. The other test was Dr. Vaughan Thomas's "Up Hill," which reminds one that Dr. Thomas holds that no critic unacquainted with the Welsh language is qualified to criticise Welsh choral music. Here is an example of what Nationalism in music will make even Dr. Thomas say. It would be far more reasonable to assert that no one but a Catholic is justified in having an opinion about Palestrina.



Photo by Walter Scott, Bradford. **Professor H. Walford Davies, Mus.Doc.**

Besides Bach and the choral singing and the gradual fading of beauty and meaning from each test after repetitions by vigorous brass bands and earnest choirs and individual performers of varying capabilities, three things stand out, for different reasons, among memories of this year's Eisteddfod—the children and young people, the solo of Miss Ceinwen Rolands, and the concert by the British Symphony Orchestra. One remembers the real talent sometimes shown by juvenile choirs and often by juvenile soloists and performers, though not seldom the material was unworthy—the open competition for choirs of children under fifteen, an occasional soloist of remarkable quality, and that sonatina of Dvorák by young violinists. Where skill was defective and understanding cloudy, there was always genuine keenness, not merely to win the prize but for the music. One remembers the children and young people because it was so evident that a very considerable volume of music-sense lies latent in the people, an inherent hunger for beauty and truth in music; and because it was so evident that if the Eisteddfod is developed along the right lines it will perform immense good by admitting the younger generation to the freedom of the world's great music. One remembers the winner in the open solo competition because her rendering of the simple Welsh song was indeed faultlessly perfect, and because it proved that the Eisteddfod can discover such instances of transcendent natural genius. One remembers the orchestral concert because, among Beethoven and Wagner and Elgar, came an orchestral poem, "Morfa Rhuddlan," by Morfudd Owen, a Welsh composer who died in 1918, when she was but twenty-five. Nothing could have illustrated better the potentialities and limitations of Welsh music. It was based on a melancholy traditional Welsh melody, an excellent choice. It contained episodes of great beauty. But there were connecting passages of mere convention, and the whole betrayed just that lack of form, of intellectual grasp as distinguished from emotional appeal, of architectural strength, which only wider musical culture can remedy. What Welsh musicians and music-lovers need is what Mr. Ernest Newman has called "the European mind," which does not mean that any part of their national heritage will be lost or their national individuality be submerged.

HEAVENLY TWINS.

Never, perhaps, since the Tudor days of masterly musicianship, have really noble lyrics been sought out as now they are by our more fastidious composers. Even the popular ballad-concert song occasionally reaches us, trailing clouds of glory in the shape of a lovely lyric. The latter may have been "set" cheaply and inadequately, but still, there it is: at the worst, it helps to redeem the poor setting, and at the best it provides another example of those Heavenly Twins, beautiful words and beautiful music, the consort and concert of all that we love the most. Seldom can these Twins be of exactly equal merit, because they really exist on different planes. Language is restricted in its means of expression—it is confined within certain limitations—the language of lyric poetry, especially, where music is capable of expressing in a single instant some emotion for ever beyond the reach of words. "Oh! what is this that knows the road I came?" cries Rossetti in "The Monochord." Yes—what is it? Nobody has ever found a satisfactory answer.

Our chief lyric poets of the last three decades are being sought out for the purposes of this celestial kinship: the matchless melodic phrases of Campion and the Elizabethan lyrists are being rediscovered, like a long-lost gold mine; and many composers, no longer satisfied with the stale and trivial, are deliberately discriminative in their choice of charming stanzas. For instance, could anybody hit on more inspiriting lines than Masefield's "Cargoes" to

which Easthope Martin has supplied an equally vigorous setting ? This is a bracing and refreshing ditty: you can feel salt air blowing through it. I don't like the bass moving in octaves with the voice at the end of each verse, but this seems a favourite device with present-day composers, and sometimes of course they obtain a specific effect with it. It occurs in several of the songs on our list.*

Drinkwater's "Cotswold Love," on the other hand, is not a poem which cries aloud for music. It is a dainty tripping thing in itself, but it is purely descriptive, and has no definite finale—indeed, the last four lines are the weakest of the twenty-four. And Mr. Michael Mullinar has accordingly not been inspired by it. He has followed the strongly marked rhythm somewhat mechanically, with a rather perfunctory tune. If taken pretty fast by a robust baritone, it will go down all right, but it hardly strikes one as likely to elicit an encore.

The name of Granville Bantock disposes one to expect good things. His "Songs of Childhood" deal with a childhood remembered in later life, when one has acquired that verbal felicity which alone can recapture and reclothe one's earliest dreams. Graham Robertson's fascinating lyrics are well adapted for treatment. Of these three songs—all suited to medium voices "Babyland" will probably prove first favourite, with its appropriate simplicity and prettiness. "Lullabye" is, to my mind, happier in the refrain of each verse than in the verse itself: it is a berceuse, with a persistent rocking-cradle rhythm in the pianoforte part, very cleverly contrived on a pedal discord, so as to produce with extraordinary verisimilitude the exact *wooden* effect intended. The music of "Dream Merchandise" responds to the character of its subject with remarkable fidelity: this, artistically speaking, is the best of the series, and demands a higher degree of sympathy from vocalist and pianist.

"Au clair de la lune, Mon ami Pierrot"—I wonder how often the queer old rhyme has furnished material to painter and composer? Cyril Scott's "elaboration" of this is another example of its allurement. He has supplied the requisite touch of quaintness, and the stiff, archaic style of the old melody, almost verging on the ecclesiastical, is varied by the extremely modern harmonisation of the last verse. I should not class this among his most remarkable efforts, but that it faithfully reproduces the spirit of the words there is no doubt whatever.

Comment has been previously made, in this column, on the compositions of Mr. Reginald C. Robbins. They are, in a sense, bewildering. There are nearly forty of them—the words being all selected from the finest British poetry—the voice-parts, in a declamatory manner, invariably written for bass or baritone—the accompaniments elaborately independent. They are exceedingly ambitious, yet I do not find them inspiring: they are assuredly very able as contemplative monologues in music, with a hint of the dramatic here and there, yet to me they are not beautiful. There is one note to each word for the most part, or one word to each note, and sometimes that word on that note is all but alarming, as when the singer must shout "sting" *fortissimo* on his top F. Many baritones would declare that they "no can do" such a feat with any result short of comic. One recognises the sincere

* "Cargoes." Words by John Masefield. Music by Easthope Martin. 2s. (Enoch.)—"Cotswold Love." Words by John Drinkwater. Music by Michael Mullinar. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Songs of Childhood: Babyland, Lullabye, Dream Merchandise." Words by Graham Robertson. Music by Granville Bantock. 2s. each. (Elkin.)—"In the Silver Moonbeams." Words adapted from old French song. Music by Cyril Scott. 2s. (Elkin.)—"Ode to Duty." Words by W. Wordsworth. Music by Reginald C. Robbins. 2s. (Senart.)—"Evening." Words by W. E. Henley. Music by Reginald C. Robbins. 2s. (Senart.)—"The Great Misgiving." Words by Sir William Watson. Music by Reginald C. Robbins. 2s. (Senart.)—"Stanzas from the Ode in May." Words by Sir William Watson. Music by Reginald C. Robbins. 2s. net. (Senart.)

aims, the sympathetic insight, the laudable intentions of Mr. Robbins; but somehow they do not combine and evolve as they should. "A soul is measured by the height of its aspiration," yet surely he is a bold man who would tackle the "Ode to Duty." He nearly arrives; you can feel and realise his ulterior meaning; but philosophic recitative of this sort will rarely commend itself to the world at large. I doubt that it ever will, through the medium of Mr. Robbins. Still, he is on the right track.

"Fast, fast, the Great Twin Brethren came spurring from the East." They are already here, and their devotees are daily increasing; a fact of most hopeful, most delightful significance.

MAY BYRON.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

COUNTRY PIECES. By Roger Quilter. (Winthrop Rogers.)

Fresh, melodious and lilting, these four "Country Pieces" for the piano, by Roger Quilter, are delightful. There is a jolly, swinging "Shepherd's Song"; a quaint little piece called "Goblins"; a tender "Forest Lullaby"; and a gay, dancing "Pipe and Tabor" tune. As is usual with Roger Quilter music, these four pieces dance straightway into your head and heart.

ROMANESCA. C. Chaminade. (Enoch.)

There are some beautiful passages in this passionate and difficult-to-play Chaminade piece. It has depth and great feeling.

SOUVENIR DE VIENNE. By Cyril Scott. (Elkin.)

If you are a Cyril Scott admirer you will like this waltz; but if you are not you will probably dislike it heartily.

CELTIC SUITE. By Joseph Holbrooke. (Paxton.)

The average player who wrestles with these four typically Holbrooke pieces, may at the end be exhausted, but he will feel the keen satisfaction of having found music of interest and character.

EQUINOX. By John Ireland. (Augener.)

A skilful pianoforte solo—full of restlessness and agitation.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN. By Adam Carse. (Augener.)

Jolly settings of a number of old English Nursery Rhymes such as "The Fox and the Farmer," "There was a little man and he had a little gun," "The Key of the Kingdom," "There was an old Woman toss'd up in a Blanket," and so on.

ROUNDS AND CATCHES. Edited by Henry Tolhurst. (Paxton.)

An entertaining little book, in which, for those who do not know, is explained the meaning of Rounds and Catches. The musical Catch originated about the early part of the seventeenth century. Among the contents are "Mister Speaker, tho' 'tis late," "Fie, John," "A Comical Fellow," "Come a-Maying," "Long Life to the Old" and many others—some grave, some gay.

(1) AN IDYLL. (2) COUNTRY DANCE. (3) COWSLIPS. By Christian Schäfer. (Augener.)

These three are pretty, but rather tame. They are the first of Six Pieces for the Piano, by Christian Schäfer.

THE ANGELS ARE STOOPING. By Maurice Besly. (Enoch.)

A pleasing setting of W. B. Yeats's poem.

The Drama.

THE PHŒNIX SOCIETY, 1922-3.*

BY GRAHAM SUTTON.

THIS bird springs best from the authentic ash; there can be no decent resurrection from the dust-bin. The bin has been sifted once or twice by the Society's selectors, but last season's choice was excellent. Marlowe has found a place at last . . . I will not contend that "The Jew of Malta" is a great play, nor Marlowe a great dramatist: only that your pioneer is worth a host of successors: that your trail-blazer moves forward in a glory of his own; and that the rant of Marlowe has a bigness which not even the craft and sophistication of a Jonson can altogether obliterate. The Society has now given us a sample of each. After "The Jew of Malta," it eclipsed a good "Volpone" and a bad "Bartholomew Fair" with a really tremendous "Alchemist." Between these came Ford's "'Tis Pity," a thing of exquisite tenderness despite its tortured theme. Lastly, "The Faithful Shepherdess"—a new departure for the Phœnix Society, with full music and special scenery in place of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's standard setting. I did not see this last production (from all accounts it was a great success, to which Sir Thomas Beecham contributed no less than the other actors), but the hit of the evening, as I understand, was the Magic Well whose recurrent miracle provoked loud and ironic applause. In print, certainly, its function is absurd enough; I cite it here to illustrate the growing tendency of Phœnix audiences to find their own comic relief from Elizabethan horror or tedium. Sometimes the new joke has sprung from a chance topical reference—Miss Yarde's high-tragical "Give me the bird" was irresistible; sometimes our laughter, still spontaneous, was a little deplorable; one laughed, caught off one's guard, at somebody's announcement in "The Jew of Malta" that "the nuns are all dead," and not even Mr. Baliol Holloway could save the descent of Barabas into his own incinerator from being greeted with the utmost hilarity. I see no harm in this: *autres temps autres mœurs*. The important thing is that these old plays, if reproduced at all, should come to vigorous life; and if their illustrious authors sometimes took themselves a shade too seriously, by all means let modern frivolity restore the human balance. Indeed the Society might go further still, in cases where burlesque is superfluous—Dryden's for instance. "All for Love" and "Amphitryon" proved tedious

* The Phœnix Society, 36, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

stuff; why not "The Conquest of Granada," played for all it is worth? "The Rehearsal" itself could hardly be more amusing.

In acting, the Phœnix moults no feather; but Mr. Baliol Holloway remains the bright particular plume of its crest. As Barabas he was excellent, playing the Jew (with the least possible sacrifice of dignity) in a vein of subtle irony which went far to rescue the part from the complete bathos of its last two acts. As the Alchemist he surpassed himself; it were worth while for a foreigner, knowing no word of English, to sit listening to the ironic inflections of that crafty, plausible voice; it were worth-while for a stone-deaf auditor to watch the eloquent hands. He has the gift of tongues, the gift of brains: that dreadful bogie, the "aside," is at his adroit command: he has the supreme gift of never seeming too clever. In his work alone, incomprehensibly neglected elsewhere, the Phœnix justifies its existence. Another tower of strength is Miss Margaret Yarde; her Dol Common and Bellamira were as triumphant as they were utterly different from one's preconception; she is the very Falstaff of courtesans. Other good performances were given by Mr. Ion Swinley and Miss Moyna Macgill as Ford's pair of lovers: by Mr. Ernest Thesiger, a grotesque Ithamore in which Aubrey Beardsley seemed to collaborate: by Mr. Frank Cellier as Sir Epicure, the authentic Luxury of the morality plays: and by Mr. Stanley Lathbury in another of his exquisitely malicious little sketches of fatuity. All round, a most successful year. Next season I hope the increasing membership of the Society may call for extra productions: two crowded nights are far too short a run for work of such quality.

THREE GREEN GODDESSES.*

"Each time a new book comes out," remarked some sage, "I read an old one . . ." When "The Green Goddess" reached me I reopened an old one by Mr. Archer himself, the already classic "Playmaking," and turned up that page on which the author confesses his youthful inability to fill out a play. Well, he has changed all that with a vengeance—two or three vengeances, in fact: for the play (whose story at this time of day needs no re-telling) is full to the brim with plot and counterplot, with moving accidents and hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach of international amity made by the Raja of Rukh. But I found more than I bargained for in "Playmaking"—one does: it is that kind of book. I found a comparison of playwriting and novelwriting; and "The Green Goddess" has been novelised by Mrs. Louise Jordan Miln, who seems to specialise in this by-path of literature. I must confess that novels are not much in my line; continual playreading is apt to spoil one for novels, with their minute insistence on so much that a good play evokes from the imagination; and in the present instance I should most certainly advise that the novel be read first. Its first section is anterior to the play, Mrs. Miln ingeniously providing a past for Mr. Archer's English characters. (Why not for the Raja, by the way? His youth in England should afford good material.) And although neither here nor later is the story padded, yet the fact remains that all these details add nothing to Mr. Archer's lean and pithy dialogue. Shifting our point of view a little, we may discover in the novel a high compliment to its original's workmanship. Its three hundred pages never

* "The Green Goddess." By William Archer. 6s. (Heinemann.)—"The Green Goddess." By Louise Jordan Miln. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Green Goddess." At the St. James's Theatre.

flag, even if they are read after the play; nevertheless they are contained comfortably in Mr. Archer's four acts, which, like all good drama, tell one much more than they profess to tell, and perhaps more than even the dramatist consciously intended.

Indeed the distinction of this play lies far more in its craftsmanship than in its plot, whose bare bones (if the truth be told) are as commonplace as those of most good melodrama. Mr. Archer's technique courts danger for the fun of the thing. Note this suave Raja's sudden ferocities of speech; in old melodrama, where no one spoke quite naturally, such lines were all in the picture; they are more dangerous cheek by jowl with the slick modernity of this more thoughtful play. . . . "Pleasure? The pleasure of a double vengeance. Vengeance for to-day—my brothers—and vengeance for centuries of subjection and insult. . . ." It is great fun to be adroit enough to let your villain say things like that, without the play's balance crashing as disastrously as the hero's aeroplane. And Mr. Archer does so. He plays, too, with a Gilbertian bathos delightfully, and in a way no dramatist without a very sure sense of the theatre would dare to do. Notice another speech of Rukh's, sandwiched in between a poignant love-scene and some barbaric "frightfulness." . . . "I am, for the moment, not a king but a priest, and must observe a certain dignity. Ridiculous, isn't it?" A purely literary man might write a line like that in all innocence; a man of moderate stage-experience would leave it severely alone; once again, Mr. Archer pulls it off.

About the acting there is not much to be said. I felt no raptures in it (save for a touch or two by Mr. Hatherton as the valet), but it was always workmanlike and quite equal to the task set by the dramatist. The producer apparently had thought otherwise. . . . London likes musical comedy: and it is conceivable that the additions and cuts, which have turned the play's last few minutes into something perilously like those of a musical comedy, may improve its chances here; but why anyone should want to invert the final situation, by making the Raja collapse and quell his subjects' rage instead of calling the aviator's bluff and then being overruled by their terror, must remain an enigma. Improved thus, with changes and quickened *tempo*, the play ends on a note of frank apology for having a last act at all—an apology perhaps justified by the present circumstances: but how easily avoidable readers of the text may judge.

R. G. S.

THE GLOBE THEATRE. "Our Betters." By W. Somerset Maugham.

Mr. Somerset Maugham bitterly satirises the wealthy American ladies who come to this country and make loveless marriages with peers for the sake of a title. The whole action of the play takes place in the Mayfair and Suffolk mansions of Lady George Grayston, a beautiful, heartless, unscrupulous woman who is known to pull more strings than anyone else in Society. (It is rumoured . . . but does not the programme state that the characters are "entirely imaginary"?) The play is a presentation of petty and sordid intrigue, centring in a sudden foolishness on the part of Lady George, from which she only extricates herself by consummate ability and callousness. Against the background of a vapid and voluptuous Society world is set the pure love of an unspoiled American youth for his old friend, Lady George's sister. Mr. Maugham is not always convincing, and some of his situations are slightly forced. But there can be no question of his wit and incisiveness. Miss Margaret Bannerman as Lady George; Miss Constance Collier as the weak, sensual Duchess; and Miss Marion Terry as the disillusioned and tender-hearted Principessa Delia Cercola, are all admirable. The male parts are quite subsidiary; but Mr. Reginald Owen as Gilbert Paxton and Mr. Henry Ford as "the man of mystery" received deserved applause.

G. T.

THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED AUTUMN SUPPLEMENT

THE DIARY OF A JOURNALIST.

By Sir Henry Lucy. 12s. (Murray.)

If perorations have had their day, as Mr. Asquith declares, it is very clear that anecdotes remain in fashion. Most of our dailies make provision for this demand for unfamiliar stories about well-known people, and competition is so keen that the field is heavily over-worked. In some offices the task of editing the "chestnut" department has become so irksome that the commission is avoided like the plague; and one of the symptoms of a fresh appointment is a tendency to requisition certain classics which have done duty over and over again, sometimes in the same paper. To jaded departmentalists like these, a volume of Sir Henry Lucy's memories must come like water on a thirsty soil. He has known "everybody who is anybody" in the last half-century of English public life, and by his impartial and irresponsible position has kept in touch with the members of all parties at once. "Mr. Punch" is supposed to know no frontiers in politics, and "Toby, M.P.," has long been his model guide for alertness and balance of mind in the recording of party conflict and Parliamentary life.



From Canterbury (*S.P.C.K.*)

St. Dunstan's Street and West Gate.

From a painting attributed to Henry Dawson.

Your true chronicler always keeps something for a rainy day and tells less than he knows. Like Time itself, he keeps a wallet at his back wherein he puts alms for oblivion —or words to that effect. Sir Henry has improved on this by keeping a diary which is at once a reflex of his own cheery disposition and the confidences of his many friends. But it stamps this diary of his as characteristic and uncommon that he nowhere departs from the line of discretion, and never stoops to the necessity of sacrificing other people's reputations in order to spread his own. He has already given us a couple of volumes under the present title, and the quality of this, the third, bears out the verdict we ventured on before, when we foretold a future for the series not incomparable with that of famous predecessors like the voluminous diary of Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff. It is safe now to improve upon this tribute, for Grant-Duff's diary dwindled in freshness and merit towards the end, and this is a common fault which Sir Henry's old experience as a journalist teaches him to avoid. The result in the present instance is a fund of vivid, and often intimate, recollections of notable people which will long furnish a quarry for the allusive writer and the "agreeable rattle" who keeps things lively at the average club or dinner party.

Quotation is so tempting that one may claim credit for resisting it, but one or two of the lighter things in the book may be indicated as samples of the rest. We read of Queen Alexandra twitting her husband with his bad marksmanship, and provoking Abbey the Academician to impatience by the fragility of her appointments. We encounter the Prince of Wales in the character of a story-teller at an early age, and reeling off a fairy story where a poverty-stricken couple in the depth of need sent for the footman and ordered refreshments without any misgiving whatever. There is a reminiscence of Princess Mary standing on her juvenile dignity and being reminded by Queen Mary that even a princess must learn to be a lady.

Earl Winterton comes in for a telling yarn where a fellow guest confided to him that at first he had "taken him for that d—-d fool, Lord Turnour," and the jest lies in the fact, of course, that this was the earl's courtesy title not so long ago. The late Lord Harcourt was once bewildered, and his friends delighted, by a postcard which baffled conjecture, till it turned out that Lady Lucy had mixed up two messages in one missive, and the destination for the second half was a local tradesman. The war furnishes a couple of yarns worth adding to its gayer memories: one of a hospital where a gift of venison provoked the Tommies to don their gas-masks, and another of an Irish longshoreman who planted mines for the German Government without a qualm, simply because his brother, Mike, got more from the British Government for taking them up.

Sir Henry's preoccupation with politics has led him into a quaint error where he speaks of the late Monsignor Capel being forced to leave the "Ministry," which (even if true in substance) is too political in form. But the blemishes are few in a book which bristles with names and associations, all yielding gossip and amusement under the author's genial spell.

J. P. Collins.

CANTERBURY.

By Dorothy Gardiner. 4s. (The Sheldon Press.)

A welcome addition to the series of "The Story of the English Towns." Miss Gardiner has made the city and citizen life of Canterbury the subject of her book. The

cathedral, set among blossoming cherry orchards, is seen in the background. The book is packed with incident, some old, some newly minted from records. The amount of material available for compiling this short history is stupendous, but Miss Gardiner has chosen well, with taste and restraint. The book admits the reader to view one of the longest, most brilliant and varied pageants of this old country. The author uses a charm that renders the past visible and peoples the narrow streets with men and women of bygone centuries. One of the most interesting chapters is entitled "Work and Play under the Tudors," dealing with the markets held there from Saxon times, the crafts, mysteries or fellowships—approximating to the London Guilds—and the Corpus Christi and other religious plays, dramas and pageants which vastly entertained the easily amused folk of a day that dreamed not of cinemas. The illustrations are unusually interesting to modern eyes.



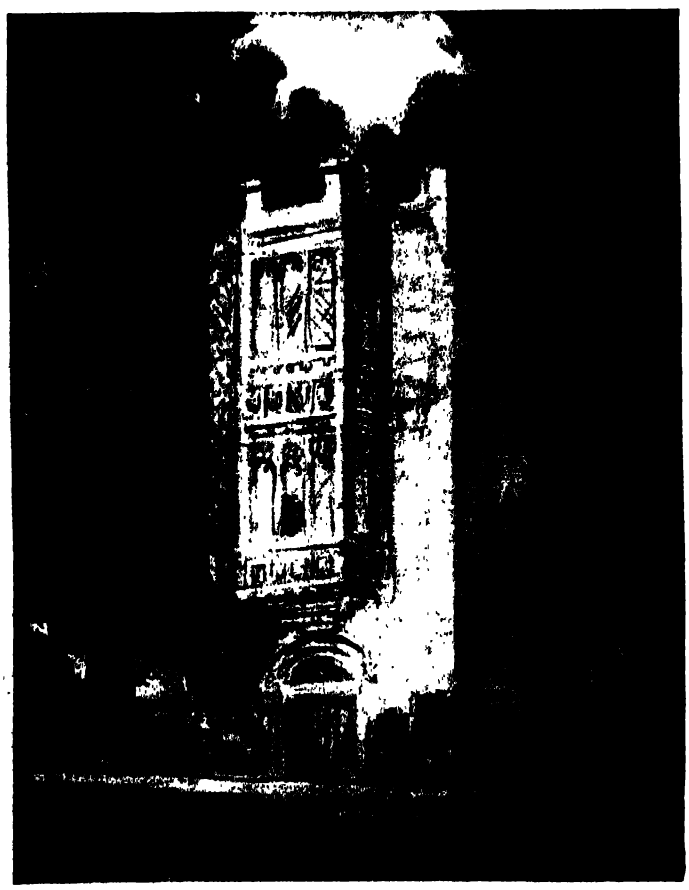
From **Travels in East Anglia** (*Methuen*). **THE HAY-WAIN.**

From a painting by Constable in the Nationa Gallery.

TRAVELS IN EAST ANGLIA.

By F. V. MORLEY. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

There are grander and more beautiful corners of England, but none more truly English than East Anglia. Here tradition lingers among quiet meads, mellow orchards, low hills and shining stretches of water. Mr. Morley's book will tempt many to explore those counties of which he writes, following the route he follows, so rich in history and atmosphere. The places he describes, though beloved by those who know them, are mostly off the track of the ordinary holiday-maker, and perhaps it is just this that keeps them so distinctive and unspoiled. "Associations," he says, "are the best part of travel"; and he revives old stories, half-forgotten personalities and incidents, throwing the glamour of the ever-living past over cities and villages included in his wanderings. The work is embellished by two exquisite reproductions of water-colour drawings by Walter Dexter, R.B.A., several monotone prints and a couple of maps which will prove specially interesting to the intending pilgrim—for it is certain that the magic of Mr. Morley's pen will lure many through the roads and lanes of the Eastern Counties. A more fascinating pilgrimage cannot be imagined.



From **Highways and Byways in Dorset** New edition (*Macmillan*). **THE GATE HOUSE, CERNE ABBEY.**

THE JORDANS.

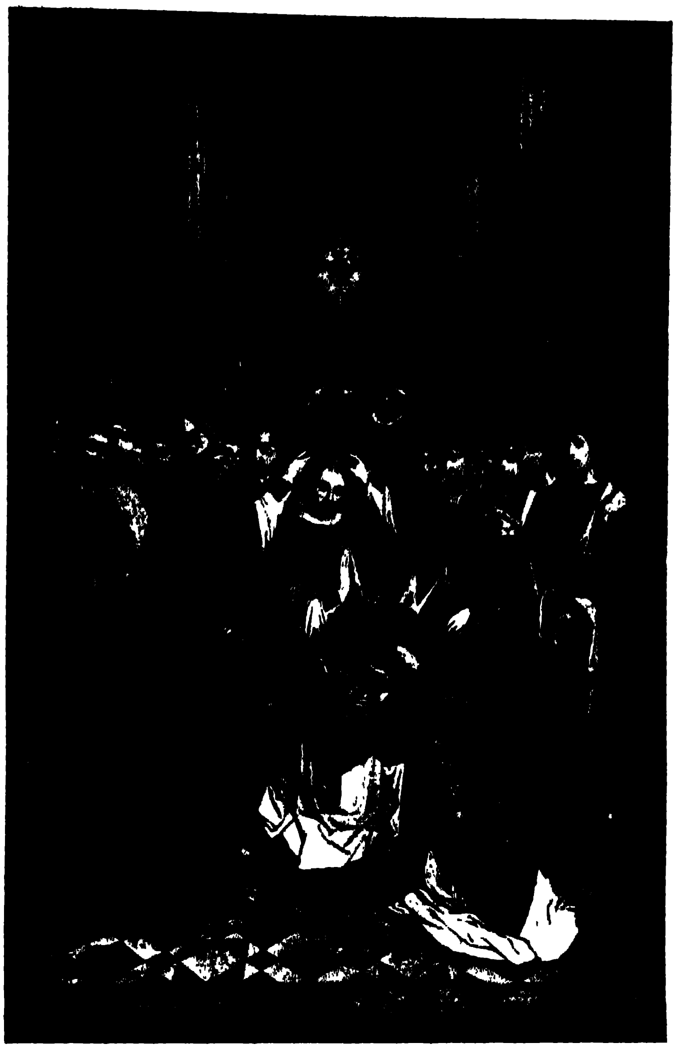
By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

"The Jordans" is a story of extraordinary power and strength; rugged, realistic, sordid in parts, tremendously alive. The people in this remarkable book are as far removed from the usual "fiction characters" as the poles are apart. There are few books that would not seem somewhat anæmic if read immediately after "The Jordans." And yet it is simply the story of the Jordan family, and their little world in South Africa. There are vivid word pictures of the diamond fields in 1871, and of Johannesburg, where young Daniel Jordan is born and brought up. Daniel, with his reserve, his pride, his egotism, his pluck, is not altogether likeable, but he is very human. Charlie Jordan, his brother, a born rebel who, although terribly ill, becomes the men's leader in the great Rand strike which was so nearly successful last year, makes an excellent foil to Daniel. Charlie, unkempt, unlettered, bitter, full of vain boastings and vile language, the hero of all the rag-tag and bob-tail; Daniel, cultured, fastidious, adopted by a wealthy Rand magnate, and sent to Oxford to complete his education. These two alone would be the making of a book. But add to these Henry Jordan, their father—shiftless, hopeless, one of life's failures—and his slatternly, untidy, coarse, hot-tempered wife, the boy's mother; the three Jordan sisters; and Benjamin Jessel, the millionaire who adopts Daniel; and Celia, the girl Daniel loves and loses, and finds again when he has outgrown her, and no longer wants her; and Celia's family: with such a gallery as this, described in their creator's sympathetic, dispassionate manner, the book is lifted clear out of the ordinary rut. The author has dared to give her story a gloomy ending—but one feels it is the right ending, and no other would have been possible. "The Jordans" places Sarah Gertrude Millin among writers of to-day who really count.

THE PAGEANT OF MEDIÆVAL ENGLAND.

By Nicholas Guildford. Illustrated. 3s. (Bell.)

In this fascinating little book Mr. Guildford has set himself to show in vivid pageant the richness and reality of the life of mediæval England by bringing together "examples of the great art of literature, drawn from the pages of mediæval writers," and supplementing this with narrative and descriptions that help the reader to recognise the history that is implicit in that literature. His admirably presented records of the period, and the numerous illustrations reproduced from old books and manuscripts, bring vividly and interestingly home to the reader how the people of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries lived and thought and their general outlook on the world at large. A delightfully entertaining as well as an instructive volume.



From The Pageant of Mediæval England (*Bell*).

The Enthronement of Thomas a Becket. By Jan van Eyck.

COUNTRY FOLK.

By P. H. Ditchfield. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Mr. Ditchfield has written separate books on the old time parson, the country squire, the parish clerk, and several on various aspects of country life in general, for in that life and among those people he has spent his days. He draws their characters and pictures their environment vividly and from intimate personal acquaintance. In "Country Folk" he necessarily introduces you to several of the rural personages who figure in his other books, but he introduces you also to many others, and offers you a full and very interesting gallery of the wide variety of folk who make up the population of a country parish. He is a delightfully gossipy chronicler, wise in the lore of the country-side and rich in amusing anecdotes about the types he sketches for you. Also he has his own opinions on the problems that face the men and women with whom his own lot has been cast, and he gives them as frankly as he gives his views of the men and women themselves. To all who are looking for good entertainment we strongly recommend this able and interesting survey and commentary on the village community and all that concerns it.



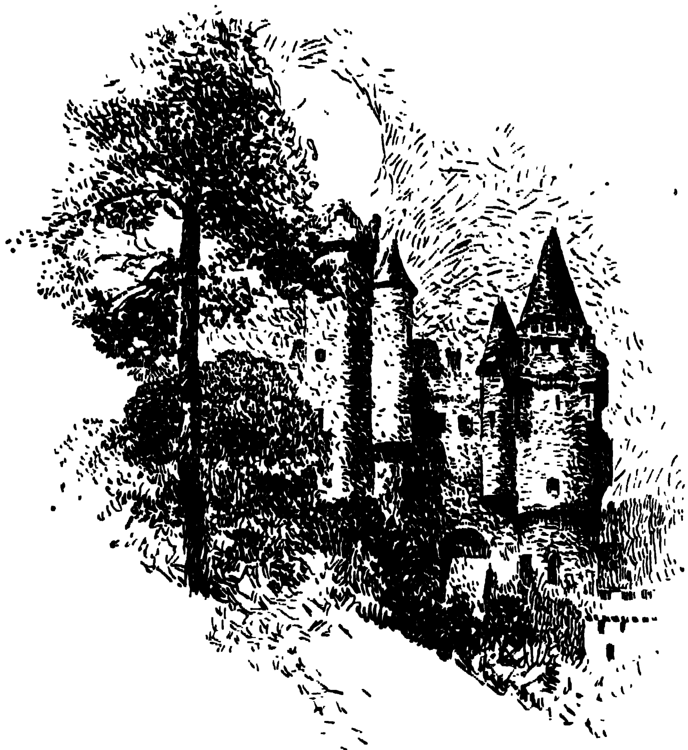
From Country Folk (*Methuen*).

Country Folk.

THE FOUR STRAGGLERS.

By Frank L. Packard. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Packard knows his work from Alpha to Omega· he has a fearsome acquaintance with the ways of the aristocratic "crook" and has woven a thrilling tale from the career of the dreaded "Shadow Varne" whose exploits made half the world talk. Most of the action takes place on one of the "keys" off Florida, where the cool and calculating villain himself is baffled in his pursuit of unearned wealth, and it is here that the reader will gain the most hair-raising sensation—and exactly how we will not betray, save to say that an octopus has a hand—or a tentacle—in it. All ends well for the lady in the case, who is a certain sweet Polly, the villain's ward; but even now we do not feel quite sure that Shadow Varne is done for. He may have escaped—to figure again in one of these surprisingly clever tales of the underworld.



From **The Prisoner of Zenda**
New illustrated edition
(*Arrowsmith*).

THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

THE BATH ROAD. PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

By CHARLES G. HARPER. Illustrated by the Author and from old prints, etc. 7s. 6d. each. (Cecil Palmer.)

These are the latest additions to Mr. Harper's altogether admirable "Road Book" series. Which is the most interesting—the story of the highway along which fashion and frivolity used to go to "take the waters and revel in the recreations of the Pump Room," or the story of the "Sailors' Highway" to Portsmouth—it is impossible for the present reader to say, for he has found so much of varied interest and entertainment in both, and both are so abundantly rich in associations with literary, artistic political and other famous or picturesque historical personages. It is enough to say that Mr. Harper has done his work thoroughly and done it well, and has produced the most ideal of guide-books that are not only of service in directing the traveller on all points, but make excellent reading, apart from their unfailing utility. Not the least of their attractions are Mr. Harper's own vivid and delicately-finished drawings, to say nothing of the portraits and charming old prints, of which there are in all well over a hundred in the two volumes.

POND LIFE:

The Story of a Strange World.

By EDWARD C. ASH, M.R.A.C. 1s. (Holden.)

"The flower vase on your table contains a multitude of the most extraordinary folk—crystal-like people, who race to and fro with great energy, and have the most astonishing life-stories," is a sentence in the preface of this engaging little volume. A pregnant sentence, which will set the reader to work at once. The book is much helped by its excellent text drawings and is written with a gay enthusiasm. It is packed with facts and details.

TUTANKHAMEN, AMENISM, ATENISM AND EGYPTIAN MONOTHEISM.

By SIR E. A. WALLIS BUDGE, M.A., Litt.D., F.S.A. 10s. 6d. (Martin Hopkinson.)

When the late Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter discovered the tomb of Tutankhamen last December the announcement of the completeness and value and marvellous beauty of their great find sent a thrill of wonder and expectation through all civilised countries. An immense amount of public interest was directed towards the actual tomb and its disclosures, and also to the King himself and to the period of Egyptian history to which his reign was central. He was the successor of Amenhetep IV, about whom so much enthusiastic but unbalanced rhetoric has been written, claiming him as the "great reformer," "the world's first revolutionist," the "first *individual* in human history." As a matter of fact this monarch, better known as Akhenaten, was a hydrocephalous, religious fanatic, who managed to let his kingdom drift a long way to ruin while he enforced a change of religion upon a reluctant people. Sir Ernest Wallis Budge has done a good service in this brief account of the reign of Tutankhamen, of the religions of Amen and Aten, and of the Monotheism of Egypt. It was written at the suggestion of Lord Carnarvon and is intended to give something like accurate information on a theme which has been greatly distorted and beclouded. Sir Ernest makes it clear that the spirituality of the Aten cult is largely an invention of modern writers who sacrifice stern fact to atmosphere. His book is quite indispensable for anyone who wishes to get a trustworthy idea of the truth about the period.



From **The Bath Road**
(*Cecil Palmer*).

WOOLHAMPTON.

THE PILGRIMS' ROAD.

By F. C. Elliston Erwood. 4s. 6d. net. (The Homeland Association.)

It is thirteen years since the first edition of this book was issued for the delight of twentieth century pilgrims of the Old Road, and now comes a second edition in which Mr. Erwood proves himself a man of courage as well as an industrious inquirer after truth. For in these pages the author perpetrates a *volte-face*, and gives his reasons. No longer, he contends, can this famous track from Winchester to Canterbury be regarded as the customary path of the mediæval pilgrims. " An early enthusiasm for things mediæval, as delineated in Malory and Morris, the sense of the picturesque in Chaucer's Pilgrims, the easy flowing prose of Mr. Belloc, led me into accepting things that never should have been accepted without much more inquiry than I gave to them." The prehistoric use of long stretches of the road, however, is beyond doubt, though proof is lacking that the road was continuous in prehistoric times. With its quarry of information, its abundant maps and illustrations, this little book will find a cherished place in many a walker's knapsack.

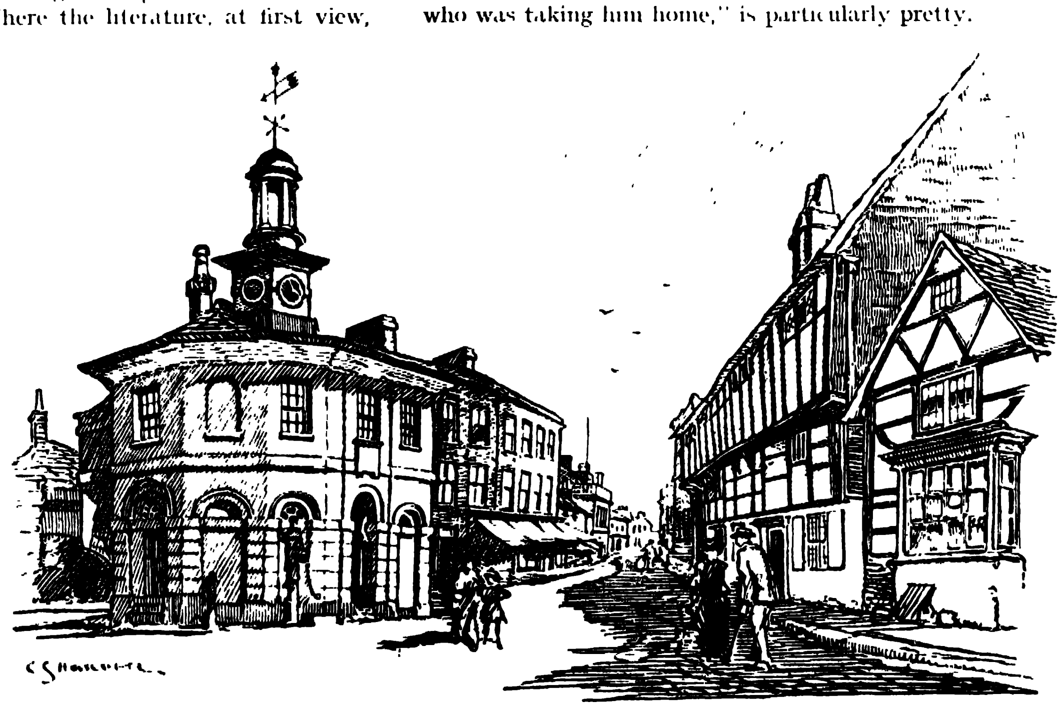


From The Pilgrims' Road (*Homeland Association*). **St. Cross, Winchester** (The entrance gateway).

FEMINISM IN GREEK LITERATURE FROM HOMER TO ARISTOTLE.

By F. A. Wright, M.A. 6s. net. (Routledge.)

Most of us are Greek in some sense; some of us are Greek in several senses; few imaginations that turn habitually to art and literature are proof against a tendency to idealise Hellenic things. Mr. Wright, for all his Greek knowledge and enthusiasm, supplies in this matter a certain corrective, even a challenge. Sensitive to Attic beauty and insight, he yet dwells with a suave seriousness on the reactionary, the inhuman and the hideous in that ancient world which moves or dominates us still. He treats of the almost open state of sex-war that for centuries obtained in Ionia and Athens, with its lamentable results; he urges, and goes far to prove, that the Greek world perished eventually from a low ideal of womanhood and a degradation of women which found grim expression in literature as in the social life. Where the literature, at first view, seems a vivid contradiction to the theory, he shows that mighty makers thereof were in sheer opposition to the spirit and practice of their countrymen. Devoted students, even experts, cannot fail to find arresting points and a certain refreshing of their views in his considercation of master-spirits like Æschylus, Euripides, Plato, and more. Æschylus to him is a lonely figure in Athens; Euripides and Plato are almost the only Greek authors who show any true appreciation of the real qualities of woman; Aristotle in this regard "lent the weight of his name to a profound error." The study shows at times that critical quality which becomes, in a sense, creative.

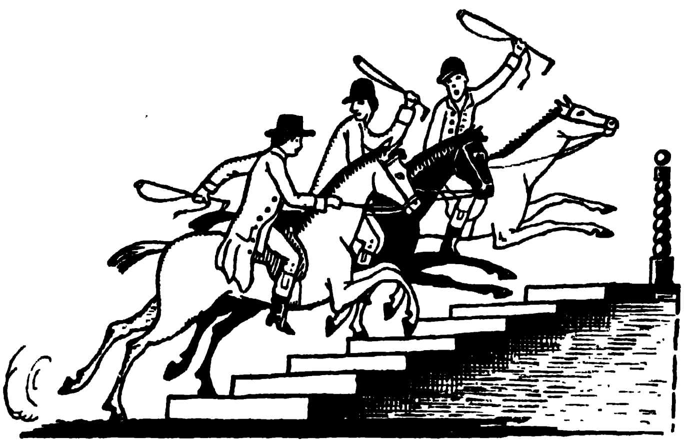


From **The Portsmouth Road** (*Cecil Palmer*). **Godalming.**

THE DODO'S EGG.

By Kathleen Coales. 7s. 6d. (Philpot.)

"'Get up,' said the Owl. So they caught hold of a feather here, and hoisted themselves to a higher plume there, and at last found themselves comfortably seated upon the Owl's broad back. It was rather like sitting on an eiderdown. . . ." This is a bit snatched from a set of fairy tales which will go to satisfy the hunger that exists in the minds of many little folk for more and more about the fairy-world. The author's own pictures add to the value of the book, and "He thought it must be the wind who was taking him home," is particularly pretty.



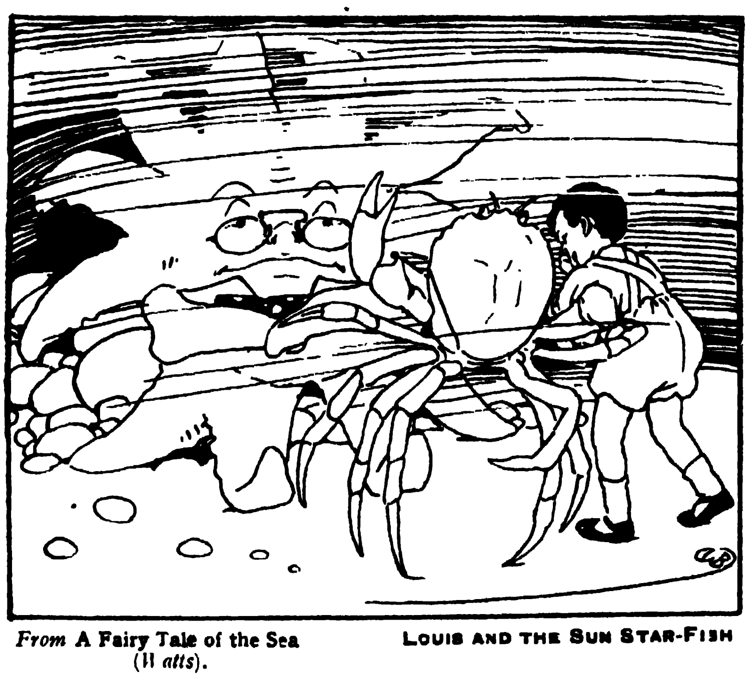
From The Huntsmen
A Poem by Walter de la Mare
(*Poetry Bookshop*).

HEAD-PIECE.
By Ethelbert White.

THE RUMOUR.

A Play by C. K. MUNRO. 5s. net. (Collins)

Nothing could be more different from his popular boarding-house comedy than Mr. Munro's play "The Rumour." Rebels, pacifists, cynics—in fact, all sensible post-war people—will read and enjoy "The Rumour" with the same relish that more orthodox people are reading and enjoying Mr. Asquith's "The Genesis of the War." In this play, which was apparently written earlier than "At Mrs. Beam's," Mr. Munro traces the birth of a European war, involving Przimiprzak (pronounced "Shimishake") and Loria and Great Britain, to a false rumour deliberately set on foot by a group of vulgar financiers. The press, the politicians, the stupidity of the diplomats, the sinister astuteness of the armament ring, the panic of the common people, the lies and the manipulation of lies that play so important a part in the genesis of wars—all are strikingly exemplified in this remarkable play. Little wonder, with such a field to cover, if "The Rumour" tends to sprawl, verbally, geographically and dramatically. As the author admits in a foreword, the breathless audience of to-day will insist on a condensed version. But the more thoughtfully inclined will like the play as it stands.



From A Fairy Tale of the Sea
(Watts).

LOUIS AND THE SUN STAR-FISH

WHIRLWIND.

By H. C. M. HARDINGE.
(Putnams.)
7s. 6d.

If the royal road to success is to keep people wondering, then this "first" novel seems well advanced in that direction. Its author may reasonably defy any ordinary fiction reader to unravel the tangle of consanguinity and cross-purposes here contrived; and he has certainly combined with the publisher to baffle anticipation early on. You encounter a motley "jacket" which is a carnival of saturnalian figures with more colour than costume, and more paper streamers than coherent outline. After this engaging onslaught on our attention comes an opening chapter which plunges us into the old Catholic and county prejudices of the Dalisons and their set; and the second chapter switches us off at a tangent into one of the most elaborate and eloquent panegyrics of Sussex scenery to be found outside the pages of Kipling or Ollivant or Sheila Kaye-Smith. But there is a connecting link, a coherent atmosphere throughout the book in the shape of the author's vivacity with the pen. It is a medley of colloquialisms, high spirits, confidential asides and fresh observation



From Windy Nights
A Poem by R. L. Stevenson
(*Poetry Bookshop*).

TAIL-PIECE.
By John Nash.

which is as symptomatic of the times as Mah-Jong or the "new music." So there is no danger of the reader forsaking the yarn until he finds himself launched upon one of the most ingenious complexes in relationship that one remembers. The problem of Sir Desmond Antrobus to marry again, and of his runaway wife to keep the facts from her son, is a clever resetting of the old paternity triangle which Gilbert used in "Iolanthe," but here instead of lyrics and Sullivan's enchanting music we are given a most effective and explicit text which is rich in atmosphere, sympathy and the pageantry of place and season. There is an irresistible logic in the fate that awaits the butterfly wife's mother in the last short chapter, and the rest of the group are the better able to bear the blow because whatever else the novel may be, it has wasted no time or space on mawkish sentiment. It is furiously alive, observant, entertaining and original.

THE INNERMOST ROOM.

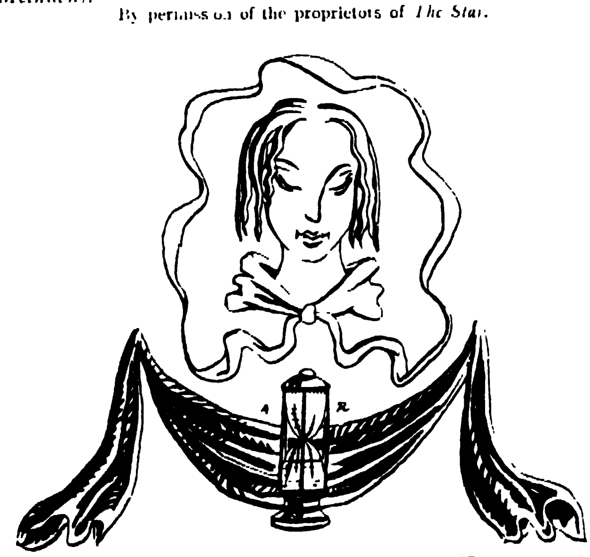
By RIEHMAEL CROMPTON.
7s. 6d.
(Melrose.)

This is the story of Bridget Horton. She is introduced as a little girl of ten, and the development of her spiritual career is carefully followed through her school and college career, and her later secretarial work, until her marriage. It is a straightforward story, told vividly and simply except for occasional lapses into the sentimental, which will probably make the book all the more popular. Bridget is the younger member of an orphan family. She has an elder sister and two big brothers. Two maiden aunts housekeep for them and "mother" the girls. Bridget's attitude towards life is a combination of imaginative appreciation and of fear. She has a sensitive and mystic vision, and as she grows up she preserves within her soul a quiet reserve, an "inner chamber" of wonder and of fear. And she cannot face marriage until she finds the man who holds the key to this "innermost chamber." The characters in the book are convincing, and the different relationships of the family are well developed. Bridget's sister, Gloria, is a very central and interesting figure, and her friends, Faith and Gladys, all "live" and fulfil themselves. The amusing aunts of the family form a successful interlude. With all these people, very different in nature, Bridget has a bond by reason of her gentleness and intuitive sympathy. Because of her own fear she understands the weakness of others. There is an adolescent simplicity about Bridget's own romance—and there are too many adjectives in the descriptions.



From Low and I (*Methuen*).

By permission of the proprietors of *The Star*.



From Journey's End
A poem by Humbert Wolfe
(*Poetry Bookshop*).

TAIL-PIECE
By Albert Rutherston.

But the book is vivid and free from the morbid element so usual in modern life-stories.

LOW AND I.

By F. W. THOMAS.
Pictures by LOW.
(Methuen.)

If anybody sings "Oh, you take the 'I' road and I'll take the Low road," or remarks that his tastes are Low after reading "I's" book, you must charge his frivolity to the account (joint) of Mr. F. W. Thomas and Mr. Low. These merry fellows—Thomas (alias "I") with his pen and Low with his sketch-block—have for many moons delighted the readers of Monday's edition of the *Star* with a series of thrilling accounts of their adventures in and about London. "I's" phrases and Low's pictures are both so delightful that together they are irresistible. Every dentist should have a copy of the complete book in his waiting-room; it would save him pounds and pounds in laughing-gas. How good for all who love laughter is their "Day on the Ocean Wave" on board the s.s. *Kingwood*, which "lay straining at her moorings by Westminster Bridge, impatient to start on her quest into the uncharted waters that lie between the Tate Gallery and Brentford Gas Works"! And their account of the Round Pond—probably so called because it isn't. There one meets the Ancient Mariners who are just as keen on sailing their boats as are their grandchildren—and even more so sometimes. But get the book for yourself and wander with Thomas and Low to the Tower, the Monument, the "Proms," the Row, the Smithfield Market, and then rise up and call these men blessed for having made you forget for a space even your income-tax demand note.

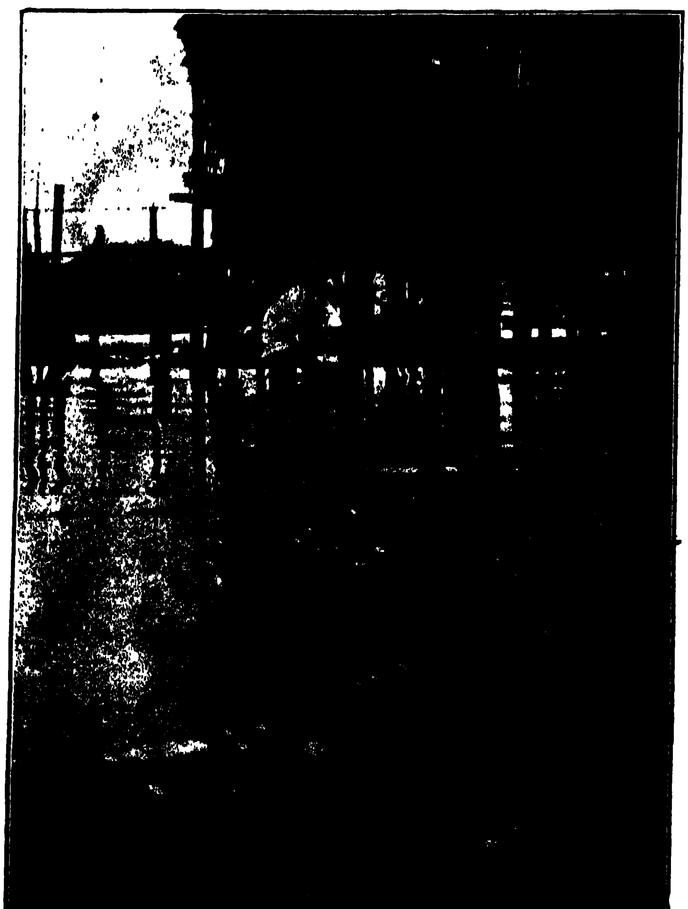


From **Hebridean Memories** (*Cassells*). **SUNSET ON LOCH DRINDIBERG, SOUTH UIST.**

HEBRIDEAN MEMORIES.

By SETON GORDON, F.Z.S. 15s. net. (Cassells.)

There are two scientists to-day who by their writings have done more than any others to bring the world of nature before the average man. They are, pre-eminently, Professor J. Arthur Thomson and Mr. Seton Gordon. It does not seem long since Mr. Gordon's last volume, "Amid Snowy Wastes," was published, and now he leaves the Spitzbergen archipelago and comes nearer home. "Hebridean Memories" has the advantage over the earlier book in that its subject will appeal to a larger number of amateur scientists. Skye and the Isle of Mull, for example, are not outside the circle of the tourist nature-lover, and a peculiar charm of a holiday in these lands of the West is the contrasts of scenery, of landscape, seascape and animal life that are offered. During an hour's walk in Mull Mr. Gordon saw something of the haunts of the eagle and the ptarmigan, the otter, the razorbill and the oyster-catcher; willow-warblers were singing in woods of birches; Beinn Mhor and Hecla were raising rugged slopes some ninety miles away. Throughout the book, giving it a quality distinctive among travel books, is the charm of manner in style. There are some one hundred illustrations in this handsome volume from untouched photographs taken by the author or his wife.



From **The City of Many Waters** By Peter Blundell (*Arrowsmith*). **A BRUNEI HOUSEMAID AT WORK.**

BANNERTAIL.

The Story of a Graysquirrel.

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Do you know why the squirrel's tail is so wonderfully fluffy and plume-like? "It is his special gift, a vital part of his outfit, the secret of his life. The 'possum's tail is to swing by, the fox's tail for a blanket wrap, but the squirrel's tail is a parachute, a 'land-easy'; with that in perfect trim he can fall from any height in any tree and be sure of this, that he will land with ease and lightness, and on his feet." Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton's new romance of woodland life is the story of a little Gray squirrel, orphaned, and mothered by an old cat who has a baby kitten in a barn; later, owing to a fire at the farm the Graysquirrel takes to the woods, and there we follow his life story, which is quite as exciting as any human being's story can be. The book is teeming with interesting information of woodland life- information imparted in so delightful and entertaining a way that one scarcely realises what a lot one is learning until the book is finished and laid down. The ideas emphasised by Mr. Seton throughout the story are: (1) That animals owe still more to racial teaching, or instinct, than they do to their mother's teaching—if they can live through the dangerous time of infancy; (2) Nature has rigorous ways of dealing with immorality in animals—by which is meant "any habit or practice that would in its final working tend to destroy the race"; (3) that "animals, like ourselves, must maintain ceaseless war against insect parasites—or perish!"; (4) that the Graysquirrel, or its kin, has planted practically every tree in the nut forests of America. "No squirrels, no nut-trees." It is a fascinating book, and is illustrated with a hundred drawings by the author.



From **A Vision of Morocco** (*Thornton Butterworth*). **MARRIKUT: THE TOMBS OF THE SAADIEN SULTANS.**

WORKERS ALL.

By PAUL TRENT. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

Mr. Paul Trent is an industrious writer. His new novel, "Workers All," is the eighteenth published by the Ward, Lock house. The big ingredients of life—and of melodrama—are in it: love, revenge, ambition, pride. The treatment is on strictly "popular" lines, and although the setting is modern, the dialogue lacks modernity. Mr. Trent is, however, an excellent hand at plot and counterplot; and this is the strong point of "Workers All." The main conflict is between love and revenge masquerading as duty. At first all one's sympathy is with the beautiful heroine Beatrice, whose picture on the "jacket" is so intriguing; but when her pride gradually approaches pig-headedness, and her talk grows correspondingly stilted, she is a little tedious. The villain is most consistent in his villainies; but the she-villain has a sudden and swift change of heart upon her marriage with an American millionaire, and works towards that happy ending which you feel sure is in the offing. Mr. Trent's "public" will eagerly follow the career of his hero, who has to pay cruelly for his dead father's sin in building up a fortune on a patent stolen from Beatrice's father. This novel would film well.



From The Last Secrets
By John Buchan
(Nelson).

VIEW OF THE POTALA MONASTERY AT LHASA, WITH THE CHORTAN IN THE FOREGROUND.

SUNSHINE AND WATTLEGOLD.

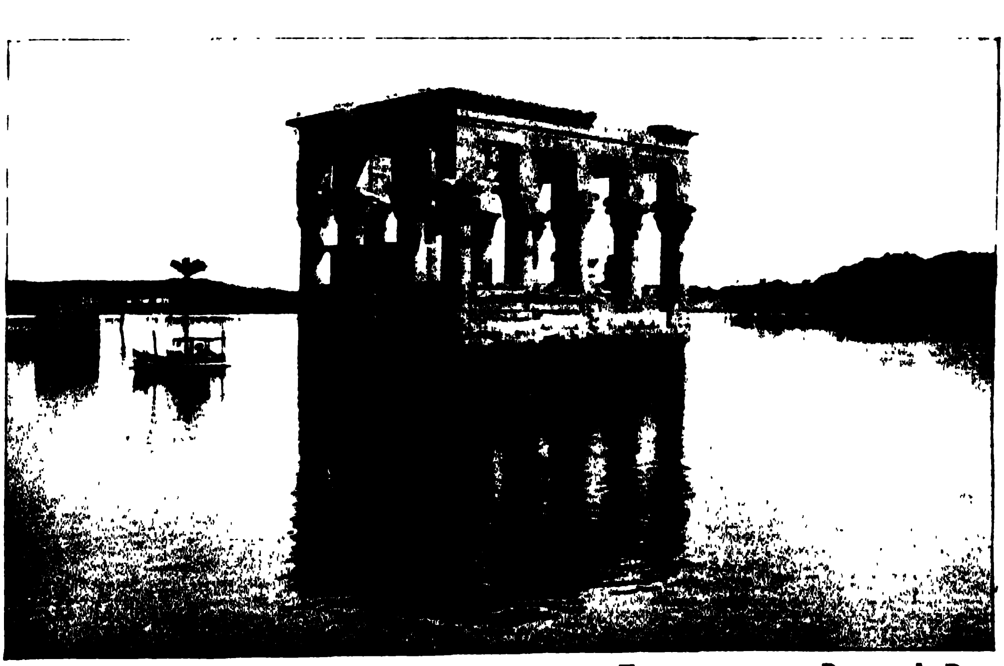
By F. W. NORWOOD, D.D., Minister of the City Temple. 5s. net. (Allenson.)

Few children could resist the charm and humour of these Sunday Morning Addresses given to the children of Dr. Norwood's congregation during his Australian ministry. Any subject, from the cosmic system to a butterfly, is discussed with gentle wit and kindly understanding. And not only children will gain enlightenment from the point of view that colours each "paper," which, in spite of intentional simplicity, is mellowed by years of thought and experience, and utters the sentiments of a heart generous and noble. "Everything in the world runs to sermons with me," says the author in half-apology; his is indeed a perception to find "sermons in stones, and good in everything." But the sermons are brief, fragrant things—as exquisitely significant as spring blossoms, rooted in a deep knowledge in all matters pertaining to the Universe. Anyone who holds classes for young people, or is in the habit of addressing them, will discover in this book a treasure-house of inspiration; while all who read it will feel the better for coming in contact with a loving and sympathetic spirit.

MEN OF THE INNER JUNGLE.

By W. F. ALDER. 10s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

There are still some secret places in the world. In "Men of the Inner Jungle" the clever American writer, Mr. W. F. Alder, takes us to darkest Borneo to the close jungle where the genial Head-Hunters, the Dyaks, "hold forth." The gruesome game of head-hunting is practised in retaliation for injuries to kinsmen. It still goes on in some of the unmapped districts of the jungle. The *parang* or *mandau* with which the Dyaks operate is a fearsome



From The Romance of Excavation
By David Masters
(John Lane).

THE BEAUTIFUL TEMPLE KNOWN AS PHARAOH'S BED CRADLED IN THE WATERS OF THE NILE.

blade of fine steel, about twenty-two inches long, mounted in a carved bone or horn handle, decorated with tufts of human hair. This small book gives graphic information about the Dyaks, their arts and crafts, customs and superstitions; and it is well illustrated by photographs. Mr. Alder was enabled to achieve the expedition by the courtesy of the Dutch Resident at Bandjermasin, who gave him the use of the armoured stern-wheel gunboat *Voorwaarts* which polices the Barito to the head of navigation at Mangakoi. He also armed him with *surats* (letters) to all the chiefs along the route, bidding them aid in transporting their equipment, and to entertain them as Government guests. News of their coming was always flashed ahead by some mysterious mode of communication of which the Dyaks hold the secret.



From **The Biology of Birds** By J. Arthur Thomson (*Sidgwick & Jackson*) **THE COMMON HERON.**

THE VAGARIES OF TOD AND PETER.

By F. Allen Harker. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

This is a lovable book, gentle and playful. "Outside my window," writes Mrs. Harker in a Foreword, "there is a long, straggling street of old cottages, which have altered very little since the fourteenth century, and in these little old houses dwell many children, who play in the street games that were doubtless popular in Thebes Street three thousand years ago." Mrs. Harker has observed youth closely; some of these stories have already appeared, but it is very good to have them bound together. The first long tale, about the irrepressible twins—who so loved Stevenson's "Merry Men"—is very lively. We wonder if Tod and Peter in real life really wrote those faked letters to the head master? It seems hard to believe that he should have been deceived. Be that as it may, 'tis a happy, wholesome story, followed by others that are one and all readable.

MUIRHEAD'S SWITZERLAND.

"The Blue Guides." 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

SWITZERLAND.

5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

Each of these handbooks to the playground of Europe is up to date and compact, and each achieves what it sets out to achieve. The mountaineer and winter-sport enthusiast, as well as the more leisurely tourist, will naturally turn to Muirhead's book, with its more numerous maps and plans and its Baedeker thoroughness. For the average holiday-maker, on the other hand, who desires something which is less costly, and while not so prolific of information, yet still gives a generous measure of all that he is likely to require, the Ward, Lock guide can be strongly recommended. Great care has evidently been lavished on the production of both books, which are excellent examples of what practical guide-books should be.



From **Wild Life Across the World** (*Arrowsmith*). **LION HUNTING.**

A FAIRY TALE OF THE SEA.

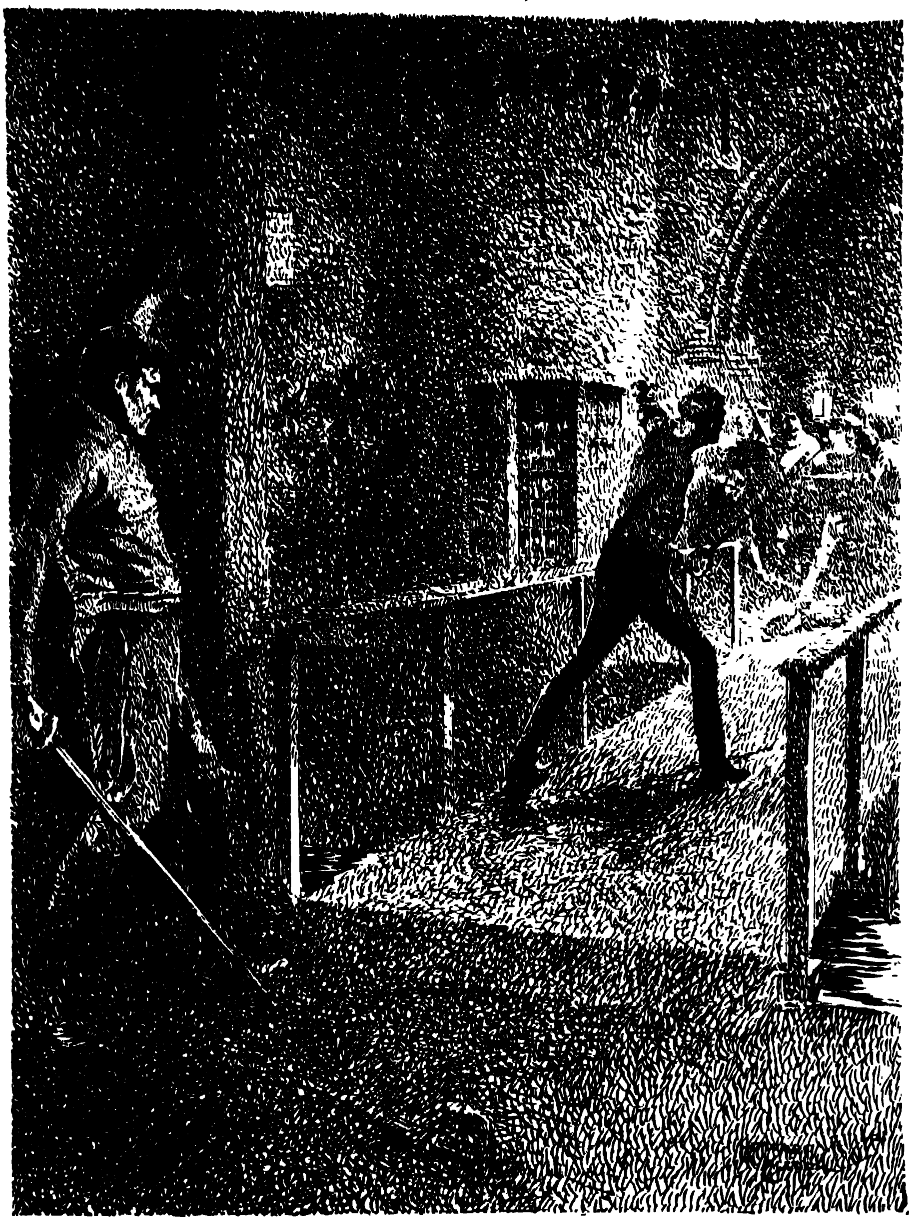
By Macleod Yearsley. 3s. 6d. (Watts.)

Mr. Yearsley manages to convey a good deal of natural history in his tale of small Louis and Mr. Crab. The Crab, who is a kind creature, offers to show Louis the bottom of the sea, and they plunge down. Then the crab hails various fishes. "'Hi! stop a moment, Aurelia; show this young gentleman your feelers.' The jelly-fish flapped gently nearer. . . . Then Louis saw that as a very, very tiny animal swam too close to one of the feelers which formed the fringe of the umbrella, a fine thread shot out and stung it, and it was swept by the water currents right into Aurelia's mouth." There is a chat about the Sponge, and the Cuttlefish, and the Sea Mouse. Louis is sorry to wake up. "I wish I had said good-bye to Mr. Crab, and given him a kiss." Prettily done and nicely illustrated.

THE LOG OF A SPORTSMAN.

By E. H. D. Sewell. Illustrated. 15s. (Fisher Unwin)

Mr. Sewell is a very well-known journalist and writes on all forms of sport, and as an old cricketer and *shikaree* and Rugby three-quarter his memories are lively and various, and interesting to a degree. An old Bedford boy, he learned his Rugby at that famous school, and turned out at eighteen as a fourteen stone three-quarter—a useful member of any boys' team! At Bedford he started cricket, and going back to India at nineteen he started golf, went on with cricket, playing for Lord Hawkes's eleven in 1892 at Madras. In 1893 he got his first tiger, also his first bear, and enjoyed Indian sport of all kinds until his return to England in 1900 to share in cricket under W. G. Grace and with all the great ones of a goodly day, of whom he gives many a gay anecdote. Some excellent chapters describe adventures after big game in India, and in particular there is a good deal about Abdul Kanin, one of the best native *shikarees* that ever piloted a sportsman after tiger or other wild creature. Memories of cricket and Rugby, and critical opinions on men and methods, the history and prospects of the games, are of definite value, and there shines through the whole book the real essence and spirit of true sportsmanship. Mr. Sewell is back in India again, and as he is just in the early fifties it is reasonable to look forward to further volumes. They will be welcome.



From The Prisoner of Zenda
New Illustrated edition
(*Arrowsmith*).

"THERE HE STOOD, HOLDING THE BRIDGE AGAINST THEM."



From The Log of a Sportsman
(*Fisher Unwin*).

MY TWO TERRIERS, PIP (LEFT) AND BLOKE.

THE SCOTTISH BALLADS AND BALLAD WRITING.

By Lauchlan Maclean Watt. 6s. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)

Take from Scotland her ballads and there is gone that part of her literature in which she finds her fullest expression as a nation. For nowhere has the national spirit been caught more surely than in these poems with their shrewd comments on men and affairs, their magnificent reticences, their preoccupation with death and the mystery of the unseen. Sometimes the full flavour of the verses is enjoyed only by those acquainted through ancestry with the old tradition. At other times all the world may realise it, as for example in "The Wife of Usher's Well," of which Dr. Watt writes that "it gives a weird knock upon the door of mortal mystery and, in a way unique, leaves a pathetic stillness in the heart." Dr. Watt is admirably fitted by descent and temperament to deal with his subject. He is himself a poet, the author of verses of charm and quality, and his practice of the poet's craft enables him to approach the ballads in the spirit of the old "makar." His book is a supreme achievement in a difficult field, difficult



From The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche
By Anatole France
(*John Lane*).

"WIPING AWAY HIS BLOOD WITH HER UNBOUND HAIR."
Woodcut by Marcia Lane Foster.

especially because of the number of writers who have gone before him. He does not have much to say that may not be found in Professor Child and the others, but he puts the facts freshly and concisely together, and there is many an illuminating comment in the flash of phrase. What is the origin of the ballads, in what lies their appeal, of what thoughts and actions are they composed—these are some of the questions for which Dr. Watt finds an answer. And the final impression of his book is that through all the pages has flamed the enkindling spirit of true criticism which recreates the poetic glow of the subject in the mind of the reader.

MIGHTY MIKKO.

By PARKER FILLMORE. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

These Finnish Folk and Fairy Tales should certainly be added to the library of every up-to-date nursery. Though dramatic and picturesque, their structure is so simple they may easily be memorised for telling in the gloaming hour of the shortening days. The stories are entirely wholesome and singularly free of the gruesome note. Coming to us as they do through the medium of the New World, their style, as distinct from the monotony of the Finnish original, is at once vivid, swift and vigorous. The cycle of animal stories included under Mikko the Fox invites comparison with the Beast Epic of Reynard the Fox ; for the more we read of the fairy tales of the nations the more we discover likenesses, because they spring from the same desires, fears, loves and imaginings. The clever decorations and illustrations are by Jan Van Everen, whose pen exhibits most cunning when depicting beasties both large and small.



From The Merrie Tales of Jacques Tournebroche
By Anatole France
(*John Lane*).

"HE MADE BOLD TO TELL HER OUTRIGHT WHAT HE WOULD HAVE OF HER."
Woodcut by Marcia Lane Foster.

THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR.

By HAROLD BELL WRIGHT. (Appleton.)

Harold Bell Wright is famous in America as a best-seller and over here his novels are making quite appreciable headway. The scene of this tale of love and peril is set in Arizona, whither men are lured by the fable of the gold hidden in the mine with the iron door. Marta, whose parentage is a mystery, keeps house for her daddies, the two dear old pardners who have brought her up with the help of Saint Jimmy and his mother. Meddling fingers stir up the past of Marta and of Hugh Edwards, the man she loves, and adventures begin. In Natachee, the Red Indian, Mr. Wright has given us a splendid bit of characterisation. He is the dominant figure throughout, in his sudden, ghostly comings and goings and his uncanny knowledge. His hatred of the white man manifests itself in a savage gloating over the mental agony of his victims or the unhappiness of his acquaintances. Natachee is absorbingly interesting.



From The Vicomte de Bragelonne
WRAPPER DESIGN (reduced).
Published by Robert Hayes, Ltd., in their Sandringham Library.

JIMMIE DALE AND THE PHANTOM CLUE.

By FRANK L. PACKARD. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We were quite mistaken in thinking when we left Jimmie Dale, in the last chronicle of his adventures, drifting down river with the girl of his heart, that we had followed them to the point of "living happy ever after." Their arch-enemy was destroyed, there seemed no more need for Marie's quixotic disappearances, or for the philanthropic crook to haunt the by-ways of crime ; we imagined them settling down to a conventional life of married bliss. We were all wrong, as this sequel shows us. Marie vanished again almost directly, leaving a letter which sent Jimmie off on reckless missions, and once more Mr. Packard's ingenuity contrives baffling mysteries and incidents that hold us breathless with excitement. Mr. Packard writes in his usual vigorous, picturesquely imaginative style, and the story swings forward without a hitch to its dramatic climax.

HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE.

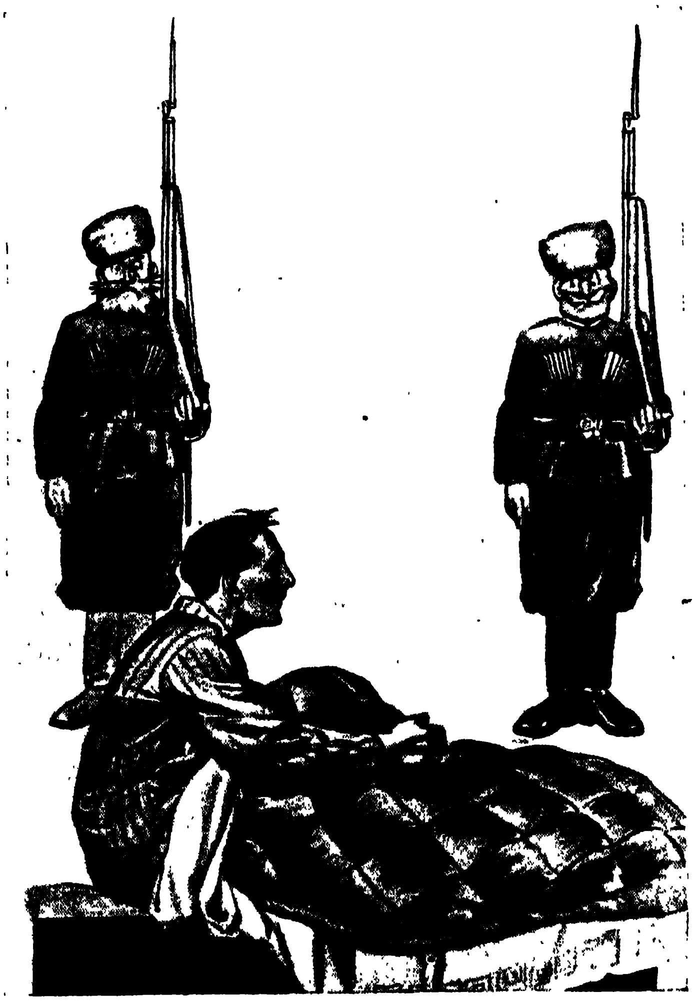
Pencil sketches by J. M. DELBOS, with a Foreword by L. F. SALZMAN. (Cambridge: Heffer.)

This book, pleasantly produced, serves a double purpose. It is an admirable handbook for those who are interested in the historic side of the University, who want accurate and concise information as to how the colleges came to be founded and for what at present they stand. It is also, through the excellent pencil sketches of Mr. J. M. Delbos, as good a guide as one could wish to the colleges themselves. A visitor to Cambridge, in search for instance of King's, and with the book in hand, could not mistake the comparatively modern building with the famous old Chapel on the left. Queens' one recognises with its old sundial and modern clock tower and the arched passage leading to Walnut Tree Court. Each reader of the book will have his favourite pages. Perhaps because Peterhouse interested us most on our first visit we like as well as any in the volume Mr. Delbos's sketch of its entrance gate.

SCOTT'S LAST EXPEDITION.

With Biographical Introduction by SIR J. M. BARRIE, Bart., and a Preface by SIR CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM. 7s. 6d. (Murray.)

This first cheap edition of the personal journals of Captain Scott makes more generally accessible one of the greatest and most poignantly dramatic of all the stories that have been told of Antarctic exploration. Sir J. M. Barrie gives a delightfully characteristic sketch of Scott's boyhood and youth, and the volume is illustrated with sixteen photo gravures and a map.



From **King Tommy** WRAPPER DESIGN.
The new novel by George A. Birmingham, just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.



From **The New House at Oldborough** WRAPPER DESIGN
By Gunby Hadath
(Hodder & Stoughton).

HISTORIC TEXTILE FABRICS.

By RICHARD GLAZIER. With 4 Plates in Colour, 83 Photographs and over 120 Drawings. 21s. (Batsford.)

This is one of those monographs for which the house of Batsford is justly famous. It gives " a short but nevertheless comprehensive history of figured weaving; tracing its development through what is termed the *characteristics* or *styles* of certain periods, communities, or countries," and is packed, with well chosen and well arranged information, illustrated with representative examples of textile design from the splendid collections in the Victoria and Albert Museum and from the Manchester Collections. The clear, authoritative text, joined to the abundant illustrations, makes this a book that no one interested in textiles and woven patterns can possibly overlook. It is emphatically a standard work.

OXFORD.
TORQUAY.

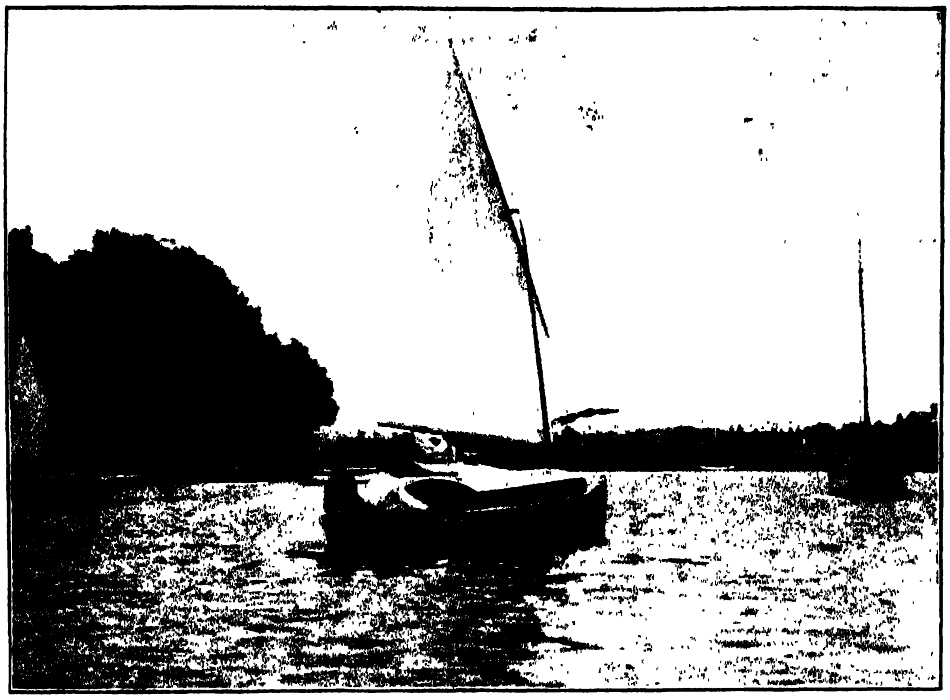
2s. net each. (Ward, Lock.)

The volume on Oxford is a valuable addition to Messrs. Ward, Lock's ever-growing list of red guides. In the matter of carefully classified information, of maps, illustrations and clearness of print, one feels that no guide at two shillings can hope to compete with it. Of late, the uprising of the new Kingsway and Regent Street has been attracting the attention of the Londoner to architecture. He will do well to seize the first opportunity and take a trip to Oxford with this guide-book in his hands. The latest edition of " Torquay " in the same series contains a new large-scale map of the environs of Torquay, extending beyond Ashburton and Kingsbridge. Paignton, Brixham, the Dart and a section of Dartmoor are covered by the guide, as well as Torquay.

THE CRUISE OF THE "WALRUS."

By ARTHUR H. PATTERSON (John Knowlittle). 3s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

A lively account, with pen and ink sketches by the author, of a trip on the pleasant Broads. Mr. Patterson kept notes of each day's adventure. The *Walrus* loafed up and down the streams and the travellers often went ashore for a gossip. So the book makes good reading and introduces many local characters: Bob Tooley, known to every rivergoer, appears. The joy and freedom of the trip is happily conveyed to the reader. "In misty silence, or under the twinkling stars, or when crouching before a storm-blast, or drifting in the quiet moonlight, the charm, the enchantment of the old estuary has held me an awed and willing captive." Mr. Walter Rye, in a foreword, assures us that the writer is "a power in Norfolk." We can believe it.

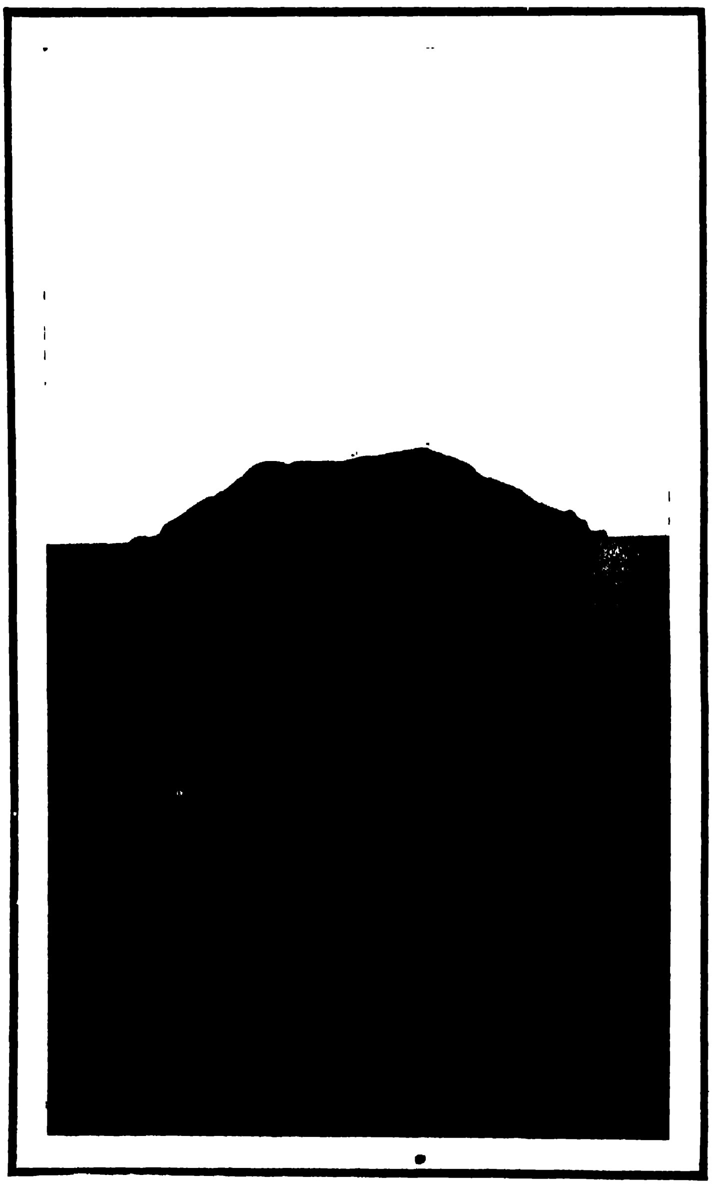


From The Cruise of the "Walrus" (*Jarrolds*). THE GOOD SHIP "WALRUS."

THE ROMANCE OF PITCAIRN ISLAND.

By THE REV. W. Y. FULLERTON. 2s. 6d. (Carey Press.)

A wonderful story, as thrilling as any novel. The photograph on the cover shows us the lonely and dismal-looking rock. The author of this brightly-written record tells us that he had imagined Pitcairn, dreamt about it, talked about it, but never hoped to see it, till chance led him to the little speck of land so far off the beaten track. It is a real Robinson Crusoe tale this, and the character of Fletcher Christian, who ruled his community with so anxious a sense of responsibility, is an interesting one. Mr. Fullerton praises the character of the people on the island to-day. They are persevering and Christian. The population is one hundred and seventy-four.



From The Romance of Pitcairn Island (*Carey Press*). THE ISLANDERS IN THE BOAT SANG A FAREWELL HYMN.

SUMMERTIME.

By DENIS MACKAIL. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

From the everyday multitude of novels whose authors have taken their art either ponderously or with no concern, "Summertime" stands apart for the lightness of touch combined with the deft and easy grace of its writing. Mr. Mackail has the gift of humour, which one chiefly welcomes since it never allows him to lose his sense of proportion. He is clear in his own mind as to why his characters have been put into the story. They have been put there to divert us and he sees that we are diverted. Most of his people have the social graces which would make things go well at any dinner-table. The author gives us a love tale, with an elopement for those who like the full flavour of old romance, and providence, in the shape of Toby, steps in very opportunely when Anne, the heroine, is repenting of her hastiness in running away with the wrong person. The book draws a picture of the special corner of London life which stretches from Sloane Street to the Park, and the accuracy of the description goes unchallenged.

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With pen and camera Mr. Adcock and Mr. Hoppé have gone abroad among the poets and novelists and have here printed their impressions. But I have been editorially adjured not to discuss the literary side of the book in these pages, so I limit myself to speaking of its equally attractive artistic aspect. I, who have met or encountered most of these sitters, recognise that nearly always Mr. Hoppé has caught the personality, the mood, as well as the likeness. His own artistic taste and sensibility as well as the artfulness of the camera have produced a series of generally living portraits. Sometimes indeed the result is merely photographic, the pose being more posture than natural; but that is only rarely the result. There is a lively quarrel as to whether the work of a photographer can be truly called art. I, an outsider, will only venture this: that having seen an exhibition of Mr. Hoppé's plates and many exhibitions of the Royal Academy, the vast majority of the painters could not hold a candle to him for the portrayal of personality, humanity, vitality, truth.

C. E. L.



From Gods of Modern Grub Street (*Sampson Low*). Part of Wrapper Design. By E. O. Hoppé.



From The Black Tulip Wrapper Design (reduced). Published by Robert Hayes, Ltd., in their Sandringham Library.

THE TRAVELS OF FA-HSIEN.

Edited by H. A. Giles. 5s. (Cambridge University Press.)

Fa-hsien was a Chinese Buddhist of the fifth century A.D. who journeyed to India in search of the books of the Buddhist Canon and of Buddhist images. It was a great journey, full of dangers and difficulties, but it is absurd to write, as Dr. Giles does, that "it was a supremely dangerous expedition, in the glow of which the journeys of St. Paul melt into insignificance." Fa-hsien was not a missionary, but a pilgrim. He was not the ardent preacher of a new religion, taking it to peoples and countries where he was bound to meet with disappointment and contempt. He was a pious pilgrim, going to the country of his faith's origin; and his dangers were almost entirely geographical—and do not compare, either for excitement or risk, with the missionary adventures of the early Franciscans or of Francis Xavier, let alone St. Paul, St. Thomas, or the saints who Christianised Provence, Russia or even Britain. Fa-hsien's travels were largely on foot. He went across the desert of Gobi, over the Hindu Kush and through India to the Hugli, whence he returned to China by sea. The interest of his record is historical and human rather than religious. He records many Buddhist legends, and gives accounts of Buddhist relics and holy places. His book throws no light on the vexed questions of Buddhist theology, nor on the kindred problems of how much Buddhism borrowed from Christianity, or Christianity from Buddhism. Dr. Giles's translation reads very well; but his introduction is unnecessarily polemical. By the way, he should know that the authenticity of the text of the three witnesses in St John's epistle was doubted by Erasmus years before Porson was born.

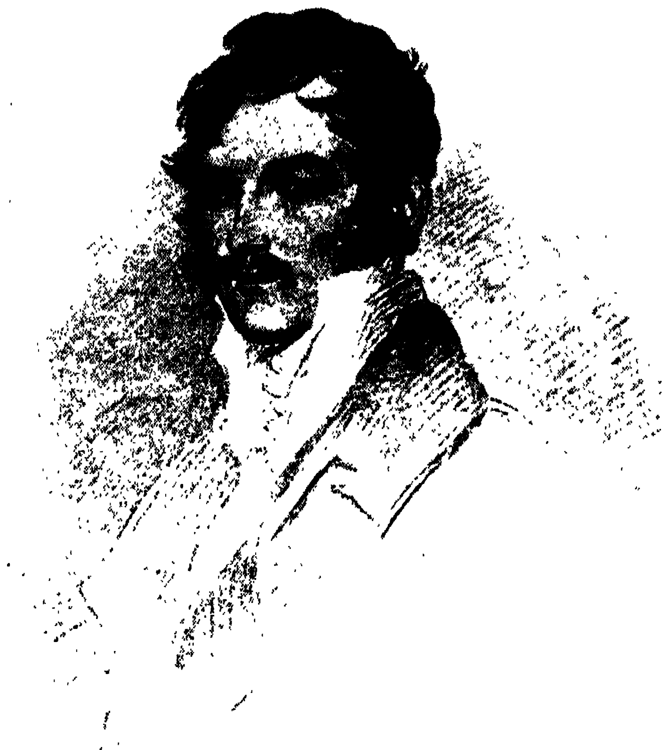


From Midwinter By John Buchan (*Hodder & Stoughton*). Wrapper Design. Reviewed in this Number.

SAINT MAGLOIRE.

By RONALD DORGELÈS. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

It is uphill work to qualify as saint, and the sterling saint when so labelled has a mixed reception in this troublesome world. Hence the intense sadness of "Saint Magloire," whose story is brilliantly told by Roland Dorgelès and translated by Pauline de Chary. When quite a young man Magloire Dubourg went off suddenly to the French Colonies, leaving a note to his mother saying: "A true Christian cannot rest as long as there exists in the world a



LEOPOLD I OF BELGIUM.

From Leopold I of Belgium: Secret Pages of European History.
By Dr. Egon Casar Corti. Translated by Joseph McCabe
(*Fisher Unwin*).

single man who does not believe in God. I am going to save souls." Forty years he spent in Africa and there became a Saint, not by Papal Bull but by canonisation of the people. His career was so marvellous that he became a legend and held the blacks in the hollow of his hand. He was rescued from crucifixion in Ekoreti territory (1912) by the Pahouins when the nails had been driven through his hands by the rebel Essobams. The Saint returned to France after the Great War, to his old home at Barlincourt- to save souls. The extraordinary events that follow are chronicled by M. Dorgelès with unusual insight and power. Magloire sides with the weak and oppressed. He ministers to the poor. He even performs some half-dozen miracles of healing. The tragedy of it all is that unhappiness wins. He is too disturbing an element.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LION FAMILY.

By A. PIENAAR. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

We are inclined to think that here, quite early in the season, we have before us one of the most significant children's books of the winter. "The Adventures of a

Lion Family" is the work of a real hunter. The writer, a Dutch South African, spent years in wild places, and had a chance of constantly studying the habits of the great beasts in the awesome, silent places. He evidently had a calm eye and a cool head, and no desire to add anything to the truth. In his short preface he says frankly: 'Imagination plays no part in the following sketches." That is the whole point. We do not remember any record so obviously faithful. It is full of writing like this—" Without looking one another straight in the eye, the two lions brushed past one another sniffing suspiciously, and when Maanhaar turned back, and again brushed against him, uttering a friendly 'uuummpf' the young lion was won over." There are no cheap effects or unnatural climaxes. It is a great story of power and savagery. The book for "Everyboy."

ONE GARDEN.

By D. H. Moutray Read. 12s. 6d. (Williams & Norgate.)

There are many folk even in these days of house shortage who dream of a garden with a house attached rather than a house with a garden. They prefer, too, their land in the rough, to fashion to their own ends. A matured garden in apple-pie order is like an adopted child that you may love like your own but be aware of the difference. The amount of pleasure you take in Mrs. Read's story definitely fixes your status as a real garden lover. Utterly ignorant of things horticultural, love was the teacher of this daughter of Adam, and as her purse had been emptied by the purchase of the garden, tools, plants, etc., were out of the question. The garden was a garden of friendship, for nearly all the plants—wild or cultivated—were gifted by friends in England and all parts of the world. And Mrs. Read had that for which most of us long in vain—into her finished picture she could command water. A stream ran from end to end of her demesne. The plans and sketches and photographs with which the author liberally besprinkles the pages add further delight to this intimate chronicle of her garden's making.



Wooden Bust of Tutankhamen Found in His Tomb.

From **Tutankhamen and other Essays**
By Arthur Weigall
(*Thornton Butterworth*).



Wrapper Design.

From **The Winding Stair**
By A. E. W. Mason
(*Hodder & Stoughton*)

Reviewed in article on Mr. A. E. W. Mason in this Number.

THE BIOLOGY OF BIRDS.

By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D. 16s.
(Sidgwick & Jackson.)

A big and difficult subject has been treated by Professor Thomson with such skill in arrangement and artistry in exposition that the book is useful equally to the student specialising in biology or to the intelligent general reader anxious to understand the enormous advances made by modern biologists in this sphere. It is a far cry from this latest of expositions back to the amusing compilation of Oliver Goldsmith, which was much more of a fairy-tale, as Doctor Johnson predicted it would be, than a "Natural History." But then "The Biology of Birds" is simply crammed with tales marvellous enough for the most elfin fiction. The account of the "Adaptation to Haunts" of various birds, their migration mysteries, and their "Courtship and Sex," which occupies a fascinating chapter in the book, cannot fail to interest the most unscientifically-minded reader. Professor Thomson's survey of scientific knowledge relating to questions of bird senses, instincts, intelligence and evolution opens up many fresh avenues of thought. Regarding his views about the senses and instincts, one should turn to Hudson's "A Hind in Richmond Park" for an interesting comparison of two ways of approaching similar goals. The book is illustrated with several good plates and many excellent diagrams.

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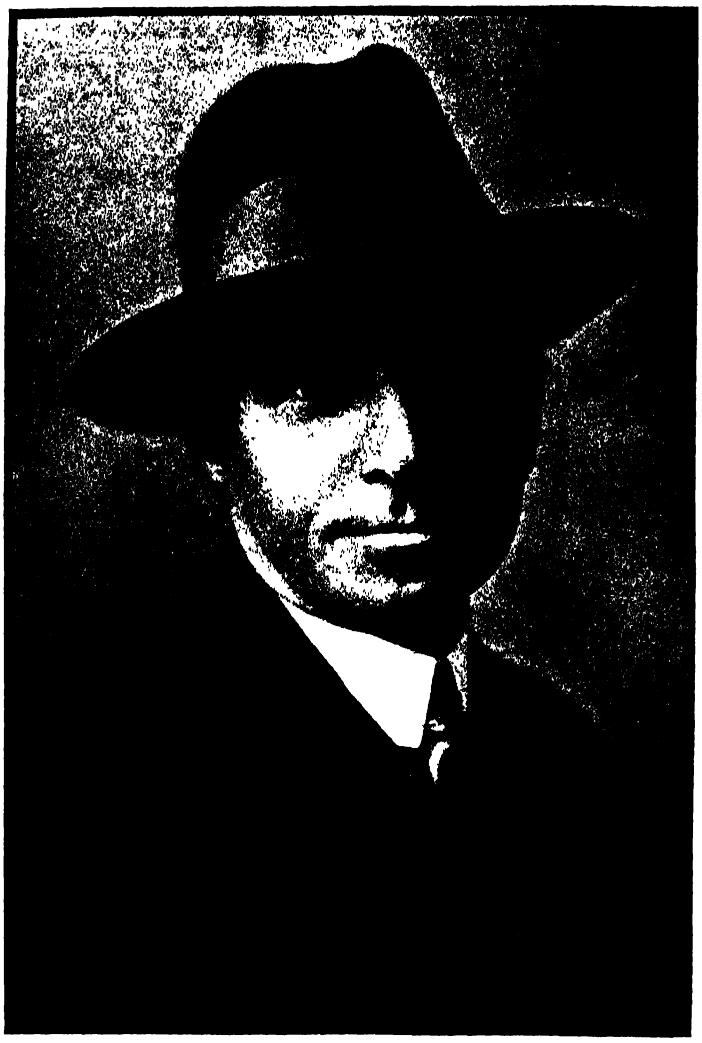
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MR. J. ANKER LARSEN,
who has been awarded the Gyldendal prize of 70,000 kroner for his novel "The Philosopher's Stone."

THE SINGING WELLS.

By ROLAND PERTWEE. 7s 6d. net. (Cassells.)

"The disappearance of Lennox Casallis from the polite and sporting circles he was accustomed to frequent created for a week or so a pleasant stir. After that the majority of his friends ceased talking about him and returned to the more agreeable entertainment of talking about themselves." It is Mr. Pertwee's sparkling, half cynical touch that makes this novel the thing of joy it is bound to be to all lovers of really good story-telling fiction. Mr. Pertwee is a natural story-teller; his characters are drawn with emphasis, but not overdrawn; and his plot develops easily and moves at a swift pace from the conventionalities of London to the wilds of Africa where Lennox Casallis, the man who was too lucky, goes to forget his first defeat. Eve Wishart loved him, but she thought it good for his soul to give a check to his self-confidence—and Lennox went off the deep end and tried to lose the memory of the girl he loved in travel and dissipation. He plunges into a lawless love adventure and only by a miracle escapes disaster. It is a strong romance, full of colour and incident, written skilfully and with a sympathetic insight into the strength and weaknesses of human character.

WITH DICKENS IN YORKSHIRE.

By T. P. COOPER. Introduction by B. W. MATZ. Illustrated by E. RIDSDALE TATE. 2s. (Ben Johnson).



DR. ALEXANDER CARLYLE.
Editor of "Letters of Thomas Carlyle," to J. S. Mill and others (Fisher Unwin).

Mr. Cooper tells in this interesting little book the story of Dickens's visit to Yorkshire in search of information at first hand about those infamous Yorkshire schools that he exposed with such merciless anger and humour in "Nicholas Nickleby." From a journey over the same ground, making inquiries, seeing the schools, or what used to be the schools for himself, Mr. Cooper has gathered some fresh information on the subject and would seem to have left nothing for later research to discover. But Dickens had many other associations with Yorkshire, and these also are fully and entertainingly dealt with in what is justly described by Mr. Matz as "an ideal guide for the Dickens pilgrim." The interest in Dickens shows no real sign of abating and it seems wonderful that after all that has been written about him it should still be possible to find so much new or little known Dickens lore as Mr. Cooper has found. We must add a word of special praise for Mr. Tate's delightful series of drawings, one of which, that of "Dotheboys Hall," we reproduce elsewhere in this Number.



From My Wanderings and Memoirs
By Lady Norah Bentinck
(*Fisher Unwin*). COTTESMORE HALL, OAKHAM.

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GROCERS.

An Historical Retrospect, 1345–1923.

By J. AUBREY REES. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)



MASTER BILLY'S PROCESSION TO GROCERS HALL.

From The Worshipful Company of Grocers (*Chapman & Dodd*).

The "Fraternity of St. Anthony" or Worshipful Company of Grocers ranks as second in importance among the Livery Companies of London. It was a kind of successor or development of the Pepperers' Guild, which dated from the twelfth century, and we may remind ourselves of the tremendous part pepper played in the Middle Ages! The hunt for pepper brought about eager exploration, brought the Far East into touch with Europe and led to much quarrelling and bickering among sea-powers. Like other Companies, the Grocers were active in all civic matters in London, and on seventy-seven occasions since its foundation the Grocers Company have furnished a Lord Mayor for the City. Their powers were very extensive over everything pertaining to the trade carried on by members, and the Company was eminent for good works and benevolent provision for the less fortunate members of their mystery. Among famous benefactions are, of course, Rugby School, founded by Lawrence Sherift by testament, Oundle by Sir William Laxton, and Sevenoaks Grammar School by Sir William Sevenoake, and now nearly 500 years old. Such a history as Mr. Rees has compiled is a worthy record of facts seldom brought into proper perspective.



From **Two Women: Clare; Margaret** — **WRAPPER DESIGN.**
By Edmund Sullivan
The first book in Messrs. A. M. Philpot's Self-Revelation Series, to be published this month.

SALOME OF THE TENEMENTS.

By ANZIA YEZIERSKA. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

The spirit and the language of this "Salome"—Sonya Vrunsky, a young Jewess of the New York Ghetto—almost take our breath away at first. Her elemental intensity seems to demand a planet where vision and feeling have a range and depth as far from our sober level as intoxication from temperance. The colloquial expression of much of her passion for beauty is a further irony. We soon meet other Jewish characters—of Russian origin—in whom the clash of inner flame and sordid surroundings is somewhat awesome yet arresting. Here are volcanoes under a drab world: fires and mysteries of the racial soul, with aspects of terror and with gleams of sweetness and light. John Manning, millionaire philanthropist, and Jacques Hollins (in his obscure days Jake Solomon), dictator of Fifth Avenue fashion, but an artist at heart—these are the main characters entangled in Sonya's devious destiny; but there is a motley accompanying world of the nominally "high" and "low":

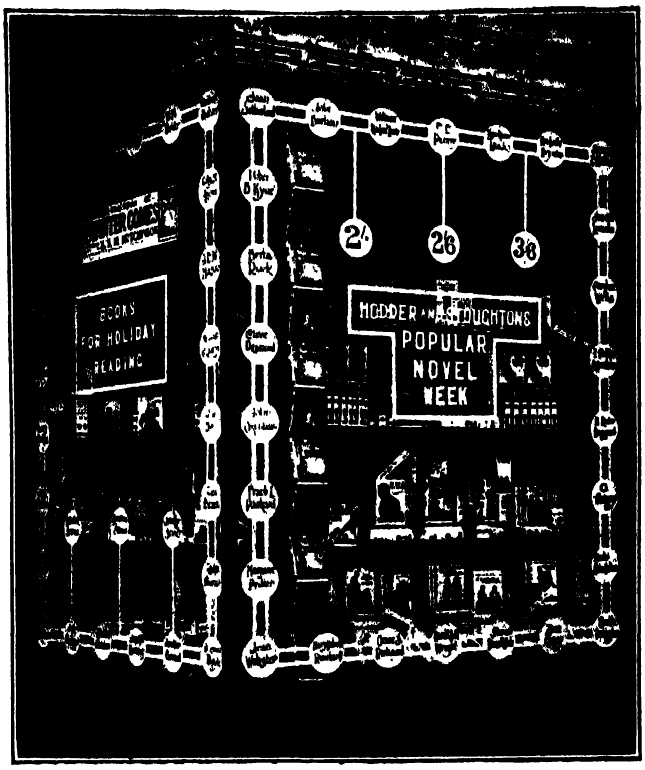
> "I [Sonya] am a Russian Jewess, a flame—a longing. A soul consumed with hunger for heights beyond reach. I am the ache of unvoiced dreams, the clamour of suppressed desires. . . ."
>
> "And I [Manning], I am a puritan whose fathers were afraid to trust experience. We are bound by our possessions of property, knowledge and tradition."

Fate makes singular play with flame and puritan. Probability sometimes goes by the board, but the imagination is stirred by luminous flashes from the inner life of the characters. Humanity has deeps and mysteries still.

BERRY: THE HEART OF FRANCE.

By PERCY ALLEN.
12s. 6d. (Griffiths.)

Berry is the central province of France and, except for the city of Bourges, is very little known by English people. Yet this fascinating Duchy teems with beauty and romance, both natural and historical. The author is very much in love with it, and as the result of many wanderings, pre-war and post-war, within its borders, he has written a book that should throw its spell over numerous readers. He has attempted no formal or detailed description. He has instead chosen "certain personalities, cities, buildings or districts, which seemed to me to express the essential Berry," and has made each the subject of a separate study or chapter; and whether he wanders through the delectable George Sand country or saunters in some old market-square which, with its "squall of pigs, cluck of hens, cackle of geese, bellowing of bulls, flapping of wings, rattling of carts on *pavé*, boisterous bartering between males, shrill cries of women flattering their wares, clatter of sabots, bawling of children," is unchanged since the Middle Ages, he always writes pages that are sensitively atmospheric. All the legends of this ancient province are made to live vividly for us; the author has a charm of personality that makes his book uncommonly pleasant. The illustrations, one of which we reproduce elsewhere, are excellent.



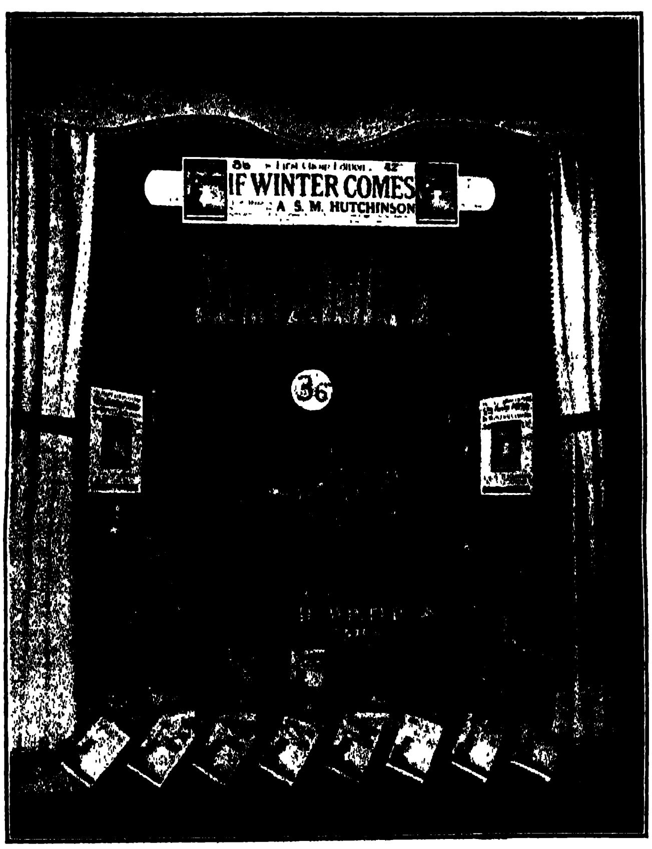
WINDOW DISPLAY COMPETITION.
FIRST PRIZE: MESSRS. SILLICKS, Plymouth.
(See page 22).

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

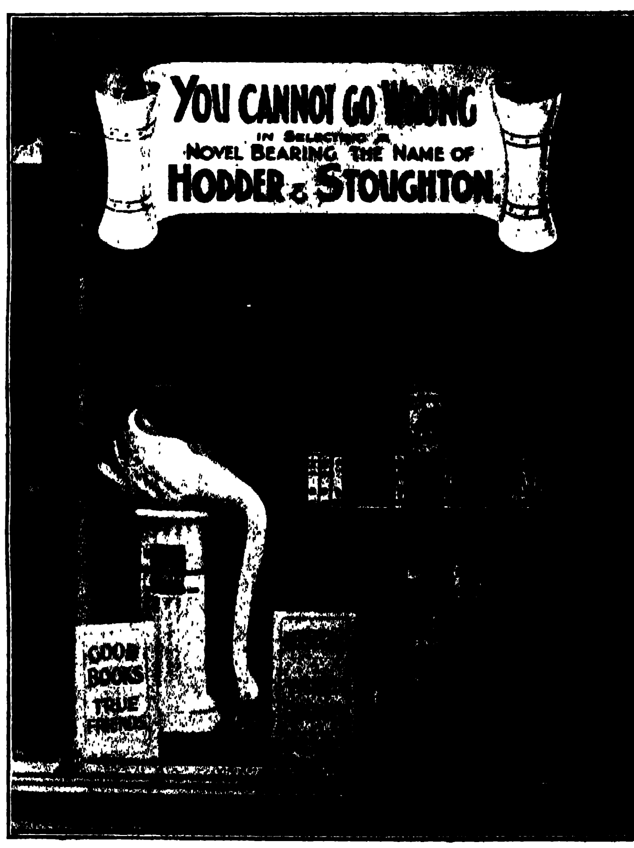
Being an Account of the Author's Recent Expedition to explore the Northern Territories of Australia.

By E. J. STUART. 10s. 6d. (John Lane.)

This story of the exploration of the north-western coast of Western Australia is told so modestly that only those who read between the lines will quite realise the risks from tides and eddies which Mr. Stuart took in his adventurous cruising from Broome to Cape Bougainville. What this record seems to show quite clearly is that this large tract by no means deserves the character of "wildness" that it has so long borne. The climate is so mild that the sky can be used as a roof all the year round. The waters teem with all sorts of edible fish, so that canning industries might easily be established there. Game of all description is to be found there in abundance. Cotton and rice and all kinds of semi-tropical fruits and vegetables would thrive there. The whole country is eminently fitted for conversion into stock and pasture land. Turtles, oysters and sea-pigs are to be found by the ton. While the most valuable deposits of iron and copper seem to be distributed all over the territory. Coral too of the most lovely tints abounds all along the coast; and the natives, as the photographs in the book show, actually ride turtles as Louis de Rougemont claimed twenty years ago.



WINDOW DISPLAY COMPETITION.
SECOND PRIZE: MESSRS. W. H. SMITH & SON, Southampton.
(See page 22).



WINDOW DISPLAY COMPETITION.
THIRD PRIZE: MESSRS. JARROLD, Norwich.
(See page 22).

FROM A TERRACE IN PRAGUE.

By Lieutenant-Colonel B. Granville Baker. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)

Prague the Golden finds a light and light-hearted chronicler in Lieut.-Colonel B. Granville Baker. His book is charmingly illustrated with his own line drawings and four coloured plates of romantic aspect. Count Lützow has said that "when throwing a stone through a window of Prague you throw with it a morsel of history." The Colonel's "morsels" are more than enough to satisfy an intelligent foreigner who wishes to get the hang of the place, the why and wherefore of the notable buildings, the significance of their names, and so on. And he conveys extremely well the soul and atmosphere of this time-worn city, which like Rome is built on hills (five). Then, too, its river, the Voltava, which the Germans had made into "Moldau" but which on the new map of Europe reverts to its original name—that like the city influences and reflects the character of the people who live on its banks. The Pragers are always in it or on it. Their public gardens are many and very attractive, especially the Stromovko. Colonel Baker recalls many an historical link between Bohemia (now Czecho-Slovakia) and England, and he is up-to-date enough to note that the Pragers make festival on President Masaryk's birthday (March 7th). The book is delightfully picturesque.



From From a Terrace in Prague (*Allen & Unwin*)

Venice in Prague.



From The Tempest
The Companion Shakespeare Series
(*Christophers*).

The Tempest.

Reviewed in this Number.

LONDON OF THE FUTURE.

By Thomas Edward Collcutt. 2s. 6d. (Leonard Parsons.)

"London of the Future" is a theme that stirs the imagination. Here Mr. Collcutt outlines the way to make London "a city of pleasant places," and the view of so eminent an architect deserves attention. He urges the crying need of a South Embankment, and considers that that part of Lambeth facing the river, extending from the London County Hall to Waterloo Bridge, and southward as far as York Road, is the only site where the regeneration of the slums can begin in a practical manner. His ideal is to expand upwards instead of outwards, and thus to relieve the congested daily passenger traffic. He ingeniously points out that the system he advocates existed in the island part of the city of Tyre at least 1,000 years B.C. His idea of streets carried right across the river at Charing Cross and on the future St. Paul's Bridge is alluring. Brain and heart are behind his proposals.

TAY-TAY'S TALES.

Folk-lore of the Pueblo Indians. Collected by Elizabeth W. De Huff. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Indian men and women related these folk-tales to the collector, and two Indian boys, untrained in art, drew the ingenuous illustrations which will please all readers. "Taytay" means grandpapa—usually the family story-teller. There is a jolly picture of Grandad, with a big bold brown silhouette, instructing a tiny descendant in the ways of the turtles and bears. Astonishing how often the Fox appears in the tales. "The Fox and the Turkey" is one of the best. In it, the fox is outwitted by a turkey, who, on capture, remarks: "Wait, Fox-man, you 'look very pale. You lie down and go to sleep, and I'll go down to your house and tell Mrs. Fox to cook me for dinner!" Prepared lovingly for very little people.

The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 386. Vol. LXV. NOVEMBER, 1923. **Price One Shilling net.**

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EREWHON REVISITED.*

By George Sampson.

It is good to revisit "Erewhon," especially (if the image be allowed) in Mr. Cape's train *de luxe*. You discover how admirably organised is that ingenious country, how exactly it fulfils the first requirement of any Utopia, namely that it should show us, not (as people generally assume) a fancifully perfect commonwealth, but our own sordid yet remediable social diseases. What Sir Thomas More essayed to exhibit in his famous tract was not Utopia, but England; and what Samuel Butler tries to show us in his anagrammatic and anglicised Utopia is not Erewhon but the Church of England. We shall not understand Butler fully if we fail to recognise that all his work is coloured, if not inspired, by a revolt from organised religion. The Episcopal grandfather and the Canonical father should, in mathematical descent, have produced a Rural Dean; but what actually occurred was a Colonial Iconoclast. On the very threshold of Erewhon there stand the terrible figures of the Fallen Idols, broken, unrevered, yet menacing and inhibiting. One of the most profane chapters in the work of Swift (that other Butler) describes the sect of Æolists who, blown out with wind, disembogue and call it spirit. What made the hideous stone giants who guarded the entry to Erewhon doubly terrible was just the empty air. Butler himself, glancing at his namesakes, described "Erewhon" as by "Analogy" out of "Hudibras"; he might have borrowed a sub-title from Swift and called it "A Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit."

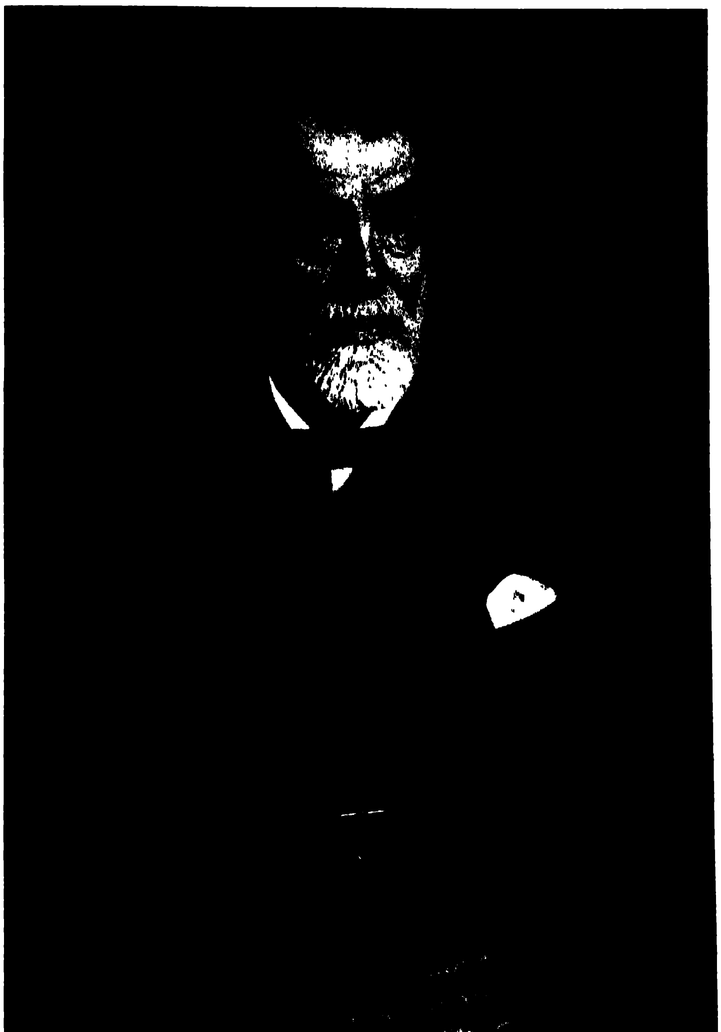


Photo by Alfred Emery Cathie. **Samuel Butler.**

The most unkindest cut of all to him was the determination of Science to behave like a Church. When Darwinism seemed to be nothing but the Mechanical Operation of the Body he revolted, and found from subsequent persecution that Darwin was a kind of Pope whose Propaganda had determined that the Spirit should be as mechanical as the Body in its operation. No heretics, no laymen, no "outsiders" of any sort were to be tolerated in the universal Church of Science. In the long and rather one-sided feud that followed, Darwin behaved ill and the Darwinians worse; but Butler himself asked for nearly all he got by his incurable defects of literary temper. He prided himself on being an *enfant terrible* and, indeed, proudly called himself so; yet he seemed always astonished and hurt that nobody loved him. It was a perpetual surprise to him that anyone should resent the pure and disinterested delight he took in hitting very neatly every venerable head that bobbed up behind the beautifully organised hedge of Science and Religion. Science at least, he thought, should have known better and should have appreciated scientific punishment. But Science did not, and does not, know better. Like every other human activity it becomes a cult, then an organisation, and lastly an institution. The most formidable institution in this country at the moment is not the Church, but Medicine.

As I have pointed out elsewhere, every Utopia is a criticism before it is a construction. The criticism

* The Shrewsbury Edition of the Works of Samuel Butler. Edited by Henry Festing Jones and A. T. Bartholomew. In twenty volumes. Vol. I, "A First Year in Canterbury Settlement, and other Early Essays." Vol. II, "Erewhon." 21s. net per volume. (Jonathan Cape.)

implied in "Erewhon" is nowhere political. Forms of government had no interest for Butler. The object of his scorn was not Britannia but "Ydgrun." He satirised our organised hypocrisies—religious, scientific, judicial—and very properly did not care whether the English republic called itself a monarchy or whether the American autocracy called itself a republic. With the lapse of years some varieties of the peculiarly English religious humbug that offended him have ceased to exist. Modern readers of Butler sometimes wonder at the vehemence of his dislike for the proselytising, tract-distributing traveller on the Continent. The race has nearly (but not quite) disappeared. Those who glance at a few mid-Victorian travel books (the "Swiss Letters," by Frances Ridley Havergal, for instance) will be better able to take the points in some of his scattered indignation. In the main, however, his indictment of our social hypocrisy remains as powerful in substance as it is delightful in form. There are passages in it that rank among the best examples of plain prose in the language. His objection to what he supposed to be "style" is in the main quite sound, though partly vitiated by a fallacy arising from his inability to understand that men whose methods were unlike his own could conceivably be right. Butler was essentially a creature of whims, some of them almost reaching the plane of inspiration, and some of them approximating to the obstinacies of a provincial Victorian spinster. He is most divinely whimsical in the matter and the manner of "Erewhon." In the sincerity of his revolt from organised hypocrisy he is ready to give the devil his due, for in Butler's day the attachment to infernal ideals had not reached the stage of open worship. It has been reserved for our own times to add that glistering spire to the fabric of civilisation. There is more profundity than profanity in Butler's saying that the whole duty of man consists in the worship of God and Mammon. The ultra-modern asks why drag in God.



Samuel Butler,
when an undergraduate at Cambridge, about 1858.
From the Shrewsbury Edition of Butler (Jonathan Cape)

On the whole it seems fairly certain that Butler has at last attained the rank of a classic—has attained the Nirvana of a classic, one is tempted to add cynically, remembering Voltaire's celebrated remark about Dante. Butler languished for some time in the limbo of the unread, was suddenly rediscovered and fanatically boomed and has now subsided into the ranks, the noble, exclusive ranks, of the steady sellers. He has passed through the three stages of apotheosis; he has been first a heretic, next a prophet, and is now (like Darwin) an institution. The bookshops have their compact row of Butlers, usually hard by the works of Shaw, another eminent Victorian, who, scorned as a mountebank and atheist only a short while ago, has been collecting haloes in these latter days from all the organs of religion. I suppose we must take Butler seriously when he describes himself as an author who failed. At any rate we must take the cash deficit seriously. He did; for he said, "The balance against my books is now over £350. . . . Whatever I do I must not die poor; these examples of ill-requited labour are immoral." Yet we cannot help wondering at the obtuseness of readers. As I have said, "Erewhon" is almost blatantly attractive, with excellence of matter fitly mated to excellence of style. It should have caught the discerning public both ways. Yet its success was not very great, and it could not carry the rest into solvency, let alone profit. In the nineties—the dear old nineties, that were so nice to be young in—one knew of Butler as a bold, bad man who was frowned upon by all the pundits of Science, Literature and Religion, united in this if in nothing else. Yet neither boldness nor badness was fatal to fame in the last decade of Victoria. There must have been plenty like myself who were ready to forgive anything to the author of "Erewhon." My discovery of that work was a happy chance. Possibly I had heard of it—one can never be certain that some apparently unheeded word does not float up into consciousness at the right moment; but at the time it seemed to me that the slim, shabby, green volume (I have it still) that I found in the twopenny department of a barrow in the Farringdon Road was new to me by name and fame alike. What caught my eye, when I opened it as idly as that remarkable female organist declared she played, when she was able to deliver a grand two-syllabled "Amen" in one single chord of music, was not the title (which was then meaningless to me), nor the name of the author (for the book was anonymous), but a pencilled remark by a former possessor, "Imitation of 'The Coming Race'"—a book which I had enjoyed, by an author whom I esteemed, and for whom I think there is still something to be said. How many of those who see the word "Bovril" blazed at them every night (like Truth) in domes of many-coloured glass know the origin of the last four letters? I will not say that I became a Butlerian from the moment of expending that profitable twopence, but I was interested enough to borrow "The Authoress of the Odyssey" and to buy, first, "Erewhon Revisited" when it was published in 1901 (I have the volume still), and then "The Way of All Flesh" when it was published posthumously in 1903. This I have not, as some disciple of Ernest Pontifex borrowed it and vanished with it, compelling me to

resort to the much less esteemed edition of 1908. Now the point of this outbreak into autobiography is this: If I, a poor and rather solitary person, managed to become aware of Butler and to spend a few shillings on him, why were there not enough people of more influence (and shillings) to give him some auguries of success? A longer life would have made all the difference. Butler died at sixty-six; W. H. Hudson was nearly eighty before he reached the threshold of enduring appreciation. We can find (after the event) many minor causes of Butler's unpopularity; the great cause of all, the curious waywardness of the public that promotes one good man to instant success and leaves an equally good man unnoticed, remains an inexplicable mystery.

Well, Butler has now arrived. As he foresaw, the generation after his death has discovered him. Mr. Jonathan Cape, who has done so much to promote the flow of Butlers from the bookshops to the domestic shelves, now crowns a good work by the issue of a great library edition. Mr. Cape certainly knows how to produce a book. In size, shape, quality of paper and beauty of print these volumes are perfect. The only objection I can raise is that the parchment back, which goes so handsomely with the blue buckram sides, is likely to get soiled in the hand, and I am bookman enough to believe that any good volume ought to stand frequent reading in its own binding.



Samuel Butler,
taken soon after his return from New Zealand, about 1866.
From the Shrewsbury Edition of Butler (Jonathan Cape).

The contents are safe under the editorship of Henry Festing Jones, Butler's faithful biographer and fellow Quixote, and A. T. Bartholomew, librarian of Butler's own college at Cambridge—an institution that has some very respectable names on its books. Every admirer of Butler will welcome the hitherto uncollected "Juvenilia" included in the first volume. I find it characteristic that his earliest known essay, contributed to the first number of *The Eagle* (the Johns magazine) in 1858, deals with literary style. Butler was then in his fourth and last year. The essay has the curiously transparent *naïveté* that seems to indicate unusual simple-mindedness and induces a kind of lofty indulgence of an innocent writer, until suddenly the reader feels a pang of doubt whether it is all as simple as it seems, and whether his leg isn't being gently but decisively pulled. The last new paper in the first volume is an example of Butler's musical criticism. In it he says of Bach's "Matthew Passion" that it is "one of the dreariest, most untuneful, undramatic and utterly unlovely works that ever came from the pen of any musician." Now I firmly believe Bach's "Matthew Passion" to be not only one of the greatest works of music, but one of the greatest works of man in any medium; but I read Butler's criticism without resentment, because he is uttering clearly something decisively felt. His feeling may have been wrong, but he leaves one in no doubt as to what that feeling was. He never lost his obstinate and unprofitable honesty. A few years ago young men were dazzled by what they thought was Butler's devilish cleverness. But we have now to recognise that Butler's real strength lies, not in cleverness, but in something that in England will always triumph at last, even if late, over all kinds of cleverness, namely, character.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON.

BY IRIS BARRY.

DR. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON, author of "My Life with the Eskimos," "The Friendly Arctic," "The Northward Course of Empire" and "Hunters of the Great North," tells us himself something of his early experiences: the cowboy crack-shot became poet, theological student and professor of anthropology. An unlooked-for opportunity took him on an arctic expedition and led to his attaining the distinction of having wintered in the polar regions oftener than any other explorer. To the romantically-minded his achievements read like sagas as moving as any that his uncle, Eirikr Magnusson, the friend of William Morris, ever translated. To-day he is at once the most popular and highest paid of lecturers in the States, and the special advocate for the polar regions and all they may some day mean to humanity.

When I read "The Friendly Arctic" I wondered how far my pleasant impression of the author was correct: there are no photographs labelled "Stefansson" in any of his books. About a year later I met him: a quiet, genial man of about forty, with eyes that livened his sober expression, willing to talk about anything but his work. My hopes of hearing about caribou-skin clothing, or Eskimos, quickly vanished. Dr. Stefansson was urging me to go and see "The Insect Play." In reply to a leading question about his capacity for existing in comfort in the arctic that had proved so hostile and uncomfortable to other travellers, he told me an anecdote about Houdini. Houdini, he said, had described his bewilderment at a feat of endurance, almost of magic, which has baffled scientists and conjurers alike for centuries. A man,

stripped but for a loincloth, wearing a helmet, with clay worked in round his toe and finger nails, enters an oven holding a raw steak in his hand, and remains there in full sight of the onlookers until the steak is cooked through, when he comes out unharmed. Houdini remarks that there is no mystery about this oldest of mysteries. Any healthy person, he eventually discovered, could endure for a few minutes heat that will in that time cook a steak. The perspiration caused by the intense heat of the oven is sufficient to protect the body; the hair and nails, which don't perspire, are covered. "You see," Dr. Stefansson said, half smiling, "it is the really simple things that appear insoluble." I saw the arctic moral his tale pointed and, in thinking over his books, saw that a large proportion of his success was due to his ability to find simple solutions for difficulties that others had met by elaborate technique. I knew, for instance, that his parties had never suffered from the thirst which racked other explorers, because they had eaten snow, although it had always been supposed that eating snow was injurious. He had lived by hunting where others died of starvation, because he thought it seemed the obvious thing to try. He added that part of his success was due to the fact that he was less brave than most travellers, and therefore more cautious.

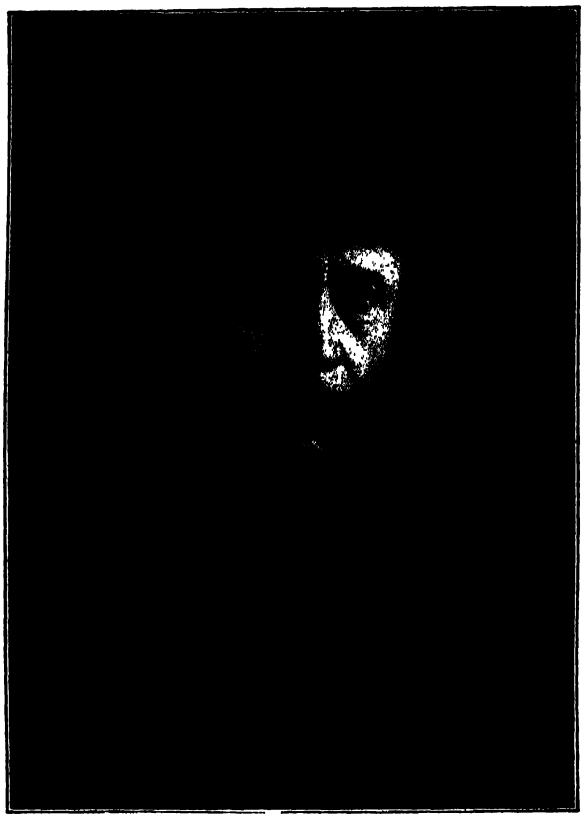


Photo by Hay Wrightson.

Mr. Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

The next time we met I said I hoped he was succeeding, during his stay in London, in disseminating his belief in the value of the polar lands. He seemed in good spirits and made the typically indirect reply that he had been lunching at the Athenæum, where he had met a man who told him that, during the summer, he and his wife had both come to the conclusion that maggots in meat are caused by flies. "That," Stefansson concluded, "only shows you how long it takes the truth to get around." It seemed characteristic that he should derive real amusement from this fact, and I realised the patience and sincerity which he must possess to enable him to devote his life to dispelling illusions.

Half the charm of Stefansson's books is in the simplicity and candour which distinguish their author. The turn of mind which made the tale about the maggots so amusing to him is the obverse of the mental quality which made him need to champion the much-abused arctic. He relates what he saw and did there with a particularly attractive *naiveté*, and he has the good fortune to possess, in addition to a direct narrative style and a freshness of observation, a sudden and unexpected humour. His stories of the Eskimos among whom he lived so long are especially delightful:

"I learned why it was that animals allow themselves to be killed by men. They are much wiser than men and know everything in the world, including the thoughts of men; but there are certain things which they need and which they can only get from men. The seals and whales live in salt water, and are therefore continually thirsty. They have no means of getting fresh water except to come to men for it. A seal will therefore allow himself to be killed by the hunter who will give him a drink of water in return; that is why a dipperful of water is always poured in the mouth of a dead seal when he is brought ashore."

He apologises for a good many of the adventures he has to relate since, to his mind, "adventures are a sign of incompetence." No difficulty should arise that has not been solved in advance. But his narrative is none the less thrilling for that. He describes how, while travelling across the sea-ice, he and his Eskimo companion "were stopped by a lead about twenty feet wide," and lashed one five-gallon tin, one ten-gallon tin and a brass water-bottle under the sledge to make it float over. "With a shovel for a paddle we pushed the sledge into the water and I got aboard to paddle across." Fortunately there was also a rope by which the sledge could be hauled back to the ice again.

"Much to the surprise of both of us it kept settling gradually until I was nearly up to my arms in water, and it became evident that our contrivance was going to sink. This seemed to me to controvert the laws of nature."

When the sledge had been pulled back they found the largest tin had a hole in it. So they stopped the hole and this time got safely across.

Few journeys could have been more thrilling than the one that Stefansson, with two other men, took in 1914, six hundred miles across the Arctic Ocean on drifting ice. For fifty-three days after their provisions had given out they lived on bears and seals which they shot, and arrived safe and well at uninhabited Banks Island, where they spent the summer. Eskimos and white men alike had long before then concluded that they "must be" dead. There is an endless variety in the fascinating account of that ice-trip ("The Friendly Arctic"):

"During the night we were awakened by the dogs barking. . . . We heard the noise which had surprised and worried them . . . it was the blowing of whales. We ran out and saw a school of beluga whales passing, northward-bound along the lead. During the next two or three weeks we saw thousands of them. As the frost was still heavy at night the whales occasionally found themselves in leads covered with young ice. Then it was interesting to see the six- or eight-inch ice bulge and break as they struck it with the hump of their backs. A moment after the

noise of breaking ice would come the hiss of the spouting whale and a column of spray."

If Stefansson is better known as a publicity agent for the polar regions than as the writer of some of the most enthralling travel-books in the language, it is perhaps because he had the misfortune to use and perfect the Eskimo habits of life, diet, clothing and hunting so as to find a five years' expedition in the polar seas no more disagreeable than a holiday in Switzerland. Misfortune one must call it, for it is fairly certain that if he had died there and become the thing he most abominates, a "hero," everyone would read of him and his "adventures" with breathless interest. But he has no use for the type of modesty which exaggerates the hardships of travel and yet deprecates praise. He has chosen to describe rather than to write up what he found. That is what makes his books such good reading. Not only does something happen all the time, but again and again between events the author brings down a popular fallacy or explodes an antiquated notion. And his Eskimos are so delightful that we look forward with the keenest pleasure to his forthcoming book on their folk-lore. For such purposes a live scientist is very much better than a dead hero.

THE AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND

(*Member and a Director of the American Academy*).

AFTER some eight years of a more or less formal existence as an association without charter, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, composed of about two hundred and fifty leading representatives of the five fine arts, voted to create from its own membership a kind of "Senate" to be composed of those men whose age and eminence entitled them to especial distinction. This was in 1904, and it chanced that Hopkinson Smith and I were appointed to count the ballots on that occasion. I clearly recall the fact that William D. Howells was not only the first man elected, but that he was the man immediately designated as the most fitting president of the new organisation.



Mr. Hamlin Garland.

At this historical meeting of the Institute we elected six other men and empowered them to elect eight associates. When these fifteen had elected fifteen others, the Academy became a separate and self-governing body. Upon the first fifteen names there was almost complete agreement. They were (in the order of their election) Howells, John Hay, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, John LaFarge, Edward A. MacDowell, Samuel L. Clemens, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Adams, Richard Watson Gilder, Daniel Chester French, John Q. A. Ward, John Burroughs and John S. Sargent.

It will be observed that in this first group of members literature predominated and this dominance was maintained in the fifteen names which were added—although painting, sculpture, music and architecture gained in proportion.

It was not the intention of the committee of the Institute to insist on any fixed proportion of one art in relation to another, but we did recommend that the predominant section should be literature. "The experience of other academies has been such as to warrant this rule. Literature is in a very real sense the spokesman of the arts, their historian and advocate," we said.

It was for this reason that William Dean Howells, a many sided man of letters, was made president, while an historian, William M. Sloane, acted as Chancellor, and Robert Underwood Johnson, editor and poet, became Secretary. Basically, however, the Academy remains a union of the five arts. The National Institute of Arts and Letters is somewhat more strongly coloured by the arts of painting and sculpture.

The two institutions continue to function side by side, and once a year, at an annual dinner of the Institute, the members of the Academy sit as members of the Institute and vote with them on new members—for according to the constitution of the Academy all members of the Academy must be drawn from the Institute. Furthermore, a member of the Academy acts as President of the Institute. In these ways the two organisations are bound together.

For several years both organisations were quietly engaged in creating an *esprit de corps*. America's aversion toward anything selective—anything which hinted at an aristocracy, even an aristocracy of craftsmanship, had to be overcome. The fact that such aristocracies already existed in the National Academy of Design, the National Sculpture Society and various academies of science, helped to remove this prejudice and at last to overcome it.

This criticism has now lost its edge. In a sense any æsthetic organisation with a test of craftsmanship is "undemocratic"—that is to say exclusive of such men as are not qualified. It is merely comical misapprehension which confuses equal rights with equal artistry.

On the day of the opening of our new palatial home

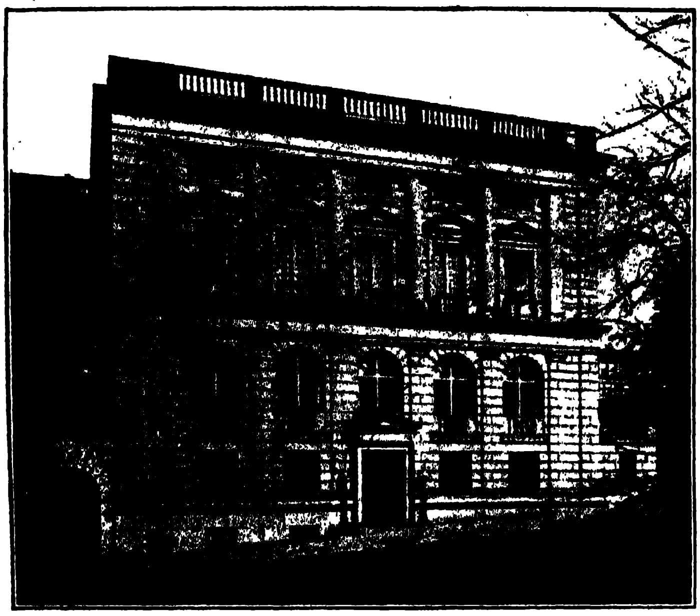


Photo by M. E. Hewitt Studio, N.Y. **American Academy of Art and Letters.**
South front overlooking Hudson River, at West 155th Street, New York.

my thoughts turned back to the men to whom it would have meant so much. Here was the embodiment of their dreams. Often I discussed with MacDowell and Stedman this whole question of a resting place for the foot of Art in America. To establish an Academy which should make sincerity, taste and skill the tests of membership was our hope. It could only come from private initiative. To ask for governmental endowment or even institutional endowment was never advised. To be free of governmental supervision, to keep clear of the pressure of big business—these were essential to our ideal.

At last two or three men of large means, wide, artistic sympathies and deep culture made our dream a reality.

Now here it stood ! And as I walked its spacious rooms and stood in the midst of its great Exhibition Room to help receive our thronging guests, I felt the historical significance of the moment. It was another evidence of the broader, more deeply national life which the Great War has helped us to obtain, but it came too late for Howells and Gilder and MacDowell to share. I felt their presence, nevertheless, and wished for some tribute to their memories. This noble palace of the arts is not a building for this year or this decade ; it is a foundation for the coming century. It is "far up town" at present, but in 1970 it is likely to be central in position on the Island of Manhattan and a focal point of all the arts in America.

What can it actively assume in the way of duty ? First, it can serve as a kind of clearing-house for associations devoted to letters and the arts. It already has endowments for assisting the advocates for better diction, and also for the establishment of art museums in towns where such institutions do not exist. The Blashfield Foundation is devoted specifically to the betterment of English speech in schools and in the theatre. Augustus Thomas and William Gillette have accepted membership on the committee having this in charge. Cass Gilbert and Robert Underwood Johnson are to act as a committee to co-operate with local committees on art museums.

By means of prizes and medals the Academy hopes to influence directly the creative art of the nation. In its Howells medal, conferred every fifth year in recognition of the most distinguished American fiction published during that period, it can reward the man who writes for love of his art rather than for the applause of the moment, and in the Academy gold medal, which has a wider application, the Academy can honour any man or woman who has rendered distinguished service in any one or more of the arts. Such medals and awards given at five-year intervals and with care cannot fail of beneficial effect on American literature and American art.

In addition to these activities, the Academy is to publish not merely the records of its own proceedings, but addresses of special value and importance to the lovers of good art and good literature. It has adopted a handsome format in which all its publications are to be printed. These publications will be for sale, but they will also be sent out to a carefully selected list of scholars and critics so that they may be kept in touch with what the Academy is doing.

Each year a certain number of lectures are to be given on literary and æsthetic subjects, and exhibitions of sculpture and painting will be open to the public. An Exhibition of Sculpture was held last spring. Not only is the building adapted for such a display ; it has the further advantage of a terraced approach which will permit of the display of monumental sculpture, and the directors hope to make this spring exhibit a notable annual event. A similar exhibit of painting has been arranged for this autumn.

Finally, the Academy is to be a storehouse of Literary *Americana*—not politics or science or sociology, but all that has contributed to the advancement of arts and letters in America. First of all, in these archives will be collected the available data concerning its members past and present ; second, Memorabilia concerning the

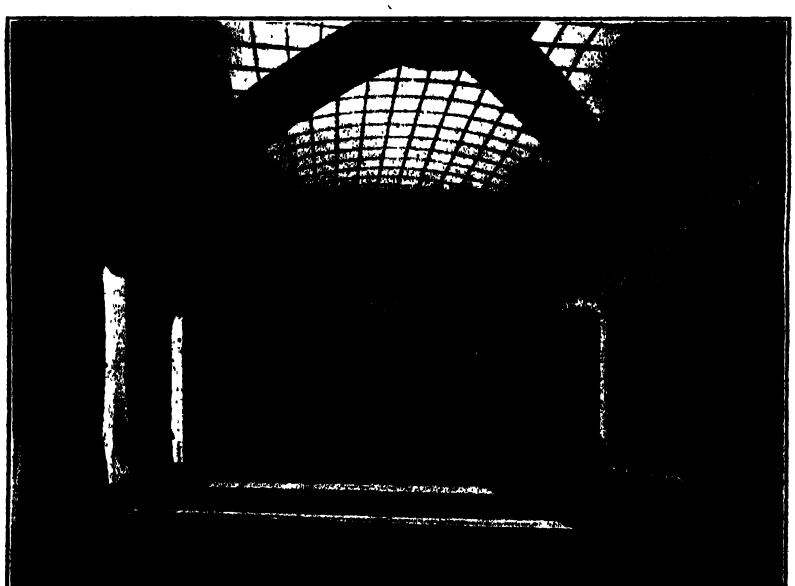
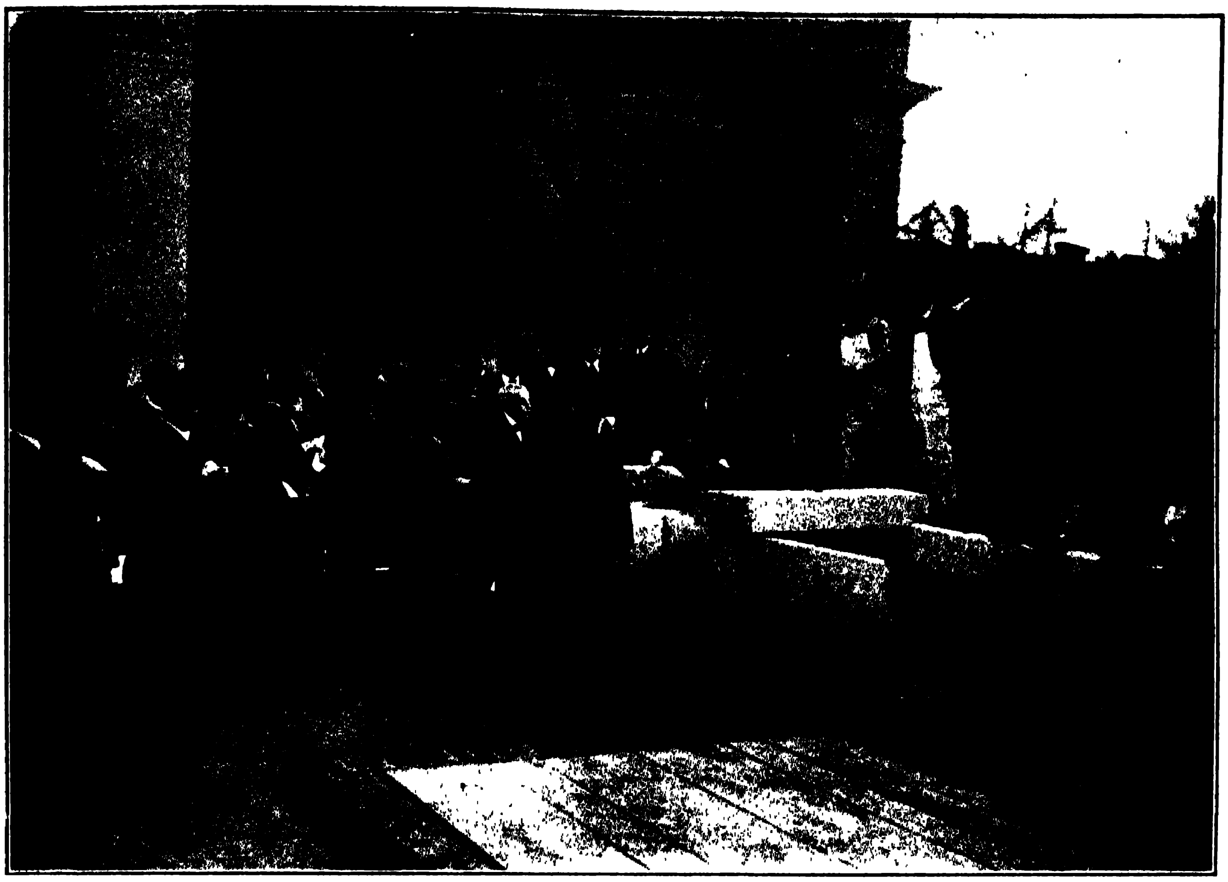


Photo by M. E. Hewitt Studio, N.Y. **Exhibition Room** in the American Academy.



Laying the foundation stone of the American Academy.

Marshal Foch, representing the French Academy, with President Sloane and Chancellor Matthews.



First Session of the American Academy in its New Home.

Order of portraits in above picture.—*First Row (from left to right):* Augustus Thomas (Dramatist), Dr. William M. Sloane (Historian, President of the Academy), Robert Underwood Johnson (Poet and Publicist, Secretary of the Academy), Hamlin Garland (Novelist and Historian), Dr. Arthur T. Hadley (President of Yale University), Cass Gilbert (Architect, Designer of the Woolworth Building).

Second Row: William C. Browell (Critic and Essayist), W. H. Blashfield (Painter), Lorado Taft (Sculptor), Frederick MacMonnies (Sculptor), Daniel Chester French (Sculptor), William Gillette (Actor and Dramatist), Charles Dana Gibson (Painter and Illustrator).

Upper Row: Childe Hassam (Painter), Joseph Pennell (Artist and Critic), Dr. Maurice F. Egan (Poet and Critic), Owen Wister (Novelist), Paul Shorey (Critic and Literary Historian), Paul Elmer More (Critic, Editor), Dr. Murray Butler (President of Columbia University).

The Membership is only partly represented in the above group. Brand Whitlock, Dr. Brander Matthews Booth Tarkington and many others were unable to be present when the picture was taken.

men and women who have helped to establish American æsthetic ideals.

For the storing of such books, manuscripts and pictures the building has adequate space and fireproof vaults, and such material will be at the service of special writers on art and letters. The library should become in a sense the final court of appeal on mooted points of biographic detail. Had this library been established at the close of the Civil War it would be at this moment just such a final reference hall for critics and historians. It will be more difficult now to build up such a library, but it can be done. The main consideration is the full co-operation of its members.

In all these activities the Academy is, necessarily, a conservative force, but it is by no means a reactionary force. It has on its board of directors men of known progressive tendencies. It very properly emphasises scholarship, but it is hospitable to the new artist whose work is of that quality which springs from nobility of mind and a mastery of the technical requirements of his field. It is not concerned with the popular success of a writer or an artist unless such success is based on sincere and masterly craftsmanship.

It remains to say that all these are hopes rather than settled programmes. Such an institution must slowly shape its policies to fit the broad tendencies of developing arts and letters in the New World. These policies, however, can be depended upon; Scholarship will be recognised, nobility in Art encouraged, and the deeper national qualities in Fiction, Poetry and the Drama acclaimed and, so far as possible, rewarded. The influence of the Academy will always be found on the side of sound national progress.

The officers of the Academy are: President, William M. Sloane (historian); Chancellor, Brander Matthews (novelist, critic and dramatist); Secretary, Robert Underwood Johnson (poet, critic, editor); Treasurer, Thomas Hastings (architect). The other directors are: Archer M. Huntington (poet, art critic, editor), Augustus Thomas (dramatist), Cass Gilbert (architect), and Hamlin Garland (novelist and historian). In these nine men the present government of the academy is vested.

JOHN MORLEY AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

By W. P. Ryan.

JOHN MORLEY was a great tradition in Fleet Street as I first knew it. He had long left regular journalism, but his spirit seemed near us. Sometimes we deemed it an accusing spirit: the evening press had come to show light and playful phases far removed from the poised and distinguished Morley mind and method. That early Fleet Street, however, had cordial leanings towards literature; journalistic masters of whom I saw or knew much—like Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Justin McCarthy—were at all times as devoted to books as to news. The evening *Sun* and the *Weekly Sun* set art and letters in pride of place, and there was something of idealism and romance in their vision and philosophy of democracy. So it could be said that we respected, and in a measure continued, the high Morley tradition— he seemed at times, as it were, an Oversoul of our journalistic order—though we craved more glow than he was wont to favour. It was far later I realised that, with all our reverence, we had missed, like the age in general, his deepest appeal. We had overlooked the intensely poetical part of his nature. There was much excuse for us. He himself in the mass of his literary life-work kept that element in the background.

His salient achievements were imposing. He had some of the highest traits with which the journalist can be dowered. Certain of his shorter essays are enduring examples of first-rate journalism. He understood the fascination of the profession. He felt when he turned to it in his early manhood, as he tells us in his "Recollections," that journalism will probably kill a man, but it quickens his life while it lasts. In his own prolonged and productive course—as contributor to the *Saturday Review*, as editor of the *Fortnightly Review* (1867–82), as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* for a few years in the early eighties, and for a spell as editor of *Macmillan's*—in divers ways he made journalism Letters. (His fortunes as editor of the "English Men of Letters" series form a separate and a lively chapter.) Already in the days of his work for the *Saturday Review* he showed his happy faculty in the interpretation of characters and souls that appealed to him: Victor Hugo was prompt to pay tribute to his skill. His editorship of the *Fortnightly*, in which a store of his own best work first appeared, is a stirring chapter of general intellectual history. The best of his contributors, pioneers and leaders unresting from mental strife in their day, shared his own broadmindedness and zest for inquiry. In sooth this story of journalism bears our imagination to a higher world. When we come to the essays and critiques, first fashioned and moulded as journalism, we forget the pressman in the thinker, the interpreter, the social and political philosopher. In the massive and distinguished labour we find a penetrating sense of character, a large understanding of divers personalities engaged in the application of ideas, a political philosophy broad and rational and quickened with human sympathy, a dramatic grip of the whole essentials of the story to be unfolded, an insistent desire to reveal all the positive achievements of the men and minds under review, while conveying an impression of "the deep-lying collective forces" of which they were part. The simplicity, clarity, and distinction of the style are unbroken, and the mellow and piquant allusions and "asides" are a charm.

John Morley made up his mind early on a number of issues and essentials, and already it was a mind well stored and ripened. How responsive to new currents and ideas he had grown in his Oxford decade we know from vivid pages of his "Recollections." He deemed himself fortunate in his period of growth and work—and in dynamic associates like Meredith—regarding the Victorian age as a happy combination of the rational and the sentimental. He was only twenty-nine when he became editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and when his first study of Edmund Burke

appeared as a book; he was still a young man when he began the "Critical Miscellanies" and his lucid, large-minded studies of the intellectual precursors of the French Revolution; but mentally and politically he was full-grown. It is curious to remember that in middle age he was often regarded as a rigid theorist who was out of place in politics; he who at the outset of his career as a man of letters insisted that politics is not a science of abstract ideas, but an empirical art, with morality for its standard; hence nothing universal can be affirmed of it. He declared that a narrow utopianism is the besetting sin of most great writers on politics. A struggle to enforce a right only because it is a right he regarded as fatuous, and lamented the wasting of noble lives and ideas in efforts to carry out beneficent schemes in the face of "an iron antagonism of circumstances and conditions." This seems strangely unheroic, and is modified in later writings, like the treatise "On Compromise"; he meant that before we reap we must sow, and must not be impatient for the golden harvest.

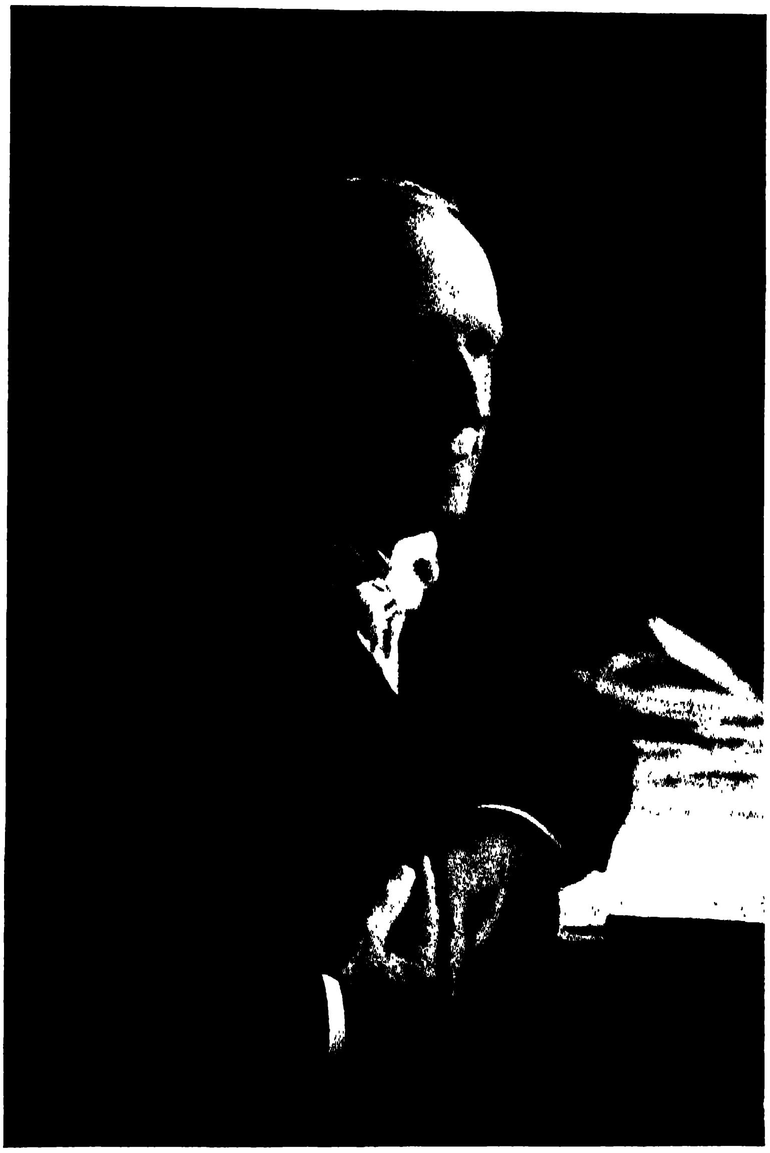
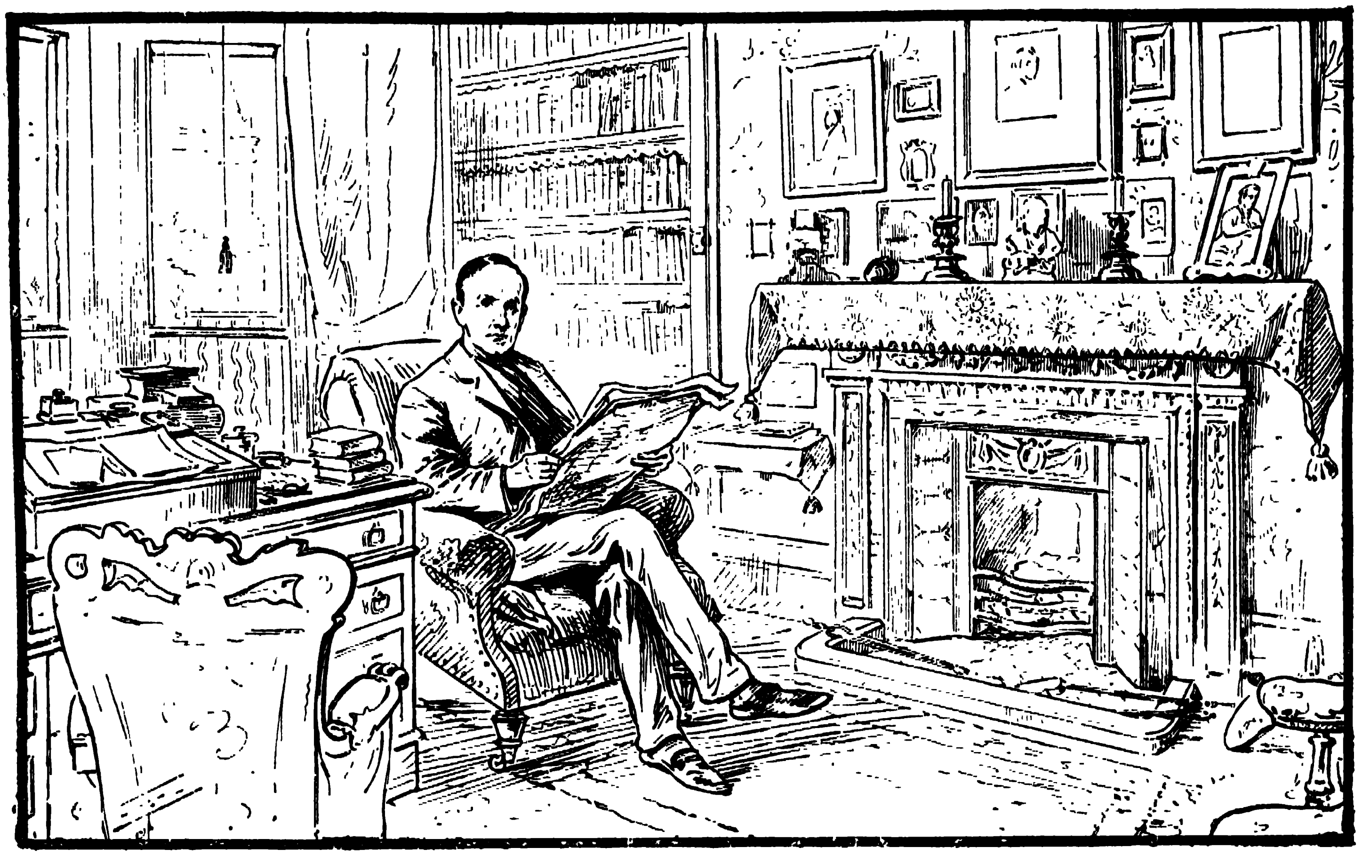


Photo by Haines. **Lord Morley.**

He had an eager enthusiasm for the sowers of social and political ideas—whatever their personal characters and weaknesses—and for following the results of the sowing and the growing. Indeed, he maintained that the real subject of history is the perfection of social arrangements. Again and again, in divers connections, he stressed or illustrated the interest and importance of men and women as interrelated social beings. Character as it acquitted itself in time and place, in the troublous tangle of destiny, was to him inexhaustibly interesting—character, and social ideals, and the march to mental freedom. One or other or all of these interests will be found to loom large in his volumes of biography, interpretation, criticism—on Burke, Walpole, Cobden, Cromwell, Gladstone; on Diderot, Rousseau, Voltaire, Machiavelli—and to inspire or quicken his penetrative shorter writings on Turgot, Robespierre, Comte, Mill, and others of far different scenes and ages. The eighteenth century, on the political and intellectual side, made a prime appeal to him; American Independence and the French Revolution stood forth in his imagination as vast, world-changing outcomes. His studies of the intellectual forerunners of the Revolution are a monument to his knowledge, tolerance, balance, and graphic faculty of presentation. Thus, in a sense, his Voltaire—"the very eye of eighteenth century illumination"—becomes a new individuality. On the other hand, the individual often seemed to him unimportant in comparison with the social and human ideals for which he strove. Still, he paid generous tribute to those intellectually sterling workers whose own personality, as he said, was as nothing in the presence of the vast subjects that engaged the thought of their lives. Of such, for example, was Diderot. And those who had more or less of greatness in themselves he was prone to take to task for not "keeping things separate." He criticised Rousseau and Carlyle for their "sophistry of the emotions." Each was driven by the impetuosity of his sentiments to "attack social questions in an imaginative and highly emotional manner." Not of course that he undervalued emotion, but considered it a distraction where the practical need was the scientific temper.

From many of his pages on character in action, on social doctrine and struggle (in the broad sense) it might seem that he thought the poetic temper inferior or secondary, or at any rate a private luxury, and of doubtful use to us in our co-operative capacities. He avowedly set affairs before literature, considering purely literary qualities as a fragile and secondary good which, he said, the world is very willing to let die unless it has been engendered by living forces. Yet in him the poet was often adjacent to the social philosopher. Poetry was a profound part of his being. To authentic poetry of many modes and ages he was delicately and wisely responsive. He had a very deep appreciation of Dante, with his severe, vivid, ardent force of vision, as he called it. Of the Greeks, Homer, Æschylus, and Sophocles were close to him; of the Latins, Virgil and



Lord Morley in his Library.

From a pen and ink sketch

Lucretius—in some regards he set the latter above the former, as, knowing his nature and temper, we can readily understand—and a few songs of Catullus he ranked among the brightest gems of the antique world. Goethe was often called to his counsel. Emerson was one of the moulding influences of his inner life. He was sometimes stirred to the depths by the " moral pulse " that beat in the verse (or prose) of Hugo. His English poetical enthusiasms are a long story. Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth: we are well prepared for his devotion; also for much of the appeal of Byron, and for the stimulation and solace that he found in Matthew Arnold. To the humanity and the music of Burns he rendered homage that was almost tender. Gray was a high favourite; " genial," " simple " " humane," " perpetually pleasing," he averred, was " the best verse of the rationalistic century." His introduction to his edition of Wordsworth was a typical revelation of his inlook and his mental mould, as in his survey of the poet's contact in the course of his long life with " stirring and enormous events " (the French Revolution the most memorable) and his seeing in Wordsworth's direct appeal to will and conduct the trait that placed him on an eminence. He showed a deeper plane of himself in his sense of the mystical fact that Wordsworth idealised and glorified the vast universe and made of it an animate presence.

He sought a music unknown to Wordsworth. Greatly as he esteemed " The Prelude " he did not find in it the " musical, harmonious, sympathetic quality " that he found in the prose of Rousseau's " Confession." Which reminds us how responsive he was to style (though he thought the mere stylist the " most provoking of literary degenerates "), how he loved the musical ear as well as the imaginative eye. Even when the argument or the thought left him cold he could be charmed by style alone, as in the case of the " siren style " of Newman.

The man of letters kept the poet within him under strict control. If the fact is a key to much of his positive and serene achievement it explains a limitation which admirers of his best must have felt. Vain as it is, one wishes there had been rebellion, that play had been given to his spirit of poetry, to his innate music, master though he was in the fields of social character and political philosophy which he made particularly his own, which he saw so steadily and treated so lucidly. He was always master of himself, or what he considered himself, but in the really great, in the creative, a deeper being, unknown to normal consciousness, will assert itself, and become the master. John Morley was content with the normal consciousness, in his case indeed of a lofty, liberal, and distinguished order. His task in the main was the interpreter's task; it has been done so nobly at the best that we draw from it a sense of original and kingly service.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HARRY TIGHE: AN AUSTRALIAN NOVELIST.

THERE is no doubt about Mr. Harry Tighe being an Australian; his father and mother were born there, and he himself is a Cornstalk with an extraordinary amount of English culture. His father was member for Northumberland, New South Wales, for twenty years, and rose to Cabinet rank as Postmaster-General in the Australian Parliament. The subject of this article was born at Waratah, Newcastle, N.S.W. He had his early education in Australia, but as a young man he went to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where he made many friends for life. He had travelled much in the home Dominion and when he left the 'varsity he made a wander-tour of Europe. All this was very good preparation for a novelist; and his books cover, in background at any rate, a considerable part of the civilised world.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Harry Tighe.**

One of his early volumes - he has written about a score - was a collection of fanciful and agreeable stories, strangely misnamed by the publisher, "Remorse and Other Essays." The book which made his reputation was "The Sheep-Path." It established Mr. Tighe, not only as a story-teller, but as a stylist and a psychologist. "The Silent Room" was as able a book, and had a deeper human interest, but I fancy it only took the few. It is a curious thing that Mr. Tighe has written half a dozen books, each of which would have given one man a vogue; and yet, somehow, he has failed to capture that great public to which his proven ability entitles him. It may be because, in his own words, he is always writing "something different," changing not only his scenery, but even his style. Such a versatility is admirable, but the novel-reading public in England like to know exactly where they are with an author and are liable to resent revolutionary changes in their favourites. I am confident, however, that if Mr. Tighe were assured he could become at once a "best-seller" and a literary success by sticking to the one line of country in his books, he would be absolutely unable to do so. His mind is always receiving fresh impressions, and his imagination is constantly leading him away from old tracks.

A book which his old readers delight in is "The Model in Green," which has been placed on the same plane as Murger's "La Vie de Bôheme"; but a man writes that kind of romance of youth but once in his life; if he attempts a sequel in middle age, the result is generally saddening.

A very fascinating novel of Tighe's earlier period was "The Man in the Fog." Its opening, with the meeting of two unhappy people on the Embankment, had that mystery which is synonymous with romance. "The Four Candles" had not the same subtlety, but it had vivid colour and incident. Tighe's strong sense of drama was fully revealed in the episode of the beautiful woman in a wild mining district who asked her four suitors to let their fates be decided by the burning of candles. The lady had her own method of pre-determining the result.

A novel which should have had a very great success—and inexplicably had not– was "The Woman of the Hills." This story of France and Corsica, of wild love and mad despair, has with it the air of a classic. The writing of it is sheer beauty.

It is surprising that Mr. Tighe has not yet produced a play, considering the dramatic quality of his work, and his intimate acquaintance with the theatre. He is a constant, enthusiastic, and yet critical playgoer, and knows many of the stage's leading figures. I believe he has something very good in reserve in the way of a drama, but the gods of the theatre are capricious in their selections.

One encounters frequent disappointments in meeting novelists. Of course, it is rather difficult for ordinary human beings to look as great as their best work. Sometimes it seems unbelievable that writers whom one has admired for years should be quite so dull and obvious and philistine looking as they often are in the flesh. I will not say that the personality of Harry Tighe fits all his novels, but he will certainly impress strangers with the feeling that under a smiling exterior and a charming manner there are qualities of depth and earnestness which the average man is far from possessing, especially in alliance with a keen wit.

Another admirable thing about our novelist is his entire modesty about his work. Unless in company with a kindred spirit he will lie low about his profession, and let folk imagine he does nothing in particular. This is a most welcome reticence in a day when self-advertisement has become a social menace. I think he is wise—I think any writer is wise—who keeps in close touch with the affairs and men and women of his day. The man who buries himself in the country, in isolation, with the intention of producing masterpieces, may do it occasionally—if he be a genius—but the Thomas Hardys of literature are few and far between. The novelist of our time must be a citizen of the world, a traveller in strange lands, a seeker for hidden things in remote places. Mr. Tighe is a man who enjoys travel for its own sake and makes also of his journeyings rich material for the background of his books.

I dare say that some of his acquaintances have the belief that he leads a life of luxurious ease, but as a matter of fact he is like the great bulk of people who express themselves by the pen, and when not actually writing, is considering the scheme of still another book.

He is lucky in being able to get straight ahead once he has acquired his central idea, and he manages to do the most of his actual transcript in the hours between breakfast and lunch.

Contrary to many of his colleagues, he does not share the idea that the book in hand is always his best book. He is a quite keen and merciless critic of his own work and realises always when he has been unable to achieve just what he wanted to do. This is a drawback in a way as it prevents him, perhaps, bringing enough enthusiasm to a story which he is dubious about to carry it off triumphantly; but such a faculty of self-analysis is a splendid asset in the long run, as it destroys false values.

It is a little strange that the element of humour is not asserted in his work, as he has a very light and playful fancy. Any of these years, however, I expect him to do something in the vein of Robert Hichens in "The Londoners," or Neil Lyons in "Clara."

His latest book, "Life's Antagonisms,"* is like nothing which preceded it. Its theme is that ironic puzzle of life—why people united by the deepest human ties seem destined often to live in nothing but misunderstanding and bitterness. Sometimes the lives of such people are shattered by scenes and disturbances; sometimes a terrible reticence prevents a union of hearts and souls.

Not all Mr. Tighe's characters in "Life's Antagonisms" are worthy of strong human affection. Mr. Tim Finch had probably the right of a father to be tended by his daughters; but, while caring for his grown-up girls, he behaved as the meanest of tyrants. It is subtle of the author to show that Tim, with his Park preaching, his hypocrisy, his swindling, his envy, malice, hatred and uncharitableness, was not an utterly bad sort of man. It is clever, too, to let Daphne and Clara Finch, while rebelling against their impossible parent, recognise something -just a corner of his angry heart which revealed a little decent affection for them.

Finch was the proprietor of a little tobacconist shop. He could have made easy terms with his prosperous friend, Jimmy Newbery, to abandon that small property and go into the great Emporium project "on the ground floor"; but Tim loathed his friend's success, and in the old proletarian phrase, "cut off his nose to spite his face," in sticking to the shop which spoiled the general ground-plan of the big Newbery establishment. Daphne Finch, the beauty daughter, was engaged to Jimmy Newbery's son, Percy, quite a nice young fellow, but with the seeds of bounderism incipient. Old Tim's vengeful opposition to the engagement drove the young people to matrimony. At the same time, Tim's plain daughter, Clara, had made a happy enough marriage with a farm labourer and developed that kind of pride which restrains one from making anything of rich relations.

Percy Newbery desired that he and Daphne should make a great social success, and he was aided in this rather impossible enterprise by Lady Pamela Princetown, who did not mind going about with the son of a very vulgar tradesman, provided that the said son paid her bills. Naturally Daphne does not care much for her husband's smart friend. The story of the young Newberys' entry into society has a comic side to it, especially when Daphne's masterful and archaic aunt, Mrs. Meadows, insists on making her way into a very fashionable reception in quite unsuitable garb. Behind the comedy, however, is the tragedy of Daphne, who hates entertaining and dislikes Society people. Lady Pamela is not very fastidious in consorting with Percy, even if her motives are strictly mercenary.

The old Newberys, despite their vulgarity, are likeable people; but this does not apply to their daughter, May, who conceals a native gentility behind a mask of selfish pleasure. Many readers will love Daphne, as patient Griselda is a rare figure in literature nowadays. I think, on the whole, Mr. Tighe is more successful with old Tim Finch (who became a chronic drunkard before he died), and with Aunt Susan, a woman of character, than with his younger creations.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "Life's Antagonisms." 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

LOUIS GOLDING.

DURING the years immediately after the Great War the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge had in residence a handful each of impressively gifted young writers. The life of those interesting institutions, that are supposed to exist for the advancement of learning, was consequently lifted for the moment a little higher in the scale of intellectual and artistic eminence. The old mediocre level is now being touched again, alas! for the presence of those youthful spirits no longer contributes to the gaiety of the cities that grow more and more venerable beneath their dreaming spires. Robert Nichols, Edmund Blunden, Robert Graves, Alan Porter, Force Stead, Anthony Bertram, Gerald Bullett, J. B. Priestley and Edward Davison—these and others have gone among the world's devious ways. Each is busily establishing himself in one department or another of English letters, and the watcher on the shore is already able to forecast with assurance what particular current or rock-jagged channel the majority of them will master during the careers on which they have lately embarked. In one instance only do we feel that the future is not yet charted with certainty, though not because we lack confidence in his gift. Indeed it is a brilliant and original gift which so far has been applied with rare versatility and furnace-hot enthusiasm to poetry, the essay, the novel, and literary criticism. That success has attended every venture hitherto of its possessor and that success awaits his ventures ahead, in whichever direction they may be made, will be readily granted by all who are in any way familiar with his work; which is the work, in book or periodical, of Mr. Louis Golding.

Consider his output since 1919. There have been issued in his name a novel ("Forward From Babylon") and "Sorrow of War," "Shepherd Singing Ragtime" and "Prophet and Fool," three volumes of verse. By the time these lines are in print, "Seacoast of Bohemia," a prose fantasy, will have been published, and "Shrinking Woods," a collection of imaginative essays, will follow it next spring, in addition to "Sunward," a

go-as-you-please result of recent travel abroad. This would be a splendidly persistent output for any writer, even were he of middle age; but Mr. Golding is still on the youthful side of thirty, for he first saw the light, or rather (as Mr. Arnold Bennett might prefer to say) the Manchester fog, in November, 1895. His schooling began at a famous nursery of established contemporaries —Gilbert Cannan, James Agate, Filson Young, Harold Brighouse—as well as the late Stanley Houghton: the Manchester Grammar School. There, as a small boy in the middle school, he carried off, under the very noses of his solemn and sombre rivals in the Sixth Form, all the prizes obtainable for literature, history and other subjects worth dipping into when one is young. For him the school had other uses also. It was, and still is, presided over by one of the half-dozen great head masters of our age, Mr. J. L. Paton, who, fortunately for the youthful Golding, established among the boys a glorious system of camping and trekking which has long since achieved an international importance during the recent holiday, for example, there have been "treks" so far afield as Spain, Italy and Norway.



Mr. Louis Golding

Naturally the boy was a very exuberant poet-laureate, so to say, in this healthy, man-building activity. Camp-fires in Westmorland, the reading of Wordsworth and that old Manchester Grammar schoolboy, de Quincey; these, as "Forward From Babylon" and the poems make plain, emphasised in him certain aspects of nature-love.

> ". . . The noon's a shepherd kind and still.
> The noon's a shepherd takes his ease
> Beneath the shadow of five trees.
> Five old sycamores.
> Three sheep graze on the low hill.
> Down in the grass in twos and fours
> Cows are munching in the field.
> Three sheep graze on the low hill;
> Bless them, Lord, to give me wool.
> Cows are munching in the field;
> Bless them that their teats be full.
> Bless the sheep and cows to yield
> Wool to keep my children warm,
> Milk that they should grow therefrom."

Mr. Golding's poetry is often as warm and kindly and as well-rounded as that fragment. Sometimes it has remarkable pathos as well as simplicity, especially in the examples written during the war. Hostilities had broken out just after he won his Oxford scholarship at Queen's College, and the intellectual satisfaction of wearing a cap and gown was deferred while he went lecturing among the troops in Macedonia and, later, France, on behalf of the Army Council, the Victoria League and the Y.M.C.A. The opportunity was thus afforded him of visiting Athens and the Greek islands. An exotic energy of imagination, that has an essential part in his temperament, was given encouragement thereby, and is revealed in much of his subsequent work. While in France he commenced the happy plan of setting up in the great base camps of the Harfleur Valley an organisation which ministered to the starved artistic needs of the men, providing them with painting materials, with music, with instruments for their own playing, and with poetry, and poets to read it to them. Many young soldiers will recall, if they are still living, the great competition that was held at this Hut of the Seven Arts for the best poem, oil-painting and play, done by khaki-clad artists belonging to the neighbouring camps.

When Mr. Golding began s e r i o u s l y to write—no, seriously is not the word, for he was never more serious as a writer than when he was in his early teens! when he began rather with some conscious control of his equipment as a craftsman, his essays were welcomed by Mr. C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, that has been famous these thirty years for its "back-pagers." The appearance of his work here and, a few months later, in the magazine *Voices* immediately after the Armistice, formed his introduction to contemporary letters. *Voices* which, controlled by Mr. Thomas Moult, stimulated more young and worthy writers to good work than has yet been acknowledged even by the writers themselves, was the first attempt in post-war letters to restore the great tradition of English poetry after its melancholy languishment during 1914-18. Among those whose work appeared under Mr. Moult's editorship were three whose first books have been published in recent months: Mr. F. V. Branford, whose "Titans and Gods," issued by Mr. Golding's publisher, has introduced a remarkable singer; Mr. Neville Cardus, the delightful writer of "A Cricketer's Book"; and Mr. Maurice Samuel, with a novel "The Outsider." But Mr. Golding was not overshadowed.

He became an editor himself when at Oxford, conducting the *Queen's College Miscellany*. The completion of his Oxford period synchronised with the publication of his second volume of prose. Recently the New York firm of Dutton & Company have published a third volume, "Prophet and Fool," containing all that in the earlier books is considered worthy of preservation. Mr. Golding's virtues and faults are roundly stated through this volume. Here are technical accomplishment well-nigh perfect, a consummate ease in the use of words

(a perilous quality, this) and a true sense of their value and their rhythmic possibilities. His outlook is individual, but his individuality is so impulsive that occasionally he has been led, without being aware, over the border of artistic sincerity. All the same we hardly ever feel nowadays that he is writing things down and coining phrases for the mere sensuous sake of them. In a periodical we have just read one of the first fruits of a strong resurgence of lyric excitement that dates from an unfortunate breakdown in health which prevented him from settling down properly to a literary life in London last year. We venture to quote from "Kindled From Deep Darkness" because it fairly indicates the quality of his newest work:

> "Moments of beauty—so unexpected, radiant
> As the barbed fires of a bird a deep darkness
> Suddenly launches into broad blue day:
> How to celebrate them, with what ceremonial?
> To utter a cry of the soul's jubilation,
> Or to fall down on dumb grass, and pray?
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Sometimes—be wary! —there is equal combat,
> Fang against fang into the forest clearing.
> The thick trees murmur, 'Be slain or slay!'
> Yea, but the last, the last of moments,
> Shall a tall fire kindle from deep darkness,
> And you sucked flamewards like a wisp of hay!"

When Mr. Golding was ordered abroad for a year he settled in the Tyrol, with ramifications all round Germany, Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia. He also wandered through Italy and Sicily: and in Capri he joined a group of artists whose names are very familiar—Marinetti, Norman Douglas and Francis Brett Young. Here he wrote his light-hearted "satirical fantasy," wittily called "Seacoast of Bohemia."* The chief figure is a calf-minded youth from the provinces who goes through various adventures and tilts at the ubiquitous shams of London's Bohemia, and altogether has, or Mr. Golding has (and the reader will have) a jovial time. The contrast between this novel and "Forward From Babylon" is remarkable. The earlier book was an earnest study of a Jewish boy and his adolescence in the city of "Doomington," and one reviewer pronounced it the "best first novel published since the war." He went on to compare the author with Mr. Zangwill, and not at all to his disadvantage. We are reminded by this that no living author has had so great and beneficial an influence on Mr. Golding's prose-writing as his great compatriot. Like so many of us he is deeply indebted to Mr. Zangwill for innumerable personal kindnesses and much encouragement; an instance is related to the title of the book he is engaged upon, now that "Seacoast of Bohemia" is out of his hands. "Sunward" has been adopted at Mr. Zangwill's suggestion, and happily, for it is a volume of confessions, reflections, expostulations and maledictions concerning his travels. Against a background of his memories of the spiritual gloom of Central Europe he relates his sun-soaked adventures further South. The poems he then wrote are also included. Thus during the season now upon us we are to have Mr. Golding in three fresh phases, hitherto revealed only in fugitive pages. Who, with this delightful prospect in mind, dare venture yet to forecast the nature of his ultimate triumph? X.

* (Christophers.)

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1923.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," The Bookman, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

Special Notice.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A Prize of One Guinea is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of The Bookman. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A Prize of Three New Books is offered for the best motto (original or selected) for the British Empire Exhibition.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free for twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—The Prize of One Guinea for the best original lyric is awarded to E. R. Faraday, of "Church Croft," Orleton, Brimfield, Herefordshire, for the following:

ARMISTICE DAY, 1923.

The hour of glory is a distant star
Seen faintly and afar;
The years have trodden down the grief and pride,
The tears are dried,
Or, driven to secret fountains of the heart,
Flow silently, apart.

The craft of use, the service of the hour
Resume their ancient power;
The vision fades, the palace of our trust
Crumbles to dust,
Unguarded, and the world of every day
Goes on its old, wild way.

O may it be, in some ethereal clime
Beyond our space and time,
The dead who wrought it see the fabric plain,
Not built in vain ;
All that they toiled to raise with bleeding hands
Shining and deathless stands !

We also select for printing :

INTIMACIES.

Firelight and curtains drawn, and Lilian pouring tea
From a teapot gay with cherries, and a broken spout. . .
The warm smell of buttered toast; chairs drawn up cosily . . .
And sleek and long before the fire, the cat stretched out. . . .

An old oaken table, and a sagging leather chair,
A willow-pattern cosy, and teacups thin as shell ;
A log fire spluttering, and lights on Lilian's hair ;
Outside the wind among the trees, and inside a spell !

Oh, in dreams it all comes back to me,
(Firelight and curtains drawn and the warm smell of tea !)
Frost rimming a tiny lawn in a garden of rosemary,
And inside, quiet and lamp-glow and a sweet intimacy !

(Ethel E. Mannin, " Roycroft," Dorset Road, Merton Park, S.W.20.)

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Flowers of the fading earth and failing year,
Scentless and dry, yet fair with tints that show
In sunset clouds, and soft hues such as know
Still autumn's daylit skies ; gold, amber clear,
Rose, crimson, mauve—yet scarce the tints that cheer
In springtide's quickening airs or summer's glow -
And purest white, like hastening winter's snow,
And russet shades of autumn woodland sere :

Fair are ye in yourselves, and doubly fair,
Now other blossoms fade 'neath winter's breath,
Yet lacks your beauty springtide's sap and bloom ;
Unmeet for childish hands, or young bride's hair,
Ye breathe of age, of winter, and the tomb,
Flowers of the East, the realm of Eld and Death !

(Edith Hodgkinson, 5, Percy Street, Dunedin, New Zealand.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Lucy Malleson (London, W.), Marion Elizabeth Stark (Wellesley, Mass.), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Blanche Jones (Margate), Thora Stowell (Cairo), Ursula Brooke (Oxford), S. K. Darneley (Beverley), Coralie Jepson (Highgate), Winnifred Tasker (Bournemouth), Edith Limb (Lincoln), J. Kilmeny Keith (Kensington), Kathleen Lee (Forest Gate), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Madeleine C. Munday (Whitehaven), Edna Norman (Bournemouth), Dorothy Slide (Hounslow), Rosie Campbell (Bournemouth), Cyril G. Taylor (Bellaghy), Alec Chesney Edwards (Birmingham), N. E. Bates (Rushden), A. B. Hindmarsh (Hartlepool), Constance I. Davies (Ontario), A. Dyson (Northampton), Diana Carroll (Woking), Molly Young (Pickering), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Isabel T. Gogarty (Islington), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Dorothy Hope (Southwold), Eileen Peck (Washington, U.S.A.), T. S. Ewing (Glasgow), W. M. Davies (Swansea), Florence Bunten (Cambridge), W. Eric Edmondson (Birkenhead), Freda Isobel Noble (Forest Rise), " Kahope " (Newport), Adelaide Marshall (Warwick), R. V. Ballard (Plympton), Carrie Hann (Weston-super-Mare), Muriel E. Graham (Stirling), R. Fortescue Doria (Old Feltham), Malcom A. Mucallum (Glasgow), Marion Stale (Putney), Mabel Greenwood (Petersfield), D. Nichol (Wokingham), Dorothea Gibson (Ossett), Elsie A. Fulder (Horsham), F. G. Cole (Hull).

II. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Lorna Leatham, of " The White House," Neville's Cross, Durham, for the following :

SEND FOR DR. O'GRADY. BY G. A. BIRMINGHAM.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

" My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk."
KEATS, *To a Nightingale.*

We also select for printing :

THE SENSE OF WONDER. BY PROFESSOR LYNN THORNDIKE.
(Macmillan.)

" Awaiting the sensation of a short sharp shock."
W. S GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

(Lieutenant C. S. B. Swinley, R.N., H.M.S. *Curaçoa.*)

A CAMERA FOR COMPANY. BY WARD MUIR.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

" A chiel's amang ye takin' notes."
ROBERT BURNS.

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.)

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.
REVIEW BY GILBERT THOMAS.

"The King was in his counting house
Counting out his money "
Nursery Rhyme.

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, S. David's Hill, Exeter.)

YOUTH'S WAY. BY CALE YOUNG RICE.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

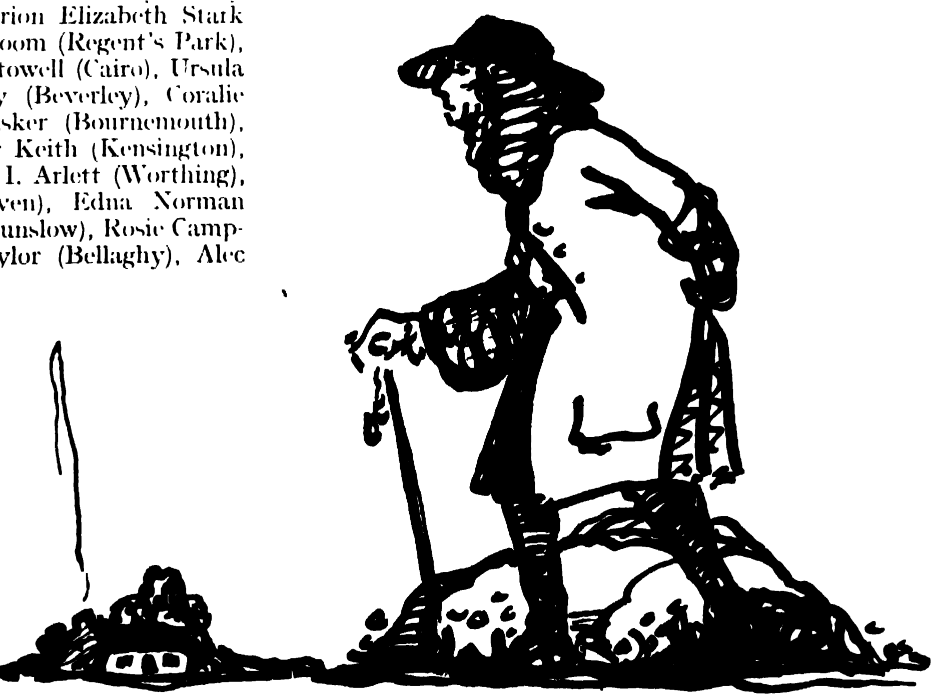
" Young Ben, he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade ;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid."
T. HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown.*

(E. Weighell, Victoria Avenue, Sowerby, Thirsk.)

BEGGAR'S BANQUET. BY G. ST. JOHN LOE. (Duckworth.)

" A crust of bread and rags "
T. HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt.*

(May W. Harrison, Bracebridge Heath Hospital, Lincoln.)



Drawing by Lovat Fraser.
From " The Book of Lovat Claud Fraser," by Haldane Macfall (Dent).
Reviewed in last month's BOOKMAN.

THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF GROCERS.
BY J. AUBREY REES. (Chapman & Dodd)

"They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking-Glass.*

(Mariquita Gutiérrez, 25, Paseo de la Concha, San Sebastian, Guipuzcoa, Spain.)

MORE PREJUDICE. BY A. B. WALKLEY. (Heinemann.)

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."

Old Rhyme.

(W. Eric Hodges, Didsbury College, Manchester.)

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR.
BY THE RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQUITH. (Cassells)

"When hard words, jealousies and fears
Set folks together by the ears"

S. BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

(G. T. Lewis, 42, Knole Street, Cardiff, South Wales.)

III.—THE PRIZE for the best account, in not more than two hundred words, of "The Most Miserable Day I Ever Spent," is divided and TWO BOOKS each are awarded to Kathleen Lee, of 104, Halley Road, Forest Gate, E.7, and Marion Peacock, of Horsham Grammar School, Sussex, for the following:

My most miserable day was a November Saturday, when my mother, from whom I had never been separated during my twenty years, entered a hospital to undergo a serious operation. We went by bus to Soho, through the bright streets where the shops held out the first promise of Christmas. We pretended to be interested in them and in our fellow-passengers, and scarcely spoke of our journey's end. How soon we reached the hospital! And how strange and fearful it seemed to me, who was still sufficiently ungrown-up to retain a childish dread of hospitals! Like one in a nightmare I waited, while the cheery nurse undressed mother and packed her clothes for me to carry away. Gradually all my misery concentrated into one idea—that whatever happened I must not cry. Somehow I said good-bye to mother, looking already remote, different, in the unfamiliar surroundings. Then I was out in the sunny square, struggling with the heavy suit-case. Mother's old grey coat hung over my arm; would she ever wear it again? . . . The square was deserted: I put down the suit-case amongst the dead leaves and scrubbed away the tears I dared not let fall.

KATHLEEN LEE.

When I was a small, homesick girl in a French convent, my father wrote to the Reverend Mother for permission to take me out. He was coming over from England on business, and I was to meet him in the town, under the *Grosse Horloge* at eleven o'clock. My excitement was unbounded, and the other girls were green with envy at the thought of all the cream cakes I should eat *chez Potin.* The day and hour came, but not my father. I waited one hour, two hours. The skies were clouded, the rain came down, and the cold was enough to freeze a brass monkey. At last Sœur Angélique, who accompanied me, forced me to return with her to the convent. My heart was full of the bitterest disappointment. I could not bear to face the other girls with my tear-stained face, so I crept up the cold, cleanly-scrubbed stairs to the big *dortoir,* where I hoped to sob undisturbed. As I passed the Mother's door it opened and she herself came out with a letter in her hand. "My child," she said, "I have made a mistake in the date; it is next week your father comes!"

MARION PEACOCK.

We select for special commendation the replies by A. G. Skinner (Bude), Adelaide Marshall (Warwick), Elizabeth Kyle (Glasgow), A. J. Edward (Oldham), M. R. Strang (Acton), Margaret McDonnell (Bothwell), C. F. Rathbone (Birmingham), Winifred E. Dimmock (East Putney), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), Olive Florence Crowe (Hanwell), W. E. K. H. (Bushey), "Amaryllis" (Bournemouth), L. N. Thomas (Littlehampton), Florence M. Godden (Ringwood), May W. Harrison (Lincoln), Monica Gybbon (Wallingford), C. M. Davies (Carmarthen), Margaret Gordon (Elton), E. Sweatman (Reading), M. E. Charles (Highgate).

IV. THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to W. L. Dudley, of Ranfurly Castle School, Bridge of Weir, Scotland, for the following:

THE MERCANTILE MARINE.
BY KEBLE CHATTERTON. (Heinemann.)

This book should be of great interest not only to those who make their living by going down to the sea in ships but to all those Englishmen in whom the Norse strain still lingers, for it will make them realise very fully the vital part played in our history both by the ocean-going cargo boat and the coastwise tramp. The pageant passes, the early merchant adventurers, the great Elizabethan seamen, the romantic voyages of the clipper ships, the transition from sail to steam and from wood to iron and to steel. Within comparatively small compass full justice is done to an epic subject.

We also select for printing:

FAINT PERFUME. BY ZONA GALE. (Appleton.)

One wonders what influence has changed the early sentimental manner of Zona Gale to that of the fine artistic realism exemplified in her latest book, "Faint Perfume." She has a gift of terse and picturesque characterisation and paints clearly with a few poignant words a scene or a personality; and she makes us feel keenly the inevitable conflict between the sensitive artist soul of Leda and the commonplace and materialistic Crumbs. The picture of Grandfather Crumb is striking. While one feels a trace of artificiality in the plot, yet "Faint Perfume" must be classed as a worth-while book

(Katharine Beaton Greene, Hazelcliffe, Sask., Winnipeg.)

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS, AND OTHER FANCIES.
BY STEPHEN LEACOCK. (John Lane.)

Few critics can employ satire with so sure and humorous an effect as Professor Leacock. These sketches and fancies of the theatre spare neither author, actor, audience nor producer. We are shown that brutality, deaths and maniacs do not improve the Russian drama; that it is not sufficient for Ibsen to state great social problems and offer no solutions; that psycho-analysis may be carried too far. The danger in Professor Leacock's method is that his manner is so delightful, that we are apt to overlook the sound and interesting matter which it covers.

(L. Calderon, 244, Burton Road, West Didsbury, Manchester.)

We specially commend the reviews by E. A. G. (Kingston-on-Thames), James A. Richards (Tenby), A. Boyden (St. Albans), B. Noel Saxelby (Buxton), S. A. Griffiths (Ferndale), Mrs. Kirkland Vesey (London, S.W.), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Gladys H. Cocks (Newport), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), Margaret Warne (Ashton-on-Mersey), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Jessie Jackson (Wanstead), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), Alice Youle Hinde (Brighton), Mannington Sayers (Monmouth), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), G. Ralton Barnard (York), Cecil Hull (Hazelwood), Louise Harbourne (Manchester), Charles Stapylton (Eastbourne), Max Kenyon (London, S.W.).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Ernest A. Fuller, of 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.10.

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

The Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN, which will be ready on the 1st December, will contain a series of twelve presentation plate portraits of living English authors drawn by the brilliant American artist, Mr. Walter Tittle; numerous other plates in colour and black-and-white, in addition to smaller portraits and illustrations, and four fully illustrated Supplements dealing with the books of the season. The literary contents will include special articles on "John Galsworthy," by Gerald Gould, "John Galsworthy as Dramatist," by Graham Sutton, "Mark Rutherford," by Martin Armstrong, "Walter de la Mare," by R. L. Mégroz, "Four Women Poets," by Thomas Moult, "On the English Essay," by John Freeman, "Some Modern American Poets," by Alfred Noyes, etc., and a symposium on "Dreams, Ghosts and Fairies," by May Sinclair, Sir Oliver Lodge, Marie Corelli, F. Britten Austin, Stacy Aumonier, H. C. Bailey, Benjamin Swift, R. Ellis Roberts, Marion St. John Webb, Walter de la Mare, and other well-known authors. We would again remind our readers that mechanical difficulties in connection with the plates make it impossible to print a second edition of this Number and that to be sure of obtaining copies they should place their orders without delay.



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. W. B. Maxwell,** whose new novel, "The Day's Journey" (Thornton Butterworth), is already in its second edition.

In the last few weeks a good deal has been written about "cruel criticism," especially in connection with Miss Storm Jameson's new novel, "The Pitiful Wife," and I am glad to see that her publishers, Messrs. Constable, and Mr. A. B. Walkley, of *The Times*, filling the part of St. George and rising against this dragon, have put up emphatic protests against the ruthless treatment that has been meted to that book in certain critical quarters. In one sense the discussion is of importance; in another it matters so little, in the long run, that it is not perhaps worth spending many words upon. Scornful, ill-mannered criticism naturally bruises and wounds a young author and may injure his prospects for a while; but the author who has lived longer grows "inured to such assaults," and, if he has a moderate allowance of common sense, can dismiss them with indifference, for time has taught him not to give them a value that does not belong to them. It has taught him that all cruelty is primitive and the fruit of insufficient knowledge; and cruelty in criticism denotes that the critic not only lacks imagination but is deficient in other qualities. He is to be classified with those raw, undeveloped small boys who take delight in mercilessly tearing off the legs and wings of flies, possibly because they find a malicious consolation in so demonstrating that they can, at least, help to destroy what they have no power to create.

The lamentable thing is that critics of this kind are obsessed by a delusion that what they are doing is clever. But it is the easiest thing in the world to be discourteous. Anybody, the most uncultured, can do it; and the classical model for such is the urchin who "put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out," or that unregenerate yokel who heaved a half-brick at the passer-by because he didn't know what to make of him.

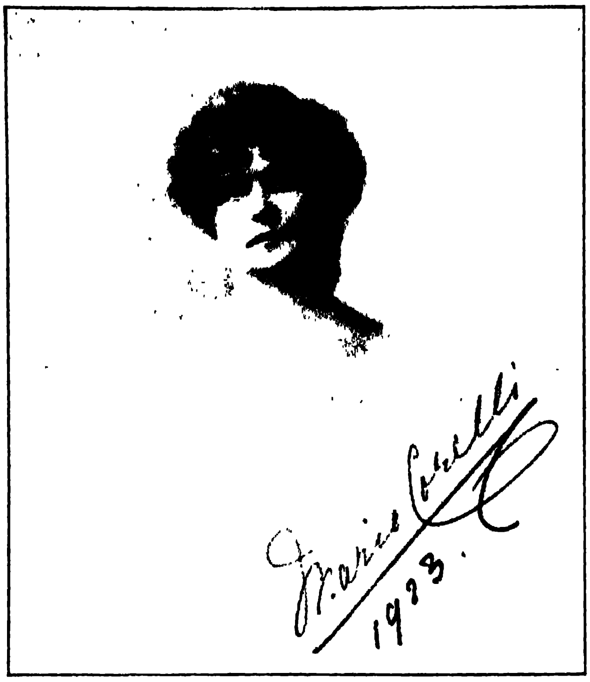
Ferocity in criticism does not arise from learning or competence, but from unadulterated self-conceit. It is usually indulged in by the youthful and inexperienced, and few things are more amusing than to wait until one of those inexperienced young fire-eaters publishes a book of his own and then note his pain and indignant amazement when one of his own type gives him as little grace as he had been in the habit of giving others.

One thing needful in criticism is a ripe understanding; no critic having that is dogmatic or intemperate, for he is aware that in all likelihood he does not really know much more of the art upon which he passes judgment than does the author who practises it. The perfect book has yet to be written, and the perfect critic to be born. The critic who, forgetting he



Sir Philip Gibbs, whose brilliant new novel, "Heirs Apparent," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

is not infallible, grows vehement and breaks into noisy and intolerant condemnation of a book that does not happen to suit his particular taste always reminds me of those ridiculous customers in restaurants who lose their tempers and bully the waiter if their steak is not done to their liking. There are other restaurants, and other steaks; let them go elsewhere, and go in peace. The other diners may have better digestions. To fasten on the flaws in any artist's work and to expose them portentously, as if there were nothing else in it, is the lowest form of this business of criticism. There is as much difference between critics of this limited capacity and the genuine article as there is between a rat-catcher and the authentic naturalist whose larger mind takes in the much that is beautiful in creation as well as the little that is not beautiful, and recognises that, anyhow, it isn't all rats.



Copyright G. & Co. **Miss Marie Corelli,**
whose new novel, "Love and the Philosopher" is published by Messrs. Methuen.

Of course, to ladle out nothing but praise is as foolish and nearly as useless as to be always straining to write nothing but smartly devastating things. But "there's a mean 'twixt both," and the only critics that matter walk there. We laugh now at the men who belauded Tupper, but they were not more egregious than those who belittled Shelley. When Dickens was writing the greatest of his novels there were critics who wrote of him quite as condescendingly and as virulently as certain critics now write of present-day novelists whose popularity is supposed to be incompatible with literary genius. They said Dickens had gone up like a rocket and would come down like the stick; that "anyone who bought 'Mr. Boz' would be cheated out of his money"; that "it is impossible to concede to 'David Copperfield' the standing of a work of high art"; that "A Tale of Two Cities" was "a clumsy framework for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens's stock-in-trade"; that "Our Mutual Friend" was "poor with the poverty of permanent exhaustion"; and so forth. And half a century later this confident bluster and contempt has become meaningless babble, and Dickens still survives.

> "The man recovered of the bite,
> The dog it was that died."

There is no finality in criticism; it is not an exact science; if the making of literature could be reduced to a formula and its standards precisely and definitely fixed, as the academic fondly fancy they can, literature would be a dead art instead of a living one. The critic, who cannot make laws but only deduce them from the work the authors have done, has a very useful and a high office, but when he forgets he is a mortal man, with tastes that are not sacrosanct, expressing opinions that men as capable may not share, and, mistaking himself for an oracle, acts accordingly, he becomes something of a public nuisance. He should be a leader, but becomes misleading. He ought to be a judge, temperate, dispassionate, but becomes a mere executioner; or, if he goes to the other extreme and gushes indiscriminately, a mere lackey.

I have always agreed with the first Samuel Butler that the best critics are like

> ". . . a kind of flies that breed
> In wild fig trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
> Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind
> And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
> Open its pores and make way for the sun
> To ripen it sooner than he would have done."

The real bad books will die soon enough if you leave them alone, and a sensible man with anything better to do will not waste time or labour in trying to kill them. By way of emphasising the wisdom of moderation and open-mindedness in judging contemporary literature, it is profitable to recall the accurately prophetic little poem, "To Critics and Others," written by the second Samuel Butler, who is now safely in his niche and receiving nothing but incense:



Mr. Rolland Jenkins,
whose up-to-date, concise handbook for travellers, "The Mediterranean Cruise," has just been published by Messrs. Putnams.

> "O Critics, cultured Critics!
> Who will praise me after I am dead,

Who will see in me both more and less than I intended,
But who will swear that whatever it was it was all perfectly right:
You will think you are better than the people who, when I was alive, swore that whatever I did was wrong
And damned my books for me as fast as I could write them;
But you will not be better, you will be just the same, neither better nor worse,
And you will go for some future Butler as your fathers have gone for me."

That is not an enviable reputation to have, and though some critics still live up to it, the majority of them, nowadays, take the more mature view that there is not one code of manners for the printed page and another for the drawing-room. It is possible, and right, that a man should discuss a book reasonably, giving it all the praise it deserves and pointing out its faults as inoffensively and decently as if he were talking to the author instead of writing about him. If he is unable to do this, but can only express his opinion with insolent words and contemptuous laughter, as arrogant stage-villains do in cheap melodrama, he is so far from being the brilliant fellow he feels that he is still only bogged in the elementary stages of his profession. Our rude forefathers had no urbanity, and when we too nearly resemble them we are not new but old-fashioned; not up to date, but out of it.



Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Maxwell Gray (Miss M. G. Tuttiett).

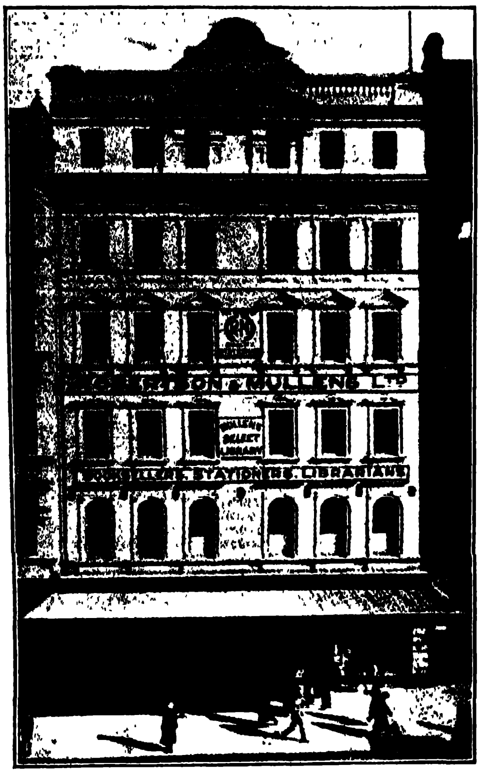
Miss Mary Gleed Tuttiett, well known as "Maxwell Gray," the novelist, died on September 21st, at 144A, Argyle Road, West Ealing. She was born, in 1848, in the Isle of Wight, her father being Mr. F. B. Tuttiett, M.R.C.S., a doctor in practice at Newport. He came from a long line of medical men in Somerset and Devonshire, though the origin of his curious name, with its five t's, is uncertain. Miss Tuttiett's second name, Gleed, was that of her mother's family, settled at Priory Farm, Carisbrooke. "Maxwell Gray's" first novel, "A Broken Tryst," appeared in 1879, but it was not until 1886 that she achieved immediate and deserved fame with "The Silence of Dean Maitland," a powerful novel with a well-sustained plot. Miss Tuttiett was always rather an invalid, and this penetrating story was written when she was lying, often in pain, on a sofa at her home in Newport. The lasting success of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" militated against the due recognition of many of "Maxwell Gray's" later novels — about fifteen in number—though "In the Heart of the Storm" (1891) and "The Great Refusal" (1906) are still remembered. She also wrote many charming poems and essays. Miss Tuttiett removed from the Isle of Wight to Richmond, Surrey, where she lived for many years at 2, Mount Ararat Road. For some time she had as neighbours in Richmond two other distinguished women novelists in the persons of Miss Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. In her last years "Maxwell Gray" became quite blind, but she continued to work, by dictation, and had completed a book not long before her death at the age of seventy-six.



Mr. James Hilton.

whose new novel, "The Passionate Year," Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing this month.

There is a lot of sound, unpretentious criticism in the "Pious Opinions" (Duckworth) of Sir Chartres Biron, who so worthily occupies Fielding's old place on the Bench at Bow Street. Sir Chartres utters strong sentences against the literary snob who would preserve the dignity of history by ignoring the human side of it, adding, "that there is some mysterious virtue in being seriously unreadable is his simple creed." He does not want that reticence in literature which I am surprised to find Mr. Guedalla hankering after, but laments "in what dismal volumes of reminiscence Bishops and Chief Justices reveal their virtues to a yawning world!" But is Sir Chartres right in saying that "in English history the influence of women has been nil"? Bernard Lintot, discussing Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Life of Victoria," suggested otherwise, and we must not forget Sarah Jennings, Queen Elizabeth, Mary of England and that other Mary of Scotland, or poor Rosamund, and one might say a word for Boadicea, and even for the mysterious Dark Lady who inspired Shakespeare to write some sonnets, for, after all, these belong as much to history as does the Battle of Waterloo. But if Sir Chartres had said histories are so dull not because



The Bookshop of Messrs. Robertson & Mullens, Melbourne.

the influence of women has been nil, but because historians have ignored the influence women have had upon it, who could question him? His literary judgments are sound and catholic. He goes into interesting by-ways to discuss Psalmanazar and the forgotten prophet Nixon; some of his best chapters are on Fielding, Smollett, Dickens, Thackeray, Dr. Johnson; he is refreshingly appreciative of Crabbe and Trollope, and not afraid to praise Wilkie Collins. Always he writes of literature as if it were, as it is, a part of our common life and not a thing to be reserved exclusively for scientific study.

This month Messrs. Heinemann, in association with Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Messrs. Cassell and Messrs. Longmans, will publish the first ten volumes in the Tusitala edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, the remaining twenty-five following in the early part of next year. The volumes are beautifully produced, and I like them the better because they are an easy size for the pocket. This is not only the cheapest but most complete edition of Stevenson so far available; in addition to all the work published in his lifetime, it contains everything of Stevenson's that has been published since and a great many new letters, stories, essays and unfinished sketches, with new and highly interesting biographical notes and information. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, the general editor of the edition, has written thirteen introductions which deal with Stevenson at various periods of his life and, in their entirety, form a complete biography of his manhood which runs altogether to some fifty thousand words. By the kindness of Messrs. Scribner, Mrs. Stevenson's biographical introductions are also included. These have not appeared in any popular edition in this country until now.

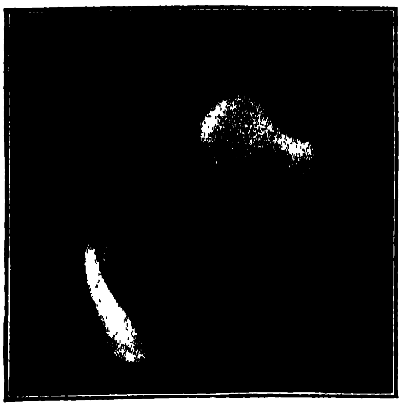
The businesses of Messrs. Stanley Paul and Greening & Co. have been converted into a private limited company, and will in future be known under the style of Stanley Paul & Co., Ltd. Mr. G. T. G. Mackern has joined the company as a director, and will take an active part with Mr. Stanley Paul in the company's future management and development. Mr. G. T. G. Mackern is a B.A.(Cantab) and was educated at Bradfield College, Berks, and Pembroke College, Cambridge. During the war he held the rank of captain in the Royal Irish Fusiliers and served with the infantry in France and Flanders, and later at the War Office. He is the only son of the late George Mackern, M.D., of Buenos Aires, and has many relations on both sides of his family in the Argentine.

Messrs. Robertson & Mullens, the well-known Australian booksellers, have sent me a photograph of their handsome six-story premises in Melbourne, and I reproduce it to show readers in the home country that Australia, like Todgers's, "knows how to do it." The firm consists of an amalgamation of the retail business of Messrs. Melville & Mullen and the wholesale business of Messrs. George Robertson & Co., and to accommodate both under their new title the Melbourne building has been so enlarged and rearranged that, in effect, it has been rebuilt, and, centrally situated in Melbourne, is now one of the greatest of Australian book-distributing organisations.

Two books of essays that I have been reading with a good deal of pleasure are "What I Have Gathered," by J. E. Buckrose (Chatto & Windus), and "Sparks From the Fire," by Gilbert Thomas (Chapman & Hall). With all the charm and homely



A novel bookshop sign
erected outside the well-known bookshop of Mr. Felix J. Koch in Cincinnatti.



Mr. Gilbert Thomas.

philosophy that are characteristic of her novels, Mrs. Buckrose has written of a number of everyday things, from "Ghosts" to "The Luxury of a Row," from "Money and Happiness" to "The Fun of Being an Author." She writes of "Proposals," "The Charm of Middle Age," "Gossip," the advantages of being thick-skinned and the consolation open to the thin-skinned who suffer and are not strong—in a word, of the common experiences of average men and women, and writes of them with a lively wit and shrewd common sense that make capital reading.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas has a quieter humour and perhaps a vein of deeper seriousness, and he too finds most of his themes in the familiar traffic of the world immediately around him. If I had thought of it when I was writing just now of the wrong sort of critics, I might have quoted his comment on the man "whose weight of acquired learning has crushed whatever sympathy, intuition and native wisdom he may ever have had." He has a thoughtful essay, "On Being Oneself," and I like his delightful sketch of the child, "Anne," and the suggestive morality that rises out of his reflections on her happiness and simplicity. To say nothing of other and entertaining things, or of the pleasant verses that come between some of the essays, there are admirable little studies of Shelley and Tennyson, and a group of sketches at the end, "Odd Leaves," that picture various aspects of life and pack a lot of sympathy, irony and acute comment in a little room. I am not surprised that Mr. Thomas's earlier volume, "Things Big and Little," is now out in a new and cheap edition; his "Sparks from the Fire" is worthy of the same success.



Photo by Yevonde. **Captain Frank Stayton.**

whose successful novel, "Special Licence," was published last month by Messrs. Nash & Grayson.

I have dipped into three or four new books of poems to-day, and Miss Vera Wheatley's "This, My Dreaming" (Hodder & Stoughton) is the only one that has held me and led me to turn back to the beginning and read to the end. There is a sincere note of individuality in her work; she is a rebel, and not orthodox either in her attitude toward life and the problems of the future, or in the structure of her verses; she uses new forms or old, or a blend of both, careless, apparently, so long as she can give her thought or fancy adequate expression. She puts something of her faith and philosophy into this gracious and charming "Credo":



Mr. H. V. Marrot.

"I believe
    In the whispering of the peacock-plumaged sea,
    In the moonshine and the little shining star,
    I believe that in all colour harmony
  His angels are.

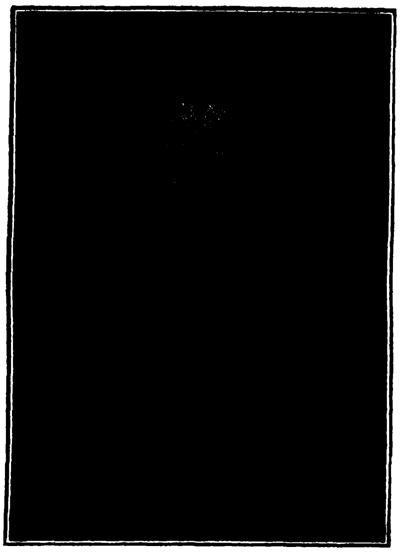
"I believe
    In the sunshine and the message of the flowers,
    In the wind-song and the sea-song and the rain—
    I believe that in the summer's greening hours
  God comes again."

And something of it, too, into the ironic "Opportunity." The vision and quiet beauty of the one and the irony of the other are very characteristic of Miss Wheatley's varying manner and breadth of view. If you care for what is good in modern poetry I would strongly recommend you to read "This, My Dreaming."

Under the title of "Dickens's Own Story," Messrs. Chapman & Hall are publishing this month a collection of essays by Sir William Robertson Nicoll dealing largely and intimately with lesser known facts of Dickens's life and certain phases of his character, as well as with his work and its critics. The book will

contain a frontispiece portrait of the author.

The latest additions to Mr. Philip Allan's very excellent British Artists series include "Richard Wilson and Joseph Farington," by Frank Rutter, which takes a special timeliness from Farington's emergence from obscurity with his "Diary," and the fact that the greater artist, Wilson, was his master.



Mr. C. W. Whitaker,
author of "The House of Lyes" (Blackwood).

"Dark Lanterns," a volume of poems by Mr. H. V. Marrot, will be published this month by Messrs. Elkin Mathews, in which firm Mr. Marrot has recently become a partner. He was interested in books long before he had any thought of publishing them himself, and is a confirmed collector of first editions. For some time past he has been engaged on a bibliography of Mr. John Galsworthy, which will be ready for publication now at an early date.

It is quite true, as Mr. Stacy Aumonier says in a foreword to Mr. Michael Joseph's "Short Story Writing for Profit" (6s.; Hutchinson), that "the art of writing short stories is probably the only art in which the demand is far greater than the supply," for he makes it clear that he means by this the supply of short stories that are good enough for publication, and not ten per cent. of those submitted to the magazines are that. For the authors of that inefficient ninety per cent. Mr. Joseph has written this book. He has had wide experience, and is qualified to advise on the commercial no less than the artistic side of his subject. With a view to helping the beginner, Mr. Joseph has laid down general principles on which short stories to suit the magazines should be written, and has prepared a very interesting and practical guide that tells the beginner just those things he has got to know if he would write stories that are craftsmanlike and saleable. He must study and develop his own art, but Mr. Joseph's book will teach him his business.

I went the other day to see the first of a series of performances of the Gair Wilkinson Puppett Show which, under the auspices of the Marionette Society and Mr. Arthur Stanley Wilkinson, are being given at the Poetry Bookshop daily until the 30th November, and having seen it can understand the attraction this ancient form of entertainment has for those who can give themselves up to its peculiar charm. What pleased me almost as much as the quaintness and humour of the play itself was the extraordinary skill with which the little figures were manipulated by a network of threads from above the stage, so that they walked and posed and gesticulated more easily and naturally than many real actors do. The form of entertainment may be ancient, but it is so new to this generation that it has all the fascination of novelty, and I am not surprised to hear that the small theatre at the Poetry Bookshop is filling every day with interested audiences.

It is a good while since Major Haldane Macfall wrote a novel, but he tells me he is at length engaged on another; meanwhile he has completed a book on "The Art of Hesketh Hubbard," which the Morland Press will publish in December. Mr. Hubbard founded, in association with a fellow artist, Mr. Frank Whittington, The Print Society, and is himself the author of two books on etching.

Mr. Claude Houghton has written a continuation of his striking poetical drama, "Judas," and, as "The House of the High Priest," it will be published shortly by Messrs. C. W. Daniel.

THE BOOKMAN

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

1, Aoyama Gakuin,
Tokyo, Japan.

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE OF TOKYO (KYO BUN KWAN) AND THE EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN.

We hereby give notice that our complete stock, building and most of our books of record have been totally destroyed as a result of the recent earthquake in Japan.

We have posted letters direct to many of the firms with whom we have had the pleasure of doing business, but owing to the loss of our books it may be that we have inadvertently omitted some names.

May we therefore ask all firms who have accounts with us to send at once full and detailed particulars of our liabilities. We shall be extremely grateful for this.

Our temporary address is:

H. W. Johns,
The Methodist Publishing House (Kyo Bun Kwan),
1, Aoyama Gakuin,
Tokyo, Japan.

11th September, 1923.

New Books.

LORD CURZON "*EN VACANCES*."

This, as might have been expected, is an extremely interesting book, recording as it does the most noteworthy experiences and adventures of an exceptionally observant traveller; even more interesting than the events narrated, however, and the scenes and people described, is the revelation, alternately conscious and unconscious, of the traveller's own individuality. "Portrait of the Artist" the volume might almost have been entitled, for Lord Curzon is depicting himself to us on every page.

For the greater part, as in the introduction, the revelation is conscious—indeed deliberate. Take for instance this very typical opening paragraph:

"I wonder if it may be permitted to a politician to remember the days when he was only secondarily a politician and when he found the chief zest of life in travel, not indeed in aimless and desultory travel, but in travel with that most generally unpopular of all attributes, a purpose. In my case the purpose was twofold: to see the beautiful and romantic and, above all, the ancient things of the earth a taste which I probably share with most travellers but which took me preferably to distant Oriental lands; and secondly, to see how far the study of those places and peoples would help me to form an opinion on the Eastern responsibilities and destinies of Great Britain. This was a subject in which I took from boyhood an absorbing interest and which led me to devote many months in each year and, after I had entered Parliament, the bulk of my Parliamentary holidays, to wanderings in all parts of Asia from the Mediterranean to the China Seas The results of these studies were embodied long ago in books of a more or less serious character, and I have no intention to repeat any part of that story here."

On the following page we are invited to visualise the author, now "middle-aged and sedentary," reviewing, "almost with a start," the exploits of his variegated youth: now "stoned by furious Spaniards on the quays of Valencia"; now climbing to "the crater of Etna in deep snow by night"; now visiting the Afghan Amir; arrested as a spy in Khorasan; wrecked off the coast of Dalmatia; exploring the source of the Oxus. The impressive catalogue is unrolled with almost Gibbonian gusto. That "middle aged and sedentary" personage very manifestly has been a devout student of "The Decline and Fall."

Another peculiarly characteristic section of the book is the chapter called "Lest we Forget!" in which Lord Curzon tells of two remarkable instances of "indifference or forgetfulness": a misplaced tablet at Lucknow; and a long-cherished misapprehension regarding Napoleon's billiard-room at St Helena:

"In both cases (writes Lord Curzon) I was the accidental means of discovering the lapse; and I owed the discovery to the habit which I have pursued in every one of my travels and which I believe to be the secret of accurate observation—namely, of acquainting oneself, so far as possible, with the features of a scene before coming in contact with it In this way you know what to expect that you will find. But you are also in a position to note what is wanting either in the narratives of your predecessors or in the situation itself."

The passage in which Lord Curzon records his St. Helena discovery deserves citation in full:

"In the entrance-room [at Longwood], upon the walls of which hung a board inscribed '*Salle d'Attente*,' he [the French Consul] was expatiating upon the uses to which the apartment had been put in the time of the Emperor. 'This,' he said, 'was the Reception Room where His Majesty received his guests.' 'Excuse me,' said I, 'this was, at any rate in the first few years of the Emperor's residence, the Billiard Room: it was always known and described as such; in it stood the billiard table on which he used to knock the balls about with a mace or with his hands, but which, after he became tired of the game, he had removed.' The Consul had never heard of the table or of the Emperor's amusement upon it; but observing that I seemed to have greater acquaintance with the contents of the house than himself, he very courteously asked me to take the company round, which I proceeded to do, explaining with sufficient fullness the purpose to which each apartment had been put and the furniture which it contained. Thus I acted as guide in a house which I had never previously seen. The Consul, with much good-humour, offered to vacate his post permanently in my favour."

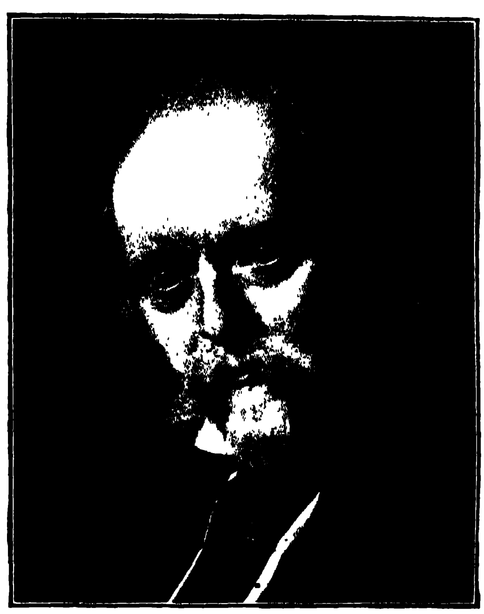
"Tales of Travel" will appeal strongly, in very different ways, to two classes of readers: to the ordinary, intelligent, person interested in the British Empire and in the East, in remarkable human beings like Li Hung Chang or that Afghan Amir whom Lord Curzon visited, and in marvels of nature like the Iguasu and Gersoppa Falls or the Sounding Sands of Tunyang; and to the smaller but sufficiently large circle of people who are familiar with Lord Curzon's quite unique personality and career. To these latter the whole book will be a source of delectation, and in particular the section of it which is headed "Humours of Travel."

FREDERIC WHYTE.

* "Tales of Travel." By Lord Curzon of Kedleston. 28s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE WOMAN OF KNOCKALOE.*

Compared with the amplitude of Sir Hall Caine's other novels, "The Woman of Knockaloe" is not so much a novel as the synopsis of one, not so much a story as the bare bones of a story; and it is that because that is what the author intended it to be. He calls it "a parable," and tells it with an economy of words, a simple directness of narrative and an inner significance that justify him in giving it that name. It is a story with a purpose, and a purpose so great that the whole importance of the story is that it should illustrate dramatically the effect on the individual of those inhuman international hatreds that the war has left in its train.



Sir Hall Caine.

While the war lasted Sir Hall Caine ranged himself with his own people, confident that their victory would mean the salvation of the civilised world, and that they would see to it that the war was in actuality a war to end war; but, as Mr. Newman Flower has it in an editorial note to this book, he has been forced to realise that:

"The late war has left the world worse than it found it; that the after-war, which we call the Peace, has been more productive of evil passions than the war itself was; that violence has never been more rampant or faith in the sanctity of life so low; that the poor have never been poorer, or the struggle to live so severe—in a word, that the Great War has not only failed to kill war but has frightfully strengthened and inflamed the spirit of it."

Setting himself to reveal this, and the result of this, in his parable, he tells, in the plainest, tersest manner, a love story that might have been merely idyllic in other times

* "The Woman of Knockaloe." By Hall Caine. 5s. (Cassells.)

and other circumstances. He describes how, through the days of the war, a vast number of German men and women are shut up in an internment camp in the Isle of Man. Mona Craine, on her father's farm near the camp, is brought into touch with these prisoners, certain of whom go periodically to the farm for supplies. Her brother is killed out in France, and at first she is filled with scorn and hatred of these inactive enemies of her country, but by degrees, as she comes to know more of one of them, a delicate, respectful young fellow, Oskar Heine, she begins to recognise that he and other of his comrades are not the monsters she had imagined, and, after she has taken a bold step in public to save him from an injustice, she finds that her pity of him has deepened into love. That she should show even friendship for a German brings her under the ban of her neighbours, and when the war is ended and he would marry her, on his release, and take her to his own home with him, his people write over, as hard and bitter as hers, that they will not receive her. The two ostracised lovers are faced with insuperable difficulties; they cannot seek a place of refuge in America for they are almost penniless; there is nothing before them but separation or death together, and they choose the tragic way. It is a powerful, poignant lesson in that noble Christian doctrine of human brotherhood that we talk so much about and do so little to fulfil; it is not pro-German, but pro-human—a strangely touching love story and a real tract for the times that cannot be too widely read. R. H.

MAGAZINE AND OTHER TALES.*

Among these books are some for every taste, and most are good of their kind. The first six contain short stories, and the variety of these shows how great is the present-day demand for that particular kind of literature. Sea stories, stories from Wessex, translations from the Turkish, stories from across the water, a flood of them. Short and long-short, indeed sometimes they are hardly more than anecdotes, as for instance the Khoja tales:

"One night he woke his wife in a state of excitement. 'Quick!' said he; 'be quick! Give me my spectacles before I wake up.' She handed them to him, but asked why he was so excited. 'I am having a beautiful dream,' he answered, 'but there are one or two things in it I cannot make out very clearly.'"

What interests me in that story is the mention of spectacles. Nasr-ed-din, we are told, lived in 1400. Did they have spectacles then? Or have these old stories been redressed for us in modern garb? I suspect the latter. They are illustrated also by someone who has not taken the trouble to read the text, and the Khoja is depicted sitting under a walnut tree, the trunk of which is about as large round as his head and saying "a tree so large that two men cannot get their arms round the trunk." It is interesting to get a glimpse of Turkish literature but these tales, though shrewdly amusing, are not likely to find many English readers.

In "Seaways," Bartimeus tells a number of intriguing yarns. Many of them are exceedingly funny, for instance the "Leg-Puller," a tale in which a simple American who was a volunteer paymaster on a British boarding steamer during the war was commanded to account for the "arisings" (which apparently means the offal) of five sheep he had commandeered for the crew. He had no idea what the word meant, and the correspondence with the Admiralty was long and gradually became intricate. Either he must account for the "arisings" or pay for them. Eventually he went to a slaughter-house, got the "arisings" of five sheep and dispatched them to the official with whom he had been in correspondence. As America had just declared war, he then thought it would be as well to go and help her fight it. One thinks of the officials opening that packing-case. . . . It is as funny as Miss Tennyson-Jesse and the War Office and "Secret Bread," but that is another story.

Muriel Hine's novels are pleasant tales that have a certain appeal. She never deals with problems, except those of love, but when sitting by a pleasant fire of an autumn evening I can imagine duller occupations than reading one of her books. Her short tales, "Stories of Love and Laughter," are light, gay and trivial, a cheery contrast to Agnes and Egerton Castle's "Enchanted Casements"—windows the outlook from which is decidedly disenchanting. However, the authors are practised story-tellers and know how much their public will stand.

"Seaways," "Stories of Love and Laughter" and "Enchanted Casements" are, frankly, the magazine story issued between boards instead of paper covers. They appeal to a wide public and make no pretensions to art. In the same category must be placed Mildred Cram's "Stranger Things" but they are of the American variety and are consequently of wider scope. Miss Cram tells indifferently of China, the Southern Seas, or South Carolina. Her tales are all interesting and her technique is founded on that of Conrad. This is the first of her books to find its way over here, and it is to be hoped that others will presently follow.

Some time ago we were hailing Coppard as a discovery. That on the Continent we should—as a nation—be judged incapable of producing a good short story is naturally annoying. The consequence is that each new writer who can persuade his publisher to bring out a book of longs and shorts is certain of a hearing. "Is this the Maupassant for whom we have waited so long?" Again and again we meet with disappointment, but we are a hopeful race, and the next teller of *contes* is as eagerly made welcome. We do not realise that what stands in the way of our being able to produce the clear, logical story that comes from France is the diffuse English mind. We cannot select, it would hurt us to leave out, and all sides of a human matter hold for us their interest. We are not content until we have walked round and seen the story from every angle. Coppard, although he had quality, could not cut out the inessential, and the same is true of a writer who, in a sense, might have been his brother—T. F. Powys. "The Left Leg" consists of three tales, written with originality and sardonic humour. Reminiscent, in their frank naturalness, of Sterne, they are colourful stories of Wessex, and, as the publisher truly says, "Though the scene is set in the same country-side, of Thomas Hardy there is no whisper." The book is a contribution to the literature of the day, but the stories are too leisurely. It would be interesting to see what Mr. Powys would do if constrained to produce five-thousand-word tales! I suspect that part of the reason we do not write fine short stories is that we do not believe discipline of the mind has anything to do with art. If restraint comes naturally, as in the best tales of Edwin Pugh, well and good, but we are impatient of it if it has to be imposed.

After so many short stories it is a pleasure to lose consciousness of time in a long book. W. L. George is an author to whose novels we look forward hopefully. If he has not satisfied us in the past, this time he will have settled into his stride, and we shall have the pleasure of seeing a mental athlete do his fine best. "One of the Guilty" is a good title, and the fact that Mr. George begins with a careless sentence—"As Owen Prendergast looked out of the dining-room window across Sloane Street, he tried to understand that he was ruined at sixteen"—must not be allowed to prejudice us. The book is thick and full, plenty of room in those closely-printed pages for the development of an intriguing tale, for clever delineation of character, in fact for the unforgettable novel we have for so long expected Mr. George to give us.

The story begins well. Owen Prendergast is a public school boy with criminal instincts, the sort who will eventually come to the scaffold by way of murder. He is drawn

* "Stranger Things." By Mildred Cram. (Cassells.)—"The Left Leg." By T. F. Powys. (Chatto & Windus.)—"Stories of Love and Laughter." By Muriel Hine. (The Bodley Head.)—"Seaways." By "Bartimeus." (Cassells.)—"Enchanted Casements." By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Hutchinson.)—"Tales of Nasr-ed-din Khoja." By Barnham. (Nisbet.)—"One of the Guilty." By W. L. George. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Tantalus." By Dorothy Easton. (Heinemann.)

without any saving qualities. When he takes a drunken man into a waste piece of ground in order to rob him, his natural inclination is to "do him in," and his dreams of plunder are also dreams of rapine. He is, in fact, a common criminal type, and the chapters which give his development from schoolboy to blackmailer are interesting. Mr. George was then faced by a difficulty he found it impossible to overcome. Such a man as Prendergast must have steadily become more and more evil. His destiny was to prey on careless members of the community, whose helplessness in his hands would awake his subconscious urge to violence. A simple descent into hell—that was the future which lay before Owen—does not make interesting reading or writing, and somewhere in the middle of the book Mr. George's interest in his creation began to flag. In the end he lets the reader think—and I suppose this is a concession to popular taste—that this habitual criminal may possibly be going to turn over a new leaf. He does not say so, he could not quite bring himself to do that, but he leaves you to think it—if you are sufficiently foolish. In this queerly-run world the writer is offered a choice—success while he lives (success meaning the wherewithal to keep a roof over his head and put food in his mouth), or after he is to all intents and purposes dead; and it is hardly to be wondered at that he generally chooses the former.

In "Tantalus" (Dorothy Easton) a little pennant of "No Surrender to False Ideals" has been gallantly nailed to the masthead. Miss Easton would rather "live low" than accumulate a reputation for magazine work. Choosing the uphill way, she no doubt walks on flints with her head in the clouds. This is her first novel, and is an amusing study, in the manner of E. M. Delafield, of an episode in the life of a country clergyman. When the book opens he is hardly aware that he is unhappily married and fifty is a little late for enlightenment. Miss Easton has a clear and delightful style, her characterisation is good, her craftsmanship adequate. The story is, however, rather too slight. It is as if she had gift but still needed a deep and deepening experience of life.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

KNUT HAMSUN.*

Miss Larsen's book is a real help to the understanding of Hamsun, and also of Norwegian literature generally. She does not, it is true, find herself able to put Hamsun quite into due relation with other Norwegian and Scandinavian authors; there is something elusive in him; this she does bring out, and her insistence on it helps us to understand one of the chief distinctions of Scandinavian literature. The distinction is one which this northern literature shares with the literature of Russia. Each of these great literatures is marked by a vehement simplicity, and a considered, deliberate sophistication. You can see this, most easily, in its great figures—Tolstoy, Dostoevsky in Russia; Ibsen, Björnson and Strinberg in Scandinavia. Continually these men surprise us by a certain childlike *naïveté*; a pure loveliness and ardour of thought, and then confuse us with displaying a complexity, a sophistication which makes even Parisian literature seem rather adolescent. It is a problem which it is not easy to solve. I think perhaps the reason is to be found in the very high general level of education among the intelligentsia; and in the absence of a great, influential class of un-idea'd wealthy people such as you have in America and in England.

The step from professor to peasant, from poet to ploughman is a small one in these countries; there is no series of graduated classes; there is no white-collared, genteel class which socially is on an equality or even superior to the cultured class, and in intelligence and culture is often lower than the peasant. The Scandinavia of to-day—or at least Denmark and Norway—is not unlike the Scotland of Burns and Carlyle. Simplicity of life, direct intimacy with nature, knowledge of the ultimate basis of civilisation co-exist with a very high degree of quite normal, modern civilisation.

Hamsun is of old stock. His first book—which in a way he has never improved on—was a desperate study of the failure of a man of intellectual eminence to earn his living. The startling pictures in "Hunger" of despair, of hope, of almost savage determination make an unforgettable book. It was translated into English, I remember, by George Egerton; and I can never understand how it was that every book of Hamsun's was not, after that, immediately given to the English public. Until, however, Gyldendal started his enterprising venture over here, we had, I believe, only one book of his in English—"Shallow Soil," a story with a much narrower range, though of strong personal vision and evident power. Then he dropped out of the English publishing lists until the issue of "Growth of the Soil." That book has been sufficiently and deservedly praised. Miss Larsen is perhaps right in thinking that the importance of the book is other than æsthetic.

> "The supreme importance of the book lies in the fact that to Knut Hamsun's own generation it has given poetic form to a message for which the world was thirsting. At a time (1917) when humanity was sick of destruction he reminded us that nature's fountain of renewal is inexhaustible. In an age which has been saddened by the pernicious doctrine of competition, the survival of the fittest, and all the slogans of false Darwinism, he preached the gospel of friendliness. We have been told that nature is cruel, Hamsun says that nature is friendly and beneficent. We have been told that all existence rests on fierce competition in which the weaker must go under. He does not deny that the battle is to the strong and the race to the swift; Isak does what no weaker man could have compassed, but Isak treads down no one on his way. On the contrary, his strength is the shelter under which the weaker ones grow and flourish. He made the first path, but scores of people and hundreds of animals came to live in the wilderness through which he walked alone."

Hamsun, in fact, has made a novel out of the ideas which Kropotkin preached in "Mutual Aid"; and his story is not the less valuable because it is also a sermon. He shares with his Danish contemporary Anderson Nexö the enviable power of seeing that the essential things of life are the simpler things, and that we shall have no security in the possession of them unless and until we hold them in kindliness, in trust, as it were, for the weaker and the feebler.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Knut Hamsun." By Hanna Astrup Larsen. 5s. (Gyldendal.)

THE ROUGH STUFF OF LIFE.*

Any book that keeps a hardened reviewer sitting up for an hour or two after his usual bedtime is a book that demands serious consideration. And that is what "A Pedlar's Pack" did to me. It lured me on from chapter to chapter, insidiously, irresistibly, and though I vowed that I would read only one more chapter and then to bed, I could not put the book down until I had finished the last page of it.

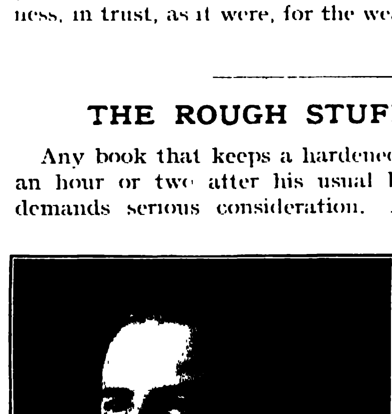


Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. Rowland Kenney.**

Since then I have read it again, more deliberately, more critically perhaps, but with little diminution of my first enthusiasm. Here is the rough stuff of life set down faithfully by a man who has really lived. There is here and there a touch of fake, more than a suggestion of over-emphasis in places, and some rather obvious posturing. Nevertheless this book does present a truly sincere point of view that distinguishes it from the ruck of would-be

* "A Pedlar's Pack." By Rowland Kenney. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

realistic fiction which is more often than not evolved out of the author's inner consciousness and bears only that relation to authenticity which sophistication bears to wisdom.

Mr. Kenney's initials are the same as those of that great pastmaster in impressionism who adjured us all to write of things as we saw them to the gods of things as they are—or words to that effect. And it may very likely be that Mr. Kenney will be dubbed Kiplingesque. He mustn't mind that a bit. There are very few of us, from the older men—including Conrad and Wells—down to the juniorest "special" on the newest and most up-to-date of modern periodicals, who is not tarred with that large brush and none the worse for his weather-proofing. Comparative criticism is the curse of modern journalism. There is far too much labelling, endorsing and pigeon-holing. Too many brave maiden efforts are irretrievably lost in pigeon-holes. This should not be the fate of "A Pedlar's Pack," which, though of course derivative, is unmistakably stamped with the hall-mark of genuine inspiration.

This book is over-strong food for babes perhaps, though for the life of me I cannot believe there is any harm in it for any averagely healthy-minded young man or woman. There is plenty of dirt in it; but it is (as we say) clean dirt. It is not fouled with that dark soilure of evil communications which corrupt not only good manners but good morals. It is all of the open air, even when the incidents described, as in the first chapter, take place eight hundred feet underground. And I call them "chapters"—these sixteen items which comprise the volume—because, though each is complete in itself, they are hardly any of them exactly stories or studies—another obstacle in the way of the pigeon-holer!—but rather impressions mostly culminating in some supreme moment of drama.

They are all about dreadful things: as I have said, the rough stuff of life: passions, humours, tragedies and comedies: all alike primitively human and—and brutal, if you like, but not bestial, because the motives of the various protagonists invariably arise from the well-springs of human longings and desires and soar on the wings of emotion as high above the mere instincts of the lower animals as love soars above mere lust. Dreadful things happen, violent things; blood and sweat and tears and curses flow in a torrential spate; and yet there is beauty in our author's visioning, there is sympathy born of imagination in his handling of these horrific themes which redeems them from sordidness and squalor. And there is, above all, humour. "Owd Butcher" is not a story to be read aloud to mixed company in the drawing-room of a Sunday afternoon; but it belongs as truly to the Shakespearean—the right English—tradition as anything I have for a long time read in this genre.

A book—a real book—a live book—a book to be bought and to be read, at first with a little wincing and blenching, maybe, but ultimately with ever-increasing profit and pleasure.

Edwin Pugh.

MR. ASQUITH ON THE WAR.*

It would be cynical to say that the only absolutely new fact in Mr. Asquith's "The Genesis of the War" is that while it is an exceptional thing in the British Cabinet to take a division, yet

> "I remember in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1892-94, which contained a number of excellent scholars, a division being suggested—I think by Lord Rosebery—on the correctness of a quotation from Juvenal, which was keenly disputed between the Prime Minister and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The matter was happily settled by the production of the text: Sir Henry proved right."

But as a matter of fact, in all Mr. Asquith has written on the events leading up to the Great War, there are not many pages that could not have been put together by an ordinarily well-informed writer from published documents.

It may be that this is the result of undue reticence, or it may be that the clue is to be found in Mr. Asquith's remark that during those eleven years he had as his colleague at the Foreign Office Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey of Falloden). During Mr. Asquith's administration he himself was mainly busy with home affairs—there was the Irish question, there was Woman's Suffrage—and these with the Leadership of the House of Commons were tasks strenuous enough to occupy all his time and exhaust all his energies. No doubt he was only too happy to leave foreign affairs in the hands of his capable lieutenant. If only Mr. Asquith could be induced to write the history of his Ministry, what a book he would give us.

The object of this book, Mr. Asquith tells us, "is to trace the Great War to its real origins and to set out in due perspective causes and their consequences." As he points out, the materials are abundant and adequate. M. Poincaré has written on the subject; so have the German ex-Chancellors, von Bülow and Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg; and so have others, including the ex-Kaiser. Mr. Asquith really devotes too much space, and by so doing pays too much compliment, to the ex-Kaiser's book by confuting the absurd statements in it which were really written only to impress his former subjects.

One of the matters that Mr. Asquith has made clear is the outstanding folly of Admiral von Tirpitz. Tirpitz was undeniably a great organiser, but he was as undeniably a shockingly bad diplomatist, and so enormous was his influence with the ex-Kaiser while he was building up that great German navy on which the monarch had set his heart, that the Chancellor could not control him. Tirpitz chuckled with glee when the rapid and menacing expansion of the German Navy resulted in the concentration of the main British naval force in the North Sea, the French heavy ships going to the Mediterranean. He smiled too soon, for he did not see that this arrangement between the two friendly powers meant that England would at any cost defend the French coast in case of aggression. Having forged his weapon at enormous expense, he could not use it. As we know, and as Mr. Asquith emphasises:

> "For all practical belligerent purposes they were from the early days of the war sealed up in their home ports. . . . So far as sea warfare is concerned, Germany was very soon reduced to the use of the mine and the submarine; and the most dramatic, if not the most destructive, of her exploits upon the ocean was the torpedoing of the passenger ship *Lusitania*, with the loss of 1,100 civilian lives."

Perhaps the most interesting pages in the book are those which deal with the pre-war preparation by the Committee of Imperial Defence, which was set up under Mr. Balfour's Premiership. The activities of this consultative body are multitudinous; it examines into and reports upon everything. It is the link that connects all the Government departments. It works in the main through sub-committees. Thus there was in 1907-8 a sub-committee, over which Mr. Asquith presided, which dealt exhaustively with the possibilities of sudden invasion and came to conclusions—set out in the book—that were carefully kept in view during the years that followed.

> "It would not be an unjust claim to say that the Government had by that date [August, 1909] investigated the whole of the ground covered by a possible war with Germany—the naval position, the possibilities of blockade, the invasion problem, the Continental problem, the Egyptian problem."

Subsequently inquiries were made into such various matters, among innumerable others, as the treatment of neutral and enemy ships in time of war, the control of the railways and ports, the national insurance of ships and cargoes (only completed in 1914), and counter-espionage.

It will be seen from this that the statement that England was unprepared for war cannot be supported except in so far as we may say that it was not prepared for a land war involving the employment of millions of troops. All defensive measures had been decided: it was thought that the navy could do the rest.

Lewis Melville.

* "The Genesis of the War." By the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith. Illustrated. 25s. (Cassells.)

ALICE MEYNELL'S SCHOOL.*

There is something at once touching and inspiring in the fact that the last labour of Alice Meynell should have been to make an anthology of the best English verse for young readers. No one ever carried the torch of poetry with a more passionate purity of zeal than she; and it was very befitting and very characteristic that, as the torch was about to drop from her own hand, she should have thus prepared to pass it on to the rising generation. Mrs. Meynell had a deep sense of the importance of early impressions upon the development of a child, and it may well be that some poet of the future, now a rollicking boy or girl at school, may first have his or her passion for beauty and for song kindled by some page or other of this book.

It is probable that some readers, who have but a superficial understanding of children, will, in scanning this volume, be disposed to marvel and to cavil at Mrs. Meynell's selection. And indeed there is in her pages a complete absence of the conventional theatricalities that are not uncommonly supposed by their elders to appeal to young folk. There are few fairies, other than Shakespeare's, between these covers; and everything approaching the "pretty-pretty" is, needless to say, avoided. Mrs. Meynell's standard, though it allows adequate room for some of the old ballads, is, as we should expect, an austere one. But we do not believe that those who have themselves studied children closely and without sentimentality will consider it too severe. The fact is, as Mrs. Meynell well knew, that children do not like to be patronised, and do not really need to be "talked down to" or "written down to." Granted that it has simplicity and a direct emotional or musical appeal, the average intelligent youngster is quite able to enjoy some of the best poetry in the language, and to begin by "tempting" him with much of the rubbish deliberately addressed to children is not to stimulate, but to corrupt and kill, his taste.

The anthology is designed for scholars between the ages of ten and fourteen, and, though much of the contents is of course too advanced for children at the beginning of that period, we fancy that there is nothing beyond the appreciation, if not always the full understanding, of those towards its end. Turning the leaves at random, we find, following the ballad of Sir Patrick Spens and Michael Drayton's "Agincourt," selections from Beaumont, Dekker and Jonson, and George Herbert is as much in evidence as Herrick. Vaughan, Marvell and Traherne are well represented, but of Milton whom, says Mrs. Meynell in one of her frequent notes, we admire more "when he is, as it were, pacing solemnly than when he is tripping 'on the light fantastic toe'"—only the sonnet "On His Blindness" is given. Blake, of course, occupies several pages, but room is found for only the "Field Mouse" of Burns that "over-praised poet." Wordsworth claims more space than either Byron, Shelley or Keats, and to Tennyson, whose "Morte d'Arthur," "Ulysses" and "Sir Galahad" are included, no less than twenty-two pages are devoted. Coming to the moderns, we find conspicuously the names of Katharine Tynan, Rudyard Kipling, Walter de la Mare, Helen Parry Eden, Laurence Binyon, Alfred Noyes, Hilaire Belloc and Ralph Hodgson; and the book closes very happily with "A Hymn" by Mr. Chesterton.

This is, necessarily, a bald summary; but it may serve to give the reader some little indication of Mrs. Meynell's choice. It would, as she herself realised, be possible to point to many omissions. But an anthology must be judged by its inclusions rather than by its rejections. It is the characteristic feature of this volume that it embraces many poems not hitherto generally deemed suitable for young people. Whether Mrs. Meynell's choice will be justified by the actual test of the class-room remains to be proved. For ourselves, however, we have small doubt about the verdict.

GILBERT THOMAS.

* "The School of Poetry: An Anthology Chosen for Young Readers." By Alice Meynell. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

THE BOSWELL OF THE OBNOXIOUS.*

Some of us ought to feel a twinge of pity that, for the sake of our entertainment, a man like Mr. Stephen McKenna should be forced to live his life in a world almost entirely inhabited by the deplorable. Even when he tries to escape from his Sonias, and, with a shipload of charming, good-hearted and lovable companions, heads for the "eternal beauty; eternal peace; eternal summer" of the Bahamas he is forced to endure contact with living specimens of the age of the Sensationalists. They are more human, less rabid, less ruthless in their self-sufficiency, more prepossessing, perhaps, and, maybe, not so dryly and determinedly glittering, but for all that their bright derogatory charm is the same that exerts its brilliant appeal in other "Books by the same Author."

A hard life, but there are, naturally, compensations. In such companions Mr. McKenna finds his entertainment—and ours. It is by enduring them with humour and watching them with wit, that he has become the Boswell of the obnoxious and able to pass the joke on to us. Indeed, only the certainty and soundness of his wit could make the savage joke he calls "Vindication" endurable at all.

I doubt whether any other writer could have held our attention with a group of characters so odious. They are rich, the women are beautiful, the men are polished, they are all brilliant in the way Mr. McKenna knows how to make human people brilliant, they pose in luxury against the very best Town and Country House backgrounds—and there isn't even the rumour of a noble impulse among the lot of them. One's loathing of them, of course, is sheer tribute to Mr. McKenna. And so is one's absorption in their rather brutish antics. They are abominable but they are real, they fascinate. Gloria's beauty, even, is felt with an authentic thrill. So are the mazes of a mind that cause her to rail against her father not so much for being vicious but for "cramping her style," by introducing his mistresses to the house where she is staying; that cause her to yearn after an intangible decency, in her love for the estate-ridden Norman Cartwright, and yet allow her intelligence to trick her into marriage with the new-rich Freddie Kendaile and into an existence so adequately described as that of "a most wonderful kind of mistress." Freddie, above all, is real. Good-looking, adroit, always ready with the last word and ruthlessly sensual, he must take a high place in Mr. McKenna's gallery of Incomparable Monsters. He is a high peak of non-morality. He is as devoid of virtue as a Robot is devoid of soul. In fact he is rather like a Robot, glittering with the best human surfaces, yet specially designed to express all animal appetites with a cold and almost inhuman relentlessness. His pursuit of the flower-like Margery for his own gratification and for revenge on her husband, Norman, who had gained Gloria's spiritual love, is a little masterpiece in the brilliantly unlovely. Yes, of all one's hates, one reserves for Freddie one's finest loathing. And yet one does not drop him. One does not drop the book, either. Mr. McKenna is too good for us there. He has not written what is, perhaps, his finest and bitterest social study to be unread. He is determined that we shall see these people through to their final ignominy. And with his cunning and his wit, his instinct for fashioning a good, strong, vividly moving story he keeps us with him. He holds us spellbound with the glitter, the feverishness, the sensuality, the colour, brightness, movement and epigrams of this brassy and degenerate world. It has all the allure of an "armistice night revel in a smart hotel." Its people ask of a wedding, not if it will be happy but "How long do you give it?" Its most sacred ideal is to outshine all rivals in social display. Its soul is appetite, and its business the satisfying of it at any costs. An ignoble world, one that it is a pleasure to hate, and Mr. McKenna stimulates that highly virtuous glow better than any man.

Perhaps it is a pity that world should spill over into a voyage in search of a reasonable winter temperature. A

* "Vindication." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson). "By Intervention of Providence." By Stephen McKenna. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

trip to the Bahamas, where constant sunlight is and beauty lives by natural right, ought to be a matter of quiet charm. But perhaps it is for the best. Against the folly of human selfishness, the loveliness of mother-of-pearl seas and the flash of king-palms against tropic skies stand out with natural distinction. The satirist knows how to make the best of the contrast, too, when he enters the day's doings in his journal. This " By Intervention of Providence " is not so good a journal as " Vindication " is a good novel. Mr. McKenna was too contented to be brilliantly bitter, no doubt, and his companions were too attractive and amiable. All the same it is good enough for him, and us, that he does his indolent and amusing best with shipboard bores and saloon happenings, with sunwashed views and perfect picnics on Bahama beaches. Day by day he sets down his encounters in happy lethargy. He wilts before the smoking-room pundit who will misquote and the men who will put him right. He is paralysed under the aching blankness of dinner-table talk, and invents a jolly game called " Grenading " by which the suffering can be extracted almost with joy from *cul-de-sac* conversations. He meets the autocrat of the boat deck, who flattens people with dogmatic and entirely erroneous assertions about anywhere because " I bin there. I know." He discusses what are the absolutely indispensable books to take on a voyage, and the function of criticism. He tells many attractive stories, gives many poignant little pictures of sea and land and the finest fishing in the world, of eating and hotels, and even manages to utter the fewest possible opinions on " prohibition," though he spent weeks in Nassau, the rum-runners' home town. It is all very delightful, rich, leisurely, witty, well-observed and provocative of imitation. It ought to draw many to these sweet and sunny seas this winter. But those who succumb to the allure must take warning. They may have to suffer a vegetable change in order to attain their pleasure : " It is commonly said that the best way of winning consideration from a West Indian line is to disguise yourself as a banana ; you will then take precedence of mails and passengers ; and will pass from one place to another more easily than if you merely try to see a little of the British Empire." However, in spite of the terror lately brought to such a life by a popular song, it seems well worth it.

DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE ENGLISH AND ITALIANS.*

One of the chief embarrassments of this difficult world is that there are so many different sorts of people in it, who do not think in the same way. Hence the League of Nations and other desperate attempts to discover some common factors that will permit us to enjoy tolerable peace. Hence, also, the urgent need to try to understand the minds of other nations besides our own. It would be difficult to find a more palpable example of the varieties of racial character than these two books which have just come from the same publishers. The English one is an exceedingly well written and scholarly history of the trade unions in the building industry of this country. The Italian one is, in the main, a brilliant analysis of the Labour groups of Italy in their relation to its political life. Their subject matter is thus very much the same, namely, the economic aims of the working classes. But if the subject be the same, the difference in the results is the distance between the North Pole and the South.

Mr. Postgate's very valuable history of the operatives in the Building Trade is almost entirely concerned with the political and administrative structure of the many unions in that widespread branch of industry. We are told of the many attempts to get these unions organised into a solid body with which to fight in the interests of the labour class. This history is told with great skill. There is much fresh light thrown on the struggle (under the leadership of Hume and Place) for the repeal of the Combination Act, in 1824 and 1825. There is the picturesque history of Robert Owen's interference in the thirties, and the premature attempt to form a National Building Guild. Then came the later movements under the leadership of Harnott, Coulson, Applegarth and Potter, down to the recent attempt to revive the Guild idea now in progress. Mr. Postgate has a very skilful way of brightening his statistical and economical picture by vivid character studies of the leaders, so that the whole thing forms as readable an economic history as has appeared for some time. But the most startling of his effects is something which he does not say, for it is remarkable by its absence. All these great efforts of the British building trade operatives have been, almost entirely, attempts to strengthen the administrative machinery of their unions, or to convert their industrial strength into political action. With the exception of the very short-lived Guild of 1833 and the present new attempt to found another one of a similar kind, the trade unionists of the building trade have never concerned themselves seriously with the commercial problems of their craft. In other words, they have not discussed the best way of building houses ; they have almost exclusively thought of their unions as defensive and offensive political machines.

By turning to Mr. Por's book (which Mrs. Townshend has translated with great judgment) we get a totally different general impression. The Italian working class organisation appears to consider the technical processes of a craft or trade as of the first importance. For example, an Italian builder's workman, when he wants to strengthen his individual position, instinctively turns to the method of forming a corporation by which he can build houses in co-operation with his fellow operatives. Whereas an Englishman would try to build a powerful trade union, the Italian would meditate how to build a house. Hence, the trade unions of Italy are a comparatively unimportant part of the industrial life of that country. The co-operative and guild organisations, on the contrary, are of the greatest importance.

The natural instinct of the Italian workman (an instinct which has survived from the communal life of the Middle Ages) is to form himself with his fellows into a co-operative guild which will do the work which he finds himself unable to do in co-operation with the master capitalist. He does not, as in England, spend his time in forming trade unions with which to fight his master by political and economic weapons.

This contrast between the English and Italian Labour movements goes to the very root of their respective national minds. Both these books are of far greater value than most of their class. Mr. Por's searching analysis of Signor Mussolini's policy and actions is, of course, peculiarly interesting at the present moment.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

* " The Builders' History." By R. W. Postgate. 12s. 6d. (Labour Publishing Co.)—" Fascism." By Odon Por. Translated by E. Townshend. 7s. 6d. (Labour Publishing Co.)

AN INNOCENT ABROAD.*

Mr. Walkley is developing amazingly. For these many years past he has taken us in very cleverly. I recall the bright and slightly cynical articles he used to write in *The Star* before his translation to *The Times*. He seemed the most knowing of critics. A trifle weary, perhaps, of the world whose hollowness he had sounded to its quite inconsiderable depths, and somewhat given to the use of French phrases disconcertingly obscure to the readers who had safely bottomed themselves upon " Cela va sans dire," " Façon de parler " and other branches of learning ; nevertheless he held, we felt, a peculiar place among writers about the theatre. There was Mr. William Archer, incorrigibly righteous ; there was Mr. Clement Scott, incorrigibly sloppy ; but Mr. Walkley, we knew, could enjoy the sauciest of French farces " in the original," and see the jokes that were missed by the boulevardiers themselves. On the slightest provocation (or on none at all) he would break out into Italian, Spanish and Latin ; and if he hesitated at Greek it was only because the printers of newspapers have a singular objection to languages with what we should now call Jazz alphabets. In short he

* " More Prejudice." By A. B. Walkley. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

seemed the complete thing. Had he and Mephistopheles encountered they would have smoothed their wicked little beards and winked at each other like the Roman augurs, and Mr. Walkley would have told him one he hadn't heard.

And now we find that it was all a mistake. No babe is more innocent than Mr. Walkley. He knows nothing. A schoolgirl could put him wise to what is usually called life; and he is spending the leisure allowed him by a grateful country in making remarkable discoveries and in communicating them each week to *The Times*. Nearly everything delights him. Thus he has just discovered that blackbirds sing, that tram journeys are adventures and that women are lawless. In one essay he seems to be regretting the wild oats he did not sow and the virtues he practised instead. Here and there the critic breaks in, and then we like him rather less. We much prefer the *nil admirari* pose of his earlier manner to his present protracted eulogies of Proust and his gush about Jane. Upon the subject of Jane we will for the moment keep silence, merely warning Mr. Walkley that the moments in which he perilously approaches being a bore are those in which he expatiates on Jane. As for Proust, the most effective defence I have found against those who thrust him upon me as a proof that they are in the latest movement is to grow enthusiastic about René Bazin, which is much the same as praising Mrs. Humphry Ward to a disciple of the author of "Ulysses." I urge Mr. Walkley to drop both Jane and Marcel for a long time and to keep to his new ingenuous vein. In this manner he has written both happily and delightfully and without a touch of the intellectual snobbery that obtrudes itself now and then in his critical work. I am sure he will be in an agony when he discovers that he has twice let an accent in on the name Chateaubriand, for I can imagine how waggish he would have been had he found anyone else doing it. But I will not dwell on such things. Let me rather remember that he and I appear to have one enthusiasm in common, an admiration for the better novels of "Dizzy." I believe he would enjoy my little volume of selections almost as much as I have enjoyed the happy personalia of his present essays. More, please; but he must remember that it is the ingenuous, not the ingenious, Mr. Walkley that is really delightful.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

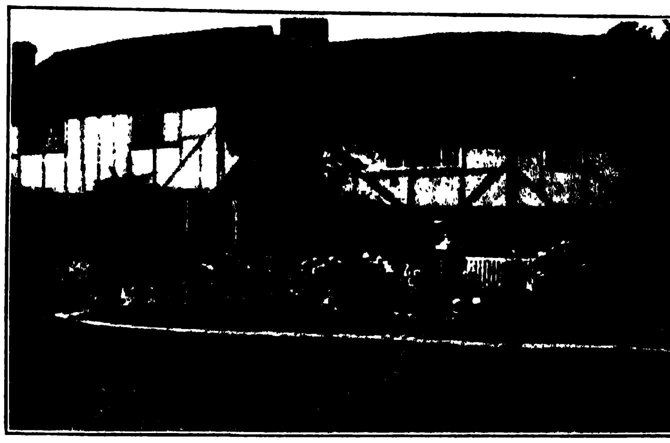
MR. SWINNERTON AND THE MODERN NOVEL.*

It seems to have become the custom to regard a novelist who is courageous enough to exceed the normal length of

* "Young Felix." By Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)



Mr. Frank Swinnerton.



The Country Cottage
where Mr. Frank Swinnerton now writes most of his novels.

one hundred thousand words as having relapsed into "the leisurely method," as though, by setting himself more to do, he intended to save himself trouble. I know that this is not the meaning implied, but it seems a strange term to employ. Compression is not necessarily more difficult than expansion, and there is a sense in which the practice of labelling your hero with the Œdipus complex in the first chapter may be regarded as a lazy, time saving device. It is at any rate a very dull method. The alternative is to shirk nothing: to decide upon what point in your hero's career it is best to begin tracing his adventures, and upon some ultimate climax. Even then, so much has modern knowledge encroached upon the art which aims to amuse, and thereby also to instruct, that there remains the problem as to how much of your hero's inner pyschology you will divulge, and how much you dare leave to the well informed mind of the reader.

In "Young Felix" Mr. Swinnerton seems to have got into a dilemma between what may be roughly termed as the pseudo-scientific and the picaresque methods. His story runs to one hundred and twenty thousand words or more; it opens with a pleasing expectation of much to come, of many adventures and a great variety of scene. And yet on the second page Mr. Swinnerton, unable to wean himself at once from the pseudo-scientific method, is trying to tell us *why* Felix is like he is, as though not trusting us to learn that in the course of the narrative. All through the story this double method perplexes and distracts, and towards the middle the book fairly splits in halves before our eyes. The building up of Felix's character, through a sordid childhood spent in an atmosphere of bailiffs, snobbish water-rate officials and almost superhumanly kind parents, goes for naught; and the Felix who is beaten in the matrimonial game by a woman so much his inferior seems to step on the scene as an entirely new creation. The final impression is that of a realistic record, at times over-detailed and just a little wearisome, and a brilliantly written, isolated episode.

But in spite of the perhaps unavoidable mixing of methods, "Young Felix" points the way to a new development in Mr. Swinnerton's career as a novelist. It is written from a full mind; it is only the style that defeats the end. It was the pseudo pyschological method that made possible the short incisive sentences, the commonplace dialogue, i.e. ordinary talk in the right place, and the absence of humour. Mr. Swinnerton has brought all his atmosphere into existence, and he has not forgotten humour; but his long course of sobriety, if one may so put it, has rendered him restrained where he ought to have been abandoned. Grumps lives, but he might have been a great comic character had not Mr. Swinnerton seen him a little too subjectively. Other characters dart up in the book with suggestive names and first impressions; Mr. Peppin and Miss Slowcombe of Nimmodyne's Advertising Agency; Mr. Cracken, the canvasser; Felix's own father and mother. They are all there in the picture, but sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Mr.

Swinnerton talks for them or makes the other characters talk about them. They are tantalisingly alive, and yet not quite the dynamic figures that they might have been had Mr. Swinnerton contrived to forget the fact that he is a modern novelist.

The fault, heaven knows, lies not at Mr. Swinnerton's door, but with a world that has grown stiff with terms and formulæ; it seems as though we cannot laugh over the human comedy nowadays without also pulling long faces over that pseudo-scientific aspect of things which would make even Mr. Pickwick "a certain well-known type."

E. V. ODLE.

DALLIANCE AND DERRING-DO.*

Mr. Farnol's twelfth book and eleventh novel heartens one with a bold and interesting gambit. It enlists our sympathies with the hero by means of an unintended murder, and weighs him down with the deathless hatred of the widow. Sir John Dering comes through the ordeal with tolerable colours, and you get the impression of that detestable compound, a devil-may-care man of the world who has a heart under his ribs. Alas, however, for the vow of deathless hatred, Lady Hermenia Barrasdale makes us a present of the happy ending the moment she exchanges clothes with her maid and sets out from Paris to England in Sir John's company, knowing full well the identity of her protector though he is matching her trick with one of his own and personating his valet instead. We pass through a dazzling succession of scenes and characters divided up into well-marked groups the rascally rake, Lord Sayle, and his fellow-conspirators against the hero's life; Sir John's friend, Sir Hector (whose Scots dialect is extensive and peculiar) and a number of other staunch comrades; and a crowd of Sussex peasants, smugglers, and farmers, all racy of the soil and redolent of humour, whimsicality and high spirits. If there is a disappointment it lies in the fact that we expect more smuggling in those old Regency days, with the Sussex creeks and caves so handy; and the winding-up is not equal to the dash and sensation of the early chapters. Sayle's departure with a bullet yields us no satisfaction, because it is done in a hole-and-corner way, and the heroine's avowal and retractation are made too casual and easy. But Mr. Farnol advances steadily in his stride. He writes with a freer sweep of the arm, and there is no end to his powers of romantic creation. He is prime champion of the manly and the fair, and some of his descriptive effects are simply luscious in their attraction.

Mr. Deeping in his progress through our national history has reached the Stuart era and woven a richly varied texture out of his search for the rewarding fruit of the Hesperides. His Jordan March, after inconceivable adventures and escapes, does what Jacob did, and Sir Thomas More after him—he marries the wrong woman, not because, like Jacob, he was hoodwinked, but because, like More, he wanted to do a chivalrous thing. Death brings him his release through no motive of his own, and the end is an invitation to America in the wake of his real love. But between the beginning and the end we get any amount of Whig-and-Tory contention, Stuart intrigue, veiled heredity, degenerate aristocracy, and all the roguery and heartache of the South Sea Bubble. The only fault in the book, to be just, is outside it, for the picture-jacket does no facial justice to the intensity of character in Douce and her highwayman brother; but those who perceive the author's meaning towards the allegoric title, and enter on the chronicles of March, will be well repaid by a thoroughly stirring and healthy story.

Mr. J. N. Reid has overloaded his rather Ossianic romance with too much of everything, especially blood. The massacre of relatives is almost reminiscent of the last act in "Hamlet"—with a difference; and the only other resemblance is that the mother of Aedh presents him with a hateful stepfather. The outraged son disposes of this tiresome lady by murdering her in her bridal bed, and possibly the impressionable reader may echo, "Serve her right." But even young and sanguine readers may find incongruity between the primitive period of the eighth century and the inconveniently modern character of the narrative and dialogue. Older judges will find their minds reverting to the work of "Fiona Macleod" and some of the earlier romances of Mr. Neil Munro, but they will not find that the imitator has sustained the high attempt. It might be well in Mr. Reid's next experiment to follow Meredith's advice to the novice in fiction, and try realism, for we are afraid he lacks the touch of humour which is necessary to keep his unwary feet from the brink of bathos.

J. P. COLLINS.

* "Sir John Dering: a Romantic Comedy." By Jeffery Farnol. 7s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)—"Apples of Gold." By Warwick Deeping. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)—"The Sons of Æthne." By J. N. Reid. 6s. (Blackwood.)

WORDSWORTH DEFINED.*

When Bishop Wordsworth sat down to write the life of his distinguished uncle, he was faced by an obvious difficulty. There were incidents in the poet's early life which needed very discreet handling, both in the interests of the episcopate, his family, and the sensitive taste of the age. Indeed reticence was forced upon one who, in Mr. Garrod's words, "conceived the grandeur of life to consist in its decorum, and the art of biography to be realised in edification."

Understandable as such tactics are, their effect was seriously to prejudice later interpretation of Wordsworth. The conception of the poet, crystallised in FitzGerald's phrase "Daddy Wordsworth," and encouraged only too much by the platitudinous moralising of his later life, as a somewhat tedious and conventional personality, gained ground. Indeed, until the late Sir Walter Raleigh's impulsive study, with the exception perhaps of Matthew Arnold's and Lowell's Essays, few of the many writers on Wordsworth escaped altogether the impress of this insipid middle-aged conception. For the Wordsworth of high poetical significance, the poet who wrote resplendently in the period between 1797 and 1807, is only intelligible if we know in detail the history of the five preceding years. Without such knowledge Wordsworth's own self-revelation in his autobiographical poems is at best but a half-light. For not only did the poet use his own discretion in chronicling his experiences, but considerable differences exist between his accounts at various times. Mr. Garrod, for example, shows with great ingenuity that the account given many years later, in "The Prelude," of his visit to the Grande Chartreuse in 1790 is essentially a much truer one than that of the "Descriptive Sketches" written so soon after the event as 1792—a singular example indeed of the doctrine that not only poetry but, so far as Wordsworth was concerned, truth too "takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity."

But such testing of Wordsworth's own evidence by reference to fact has only recently become possible through the publication of M. Legouis's "*Jeunesse de Wordsworth*" and Mr. Harper's "Life." There is no longer now any justification for the whole weight of any dull and cautious mind being concentrated upon the dull and cautious period of the poet's life. But this refreshing change of emphasis has brought with it a new danger. So long has Wordsworth been encumbered with official, sabbatical respectability, that the sudden spectacle of him as a man of vivid passions has invited an opposite extreme. And we agree with Mr. Garrod that the conception of Wordsworth as a Byron is even more untrue than that of him as a didactic sage, addressing the world in his twenties in what Coleridge called his "I and my brother the Dean" manner. In this book Mr. Garrod redresses the balance between the two extremes with admirable exactness of reference and sympathetic insight. Before his inductive advance the cloud castles of impressionism collapse. One confusion in particular he clears up. It has been said by some that

* "Wordsworth: Lectures and Essays." By H. W. Garrod. 7s. 6d. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Wordsworth's inspiration in his great period was "the Revolutionary Idea," as embodied in the writings of Rousseau, by others that it was Godwin's "Political Justice." The truth is, as Mr. Garrod shows, that it was in reaction from these two influences, which each in succession had failed him, that Wordsworth returned to Nature—not the animal nature of his youth, but a nature interfused with the "still sad music of humanity," thus healing himself of disillusionment and rediscovering creative faith. Mr. Garrod gives a clear account of all the factors which contributed to his disillusion, including, of course, Marie-Anne Vallon. He is scarcely fair, we think, to Godwin as a writer, but he emphasises the importance of Coleridge both as a poetical and later a metaphysical contagion. Upon the nature of Wordsworth's imagination in the fullness of its powers he throws distinctly new light. In youth his perception had been purely sensational, in the period of inner conflict he had turned to the barren rationalism of Godwin, in maturity he re-embraced sensationalism, but, in his own words "the glory of the senses passes into a glory of the imagination precisely *by being fastened to the affections*." He deepened his instinct, in short, by a watchful humanity, and thus evolved that mystical vision which read infinity in the commonplace. Both as a subtle exposition of Wordsworth's spiritual evolution, and as a detailed commentary on the poems, Mr. Garrod's book is invaluable. It is original and scholarly, a rare enough combination, and its style is pellucid.

HUGH I'A FAUSSET.

BURNS: MAN AND POET.*

The "misfortunes great an' sma'" which Burns encountered in life were trivial compared to what befell him

"When Death had steek'd the Poet's weary een"

and he passed into the hands of his blundering biographers. Two "corrective" Lives were published last year, but there is room for this new study of the Bard's Life and Genius, in which his greatness as a man is emphasized, and his poetry is accounted the inevitable expression of his manhood. In its two divisions the volume is similar to Samuel Tyler's "Robert Burns: As a Poet and as a Man" (New York; 1848). Mr. Dakers's book, though biographical, is not a biography. It visualises Burns "warts and all!"—with such insight and human understanding, that the word-picture of the Man through whom the Poet functioned, seems to have more "life" than the Nasmyth portrait. Lovers of Scotland's poet and who can number them?—should read this book. They will find it intensely interesting. It may have nothing new for the few "far ben" students of Burns literature who realise that Burns best reveals himself—and with all his faults—in his own writings, but to those who have only seen the Poet through the spectacles of Currie and Lockhart, and who have not sensed the man in his works, it should be strongly recommended. Though shy of "Vindications," the writer aims at removing the misapprehensions that malice and ignorance have multiplied concerning Burns. He rebuts the notion that the Poet was a dissolute drunkard, but with all his good intentions, even Mr. Dakers is occasionally guilty of repeating discredited legends and biographical blunders. He gives, without qualification (p. 156), Lockhart's story of how Burns, after spending January, 1796, in bed with rheumatic fever, went to a carousal in February and coming home intoxicated in the early morning, fell asleep in the snow, thus bringing on an attack of his old enemy from which he never recovered. Unfortunately the words "It has been said," with which Lockhart prefixed this calumny are here omitted. Then on page 129—Currie unquestioned—we are told that "the Poet's income was *limited* to his salary of £50 to £70"; but the Poet's income was *not limited* to his salary, which as Port Officer of Dumfries was £85. He was entitled to

* "Robert Burns: His Life and Genius." By Andrew Dakers. 10s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)



Mr. Dornford Yates, whose successful new novel, "Valerie French," is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.

half the value of all seized contraband goods, and half the fines inflicted on smugglers. The Official Records prove that his income was nearly £200, and in these days schoolmasters were advertised for at £12 per annum. Leaning again on Lockhart, the name of the superstitious old woman who primed Burns with his lore of warlocks and witches is given (pp. 10-11) as "Jenny Wilson," but on the authority of the Poet's sister, it was "Betty Davidson." On page 161 "Mrs. Riddell of Glenriddell" should be "Maria Riddell of Woodley Park," who was not the wife of Robert Riddell of Glenriddell but of his brother Walter. In addition to these inherited blunders our author is "a kennin wrang" in other details which should be corrected in future editions. In a letter written to his father in 1781, the Poet's signature, with "Burness" spelt in the fashion his father preferred, is said (p. 6) to be "almost tear-compelling," but it was not till April, 1786, that he adopted the Ayrshire spelling "Burns." In his 1787 tours he is described (p. 76) as "collecting material for Johnson's and Thomson's collections of songs," yet Thomson's "Original Scotish Airs," misnamed (p. 147) "Miscellany of Scottish Songs," was not mooted to Burns before September, 1792. The title of "The Scots Musical Museum" is not quite correct, and there is a reference (p. 188) to "forty odd" songs "contributed to the 1788 volumes." There was only *one* 1788 volume, and Burns's contributions numbered *sixteen*. The "*five* volumes which in all appeared" should be altered to "six." Mr. Dakers says (p. 172) the Kilmarnock Edition contained only *three* songs, and (p. 173)—strange misapprehension!—that none save those *three* were "written until after he had won fame." Now, Burns's First Edition has *four* songs, and before 1786, when he won fame by its publication, he had written many other lyrics, including "There was a lad was born in Kyle" and "Green grow the rashes." He must have forgotten his own allusions (pp. 5, 17) to Burns's first song, which moreover was written not when he was "fifteen," but according to Burns, in his "fifteenth autumn," and he was not fifteen till the following January. On p. 131 mention is made of Burns's "last and greatest poem," presumably identical with "Tam o' Shanter," "the most perfect poem" of p. 189. This is not a random misuse of the word "last," for on p. 198 we read: "The Poetical achievement of the Dumfries years was made up *entirely* of songs and ballads." This is altogether wrong. "Tam o' Shanter"—written at Ellisland in 1790—was not his *last* poem. He wrote "Lines on Fergusson the Poet" and many other poems in Dumfries. Sadly misled by a misspelling by Burns, our author refers (p. 42) to "Mason's *Collection in Prose and Verse*," and an unlucky guess is betrayed by the Index expansion to "William Mason," obviously meaning the poet who wrote the Life of Gray, whereas this "school book" used by Burns was compiled by Arthur Masson, M.A., Teacher of Languages in Edinburgh and Aberdeen. Among the minor mistakes are: p. 71, "Skull-duddery" for Sculduddery; p. 164, "Jess" Lewars for "Jessy"; "Laurie" in the text for "Lawrie" as in the Index; and "Mossgiel" (frequently mentioned) is invariably misspelt "Mossgeil." While Mr. Dakers is manifestly an ardent lover of Burns's poetry, and passionately fond of "A man's a man for a' that," he does not seem to be *au fait* with the valuable information available in the volumes of *The Annual Burns Chronicle*, and if he had read Mr. Will's "Robert Burns as a Volunteer" he would not have been so prone to exaggerate the "ostracism" endured by the Poet during the last phase of his life in Dumfries.

DAVIDSON COOK.

BENJAMIN SWIFT'S NEW HEROINE.*

Benjamin Swift has a weakness for love-sick heroines, witness his Nancy Noon. All his novels might bear on their title pages the motto "Love is a consuming fire": nearly all his lovers are made violent in mood and speech and action. But surely the rash, impetuous girl whose stormy experiences he records in "Only These" is the most passionate slave of sex he has ever invented for heroine. Instead of being a Bloomsbury chemist's daughter and a former W.A.A.C., she should have hailed from Sicily, so hot runs her blood, so closely allied to hate and thoughts of vengeance is her love when she deems herself abandoned. Passion not only spins the plot of her career, but very nearly brings it to shipwreck. It is touch and go with her whether she will not be dragged into the courts on the ugly charge of concealment of birth; only the luck indeed of a prolonged fog pervading the London square in which she has hidden her dead baby enables her to escape the clutches of the law. Her tactlessness in handling her lover is as complete as her original surrender to him; at a time when it is imperative he should marry her to save their child from illegitimacy she writes him threateningly, and even hints at vitriol. He behaves rather badly, this V.C. and proclaimed democrat, it is true, and shows himself abnormally suspicious, so much so that he taunts her with levying blackmail, but his uneasiness over taking so reckless a creature to wife is not altogether inexcusable. The son of a war profiteer newly raised to the peerage, Hugh Stringby, for all his dislike of the title, knows that if he makes such a seeming *mésalliance* he will have his family's prejudices to fight, and he is inclined to think—quite mistakenly—that so easy a conquest as Lottie Lexington has proved might be complacent elsewhere. Moreover she continues to act foolishly and put herself wrong with him; thus she stays in the village on his father's country estate, attends a village concert at which his people are present and he is singing, and attracts general attention by fainting at the close of his song. It is almost a wonder she convinces him of the loyalty of her devotion, and she only does that after she has skirted the very borderland of tragedy. In the background of this love-story, which has its shabby side, it will be seen, as well as its scenes of pathos, the author has introduced various humorous and eccentric types that show him still under the influence of Dickens. Jaggard, the picture dealer with his taste for strong drink and strong language; old Mrs. Lexington, so bizarre in her demented fancies; Mrs. Melsh, the spiteful and inquisitive village landlady; and all the new-rich family of the Stringbys and their poor Camden Town relations are hit off in broad, telling strokes and deserve association with a heroine less aggravating than Lottie Lexington.

F. G. B.

THE YOUNG CARLYLE.†

Before me lies a little picture cut from a newspaper over forty years ago. It represents two dodos, in a wilderness lit by a sun that has almost set, and the heads of those ancient birds are the heads of Carlyle and Ruskin. Thus did Alfred Bryan, one of the brightest caricaturists of his time, illustrate a phrase in a published letter from the Sage of Coniston to the Sage of Chelsea: "We two alone

* "Only These." By Benjamin Swift. 7s. 6d. (Thornton Butterworth.)

† "Carlyle Till Marriage (1795–1826)." By David Alec Wilson. (Kegan Paul.)

now in England, for God and the Queen." Within a few months Carlyle was dead, and that "slump" in his fame of which, in Mr. Wilson's opinion, Froude was rather the occasion than the cause, thenceforth became more and more dense until, in presence of the appalling object-lessons of the last nine years, many countrymen of either dodo have realised intensely that, in influence, both of them are far from extinction, and that time has already clothed them in the mantles of fulfilled prophecy.

Indeed, this first of the several volumes in which Mr. Wilson is casting his biography of Carlyle, comes, as I believe, at a psychological moment. Most of the thinking population of Great Britain, quite a considerable section, that is to say, of the body politic, are sincerely trying to clear the air of cant, and where should they look for inspiration if not to the rugged genius who, in spite of chronic dyspepsia (for which Mr. Wilson blames some northern doctors), did assuredly spend himself as much as any man could do, in the attempt to destroy that ubiquitous old enemy of progress. "Exactly in proportion to the inherent weakness of brain in your lying guides," cried Ruskin, "will be the animosity against Carlyle," and those who cannot find in jazzing hedonism and utter materialism sufficient sustenance for their souls, are tending, more or less consciously, to observe the gauge which is thus indicated, and to note, so to say, a steady change in favour of Carlyle.

The unfairness with which Froude dealt with the personal history of Carlyle, incidentally referred to in the preface to this new book, had already been clearly shown by Mr. Wilson himself in his little books, "Mr. Froude and Carlyle" and "The Truth About Carlyle," and the present account of "Carlyle Till Marriage" can be enjoyed without troubling our heads about Froude's delinquencies.

The story of Carlyle's origin, childhood, and conventional education, seems more luminous here than it has hitherto appeared. We begin long before the advent at Ecclefechan of the babe whose own mother described it as "a lang, sprawling, ill-put-together thing." In some happy pages we are told of the courtship of this infant Tom's parents. The mother, Peggy Aitken, was a highly-attractive little person, and the picture here drawn of her as maiden, wife and mother, affords an admirable instance of the author's talent for producing, largely by means of well-chosen extracts from letters, aided by carefully-sifted oral traditions, vivid portraits of the men and women who make part of Carlyle's life-history.

Mr. Wilson plainly shows that much of "Sartor Resartus" is autobiographic of Carlyle himself, and I am sure that I am but one of numerous readers who, on finishing this new account of the young Carlyle, will straightway re-read the story of "Diogenes Teufelsdröckh."

Those who are unfamiliar with the published correspondence of Carlyle with Jane Welsh may be astonished at the liveliness of their love-making, which forms the chief subject of this volume. Mr. Wilson is able to throw new and clear light on many points in the letters and other records on which his narrative is based. The love-letters, to many living love-makers, will appear absurdly sentimental and romantic, even those written in the years when the writers—or one of them at least—pretended to be platonic, that is to say, during the time, lasting almost to the eve of the marriage, when Mrs. Welsh, not without some apparent help from her daughter, was still trying to find a "better match" for Jane with the badly-treated Dr. Fyffe or another. Byron was the idol of youth in those days, and is frequently named in the letters. The news of his death gave a shock to both the Scottish lovers; to him it came down on the heart "like a mass of lead," to her it seemed to make an "awful and dreary blank in the creation." Thus they wrote in letters which crossed.

This book will vex those who adhere to the ancient prejudice that Scotsmen are lacking in humour. The author's keen sense of that saving quality comes out in every chapter, and is well shown in his treatment of the devices adopted by the lovers to enable them to express their feelings in letters which had to be read to Mrs. Welsh.

Happily she knew no language but her own, while they knew others, and occasionally used bits of them, which Jane translated with discretion!

The story, so far, ends with the arrival of Carlyle and his bride, on the evening of their wedding day (October 17th, 1826), at the house her mother had found for them in Edinburgh. The maid, sent in advance, had prepared a blazing fire and had laid the supper. "*Voilà tout!*" are "the only words known to have been said by Mrs. Carlyle that night. It was some days before the neighbours were aware a newly-married couple was living at 21, Comley Bank. So very quiet a wedding would be commoner if women knew how much it was preferred by men; but in this instance there is no trace of any such motive. Jane was thinking of nothing but her own convenience, and her young man was content to agree to anything but delay." Here we have a slight example of that incisive commentary which blends together the quoted ingredients of this book, and, with them, renders it not unworthy of comparison, in the successful use of this method, with the essays of Sainte-Beuve on some other great figures in literary history.

W. H. HELM.

THE MIXTURE—*NOT* AS BEFORE.*

When I opened the parcel and read the titles of the five books I confess I muttered, "The Mixture, as before. Shake the bottle." But I was wrong; there was a new ingredient this time. First, however, as to the mixture—and remember, although one may be tired of a mixture, it does not show that the mixture itself is not well-compounded.

I began by reading "The Rebel," but this time Mr. H. C. Bailey failed to enthuse me. I caught glimpses of the one and only Squarcia and his friends peeping out, but they were only glimpses. Laying the scene in Victorian days, Mr. Bailey has ado to keep himself from an earlier setting. As to the story, there's them, as the Irishman said, as'll swalley it; I couldn't. Then I took up "The Moneylender Intervenes," in which Mr. H. Noel Williams shows us a lieutenant in the Guards visiting a moneylender's office in full uniform, having "just come off duty at St. James's Palace," and other interesting and surprising things. The impression left on my mind is that I should be very glad to meet Mr. Noel Williams on a race-course or at the gaming-table; he seems to know so much about the shady side of things that I am sure he would protect me from sharpers and even show me how to turn a modest penny into the bargain.

Then came I to Edgar Wallace and his "Clue of the New Pin," a typical Wallacian murder story in which you are kept on tenterhooks until the last chapter. I wonder Mr. Wallace has not been locked up by the police as a measure of precaution long ago; his crimes on paper must be legion. But, like Cleopatra, age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety, for next I took up his "Books of Bart," in which he has a totally different style. It is a story of a queer genius (must all geniuses be queer? said he thoughtfully) and of a girl whose guardian he is, and of divers other persons and things as well. In its way it is as good a piece of work as the other—there is in fact only a Pin to choose between them.

But now for the new ingredient. It is called "The Valley of Eyes Unseen" and it is a story of a strange land beyond even the ken of the Chinese and the Tibetan sages. Not a new idea? No; Guy Boothby with his "Dr. Nikola" told us of the East, and others have done so before and since. But where Mr. Gilbert Collins has done a rare thing is in his telling of the story. He attempts that very hard task of making his reader believe that he is reading a genuine document recording actual though amazing facts, and if you close your eyes and give your mind a little push you *can* believe it! The Queen in "Alice" used to believe three or four impossible things before breakfast merely for practice. I do not know whether Mr. Collins has been in the East; I imagine so, but so cleverly does he write of what are admittedly impossibilities that I do not know exactly where the truth stops. Anyhow I do not care a bit; the book is enthralling from first page to last and I hope Mr. Collins will write a dozen more like it. Not once throughout the book does he strike a false note; not once does he depart from that level style of narration which aids the story so materially; not once does he despairingly extricate himself from a dilemma by means of a coincidence that an alligator could not swallow. I recommend this book to you with complete confidence, but also with this warning: Do not (like me) begin to read it after dinner, or you will not put it down until the dawn is breaking and you have added an appalling amount to your electric light bill.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

* "The Rebel." By H. C. Bailey. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)—"The Moneylender Intervenes." By H. Noel Williams. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)—"The Clue of the New Pin." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Books of Bart." By Edgar Wallace. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)—"The Valley of Eyes Unseen." By Gilbert Collins. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

MIND IN THE MAKING.*

Rarely have the records of childish precocity been given to the world unless the child happens to have become a great man. And then it was, strictly speaking, not precocity, but promise. There was nothing premature about the manifestation: it was a timely presage of future greatness. We read with interest, and with no great surprise, of the early achievements of Mill, Macaulay or Kelvin, because we are first acquainted with their later achievements. It is their adulthood that makes their childhood significant. We find it harder, however, to get up an interest in Karl Witte's account of the way in which he trained his son, who was ready for the university at ten, and a doctor of philosophy at fourteen, because the son ultimately arrived at no greater distinction than the father. We have no means of comparing the beginning with the end. The same is true of Winifred Stoner, the infant prodigy about whom her mother has written a book. Winifred is still a young girl, and although her remarkable erudition has given her notoriety in her native country, the United States, we have yet to see what figure she ultimately cuts in the world. To the educator the learned child is of absorbing interest, for he gives rise to two questions: Is his learning due to a special system of education, and is the result of permanent value? And the first question can generally be answered if not the second.

About the extraordinary nature of Winifred Stoner's ability and attainments there can be little doubt. When she was five she could speak eight languages. Even at two years of age she used to write her own name in the hotel register, and began to keep a private diary. At the same tender age she astonished an art dealer by asking him why he didn't have a *Venus de Milo* in his shop as well as a *Venus de Medici*.

How this became possible is explained by Mrs. Stoner, who has herself been her daughter's sole teacher. In fact as a treatise on education the book falls into the same class as Rousseau's "Emile." In a general scheme of education, however, the one teacher one child principle is obviously impossible to apply. One half of the population would be engaged in educating the other half and there would be nobody left to carry on the work of the world. For let us make no mistake about it, Winifred's education has been a terrible business. It has absorbed the whole time and energy of her mother. It began in the cradle, when Mrs. Stoner crooned her baby to sleep, not with nursery lullabies, but with Virgil's "Ænid." And it continued throughout on the same high and rarefied altitude. And Winifred was so amazingly good and sweet and docile that she fitted beautifully into the system. She had the temper of an angel and the memory of a Macaulay. She

* "Natural Education." By Winifred Sackville Stoner. (John Lane.)—"The Mind in Action: A Study of Human Interests." By George H. Green. (University of London Press.)

could repeat a poem faultlessly after reading it once. With so remarkable a mother and so remarkable a child everything seems possible. It is when we begin to apply the method to other children, not quite so clever and not quite so docile, that doubts assail us. What to Winifred Stoner would perhaps be a "natural" education, would to plain Jane Jones be egregiously unnatural. And besides, in spite of Mrs. Stoner's assurance to the contrary, we cannot get rid of a feeling that Winifred has "missed a lot of fun."

While the reader, be he parent or teacher, will find much to ponder over and profit from in this book, he must not take too seriously all that Mrs. Stoner says. For she sometimes comes perilously near talking nonsense. She quotes with approval, for instance, such a statement as this: "A person may be more fully known by the music he likes than by the coat he wears or the books he reads." What would Johnson and Lamb and Dean Stanley and the rest of the illustrious company of music-haters say to this?

The second book under review is a popular exposition of modern psychological theory. Mr. Green has invested a subject supposed to be inherently dull with so much freshness and originality that his volume may confidently be placed among the few psychological books that the layman may read with pleasure as well as profit. His method of approach would have given our forefathers a shock of surprise. For instead of starting his study of the mind with "the three modes of being conscious" he starts with "two kinds of advertising." Instead of describing the machinery of thought he directs our attention to the forces that drive the machinery. His subject-matter is in fact what we generally term "human nature." When we say that we understand human nature we do not mean that we know precisely how a man is able to perceive an object in space, or to picture in his mind an absent friend, or to arrive at a general idea or concept; but rather that we understand the motives that actuate him—that we can detect the springs of his conduct. Mr. Green is mainly concerned with revealing human motives or, as he himself puts it, human interests. And he does it so convincingly that the reader feels towards him that mild resentment which he feels towards Meredith while reading "The Egoist"—resentment at being found out.

Mr. Green adopts an easy conversational style which is novel for this kind of topic. His sentences are short and crisp, and free from technical jargon. Those who prefer calling a spade an agricultural implement will not like his style; nor will those who prefer dullness and dignity to the sparkle and intimacy of good conversation. Mr. Green has a pretty wit, and it is much to his credit that in spite of his natural aptitude for "smartness" he never sacrifices truth to an epigram.

P. B. BALLARD.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.*

There are some authors whose lives are more interesting to posterity than their books, and it will commonly be found that such writers owe their fame less to conspicuous native genius than to the fact that they faithfully mirror their age or some aspect of their age. The most obvious and hackneyed example of this is of course Dr. Johnson; but what is true of him is true in lesser degree of many other writers, and it will almost certainly be true, as time advances, of Mrs. Humphry Ward. Though she is doubtless still popular with the large public that frequents the free libraries, it is questionable whether she any longer attracts more critical readers. Yet because she perfectly reflected one phase of the nineteenth century she will always have her niche in literary history; and it is safe to say that this pleasant and discriminating biography by her daughter will interest many to whom "Robert Elsmere" itself has ceased to make any appeal.

A granddaughter of Arnold of Rugby, Mary Arnold,

* "The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward." By Janet Penrose Trevelyan. 12s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

who was to become Mrs. Humphry Ward in her twenty-second year, was born into a family for whom religion was always, as the Quakers say, a "concern"; and at an early age heredity was to be stimulated by environment. While Mary was still a girl of sixteen her father, whose conversion to Roman Catholicism had spelt poverty for his family, embraced Anglicanism again and, securing a lectureship, settled in Oxford. This was in 1865; but though it was twenty years after Newman's accession to Rome, the old University was still labouring under "the repercussions, the thrills and counter-thrills" of that "prodigious event," and the religious life of England still took its colour from the stir it had created. By 1865 the Liberal school of theology had arisen, led by Jowett, Mark Pattison and others, for whom the old letter of "inspiration" no longer existed. To-day it is so accepted a commonplace that the Church must make room for the results of science and historical criticism that it is difficult for us to realise how seriously the question agitated a bygone generation. In the very heart of such agitation Mrs. Ward spent the most impressionable years of her youth, and eventually she was able in "Robert Elsmere" to give dramatic and popular expression to the growing idea that religion should imply less a concern with dogma than a life lived in service and fellowship. So great was the controversy aroused by the book—a controversy in which all the greatest public men of the day, including Gladstone, became protagonists—that it quickly reached a sale of 70,000 copies. Mrs. Ward was to write better novels than "Robert Elsmere"; but it is "Robert Elsmere" that gives her the greatest claim to permanent literary memory.

Mrs. Trevelyan reminds us, however, that her mother spent herself as much in applying ideas as in propagating them; and not the least interesting chapters in the volume before us are those that deal with her social work. Her labours in connection with University Hall, with cripples and slum children, and with the Passmore Edwards Settlement are described in some detail. Mrs. Ward's experiments did not always work out quite as she desired, and some of her methods have already become discredited. But no reader can fail to be moved to admiration by the record of her unflagging energy and zeal, or to realise that beneath a certain austerity of character and manner there beat a tender heart. A Liberal in theology, Mrs. Ward became in politics a thoroughgoing Conservative. The Boer War left her an Imperialist, and Mrs. Trevelyan analyses at length the motives that inspired her consistent opposition to woman's suffrage. Her activities during the Great War are fresh in the public memory; but her daughter is able to quote some interesting passages from the private diary of her visits to the Front, to the Fleet and to munition centres, which she described for the whole world in "England's Effort" and "Towards the Goal." If she showed no more than conventional penetration into the roots of the war, at least she demonstrated again her indomitable courage and determination in facing, when well into her sixties, the discomforts and fatigue inseparable from such investigations.

Whatever may be Mrs. Humphry Ward's ultimate literary reputation, this volume reveals her as one who possessed great gifts and used them to the full, and who strove always to regulate her conduct in strict conformity with her ideals. Happy the man or woman of whom as much can be said!

Gilbert Thomas.

FOMBOMBO.*

The time was 2 a.m., and three of us sat in my Service tent talking. One was a world-famous author; and of a soldier's life he said, "It's the greatest game on earth—except one." "What's the other one?" asked the third member of the party. The famous author pointed a derisive finger at him. "This thing," he said, "calls itself a Man. Yet it up and asks, 'What's the other one?'" Then, "Why, Love, you fool—Love. Love and War are the two greatest games on earth." That was before 1914, since when the world has had its fill of fighting and thinks of war only as a crime, or if as a game, as of the Devil's own invention and patenting. But that aspect of the subject apart, I confess that seldom have I been so carried off my feet by a novel of love and war as by Mr. T. S. Stribling's "Fombombo."

It is more than a mere novel of love and war, for it has great scenes—that in the cathedral for instance (chapter xxi), and in few books written in the cause of woman's purity has a truer word been said on "seduction" than will be found on pages 280 and 281. That the novel comes perilously near to melodrama I admit; but from being melodrama it is saved by the fact that it has both pathos and humour. Pathos is fatal to melodrama, which depends upon sentiment and claptrap for success; and in melodrama, which is pervaded by humour, illusion is destroyed.

The scene is laid in one of those smaller South American republics where revolutions "are staged" (so one of the characters says) "every forty-eight hours," and Mr. Stribling's picture, true as I have reason to believe it is, of the inhuman tortures inflicted on the class known as "peons" (mere pawns in the game and gamble for power on the part of the revolutionary leaders), is heart-rending in pathos.

But the striking feature of "Fombombo" is that, romance of love and war as it is, the hero is less like the conventional hero than anyone who ever figured in a romance before. A publisher once said to me that the first novelist to tell the story of commercial life has a new field and a huge public awaiting him. That was before Mr. H. G. Wells had in "The Wheels of Chance" shown us how romance can enter even into the drab life of a draper's assistant. The hero of "Fombombo" is a hustling American "drummer" or salesman who is described as "when at home, back in Keokuk, rather a cat among the skirts." He asks the heroine (referring to her soldier husband), "What was your job before you hooked up with the General?" She, the heroine, is a pathetic and sad little figure, but that a Spanish gentlewoman should fall passionately in love with a hardware salesman, and such a hardware salesman as is pictured adds to the novelty of the situation. Perhaps she is influenced by her hatred of an unfaithful and cruel husband, and by the dash and gallantry displayed so unexpectedly by the drummer. He has come to Rio Negro, in Venezuela, to sell rifles to the insurgents; and "the old man" (his employer) had said to him: "Strawbridge, if you don't make your customers' difficult problems your own, you are not a salesman; you are simply a mut with a sample case." To make his customers' problems his own, the drummer rides out with the invading army, "sees red" at a crisis in the battle, and so rallies retreating troops as to turn disaster into victory, and, as much to his own surprise as anyone else's, is hailed as a hero and decorated for gallantry in the field. Were Mr. Stribling either a soldier or a war correspondent he could not describe the fighting scenes more accurately or more vividly.

Writing of R. L. Stevenson, Sir Sidney Colvin says: "'Action, Colvin, Action!' I remember his crying eagerly to me with his hand on my arm." R. L. S. was not thinking then of novel writing, but had he lived to read "Fombombo" he would have agreed that here was action in plenty. Though slang and "Americanisms" are equally plentiful the writing has the individuality (which makes for style) by which Stevenson set such store, and in the less colloquial passages has dignity and even distinction. First and foremost, however, "Fombombo" is a romance of love and war which compels interest and thrills the reader from the first page to the last. Reading it is like witnessing a succession of exciting scenes on the cinema screen.

It is indeed the nearest thing to a novel written on cinema lines which has ever come my way, and the film rights should mean a small fortune to somebody. But

* "Fombombo." By T. S. Stribling. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

though likely to be immensely popular, "Fombombo" has qualities entirely other than those which we associate with mere popularity. It is in every sense of the word a remarkable book to come from a new writer, and I believe will prove a great success.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

LONG AND SHORT FLIGHTS.*

"Children of Azra"[1] has vision and a certain swift beauty of movement and colour. In the sections, various of the great dead speak of the thing that lay at the centre of their lives: Swinburne, Watteau, Charlotte Bronte, Keats, Chopin. Miss Currey has set out to dramatise these personalities, and has done it worthily. One will look with interest to her dramatisation of herself.

"Lyrics: Irish and Otherwise,"[2] by Josephine P. Rowe, have the lyrical quality here and there, but very often the metre stumbles. One likes better than the dialect poems, either Somersetshire or Irish, such a song as that beginning:

> "You are too dear for my remembering,
> You are too fair to haunt my dreams, my day."

There is really the touch of the true lyricist in that

"Dawn in the Woods"[3] gives one the thrill which so many of these volumes fail to give, because here and there the eyes of the Muse gleam at us even out of a tangle. There is always poetry, though the poet has not arrived at her expression yet. The "May Trees" is as good as anything in the volume to show what she has done and will do:

> "I have seen to-day
> The May trees in the Park,
> The white flower of the day
> And the red flower of the dark.
>
> "I have seen stars in a wood
> And Heaven in a deep well,
> And Love's face under a green hood,
> More dear than I can tell.
>
> "O now in songs and dreams,
> Blossom for me again;
> White flower of innocence,
> And red flower of pain."

Mr. Louis Untermeyer is very much of the American young man. His title, "Roast Leviathan,"[4] challenges attention with an eccentricity. He is not really very young. American young men have a way of looking at you with very old eyes. Mr. Untermeyer is more sophisticated than he pretends: but he has really something to say that is worth listening to, and despite his title he says it less grotesquely than most of his peers. This expresses a mood common to young men of all nationalities in our bitter days:

> "We bruise the world you battered out of shape,
> Without accepting any God or man;
> We open all the doors and so escape,
> Whatever narrow paths you tried to plan.
> We fuse our angers in machines that span
> The earth and flimsy heavens with our hate;
> We never hope to end what you began,
> We who were born too soon and live too late."

That is the naked truth, and Mr. Untermeyer knows how to state it.

"Far and Few"[5] has some very pleasant and accomplished verse, with a pure and simple diction and a restrained dignity of expression. Mr. Cleghorn has the wit

[1] "Children of Azra." By Claudine Currey. 10s. (Grant Richards.)

[2] "Lyrics: Irish and Otherwise." By Josephine P. Rowe. 2s. 6d. (Hazell, Watson & Viney.)

[3] "Dawn in the Woods." By Marion Pryce. (The Village Bookshop, Highgate.)

[4] "Roast Leviathan." By Louis Untermeyer. (Jonathan Cape.)

[5] "Far and Few." By David Cleghorn Thomson. 2s. 6d. (Basil Blackwell.)

to make his lyrics very short, and each within its compass has something to say that is worth saying and hearing.

The third volume of "Public School Verse"[6] makes very interesting reading. One looks eagerly for the poets who are to replace the poets fallen in the war, and opening this slim red volume is to stand on the edge of adventure and discovery. And there are discoveries to be made even if one does not feel exactly like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes he gazed upon the Pacific. Most of the young contributors are poetic-minded, and some of them will be more than that when their minds have matured. Not often does one find the natural magic, but it is in C. W. B. Isherwood's "Mapperley Plains":

> "By the swift ways of shade and sun
> We trod the morning · Spring was white
> And hushed in lovely pools of light.
>
> * * * * * *
>
> And strong noon bridged half Heaven in flame;
> And day swung down from blue to blue."

There is the authentic touch. Another achievement is "If I Forget," by N. K. Lindsay. There is little that is academic here, and only as much of convention as you would expect from schoolboys. "Public School Verse" does not fail of hope and promise.

"White Horses"[7] stirs one's interest as the poetry of an artist, and the interest is quickened as one reads. This is a fresh and an original mind, with just that touch of strangeness which poetry must have not to be jog-trot. There is a hint of the wonder and unexpectedness of Walter de la Mare's poetry—sheer unearthly delight. This quotation will explain what Mr. Armfield has to give:

HORIZON LINE.

> "Five lambs going over the water,
> Beyond the reeds of the sleeping shore;
> Shepherded by God's daughter—
> They will come back no more.
>
> "It is once they may look and back turning
> See the old bent trees by the well
> Heavy with years: and then fond yearning
> Strain for some half-heard bell.
>
> "It is twice or thrice they may bleat and shoulder
> Their little way to the high boat-edge;
> With a half-regret for the grey boulder
> Where the grass grew clean and the sedge"

There is beauty in "Lyrics"[8] beauty of a simple and sincere kind, with a limpid flow of words and a natural music. Some of the religious poems come from the heart and speak to the heart. Mr. Higgins has done nothing better than this:

HIDE-AND-SEEK.

> "I walked along the road a little way
> With you, and in a field we stopped to play
> At hide-and-seek. I heard you cross the stile
> Into the other field, and stayed awhile
> Till you were ready, waiting for your shout
> That never came. I rose and roamed about
> Thinking I had not heard. I called your name.
> But someone else had shared our pleasant game,
> For Death, unbidden, kissed you on the face
> And bade you leave your sheltered hiding-place.
> Will no one bid me seek again and find,
> Show me the place and tell me I was blind;
> That you were waiting where I could not see,
> And to my deaf ears called aloud for me?
> Yet onwards as upon the road I pass
> I still expect to see you from the grass
> Rise up to greet me, saying with a smile,
> 'How blind you are. I was here all the while.'"

This has a simple and an unforced poignancy.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

[6] "Public School Verse, 1921–1922." 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

[7] "White Horses." By Maxwell Armfield. 2s. 6d. (Basil Blackwell.)

[8] "Lyrics." By A. G. McL. Pearce Higgins. 2s. (Basil Blackwell.)

Novel Notes.

JEREMY AND HAMLET. By Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

Jeremy and his dog Hamlet will be no strangers to Mr. Hugh Walpole's readers; their adventures are carried a stage further in a sequel which defies all the auguries and proverbs as to sequels by being as delightful as the story it continues. Hamlet, you will remember, was a mongrel whose society comforted little Jeremy when he met with the misunderstanding and got into the trouble inevitable for any small boy of spirit brought up in the prison atmosphere of mid-Victorian domesticity. When we meet Hamlet again he has fallen from grace during his little master's absence at school, and has become a kitchen dog, the slave of his appetite and the pet of a fat cook who pampers him with kitchen dainties. Jeremy has to be in hot water again before his dog can shake off his new habits of self-indulgence, but he soon redeems himself by a fight with a formidable poodle, Mr. Walpole's description of which is truly Homeric. It is Jeremy himself, however, and his relations with his sternly ascetic parson father, and the sisters of whose whims he is impatient, and the mother he quietly worships; it is the boy at school and his sensitiveness to schoolboy codes of honour and schoolboy standards of value whereon the novelist expends his most loving labours, and wonderfully is it all done. In this book of his Mr. Walpole reveals the very heart and mind of the schoolboy of his own generation, and since boys are much the same in every age, our own young folk will recognise themselves in his Jeremy, save that they get a very much better time than his father permitted him at home. Incidentally the author gives us something more than a picture of a boy and of a dog; he throws interesting sidelights on mid-Victorian life and its practice—nay, principle—of the repression of youth. But human nature will out, and one of the prettiest and truest touches of his tale is that in which he shows his young hero rallying to his father's side when he finds him bullied and made the butt of an uncle's rough and brutal humour—rallying so loyally that he refuses a royal tip from this astonished and discomfited relative.

THY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE. By Liam O'Flaherty. 7s 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

The author of this novel has added a manifesto that saves the reviewer the trouble of trying to discover the intention of the book. "It does not attempt to preach anything. It merely endeavours to be a faithful picture of life as I have seen it." Thus far the reader will probably admit his success, but it is scarcely sufficient as a formula for a work of art. There is a crude strength in the book which the author has not under adequate control, with the result that the story is often formless and violence is mistaken for artistic realism. With much needless digression and detail, the story tells of the temptations of Father McMahon—his love for Mrs. McSherry, tied to a brutal husband, and his fatal weakness for drink. In the end he wins through in something of an heroic manner and dedicates himself to work in the mission field. Life and scenery in the Aran Islands are described with real power but much of the effectiveness is lost through the want of any selective ability. Mr. O'Flaherty is too self-conscious



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Liam O'Flaherty.**

of his literary mission. He wishes "to save the Irish novel from the debauched condition of being a political pamphlet or a religious controversy, or worst of all, a literary facsimile of the third-rate music-hall comedies that draw alcoholic laughter from an audience of very low intelligence." There are other faults than these which he has not succeeded in avoiding. He is rash to insist as a test on the humorous quality of his opening paragraph. It is incapable of raising a smile either for the alcoholic or for the sober.

MOCKERY. By Guy Rawlence. 7s. 6d net. (Duckworth.)

"It's all here. Nothing happens. The choice between two excitements are salmon or a pineapple. That's your romance." Such was Daphne Currall's succinct description of her home life in the stuffy provincial town of Westbridge, where her father was a prosperous solicitor and her brother, Rex, a solicitor's clerk with a hankering after an artist's career. In the dim background there was a half-legendary Uncle Raymond, who had broken with all the Currall traditions and pursued a free and easy but entirely enjoyable existence in Spain. Uncle Raymond stood to the young Curralls as the embodiment of Romance. And then one day the unexpected things happened. John Currall was repaid a considerable sum long ago considered as a bad debt, and in a moment of reckless abandonment he decided there and then to betake himself and his family to Monte Carlo and to see life. And this was the critical moment when Uncle Raymond chose to present himself to his astonished relatives. Under his influence Monte Carlo was exchanged for Granada. The story describes with much humour the Spanish holiday of the curious diversified family and the manner in which they reacted to their new surroundings. It is an excellent plot device for the display of effective characterisation and the author has made good use of it. When they returned home some of them at least had discovered that Romance could be found under the humdrum conventionality of Westbridge. Thus a sound moral is humorously enforced.



Photo by Lizzie Caswell Smith. **Mr. Guy Rawlence.**

SIDE-SHOWS. By I. A. R. Wylie. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

These stories are probably the best that Miss Wylie has yet written. The best of them (such as "Elfrida and the Mad Busman" and "The Inheritors") are indeed exceptionally clever. They cover between them an immense amount of ground and cover it uniformly well, the lighter work being as admirable in its own way as are the more tragic stories in theirs. They leave too, all of them, a pleasant taste, and satisfy us that no other development is artistically possible or desirable. This is especially so in the first story, "The Wonderful Story," whose whole conception would to most people have implied an unhappy ending, with hopeless banality as the alternative. Miss Wylie shows us that a happy ending is not only perfectly natural, but almost inevitable, besides vastly bettering the tale. It is life viewed not indeed through rose-tinted glasses, but with a chastened, very pleasing optimism, most refreshing in these days of novels whose unhappy or unsatisfactory conclusions (and beginnings) are become almost as much a matter of convention as was the once universal happy one.

TALES OF MY OWN COUNTRY. By Violet Jacob. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)

Even Mrs. Jacob's second best would probably be pretty good work if she ever cared to give it to us, but as a matter

of fact she never does, the standard she maintains being always that of excellence. She always writes with distinction, and her new collection of tales of farm and country life in Forfar and Perth, the " Angus " of her delightful book of poems in the vernacular, is a highly competent miscellany of stories that cover the whole range of our common human emotions. She can be lightly gay and amusing, as in " The Overthrow of Adam Pitcaithley," which shows the folly of little Lord Fauntleroy's riding cart-horses to the water in a velvet suit while enemies are about armed with catapults, send a chill up one's spine with such creepy horrors as " Annie Corgill," or disturb her readers with the different sort of grimness of which " Thieve " is so powerful an example. If these tales of Angus do nothing else, they certainly serve as evidence that the cliché about good novelists making bad short story writers is getting out of date.

SALLY'S SWEETHEART. By G. B. Burgin. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Old Man Evans is the joyous romantic spirit of Mr. Burgin's novels incarnate ; and it is fitting that he should figure so prominently in his creator's seventieth book. How many of us could write seventy novels and bring into the seventieth nothing sordid, disillusioned, cynical or drab ? The spontaneity of youth runs riot through these pages, and " Sally's Sweetheart " is the work of a man who has known the world yet remained young in heart. Old Man Evans is not only young in heart, he is young, too, in years ; " Old Man " is merely a term of endearment at Four Corners -that Canadian river-bank village already familiar to Mr. Burgin's many readers. There is no mistake about it that Old Man is the pivot on which the idyll turns, although he isn't Sally's sweetheart and his own love story is a second-fiddle affair. He and Ikey are so closely bound in friendship that when Ikey's heart receives a thrust, Old Man's feels the prick, and he takes his Jonathan a-holidaying to the haunts of the Reservation Indians. The piqued Sally, and a girl who finds Old Man the greater attraction (a sentiment every reader will share with her) go in their wake, and many amusing adventures result, all told in that whimsical manner we have learned to associate with the Burgin books. Miss Wilks, the mule, is in herself, as ever, a source of bubbling humour—for it seems as if nothing can come near Old Man without being touched by the wand of Puck and blossoming into gaiety. This is certainly a book to drive dull care away, and one that makes us hope that Mr. Burgin will go on and make his century.

The Bookman's Table.

DEIRDRE. By James Stephens. 7s 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Stephens is the latest of a long line of authors who have told or retold the tragic story ot the most famous heroine of the Gael. The tale, of course, is one of the key-stories of the great Ulster epic cycle. It is known over Europe in the French version in " L'Epopée Celtique en Irlande " of M. d'Arbois de Jubainville, etc., in the German versions in the " Irische Tente " of Windisch, the " Sagen aus dem alten Irland " of Thurneysen, and his later collection, " Die irische Helden-und Königsage," a spacious contribution to Gaelic lore and interpretation. The story has been rehandled by many writers in English, in prose or verse : Sir Samuel Ferguson, Dr. Hyde, " A. E.", Synge, Standish O'Grady, and more ; and it is the theme of a drama by Father Thomas O'Kelly, one of the younger Gaelic writers of to-day. The most picturesque reconstruction of the age-old love idyll and tragedy is that of Mr. O'Grady in " The Coming of Cuculainn," the first book of his vivid Ulster trilogy. The Midde Irish originals (or rather summaries) of the story vary considerably, and like the cycle as a whole they are a mixture of elements that are epic, barbaric (to modern eyes), heroic, magical, romantic, realistic or steeped in " the tears of things." Mr. Stephens sometimes plays with the story and occasionally sets phrases of oddly colloquial crudity in the mouths of characters. He starts disagreeably, though the ugly light in which he thus shows the Ulster king, Conachúr MacNessa, is in keeping with other stories of that dominant and sinister individuality. In dealing with the secluded childhood of Deirdre, her nurse and keeper Lavarcham, and the attitude of Conachur, there are notes and points that suggest a modern textbook of psychology, but once the retelling is well under way and alive there are thoughtful and beautiful developments. The old structure is considerably changed (and certain liberties taken therewith), but Conachur, Lavarcham, Deirdre, and to some extent the hero Naoise and his brothers, live a new life, and outcomes in the swift love story are magical. In the second book—the life in Scotland, the return, the treachery of the King, and the closing tragedy—the reshaping is not so vivid (though there are striking phases) and the finale is somewhat abrupt and incomplete. On the whole a mixed but often memorable offering. Mr. Stephens adopts the traditional Irish dedication, " *Do chum glóire Dé agus onóra na h-Eireann* " (" To the glory of God and the honour of Ireland "). In view of many elements of the work it seems a little ironical.

TOGETHER. By Norman Douglas. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is a companion volume to " Alone," but it is not so attractive as that amusing and rather wicked book. The Vorarlberg never could be so charming as Italy, a land that appeals specially to the author's temperament. The curious heartlessness of his work, like the marble of Milan Cathedral, needs the glitter of southern sun to set it off. Nevertheless, the present sketches are well done, and they have the charm of novelty. The author gives us more of his direct personal experience and more of his remembered youth than he has hitherto done. Those who have begun to " collect " Norman Douglas will not like the book less on that account. Of course there are the usual little outbursts against some idol of the market-place, but that is to be expected. What is attractive about Mr. Norman Douglas is that he is a modern who does not forget the past and who can praise and hate without being either hectic or glutinous.

DREAMS OF AN ASTRONOMER. By Camille Flammarion. 10s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

When one reads in his latest work that " an aeroplane flying without a stop at 62 miles an hour would take 812 years to complete the voyage " from the earth to Jupiter, one gets some idea of that happy knack of picturesque illustration that has made Camille Flammarion the greatest of all popularisers of astronomy. In his new book the doyen of star-gazers may be said indeed to have performed a feat analogous to that of M. Lamartine's and to have raised astronomy to the level of the romance. His examination of the evidence supporting the idea that the inhabitants of other worlds are seeking to communicate with us is extremely interesting and suggestive. His discussion of the habitability of other stars and his conclusion that Mars, Venus and probably Mercury may contain beings like ourselves and that at least 100,000 other planets may be peopled by beings of a different chemical composition should induce in all Tellurians a sense of their relative insignificance in the scheme of the universe. But it is his stories of his imaginary voyages to the moon, to Mars, to Saturn and to Neptune—which latter planet, by the way, is 2,500 million miles distant from the sun—which constitute the real " Dreams of an Astronomer." The raptures of these aerial flights and the furious outbursts of anteclericalism with which they are interspersed show abundantly enough that M. Flammarion at eighty-one has lost nothing of his mental vigour and abated nothing of his convictions.

WHEEL-TRACKS. By E. Œ. Somerville and Martin Ross. 12s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Miss Somerville continues happily to carry on alone the work of "the firm," for it is only by a stretch of imagination that she can justify the addition of Martin Ross's name to the title page. The present volume contains much matter grave and gay, some of it being the aboriginal rock out of which certain earlier stories were hewed. We like it none the worse for that. The glimpses of justice at work given in "All on the Irish Shore" are supplemented here by others. We, unfortunately, do not hear policemen giving evidence in this strain: "Your Worships, the prisoner is a contrha'ry little man who is never duly sober. He was found partaking of a fistic encounter in a public lane. He had the complaintant on the ground, and he was thrafficking in his face, and, I may say, he wrought sad havoc in it." Nor do we hear witnesses like Mrs. Hallahan, who swore that she did not say she would keep Mrs. Howrihan between the gate and the pillar until she would squeeze the decay out of her. Miss Somerville should go on with her memories and inventions. We are all eager to listen.

THE LOOKOUTMAN. By David W. Bone With illustrations by H. Hudson Rodmell. 7s 6d (Cape)

Captain David Bone of the *Tuscania* and author of "The Brassbounder" has given us the benefit of his wide experience of ships. Lives there a man with soul so dead that it has never reached out after sea-bound ships? Well, here is the incredible opportunity come true at last, of going about the seven seas on every kind of vessel and sharing the thoughts and observations of a veritable star of lookoutmen. The business of the lookoutman is to look out, before and after and on each side (beg pardon Captain to port and starboard), once the "blue peter" is hauled down and a ship heads to sea He slams the bell whenever traffic is sighted, and he knows generally at a glance the type of any ship Colour, flare (or curve of the bows), rake (or slope) of the funnels, and the various contours of vessels are all indications of their nationality, purpose and tonnage. The title of Captain Bone's book is well chosen. The veriest landlubber of a reader is so privileged by the Lookoutman's genial, sapient, enthusiastic and regretful confidences that he cannot fail henceforth to recognise mail liners, cargo ships, tramp steamers, express steamers, turret ships, oil tankers, fishing craft, or tugs. These are not all so easy to recognise as you ignorant fellows (who haven't read "The Lookoutman") seem to think! Captain Bone understands the delicate art of blending solid information with illustrative fancies. For instance, the chapter on Tramp Steamers is mainly a little Odyssey of a figurative "Stella Maris." When he comes to speak of the great liners, which he agrees are "floating hotels," Captain Bone does not deny the true seaman's conservative loyalties (how could he?—who was trained first in the ways of sailing vessels) but he generously acknowledges the benefits in comfort and security which have reached the sailor via the modern passenger. It is always a mistake to imagine that sailors, or any other adventurers except those in a certain kind of fiction, despise comfort or as much safety as they can get. The reader, whether nautical or thoroughly terrestrial, will especially enjoy the descriptions of various ships, in which the author betrays his pride in the beauty of fitness to purpose. "It is a fact," he says in Chapter 1, "peculiar and perhaps unaccountable, that the most graceful ships are the most sea-kindly in a gale." One lingers appreciatively over this book, which is greatly enriched by the illustrations in black-and-white from fine drawings by Mr. H. Hudson Rodmell (though the coloured plates are less pleasing). "The Lookoutman" bids fair to remain a nautical authority (on British land) for many a year—and then, because of his enthusiasm, and skill in expressing it, a "classic" in the long-living company of Conrad, Marryat, Melville, Masefield, Bullen, and perhaps half a dozen others who have written lovingly, knowingly and skilfully of the ways and the journeyings of ships.

Music.

DELIUS.*

By RODNEY BENNETT.

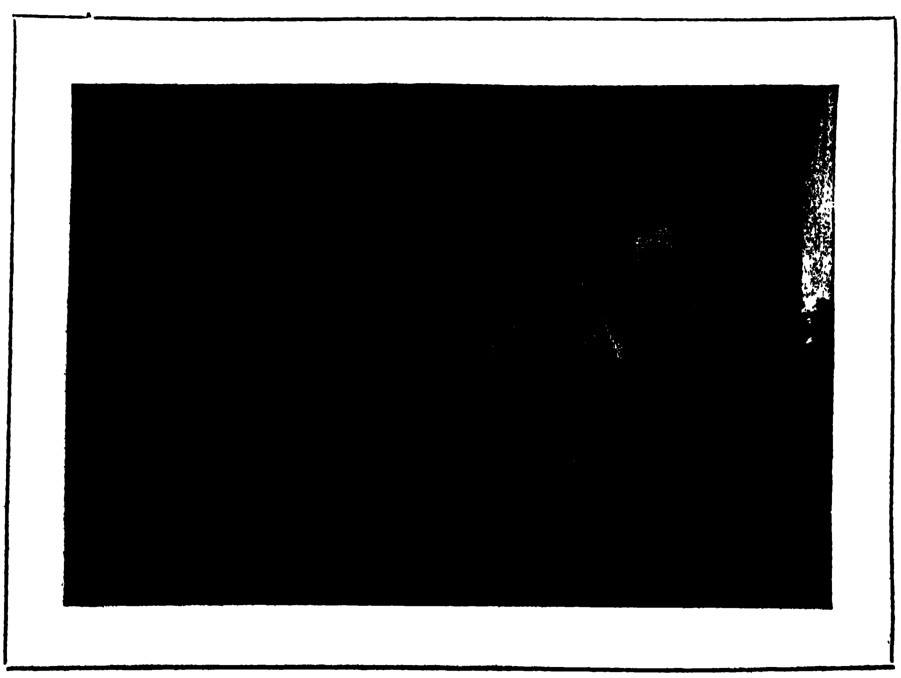
AT the present moment, when the incidental music to Flecker's "Hassan" is arousing so much interest that it has been suggested that audiences might even go so far as to listen to it, a study of the composer is opportune. This is supplied in "Delius," by Philip Heseltine, who has done the work as well as it could be done. The result is a book which will interest not only the student but the general reader. For the one—or indeed for both—there is a well-reasoned study of Delius's work, comprising in ninety pages chapters on His Operas; His Choral and Orchestral Works; His Music Viewed as a Whole (*a*, The letter; *b*, The spirit), followed by an index and a sixteen-page appendix, which gives a dated list of all the compositions, published and in MS., with details of available arrangements and editions and a brief account of first performances. The whole book is similarly thorough and lucid, exhaustive without being exhausting, scholarly without being esoteric.

Philip Heseltine is of course well qualified for such writing. He knows Delius well, and has done a quantity of arrangements of his work for one and two pianos. A musician of personal accomplishment, he can also write, and he has the critical faculty, which enables him to admire without lapsing into the silly rhapsodic style which is the bane of most books of this sort, the indiscriminate and unbacked praise which turns one into a doubting and exasperated Thomas on page one. He uses the word genius sparingly and does not call Delius "the Master" once—an omission for which one is thankful. If he thinks a work good he says so, giving reasons; if he thinks another less good he is equally frank. Also he can theorise without irrelevance or vagueness. In short, the book lets Delius stand on his own feet and does not make an unconvincing wax saint of him. His reputation should benefit by this invigorating treatment.

To the general reader the first sixty-six pages will be of chief interest. Here is set out, obviously from first-hand information and often in Delius's own words, as much of his life as is relevant to his music. It is as interesting as a novel, and was well worth the space; for though "the real Delius may be known in his work, and only in his work," and though "it is only the little artist whose personality is more fully revealed in his social than in his creative activities," it is an amiable weakness of ordinary folk to be more interested in the work of a man whom we can visualise than of one whom we cannot. This visualisation is all the more difficult in the case of a composer who has lived for the last twenty-four years abroad—at Grez-sur-Loing, near Fontainebleau—and is therefore a figure little known to concert audiences.

Frederick Delius was born at Bradford in 1863, the son of a Dutchman who had come to England, became naturalised, and prospered in the woollen trade. The circumstances were difficult, but not unfortunate: he met with enough opposition to his musical projects to stiffen his resolve; but, once it was overcome, he escaped the drudgery that the necessity of earning bread and butter entails. The father was musical enough to "tinker on the piano when he knew he was alone," to entertain such musical celebrities, including Joachim and Piatti, as came to Bradford, and to cultivate chamber music at home to such an extent that "to his son this surfeit of good things became a little wearisome and developed in him a distaste for chamber music, which lasted for many years."

The mother made up for her lack of music by an evident streak of romance. "Out of the smallest episode," her son relates, "she would invent a wonderful story, which she then came thoroughly to believe. My brother Max and I used to buy 'penny dreadfuls,' such as 'Dick Turpin,' 'Sixteen-string Jack' and 'Sweeny Todd.' We used to read these books in bed and we had a contrivance to turn the gas up or down by means of a string. Once my mother caught us in the act and confiscated a whole pile. . . . A few days



(From "Delius" (John Lane).

Delius in his Study.

* "Delius." By Philip Heseltine. 6s. (John Lane.)

later we surprised her, with a very red and excited face, poring over them herself." Young Delius, in spite of these diversions, learned the violin and to " tinker upon the piano " himself to such effect that he was able at the age of ten, after hearing it only twice, to play by memory the posthumous Valse of Chopin, which gave him his first great musical impression. . . . But to encourage a mild prodigy in the home and to let him embark upon a musical career were two different things. Delius senior intended him for the wool trade and put him in the Bradford office. Later he was sent to Saxony, Scandinavia and France on business commissions ; but as his attentions to music and scenery were much more constant than to buying and selling, there were frequent breezes between father and son. The climax came after a dull spell in Manchester and a second particularly unsuccessful business journey to Norway, when, following a particularly violent scene, young Delius suggested that he should be deported to Florida, a country which had come to spell, for him, romance, to work at orange planting.

He went-- but it would be unfair, even if space allowed, to spoil by quotation the next fifty pages of the Life. That orange grove, with its palm trees, immense magnolias, hibiscus and trumpet-flowers, its rattlesnakes and swamps where alligators could be shot by lantern light, might have been invented by a romancer setting the scene for the spiritual awakening of his genius-hero. Here Delius lived in absolute solitude for three months. Equally romantic and plot-like was the appearance of Thomas F. Ward, organist of a Brooklyn church, modest and excellent musician, who by precept and example gave Delius all the technical training that ever mattered to him. The next episode is equally good, the departure of Delius to South Carolina, where he arrived with the correct one dollar in his pocket and proceeded, with the help of a flamboyant advertisement of the " arrival of ' Professor ' Delius, the eminent violinist and composer," to earn his living for the first time. There follow descriptions of life in Germany, Scandinavia and Paris, in which figure Grieg, who became his greatest friend, Gauguin and Strindberg, full of strange ideas for inventions and stranger superstitions. How it eventually leads to the haven of Grez-sur-Loing deserves to be read.

In the thirty-eight years between 1885 and 1921, when the 'cello concerto was played by Beatrice Harrison in Vienna, Delius produced, in addition to " Appalachia," " Sea-drift," " A Mass of Life," " Brigg Fair," " Summer Night on the River," " A Song of the High Hills," " A Village Romeo and Juliet " and the " Violin Concerto," enough work to fill eight pages of the appendix. Yet, after the concert of his work which he gave in London in 1899, in spite of an enthusiastic audience and generally commendatory if puzzled press, " during the next *eight years* no work of Delius was ever performed in England, or even asked for by an English conductor." Even the splendid propagandist work of Beecham has not made Delius a really popular composer in England. I think that the reason is the originality of his matter and manner *plus* the final tranquillity which Mr. Heseltine finds " one of the surest tokens of his immortality." I remember being moved—as I have rarely been moved —by the performance by Sammons, Boult and the

Philharmonic Orchestra at the Queen's Hall in 1919, of the violin concerto. It was of an exquisite quietness. I went out into the corridor feeling that I must share the impression with someone. I met an old musician I knew. "What did you think of it?" I asked. "Bored stiff," he said. "Slept half the time. Nothing *happened*." And my only unhappy moment had occurred when I had thought that something *was* going to "happen," a conventional animated middle section for contrast! There are times when one does not want contrast. People have come to associate originality with noise, or at least with oddity. Tranquillity is an acquired taste. But propaganda may do much. "Hassan" should help. And this book.

LA FRANCE QUI CHANTE.*

The primary intention of this volume is an educational one. It is a collection of French cradle songs, nursery rhymes, folk songs, popular ditties of all sorts: Mr. H. E. Moore, the compiler, has been for many years noting down the words and tunes as occasion served. The airs have been skilfully harmonised by Mr. Rodney Bennett, who has presented not only the individual gaiety or pathos of each, but has deftly rendered the archaic flavour characteristic of the older specimens. Mr. Moore states that he finds these songs, as one can well believe, useful in teaching French—being "a very welcome diversion amidst the trials of linguistic discipline." Of course the book does not profess to be an exhaustive collection, but it can be classed as a representative one on a small scale, serving admirably to introduce the types of *chansons* prevalent across the Narrow Seas. Were any demonstration needed of the amazing dissimilarity between Gallic and British folk-song, here is a means to hand. A touch of inveterate light-heartedness, *toujours gai*, is the sign-manual of the *chansons populaires*, the cheery, sprightly attitude of a peasantry naturally prone to song at all seasons, even sad ones. "Werena my heart licht, I wad dee." An extraordinary contrast to the square-cut, sturdily-balanced character of most English folk-tunes, which require to be sung, so to say, of deliberate forethought, with serious purpose—not to be lightly undertaken—and how much greater a contrast to the infinite poignancy, the heart-rending beauty, of those ancient Irish airs which are the very Ultima Thule of emotion! The Lowland Scottish melodies have more in common with these naïve yet blithely-animated strains of *la belle France*.



Mr. Rodney Bennett.

Amongst the sixty-one numbers the most appealing (to my fancy) are "Les Lapuis dans la Lune," a clever adaptation of our old friend "Au clair de la lune" the counting-rhyme "Un Eléphant," whose massive tread in the accompaniment admirably indicates the "huge earth-shaking beast," the game-rhyme "La Mère Boiteuse," and the *chansonettes* "Je te l'avais bien dit" and "Le Bourdon et la Clochette." "Verduron, Verduronette," and "La Légende de Saint Nicolas" are singularly taking; and so are many more which must be left unnamed for lack of space, but are peculiarly engaging both in verse and air.

One could wish that more *cantiques de Noel* had been included from the multitude to be found in France. Only two are given, and the second is comparatively modern—beautiful, but out of line with the rest. Gounod's "Nazareth" would have been equally inappropriate. Also, an appendix with translations of the lyrics, whether free or literal, would perhaps have secured a wider audience. But, taken as a whole, "La France qui Chante" is an acceptable and attractive compilation: all the more credit to the gifted collaborators who have made it so.

MAY.

* "La France Qui Chante." Airs et Paroles recueillis et choisis par H. E. Moore, B.A. Accompagnements de H. Rodney Bennett, M.A. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

MUSIC, OLD AND NEW.

The music in two of these publications, "Dances Grave and Gay, by William Byrd" (2s. 6d.; Winthrop Rogers), and "At the Court of Queen Anne" (various composers, 3s.; Chesters), bears to us memories and conventions of a social life long dead—as dead in fact as Queen Anne herself. Yet such is the eternal appeal of good music that you cannot to-day find a more universally-beloved composer than Byrd's great successor, J. S. Bach, nor an audience that will remain insensible to the fragrant charm of Byrd's own music. Much the same is true of those contemporaries of Purcell, Croft, Clarke, Blow, Barrett and Richard Jones, examples of whose compositions Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland has included in his book published by Chesters.

William Byrd, the date of whose birth is variously given as 1538 and 1543, died in 1623, and therefore belonged to the not unusual category of long-lived composers. It must not of course be assumed that the profession of composer is invariably conducive to longevity. We need go no farther, for example, than Byrd's contemporary, Orlando Gibbons, and that greater figure in the history of English music, Henry Purcell, who died aged thirty-seven and forty-two respectively, to prove the contrary; but many of the big composers, Handel, Wagner, Liszt and Saint-Saens, for instance, exceeded the three-score years and ten of man's allotted span, while neither Bach nor Brahms can be said to have been short-lived.

Byrd was a pupil of Tallis (who, by the way, was seventy-five years old when he died) and, like him, was an organist and voluminous composer of music for the church. As Miss Margaret H. Glyn remarks in her preface to her collections of some of his less complex works in the book here dealt with, "He was an artist in simplicity and loved a good tune."

Moreover Byrd wrote largely for the virginals, and collaborated with Dr. John Bull and Orlando Gibbons in the production of "Parthenia" (1608)—from which there are pieces in Miss Glyn's book—and with his master, Tallis, he was granted by Queen Elizabeth, in 1576, a monopoly of music printing for twenty-one years.

In 1588 Byrd contributed the first English madrigals (the madrigal originated in Italy) to a collection entitled "Musica Transalpina." When Bach the Greatest (Johann Sebastian) was born, Byrd had been dead for sixty-two years; yet even in the few pieces by him in this book we find much that is prophetic of the style of the great Cantor. To read, and play, the Coranto (pp. 11–12) is to be instantly reminded of some of the earlier Preludes in the immortal "48," and one might say the same of part of the Irish Marche from "The Battel," of "La Volta" (pp. 21–22) and others. Quite apart, however, from the historical and evolutionary interest of the music, its publication should give much pleasure to that very large section of the public which, like Byrd, "loves a good tune," and the simple expression of it. The music has been garnered from authentic sources, and the editor has, I think wisely, omitted the ornamental figures which appear in the original editions and MSS., inasmuch as although these ornaments were necessary, and effective for performance on the virginals, owing to the construction of that parent of the piano, their attempted performance now, unless by very

deft fingers, could only mar the reproduction of the music via the modern pianoforte. One fervently hopes that the publication of the four further volumes hinted at in the preface will not be long delayed.

The pieces in the book edited by Mr. Fuller-Maitland are by lesser men than Byrd. They have, too, been avowedly selected on account of their suitability "for small hands," so that they cannot always be regarded as being representative of the maximum of their composers' achievements.

Within these limitations they are, however, for the most part imbued with an old world charm. There is, for instance, a courtly minuet by John Barrett, another by Blow, and Marches and Aires by Clarke that waft the emotional expression of the seventeenth century to the twentieth. There are, too, a couple of vigorous items by Dr. W. Croft, who was a force in the musical life of Bath, and died there in 1727.

Passing from a consideration of the music that has survived the passage of centuries to that which is new, not only in print but in birth, one finds several songs of drawing-room genre, easy to play and sing, from Messrs Cary & Co. Dorothy Foster has avoided the suggestion of Tosti's "Good-bye" which the sentiment of J. M. Stuart-Young's lyric "Break Winds" contains, in her setting of it. The accompaniment is above the tum-tum manner of the average ballad, and the part for voice is singable and easy. The mushy sentimentality of a lyric by Edward Teschemacher, "You've Got Your Mother's Eyes," is well matched by the banality of Frederick Drummond's musical idea of it, so that the net result is a very ordinary ballad.

That the composer need not altogether succumb to the influence of cheap sentiment contained in the words he sets is amply proved by Martin Hart in his setting of words to "Two Little Curly-Headed Coons," by Edward Lockton. The music goes piquantly and charmingly on its way, lifting the commonplace expression of such sentiments as "Little Coons you soon will leave your mammie's breast, Soon into de world you'll wander, East and West; When the sun is sinkin', Thinkin' about yo' Mammie dear, her song of rest," to the rarefied purity of the spirit of motherhood. Occasionally the writing for voice has a separate interest from the accompaniment, and the song is distinctly worth the attention of those who want something that has a simple appeal, is easy to sing, and is above ballad standard.

One becomes very tired of Little Grey Homes, Old-Fashioned Houses, Log Cabins, and all the other bijou residences catalogued by the unimaginative fancy of the average writer of "words for music." I confess therefore that the title of "The Little Thatched Cabin" appalled me. However, the song has the merit of most of its kind—melody—and an accompaniment that is neither very difficult nor commonplace. But the time values meted out to certain small words, such as "it" and "of," which both occupy two beats of a bar of 4–4; and the false accentuation in the syllables of words of greater length reveal the cloven hoof of ballad-writing that yokes music and words together, unequally, and butchers the rhythm and phrasing of one or both in deference to the convention of a "refrain."

On a much higher plane altogether are two fine songs by D. M. Stewart (Augener), "Rising Storm," words by H. E. Burnaby, and "Hey Nonny No!"

The stressful, headlong mood of the fantastic verses, fantastic in their imagination and metaphor, has been splendidly caught by the composer in his conception of them. Listen to this: "Storm's a-foot, trees are sighing, stars put out, and witches flying on the ragged air"! and imagine a melodic line, for voice, which descends jerkily, and chromatically in a minor key (E in my copy) with a colour background for pianoforte expressed by a figure of steadily descending double octaves for left hand against ascending semi-quaver groups of chords in arpeggi for right hand. At the words "On the ragged air" the accompaniment seems to bear the eerie shriek of the

oncoming gale. Undoubtedly a fine song, and one that should prove its worth in concert hall and home.

The setting of "Hey Nonny No" is capriciously light and apt, and the song is therefore a complete contrast to the preceding one. Both are to be had for the modest 2s.

There are also three good part songs, for soprano I and II, and contralto, by Ethel Boyce, issued by Augeners at 6d. each, suited to the needs of girls' schools and choirs of female voices. The poems chosen for setting are Scott's "Coronach" and Thomas Lovell Beddoes' "Magic Lutes" and "How Many Times?"—the latter being particularly fine.

Watson Lyle.

ENGLISH CHURCH MUSIC.

In "A Manual of English Church Music" (10s. 6d.; S.P.C.K.) the editors, the Archdeacon of Cheltenham and Sidney H. Nicholson, organist of Westminster Abbey, have produced a comprehensive survey which will be most useful to organists and choirmasters of progressive tastes. The object of the book is stated in the preface: Many of our ideals are changing and there is a widespread feeling that a good deal of current practice in regard to the conduct of services and the choice of music needs revision. Throughout the work practical objects have been kept in view. In no sense is it a textbook of technical matters. The manual consists of forty-four articles, of from one to ten pages in length, on such subjects as Anglican chanting, plainsong, choice of music, choir training, Nonconformist music and organ voluntaries, for the interest of which the names of such writers as Martin Shaw, E. C. Bairstow, E. H. Fellowes, J. D. McClure, C. Macpherson and Harvey Grace, to name only a few, are sufficient guarantee. The book, which is excellently printed and bound, contains adequate musical illustrations and a brief biographical list of composers whose works are ordinarily used in the Anglican Communion.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

RHAPSODY. By Harold Clark. (Cary)

A charming pianoforte piece, with a haunting melody.

EXILE. By George Aitken. (Augener.)

Dated "Lynton, 1920," there is a wistful note predominant in "Exile" for pianoforte. A quotation from Scott,

> "When musing on companions gone,
> We doubly feel ourselves alone."

which appears at the beginning of the piece, supplies the key to the tender, brooding atmosphere which pervades the music.

THREE SONGS. By Eugene Bonner. (Chester.)

"Phantoms," "A Clear Midnight," "The Dismantled Ship," three poems by Walt Whitman, are set with power and true appreciation of the words by Eugene Bonner.

MOTO PERPETUO. By J. Stuart Archer. (Paxton.)

This pianoforte piece skilfully carries out its title. It would make an unusually good study, at the same time being pleasing to the ear.

FAERY PIECES. By Eric Fogg. (Elkin.)

The "Faery Pieces" include "The Faery Coracle," "Grimm," "The Moon-Garden" and "The Wee-Folks' Market"; each is full of life and character.

THE SILENT MERE. By Gustave Lind. (Augener.)

Those who are on the look-out for good piano duets would do well to get these three impressions by Gustave Lind.

The Drama.

THE STAGE AND THE RENAISSANCE.*

This is a book which begins ponderously and becomes suddenly fascinating. Writing for serious students, Miss Campbell does not shirk the dull beginnings of the history of stage engineering - dull because ancient writers were such singular duffers at describing the simplest piece of machinery—and she makes even the classical stage much clearer than the note-writers of my schooldays ever managed to do. Once arrived at modern times, however, the book becomes as interesting as it is scholarly. Tracing Renaissance influence on the English stage, its scope is both architectural and æsthetic. It describes the evolution of the picture-stage, whose first wings or "houses" were of solid construction, two-faced, and convex towards the audience. The idea of changing scenes caused these to be more lightly built; though even so the difficulty of changing them quietly led to a number of quaint devices for diverting the audience's attention devices ranging from a bogus panic at the back of the pit to the familiar "dazzle-lights" still used to-day; "a loud musique" was often resorted to, as readers of seventeenth century stage-directions will remember.

The elaborate staging of the masque, and the distinction between public and private entertainments, are facts which general students of dramatic history are wont to take for granted. Miss Campbell gives not one but many instances, and describes their effects in detail, while the connection of stage architecture with the Renaissance's rediscovery of perspective is given ampler treatment than I have previously seen. Inigo Jones receives full justice both for his antiquarian research and his original genius; the new influence of opera is discussed; and Davenant (who has been so often abused for his own bad plays and criminal "improvements" of Shakespeare) figures here as the astute and far-seeing manager, who did more than anyone to meet the public demand for "spectacle" with productions less ruinous and more commercial than the elaborate entertainments of court.

On the æsthetic side the book's most striking feature is the stress laid by it on the use of spectacle as an end in itself, with no attempt to further the play's action. "Never to take care what it shall cost" was Serlio's maxim in 1545; and Sabbatini a century later regarded scene-changing clearly as "a spectacular device, desired because of its showy and startling possibilities; early changes of scene were in no way induced by a dramatic change of place." Revue principles, these! Miss Campbell sometimes seems to imply that, love of spectacle being natural to audiences, the critics ought not to object to it. However that may be, we have abundant precedent; as early as 1508 an Italian playgoer writes of a scene "such that one could never tire of looking at it"; Flecknoe, Dryden's butt, admits that "that which makes our Stage the better makes our Playes the worse"; and Aristotle himself (who little thought what strife he was bequeathing us when he omitted to mention place-unity) has been a sore thorn in the side of succeeding generations of stage-carpenters. Miss Campbell uses the "Poetics" adroitly . . . I will not bring her into disrepute with the learned by suggesting that she makes jokes about Aristotle; but there is humour as well as judgment in her plan of running him like a connecting thread throughout her period. The battles waged across the sage's body are amusingly typical of the age-long strife between practice and pedantry, and have given life and freshness to a book whose historic value was already indisputable.

Graham Sutton.

* "Scenes and Machines on the English Stage during the Renaissance." By Lily B. Campbell. 15s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)



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JOHN GALSWORTHY AS A NOVELIST.

By GERALD GOULD.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S claim to immortality rests, in the last resort, on "The Forsyte Saga." Not that it is the best thing he has done, in its detail, both "The Country House" and "The Freelands" are better; but the grandeur of the canvas counts. Mr. Galsworthy himself, with a modesty which in him is obviously sincere, calls the Saga "the least unworthy" of his works. It shows at their fullest stretch his powers of controlled irony and scarcely-controlled sentiment. It aspires to be, it very nearly succeeds in being, a moving picture of a moving time and of a class which used to consider itself immovable. As social satire, it neatly inserts the needle of inquiry between the joints of the armour that protects the backbone of England: as a story, it discards neatness in favour of a more romantic quality. It is august; it challenges the largest comparisons. There is nothing middle-class about it except its subject.



John Galsworthy.

From a painting by R. H Sauter.
From the Manaton Edition of the Works of John Galsworthy (Heinemann).

We must then, in discussing Mr. Galsworthy as a novelist, discuss "The Forsyte Saga" chiefly but not solely. In all his work, he has steadily brought the light of seriousness to bear on the darkness of fact; and by seriousness I mean something moral as well as intellectual: a grave, constant endeavour to understand. Mr. Galsworthy is high-minded without being high-browed; and it is this high-mindedness which gives unity to his achievement. He ranks, with Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Conrad, among the few contemporary novelists whom it is usual and reasonable to call "great." And of them all he is the least mannered, though by no means the least individual. His style is recognisable almost everywhere you meet it, yet it is impossible to describe and difficult even to illustrate. It reads just like good writing; it has no acrobatics and no fireworks: there is seldom an epigram. It is frequently, but I think erroneously, credited with a strain of devastating irony. As a matter of fact, when Mr. Galsworthy is openly ironical, he is often rather crudely and impotently so. His best effects are obtained by restraint: he is richest when apparently most colourless. From the early "The Island Pharisees" to the recently published "Captures," which contains more than one tale weakened by the obviousness of its satirical moral, we can discern the persistence of a single criticism of life. Mr. Galsworthy despises conventions because they are hypocritical, but he respects them because they are strong. He derides them, but he gives them their due. His subject is, consistently, conflict. In "The Island Pharisees" the contrast is between generous impulse and mean respectability: in "The Man of Property," between the desire of freedom and the instinct of possession; in "The Country House," between sexual love and an accepted code of conduct; in "The Patrician," much the same, though there it has more complexity and less truth; in "The Dark Flower," between the violence of passion and the fidelity of affection; in "The Freelands," between rebellion and tradition; in "In Chancery" and "To Let," the



Wingstone, Manaton.
Mr. Galsworthy's home in Devonshire.
From a sketch by R. H. Sauter.

same, of course, as in "The Man of Property." It would be possible to fit most of the other works to the same formula; but it is not necessary. The preoccupation is sufficiently patent.

It may be retorted that all high and serious art—at any rate all tragic art—is concerned with conflict. Life itself is conflict. But the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Galsworthy's genius is that it seems to accept the conflict, not the solution, as the final thing. And that is because of the evident conflict in his own mind. Noble as his work is, it lapses over and over again into negation. Compare his effects with those of the supremely great, whether tragic or comic, and the point is clear. No story was ever fuller of pain, frustration and despair, than "Lear"; but "Lear" does not leave you questioning and empty at the end. No novel ever dealt more completely with failure and misery than "Candide"; but it, too, answers its own questions. Mr. Galsworthy has perhaps just a little too much the air of protesting that he ought not to have been forced to raise the question at all. In "The Freelands" almost alone there is struck, at intervals, a decisive and confident note; and as one reads it one thinks that here is a new and more authoritative Mr. Galsworthy. Listen to this:

> "If it be said that no worse leader than a fiery young fool can be desired for any movement, it may also be said that without youth and fire and folly there is usually no movement at all."

But at the end of even "The Freelands," the fire appears to have been quenched.

Most conspicuous is the conflict in Mr. Galsworthy's treatment of sexual love, which after all is, and is likely to remain, the chief subject-matter of fiction. He lays exceptional stress on the physical driving power of passion; and, at the other extreme, he makes people surrender their love with an ease and carelessness surely most unusual in life. It is significant that "The Freelands," the book which gives us the bravest picture of the general conflict, gives also the best picture of love: there is in it a really beautiful and youthful rapture. But the most powerful of the novels is "The Country House," in which passion is treated with a realism that never strains up towards the ironical, and love with an idealism that rarely trickles down into the sentimental. Here, too, the clash of conventions meets that artistic detachment which is, mysteriously, also the artistic solution: you feel neither that the author has taken sides, nor that he has consented to be merely baffled. There is this good sentence in the book—one that might be taken as its motto:

> "For by courage and loyalty alone it is written that man shall live."

Mr. Galsworthy insists on having his butt, of course. Only, whereas in "The Island Pharisees" he is a little bitter against the Pharisees of the majority, the ninety-in-a-hundred who stick to the broad and beaten way (though, as he admits in a preface, "we are all Pharisees, whether of the ninety or the ten"); and whereas, in "The Man of Property," as we shall see, his partiality is positively distorting—in "The Country House" he is genial, he even betrays solicitude, towards his pig-headed county family. The Pendyces are a type, like the Forsytes; but they are human. And their difficulties are bred of integrity as well as stupidity, of honour as well as obstinacy. It is lucky that their name gives him scope for a pleasantry: they suffer from what he calls Pendycitis.

"The Dark Flower" dwells, unsatisfyingly, on the recurring trouble of passion:

> "Passion never plays the game. It, at all events, is free from self-consciousness, and pride; from dignity, nerves, scruples, cant, moralities; from hypocrisies, and wisdom, and fears for pocket, and position in this world and the next."

But it is hardly as simple as that, is it?

In "Fraternity"—probably the weakest of all the full-length Galsworthy novels: it might as well have been called "Futility"—the topic of sex is complicated by a social contrast. Our old friend the conflict!—but here so presented as to leave no definite impression save that it is all very sad. And very sad indeed it is. There is an aged philosopher, a Mr. Stone, who writes and talks vaguely, endlessly, about brotherhood. To adopt Mr. Galsworthy's method with names—we have asked him for bread, and he has given us Mr. Stone.

But it is with "The Forsyte Saga" that we must close. That must be taken as not only Mr. Galsworthy's most deliberate bid for fame but also his most considered reading of life. The giant family of Forsytes, with their accumulated wealth, their loyalties and hostilities of blood, their patient acquisitiveness, their horror of the rare "sports" that break out from their midst in the direction of beauty or of liberty, are meant

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

to be more than themselves: they are meant to represent the great British Upper Middle-Class. Further, the chief character, the "man of property," Soames Forsyte, is meant to stand before us as the essential of the type, possessive in the extreme, successful, correct, unlovable: the duel between him and his wife Irene is the Galsworthian conflict at its purest, and towards it Mr. Galsworthy never assumes that detachment which is solution.

That he himself feels uneasy about this is evident in his preface to the collected "Saga." He says, rather weakly, that Human Nature

> "is and ever will be very much of a Forsyte, and might, after all, be a much worse animal."

He insists that—

> "this long tale is no scientific study of a period; it is rather an intimate incarnation of the disturbance that Beauty effects in the lives of men.
>
> "The figure of Irene . . . is a concretion of disturbing Beauty impinging on a possessive world."

He claims that "he, too, pities Soames." He excuses Irene on the ground that she is not, even if she seems to be, "hard and cruel," but only "wisely realistic." But the Forsytes *are* presented as something special, not just as a general and laudable principle in human nature. And Irene, though we are certainly left in no doubt of her beauty, *is* hard and cruel. That it is Soames's treatment which has made her so is obvious; but to explain away her cruelty as "wise realism" is too open a partisanship for a creator.

The anomalies of the plot are numerous. Why did Bosinney behave like such an unspeakable cad to June? How, granted that he *was* such a cad, could Irene have trusted him with her secret? Why, if he loved her, did he not take steps to protect her when she was at her wits' end, instead of running about under omnibuses and getting killed? How could he, an architect who had just completed a contract involving over twelve thousand pounds, and who had not been altogether idle before, have been threatened with hopeless poverty by an action to recover a few hundreds? For what imaginable reason could Jolyon and Irene—the unpossessive ones, if you please: the devotees of beauty!—have conspired to break their boy's heart just because he loved Soames's daughter? Is it conceivable that he would have allowed them to do it? (Mr. Galsworthy argues that they are not to blame, because their persuasions are not the determining factor—as if that lessened the guilt of persuading!)

People do mad things, certainly; but not in a madness methodically arranged to illustrate a theory. And the biggest unreality remains: for the Forsytes, as such, do not live. Though some of them achieve flesh-and-blood as individuals, the family is an abstraction.

What redeems the whole from artificiality, despite its theorisings and its impossibilities, is the character of Soames. *He* is so real that he has "run away with his creator," as some critics say that Falstaff did with Shakespeare. Mr. Galsworthy wanted to make Soames unlovable; but Soames is not at all unlovable. Mr. Galsworthy wanted to make Soames the embodiment of the possessive instinct; but Soames behaves with perfect decency to his daughter in the dilemma in which Jolyon and Irene behave like maniacal monsters of possessive selfishness to their son. No: Soames is doubtless difficult to admire; his conduct is certainly stained with one loathsome act of barbarity; he is lacking in public spirit and generosity; but he has his redeeming points, and the chief of them is that he exists.

That is the triumph of the book over its own shortcomings. That is what lifts it to the heroic level of a saga, that is what makes it as likely to achieve immortality as any novel of our time. It is, in essence, the story of the pilgrimage of a suffering human soul.

A NOTE ON GALSWORTHY'S PLAYS.

By Graham Sutton.

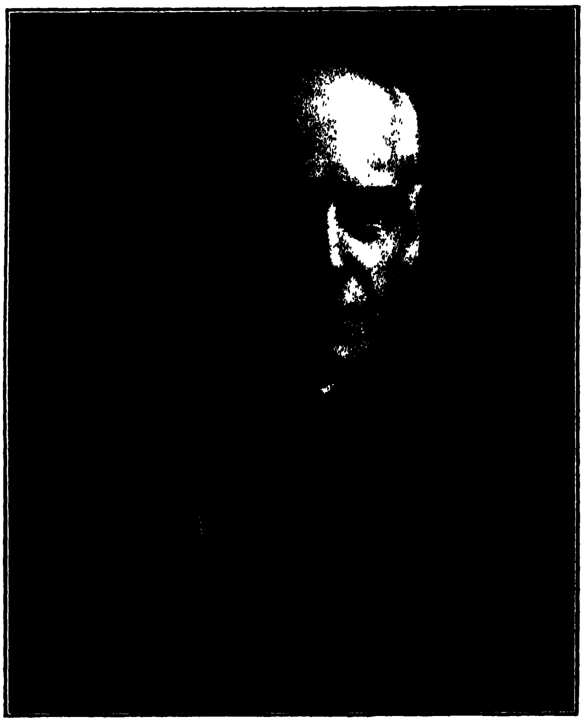
JOHN GALSWORTHY is among the elect of dramatists, about whom in their own lifetime are written exhaustive essays or even books. To the new generation of enthusiasts—to us who never saw Irving act, that is to say; who cut our teeth (while our elders were gnashing theirs) on Bernard Shaw; and who marched forth in the shadow of Miss Horniman's somewhat sad-coloured banner—to us John Galsworthy has been among the elect so long that there seems little new for any of us to write on him. For my own part, certainly, I feel neither the inclination nor the occasion to be pontifical; for on the one hand, most of the obvious and important things have already been said; and on the other, his work is still on the upgrade and the last word about him not yet due. At best one may add to what is written a note or two—jottings here and there, detached personal impressions gleaned behind the harvest of others in the monthly round of seeing or reading his plays.

Quite recently Galsworthy has come into his own. Not perhaps to popularity—by modern best-seller standards that is too strong a word—but to a recognition more in accord with his genius. That he will later on become a classic has long been evident; for among any number of distorting-glasses there will survive few clearer mirrors of English society, just before and after the war, than that which his plays hold up. But it is only lately that he has been more than an honoured name to the average playgoer. The success of "The Skin Game" here and in America was followed by the triumph of "Loyalties," which is still running over there; simultaneously the Court Theatre was producing "Windows" and reviving some older plays; and although his novels are outside the present discussion, the publication of the complete Forsyte Saga about this time at seven-and-six was surely significant. Yet he is unlikely ever to become a "popular" writer. Miss Kaye-Smith in a shrewd study of his work remarks that he "will never be widely read, for he alienates two important sets of readers—those who insist that a book shall teach them something, and those who with equal force insist that it shall teach them nothing." This

generalisation is particularly true of drama; for the bulk of the playgoing public falls into two classes, the melodramatists and the entertainment seekers. The melodramatists must have their moral in black-and-white; and the others (not all so frivolous and unthinking as some critics assume) include many people of sensitive taste who hold as a first principle that art should be non-didactic, and that all propaganda is essentially damnable. Galsworthy is too impartial for the first class perhaps; beyond doubt he is too much in earnest for the second.

And here arise two highly controversial points—his impartiality and his humour. "No sense of humour!" people exclaim as they come out of "Strife" or "Justice," and the high comedy of "Pigeon" or "Skin Game" is not to all tastes. Yet when he likes, humour is at his command. "Punch and Go" is full of it, and the first act of "Foundations"—nothing forced in either of these two. On the other hand the tragedies lack humour completely; and the facile explanation—that he shuts humour out of them deliberately and on mere technical principle—is I think unjust to the intellect of Galsworthy, who must know that no theme has ever been too grim to be relieved by a sense of humour if the author has been so inclined. I believe rather that this dramatist's temperament, when his emotions have been deeply stirred, gives him no licence of frivolity; and in support of this view I would cite certain half-and-half plays of his—plays with didactic tendencies, but without the white-heat of "Justice" or "Strife"—whose humour, creeping in as it were beneath his guard, seems half-hearted and none too sure of its welcome. The obscure joke or mystery that runs through "Foundations" has this hang-dog air; so has the humour of "The Eldest Son"; the dissertations of Mr. Bly (that stupendous bore, that Ancient Mariner of jobbing philosophers, that dire Autocrat of the Window Pane) move one to sleep rather than laughter; and the superiority of "Loyalties" is nowhere more marked than in its unlooked-for combination of humour and tragedy.

The one possible exception to all this—the one play which might be cited as didactic and yet full of humour—is "The Pigeon." This is indeed the most humorous of the major plays; but to regard it as didactic is to mistake it utterly. Critics have tried to extract a gospel from "The Pigeon," not realising that there is none to extract; at the office door of Messrs. Galsworthy they knock, demanding enlightenment; but the senior partner is away on holiday, and the junior busy seizing his opportunity to write a comedy of manners; so the critics knock in vain For "The Pigeon" is pure comedy of manners in its lack of reforming zeal or moral bias, and is unique among the author's work; elsewhere, in greater or less indignation, he attacks wrongs which in a reformed society might be righted; but the whole point of "The Pigeon" is that in some cases indignation is futile; social reform may alter circumstances, it cannot alter temperament; and there are certain temperaments outside the reformer's range. These poor devils of vagabonds, drawn irresistibly to Wellwyn by the attraction which draws like to like, are trying each his inconclusive experiment in the art of life; they may be miserable, but they are self-contained, complete; and not even after the millennium will it be feasible to do good to people who don't want good done to them. . . . I have gone into this at some length for two reasons: I suspect that "The Pigeon" is John Galsworthy's greatest play (not "Loyalties," as some magnificent acting of it once led me to think), and I am quite sure it is the most misunderstood.



John Galsworthy.

This idea of self-containment is central in "The Pigeon" only. But the author remembers it elsewhere; Faith Bly in "Windows" is another person who does not wish good done to her; and the idea in turn is kin to a grimmer one—that to enforce correction does more harm than good. In his first play, "The Silver Box," this thought is latent; and the real tragedy of "Justice" lies not in Falder's agony but in the stark waste of it, the certainty that he came out of prison worse than he went in. Nor is the thought confined to Galsworthy; it is quite fashionable nowadays to point out that the idea of ill-treatment ennobling anyone is fallacious. Thus we cast back to what Euripides saw, some time ago: "this was once a paradox, but now time gives it proof."

The impartiality of Galsworthy is another hotly disputed point. And it has this in common with his humour, that it is stronger when his reforming instinct is in abeyance; he gives the devil his due invariably, but in his non-didactic plays it is less easy to recognise the devil's identity. That is what makes "The Pigeon" most inscrutable of his major plays. Of the didactic ones the first ("The Silver Box") is the least partial; after which his prejudices seem to have hardened a little—at all events there is no longer any doubt which way his bias pulls when his emotions are stirred. He is quite clearly aware of this; and he corrects the balance as best he can by weighting the scales against his own side. The victim of "Justice" is a weak fool for whom little personal sympathy can be felt, a "dud" product who would have gone under anyway; in "Loyalties" the Jew is quite blatantly



At the Auction.

Mr. Athole Stewart as Hillcrist, Miss Helen Haye as Mrs. Hillcrist, Miss Meggie Albanesi as Chloe, and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower, in "The Skin Game."

in the right; and both here and in "The Skin Game" (another play of Class) the gentry are made to behave in an outrageous fashion. In a word, he is partial without narrow-mindedness; so he constructs an artificial impartiality, to avoid falling into that fault of propaganda with which he is nevertheless charged.

This judicial knack of weighing pros and cons (Galsworthy was trained for the Bar), coupled perhaps with his own temperament, has two results. In the first place it is impossible to see or read his plays without falling to speculate about his private opinions; the plays of Wilde, Maugham, Sutro or Pinero (to name only four) rouse no such curiosity; Galsworthy, most reticent of men as regards publicity, is provocative to an extent only equalled by his "opposite number"—Shaw. The second result is that his printed plays seem everywhere less concerned with people than with ideas (in the Middle Ages he would have made Moralities). Acting corrects the impression certainly; and the old argument as to whether plays should ever be printed crops up once more. In the extreme case of melodrama a play's texture is apt to be so intellectually thin, so dependent on physical action, that without flesh and blood it is not worth consideration. Galsworthy enters into the argument at the other end; his plays are full of Idea—I don't mean overcrowded with separate ideas, but compact of purethought; actors are not essential to them, as to melodrama; but the actors' presence restores the human balance, so that in action the plays live, whereas in print they are intellectually stimulating rather than humanly present to the mind's eye. Unlike Shaw he acts always better than he reads; and each play reads better after than before one has seen it acted.

Of the ideas of Galsworthy little remains to be said. They have been thrashed out often enough. And in conclusion (so far as such random notes as these have any conclusion) I will do no more than touch on that idea with which he is most constantly occupied, the idea of Class. His most exclusive study of it is "Foundations"; but this is not the best, nor is it the only play in which class distinction is central. It has been so from the beginning, from "The Silver Box." In "Strife" and "Justice" one feels it in the background, though as these plays are already full it is not insisted on. Even in "The Pigeon" it is there—perhaps unnecessarily since the play's theme, the vagabond temperament, has little to do with class. (Ferrand



Loyalties.

Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Eric Maturin, Miss Meggie Albanesi.
Captain Dancy being restrained by his wife from striking his accuser, Ferdinand de Levis.

is quite beside the mark in moralising the good fortune of "ze old Tims" and himself, had they been rich gentlemen; gentlemen they might very easily have been, but wealth is not "in their charactair," as Ferrand would say). In "The Eldest Son" we find class central again—squire's son and lady's maid. . . . And one may note in passing how often Galsworthy has been concerned with the pretty housemaid; the idealist son in "Windows" and the half-hearted old philanderer in "A Family Man" both succumb to her, though in widely different circumstances; she provides an object-lesson in class war at its intensest. Elsewhere the author views class war more generally rather than in its particular bearing on some misalliance. Class sharpens the issue in "A Bit o' Love"; and in "The Mob," "The Skin Game," "Loyalties," "The Fugitive" it is central once more. And yet in none of these (not even "The Fugitive") is the personal issue paramount; they are all broader in design, being studies of the conflicting philosophies of different classes, mutually misunderstood. In the two last named, the pretty housemaid is replaced by another and more general type—the "cad." "What *is* a cad?" asks Jill in "The Skin Game"; and the squirearch answers: "An assertive fellow, without a sense of other people." But this is only half an answer, and is more applicable to his own wife than to any of his opponents; for as the author's instinct is for the aristocrat as against the "cad," he is at pains to strike a balance by showing the latter (in all save his abstract caddishness) the better man of the two. Such are De Levis and Malise—misfits in the social scheme of things, even as the Clares and Faiths and Falders are misfits in the moral scheme.

And your true vagabond, your quintessential Bohemian, is a misfit in both—this is where Wellwyn's miserables sum up the philosophy of all Galsworthy's plays and make "The Pigeon" his masterpiece. He has been called the champion of the bottom dog; say rather the apologist of the misfit, and you have a title which not only includes the other, but explains it.

THE SCHOOL DAYS OF A POET.

By R. L. Mégroz

(Author of "Walter de la Mare: A Biographical and Critical Study").

MR. WALTER DE LA MARE, who is now recognised as one of the greatest living artists in English literature, was educated at the St. Paul's Cathedral School, which is situated at the corner of Dean's Yard by the Cathedral, and runs along Carter Lane opposite the famous old Wardrobe Court. While a scholar there he founded, at the age of 16, in September, 1889, the *Choristers' Journal*, the school magazine which is still flourishing. I have recently had the pleasing privilege of looking through the early volumes of the *Choristers' Journal* in the school library. The first six months' career of this excellent example of school journalism must have cost the devoted founder herculean efforts. It was "jellygraphed" and published weekly at the beginning. De la Mare's pen seems to have provided the major portion of the contents during that critical first half-year, though five editors sign a "Notice to Subscribers to the *Choristers' Journal*." The "notice" is worth reproducing:

As it has been evident to all our readers and subscribers that, within the past few weeks, the printing of the above-named *Journal* has not been at all satisfactory, and even sometimes quite illegible, the Editors do not think it fair to our kind readers that they should pay for a paper that they cannot read—with this in view, they have consulted with the chief supporters of the said *Journal* to make some alteration, and, naturally, the first impulse was to get it printed, but, they found, as everyone is well aware, that printing is a very expensive luxury, and they were almost giving it up in despair, when it was proposed to try the printers with whom the Cathedral have dealings, and to our great surprise found it just within our limits.

Of course this necessitates great change and the following are the principle:

The *Choristers' Journal* will come out once a month.
The cost monthly will be fourpence each.
The only subscription will be 4/6 (a little more) a half-year.
For those subscribers to whom the Journal is to be posted the subscription annually will be 5/- (allowing for free postage).
Subscribers who wish to continue their subscription will please subtract the money which we still owe them for Journals.
And send us in the remainder.

We hope that all our former readers will still continue their kind support.

Editors { W. J. De la Mare, E. A. Claxton, H. Lett, J. A. Bouquet, C. E. Read.

When I visited the fine old choir school recently, the present head master, Mr. R. H. Couchman, told me that of De la Mare's original co-editors, three are now parsons and Mr. Lett is a surgeon.

As the "Notice to Subscribers" foretold, the Journal was to appear in print, and No. 10, dated April, 1890, is the first of these. But under "School Chat" we learn:

"De la Mare, the boy who first thought of the *Choristers' Journal*, is, we are sorry to say, left."

But the reader will expect to hear more about those first nine numbers which laid the foundations of such a journalistic triumph.

The title page of the first number written in ink by Bouquet runs thus:

CHORISTERS' JOURNAL.
No. 1. Sept. 24th, '89. Price 1d.
Published Weekly.

The paper will be published every Tuesday at 5 p.m. and all correspondence must be sent in before 6 p.m. on Fridays, and must be put in the first shelf of the cupboard under No. 2 Locker, and must be marked in the right hand corner whether Joke, Question, etc., and be signed with



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

ull name and then either initials or *nomme-de-plume* eneath.

The editors lose no time in coming to grips with the ractical requirements of popular journalism. Following the above very businesslike notice, appears :

We have the pleasure of announcing a
Puzzle Competition,
with a prize of sixpence to the person who may
first be successful in putting " twelve pieces of
money in six rows of 4 each in each row " (diagrams of
puzzle to be sent enclosed in envelope).

Notice the cautious provision of " first," at once a stimulus to expedition and a safeguard against a superfluity of prize-winners.

There is also a " Junior Competition " with a prize of twopence (to anyone below the third class).

This first number indeed reveals no lack of editorial initiative. Under " Correspondence " a hare is started in true Fleet Street style—" Which is the best game, Cricket or Football ? "

And in " Answers to Correspondents " someone designated " D "—which we can only hope is the editor-poet answering his own question is told :

A very good toffee may be made with the following ingredients (Treacle) Butter and Sugar flavoured with vanella [*sic*], lemon or cocoanut according to taste cool till the mixture boils [*sic*] (which seems to be a " misprint ")

2. We think the ferrous-oxalate and pyrogallic acid developers are the best for amateurs. Ferrous-oxalate to consist of—

A.	Oxalate of potash	1 oz.
	Water	4 ozs.
B.	Protosulphate of Iron	1 oz.
	Water	6 ozs.

For each oz. of B. add one minim of Sulphurous Acid.

In the " Advertisements " (Oh, yes, there are *Ad's* in the *Choristers' Journal*) appears this striking " display " :

Stamps ! Stamps ! ! Stamps ! ! !
Keep your money till De la Mare gets his superb duplicate collection.
To be sold at ruinous prices.

This is followed by :

" Will boys go in for a raffle for a Shilling Pantograph at 2d. each—All answers to be addressed to J. A. B., No. 13 Locker."

Then yet another editor's advertisement (for J. A. B., we fear, is J. A. Bouquet, and A. E. C. is A. E. Clayton) :

" If anyone finds a small screw pencil and returns it to A. E. C. No. 14 will be rewarded."

No. 2 of the *Choristers' Journal* bears the motto " Excelsior," which it has retained to this day ; but a word must be spared for another contribution to No. 1. This is a Preface by the Rev. W. Russell, M.A., the head master, in which he says :

" A new journal must of course commence its career by an apology for its existence and the *Choristers' Journal* does not venture to depart from this time-honoured custom or to rear its little head at the great big world without a word of introduction. *Times* and *Daily Telegraph*, be tranquil. The *Choristers' Journal* has no intention of attempting to rival you. Its object is simply to record some of the little events which are of special interest in its little world. And although this little world consists of no more than about 40 heads, it is found by daily experience that our 40 heads supply 40 tongues with a copious flowery utterance resulting—it must be confessed occasionally, in a good deal of clatter. But as it is thought that so much intellect and eloquence ought not to waste itself in mere vibration, the *Choristers' Journal* hopes to collect such fragments of this and other matters of common interest as kind friends may supply, and present them to the world in a more permanent form.

" *Who knows that this little world may not be nourishing in it an incipient Sir Walter Scott or a Lord Macaulay.* If there be such, the pages of our journal will give him an opportunity of proving his metal [*sic*]. . . . "

The head master could hardly have guessed the accuracy of his random shot.

In the same number appears an editorial note : " There has been given to the school library a book called ' Gulliver's Travels.' This is a most charming and interesting book and one suitable to boys of all ages and we recommend everybody to read it."

Little doubt that at least one of the editors read this " charming and interesting book." The section of " Henry Brocken " in which the hero reaches the land of the Houyhnhnms is one of the most perfect translations of a dream in the whole of English literature, and proves how vividly Walter de la Mare's imagination had experienced the sombre brilliance of the morose mind of Swift, who yet was the author also of the " Rhapsody of Poetry."

" Rhapsody " brings us back to the *Choristers' Journal*, in the second number of which appears anonymously the following :

LYRICAL RHAPSODY.

Here they are the children
Of the big blue dome
All agog to utter,
Thoughts that go and come.

Gray old frowsy fogies
Try to make a noise ;
By writing in the paper.
Why not then the boys.

Why should only old Blokes
Wield the pen and ink ;
Why should not the young folks
Tell us what they think.

Must your head be hairless
Ere you're fit to spout.
Must your mouth be shut until
Your teeth have fallen out.

No ! let Deans and Canons
Write their fusty books ;
Cawing there and croaking
Like a pack of rooks.

Our young brains are teeming
With words as good as theirs,
Our young heads are steaming
With thoughts too deep for tears.

Out then with our stilo,
Give us each a pen.
We can do the business
Quite as well as men.

Let those ancient fogies
See what we can do
While our chins are hairless
While our souls are new !

While we're in a glutter
How on earth to spell
All we want to utter
All we've got to tell !

Hurrah ! for the Cathedral
And three cheers for the Dean
For here's the second number
Of the Boys' Own Magazine.

God Save the Queen.*

It is not possible to resist adding one more advertisement. This follows the " Lyrical Rhapsody " :

" What is the world gaping at ?

" Why, don't you know ? At De la Mare's marvellously low-priced sheet of rare foreign stamps, of course. We can't conceive, missing this opportunity to be possible."

There should no longer be any question about the practical ability of the poetic mind !

In subsequent numbers of the *Choristers' Journal* appear many things which I have to exclude solely because the contents of this journal are not confined to Walter de la Mare's schooldays. There are at least two stories, however, signed " W. J. D.," one entitled " Powder-Monkey Bob " which shows a promising gift for story-telling, and one, " A Moonlight Skate," which is a vivid piece of description of a stay at a " château in Russia " in which a fair lady and a madman provide plenty of thrills. There is also a serial story called " A Race for Life," a dream vision of a Druid sacrifice which, although unsigned, seems to bear its author's identity in the dream-effect of the swiftly-moving imagery. Here again, the narrator is a kind of knight-errant who sees a beautiful girl being sacrificed by the pagan priests, and he says, " my blood boiled with fury " at the sight. He awakens from his dream to find a white cat staring at him in the study where he had fallen asleep over Enoch Spratt's " History of the Druids." The author (if it *was* the poet) was then not yet seventeen.

* Mr. De la Mare thinks that Canon Scott Holland wrote this " Rhapsody." I have not questioned Canon Scott Holland yet.—R. L. M.

Another " notice " follows, that the Journal is to appear fortnightly in future as its production occupies nearly all the play-time of the editors !

The surprising thing is that after Walter de la Mare left the school at Easter, 1890, aged 17, to enter the City office of the Anglo-American Oil Company, he kept his job there for 18 years. The branch at which he worked has been moved to St. James's Park. When he left he was in the Statistics department, a veritable morass of figures. He might have gone into the Bank of England in 1890 but heard that " oil " was better. " I think one can find an interest in any task which has *got* to be done," he answered, when I asked him if he did not find his work in an office distasteful. It is not without significance that in the old school registers at St. Paul's, I find his name top of the school, Class I for the three terms before he left, and among the first three or four scholars for many years preceding his attainment of the premier position. Even the strenuous founding, editing, printing and publishing of the school journal was not allowed to interfere with conscientious study. When he left the Anglo-American Oil Company in 1908, the Asquith Government of that day, largely I believe due to the recommendations of Sir Henry Newbolt, to its great credit arranged to secure him a small Civil List pension, and this, with a little periodical literary work, mainly reviewing, enabled him to devote all his energies to writing.

These are things which should become of interest in the history of English literature.

Mr. de la Mare's first published work appeared only five years after he left school, which proves that the young contributor to the *Choristers' Journal* had not abandoned his artistic ambition ; had not even ceased to cultivate his amazing gift. In 1895 a short story called " Kismet " appeared in the *Sketch*, and in the following year the *Cornhill*, which had just come under the editorship of Mr. St. Loe Strachey, began to print his work. In 1901 his first book, " Songs of Childhood " (which has just been republished), was published by Messrs. Longmans, on the advice of the firm's reader, Andrew Lang, who subsequently reviewed the book, which was signed " Walter Ramal," in *Longmans' Magazine* for March, 1902.

MARK RUTHERFORD.*

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

WILLIAM HALE WHITE, the author of the works of Mark Rutherford, was born in 1831 and died in 1913. Thus his life covered a notable period in the spiritual history of England and closed fortunately before the more terrible period which was to follow it. To those who originally read " The Autobiography " and " The Deliverance " as pure autobiography and believed that Mark Rutherford *was* Mark Rutherford, the inclusion of those two works under the title of " The Novels of Mark Rutherford " may still come as a surprise, although the biographical details given by Mr. Massingham in his admirable introduction leave no doubt of the propriety of that classification. For as far as material facts are concerned, the biographies of Rutherford and Hale White are far from being exactly parallel. But in the mental and spiritual sense these books are certainly autobiography. That of course might be said of the work of any serious novelist ; but in Hale White's case they are, one perceives, more continuously and intentionally so than in most other cases. In those two books, and in his other novels, he objectifies the perplexities and problems which

* " The Novels of Mark Rutherford." With an Introduction by H. W. Massingham. 6 vols. 3s. 6d. each. (Fisher Unwin.)

arose out of his contemplation of human life, and by presenting them in an extreme form sought a solution to them. That is why his novels never escape for long from the theme of suffering, failure and disappointment. How can such facts, he is perpetually asking himself, be reconciled with any philosophy but pure pessimism? And so his novels are as it were pages of mathematical calculation, directed always towards the solution of certain astronomical puzzles. In all the novels the same themes occur. "The Autobiography," "The Deliverance" and "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane" deal with the disillusionment of simple religious faith in face of the sterner realities of life; those books, together with "Catharine Furze" and "Clara Hopgood," meditate the problem of love and marriage, showing in Zachariah Coleman's first marriage, in George Allen and Priscilla Broad, and Miss Arbour's story in "The Autobiography," the deadly growth of antagonism between husband and wife, and in the case of Madge, Clara Hopgood's sister, the determination to avoid such a disillusionment at all costs; and in all his novels we see him obsessed by the injustice of unrewarded virtue and the prosperity of evil. But to none of these problems does he discover any explicit solution.



Mark Rutherford
(William Hale White).
From "The Novels of Mark Rutherford" (Fisher Unwin).

It is strange that, with such elements preponderating, the novels should not end by being simply tedious and depressing. It is strange especially in the case of "The Autobiography" and "The Deliverance," for Mark Rutherford, as he paints himself there, is a shy, ineffectual creature with what in our modern jargon we should call an acute *inferiority complex*. What saves Hale White from the darkness and stagnation of utter pessimism is precisely what has saved a greater writer than him—Thomas Hardy; namely his unquenchable love of humanity. It is this which makes his work, so far from being bleak, monotonous and lachrymose, a warm, living and convincing picture of a period and society now vanished. Hale White's works in fact are a contribution of the first importance to the social history of England, and what makes them so successfully so is that they are also imaginative literature. I connected him just now with Thomas Hardy and, besides their tendency towards and escape from pessimism and their profound love of humanity, they have other things in common. What Hardy has done for the country, Rutherford, in his smaller degree, has done for the town; each too has a sober, monochromatic style, careless of beauty sometimes to the point of bare ugliness, producing its effect in the mass rather than in careful detail; both of them also (and for the same reason that they are in search of a fundamental good, a fundamental justification of life) tend to make everything turn out for the worst, since their quest involves a frank recognition of the worst.

But if Hale White's philosophy forces him to envisage and meditate the worst in human vicissitudes, it forces him also in its outcome (which, as we have seen, is the appreciation of the worth of struggling humanity) to become the champion of the average man. He denies the old classification of good and wicked, sheep and goats, and shows us the average man as a mixture of nobility and vice, the victim of his physical and spiritual inheritance. He shows us Mrs. Furze, ambitious for her daughter's future, half consciously, half unconsciously ruining Tom Catchpole's career because she thought him an undesirable match for Catharine, and Furze himself equally bitter against Tom because Tom's efficiency and his own inefficiency in managing his own business humiliate him, even while Tom is the direct cause of his prosperity. He shows us Cardew the parson making love to Catharine behind his wife's back without conscious duplicity. He recognises, to a degree unusual at the period in which he wrote, the infinite complexity of the human organism, and his breadth of mind was the more creditable in that he was a tireless moralist. He is perpetually breaking the thread of his narrative to preach, to moralise or to indulge in psychological generalisings.

Spiritual development is his perpetual theme. His aim is to unfold gradual spiritual processes—the transcending of the arbitrary division of good and evil by a deeper understanding of human nature, the exchange of a narrow "faith" for a nobler and more comprehensive agnosticism, the substitution of a patient and creative attitude towards the present for vague and demoralising speculations about the future, the escape from a neurotic egotism into a tolerant and warm-hearted altruism. It is this preoccupation with development which illuminates the melancholy and sordid background against which so much of his work is set. And Hale White has besides in an eminent degree another power which gives a special value to his writings; the power, namely, of producing an atmosphere. He can bring before us with extraordinary force and reality, the special and individual quality of a place, a mode of life, a material and spiritual

environment. In spite of various minor blemishes he compels the reader to live in his novels ; the characters he creates, the scenes he describes, remain in the mind as true experiences, and, more, as experiences enjoyed. That surely is the highest testimonial that can be given to a writer. His work is extremely small in bulk and he cannot be ranked among the greatest, but he has achieved a reality which is one of the rarest qualities in literature and into the small society which he has presented so carefully he has brought something of the universal.

DREAMS, GHOSTS AND FAIRIES.

By BENJAMIN SWIFT, MAY SINCLAIR, ROBERT HICHENS, MARIE CORELLI, HUGH WALPOLE, H. C. BAILEY, STACY AUMONIER, SIR OLIVER LODGE, F. BRITTEN AUSTIN, MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES, R. ELLIS ROBERTS, MARION ST. JOHN WEBB, ROSE FYLEMAN AND ARTHUR MEE.

WE are such stuff as dreams are made of, and it seems likely that ghosts and fairies are even more so. Peter Pan may be right in suggesting that fairies only exist so long as we believe in them, or it may be that, like ghosts, they have an existence whether anybody believes in them or not. With our inherited instincts, traditions, knowledge, it should be possible for us to dream of things that have never actually come within the range of our personal experience ; but could primitive man invent or dream of things he had never seen or been told about ? It looks anyhow as if these unsubstantial creatures being come into our consciousness, the fairies can never be permanently banished from the world nor all ghosts laid for ever. One age grows sceptical and denies them utterly, but the next repents and they are taken back into belief again. Not many years ago they were so out of favour that the very Christmas Annuals, where ghosts had for so long been at home, would have no more of them ; people were said to be weary of them and their incredible appearances. More recently editors and publishers, here and there, laid it down that nobody wanted fairy stories-- the children of the new days were past them and wanted something more sensible.

The books of this season do not justify those opinions. They are not only rich in new fairy tales, but many of the old ones are among them, reissued in as delectable form as ever. Here for instance, to mention no others, are three volumes of Hans Andersen's inimitable fairy tales with illustrations by Dugald Stewart Walker ; another collection of them in a handsome book illustrated by Heath Robinson ; and a fascinating selection in eight volumes of the choicest of that multitude of fairy stories that are in Andrew Lang's long series of many coloured volumes. As for ghost stories, in the last few months there have been Miss May Sinclair's " Uncanny Tales," R. Ellis Roberts's " The Other End," E. F. Benson's " Visible and Invisible," and Mr. Bohun Lynch has been preparing a full anthology of ghost stories by modern writers that Messrs. Cecil Palmer are about to publish. Nor are the older writers in this kind neglected. Here is a new and handsome edition of Poe's " Tales of Mystery and Imagination," cleverly illustrated by Harry Clarke ; and, more significant, there is a revival of interest in that half-forgotten Victorian, Sheridan Le Fanu, whose eerie series of stories, " In a Glass Darkly," is just republished ; and Dr. M. R. James, himself one of the most grimly imaginative of ghost-story writers, has been selecting and editing a collection of Le Fanu's haunting tales under the title of " Madam Crowl's Ghost," just published by Messrs. Bell & Sons. Whether these and many other such-like doings are to be taken as signs of the times or as having no particular significance has been submitted to the judgment of the authors who have kindly sent us the following opinions :

BENJAMIN SWIFT (Mr. W. Romaine Paterson) :

I have seen no ghosts, and alas ! the fairies sometimes turn into furies, but I must have had as many dreams as there are marks to the pound. (The other day a pound could purchase four hundred milliards of marks, and a milliard is a thousand millions.)

Now why should millions of dreams delight and delude and terrify millions of human heads every night throughout Heathendom and Christendom ? In Asia and Africa, in America and Europe, and in all the islands of all the seas drowsy myriads of the human race become simultaneously steeped in dreams. And that is not all. Wild beasts in their lairs, cats and dogs on the hearthrug, and horses in their stalls are also dreaming. What is the meaning of it ?

Dreams are the cinema of the mind, so that each of us has his own picture palace. And since even in the least adventurous lives experience is always changing as well as accumulating, the individual's " reel " and repertory are likewise expanding. The actors and the stage properties of this miniature theatre, which is open all night and sometimes far into the morning, are always at call although in their traffic across the mental screen they undergo the strangest disguises. Since, too, the mind is filled not merely with memories busy with the past but also with fears and hopes busy with the future, a rehearsal goes on during sleep and coming events cast their shadows in dreams. From this point of view even the most rigid psycho-analyst can admit that some dreams are prophetic. This mantic character of dreams is explained by the fact that wishes, hopes and anxieties at work within us (often unconsciously and inarticulately) during daylight reassert themselves during sleep and are in many instances assured of fulfilment. I have often dreamt that I was face to face with someone whom I desired to avoid, a literary critic or a horse-dealer, let us say, and lo ! on the day following I have seen the man in the flesh.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN."
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

MAY SINCLAIR.

No educated person would attempt to deny the value of the discoveries of Freud and his school. Some of those discoveries are of profound importance. Stated in a general way the theory is that dreams are the revenge taken by instincts which have been stifled by the social environment. We might almost describe them as a kind of consolation prizes. Or in different words, the dream is the compensation which Nature awards to all sorts of repressed ambitions and desires. As a dreamer I cannot accept this view as a complete statement. Many dreams are a repetition of experience with which the dreamer has been satisfied in his waking life. They are a kind of Da Capo, a cry of Encore! The new school of oneirology appear to interpret all dreams in terms of hunger. No doubt repressed desires and thwarted ambitions do raise angry and uneasy heads out of the jungle of sleep and dreams. Often, however, fair scenes of the past come before us in sleep as tranquilly as they usher themselves into our memory. Many dreams are like the revivals of old plays.



"One more lovely than all the rest."
From "Nine Little Fairy Tales," by H. H. Harrod (A. & C. Black).

This is not the place for technical discussion, but I may be permitted to remark that psycho-analysts often begin their analysis too high up, and neglect the fact that dreaming involves a physiological as well as a psychological process. Unless the brain is supplied with blood no ideation whatever, not even the flickering phantasmagoria of a dream is possible at all. Now during sleep blood ebbs from the brain and the actual brain substance becomes white or at least loses colour. But a quiet inflow of blood, a more or less weak stimulation of nerve centres may induce a more or less vivid dream. If, on the other hand, certain association centres are affected by a stronger current, the dream may develop into a nightmare and the mental theatre become a Grand Guignol. It is remarkable that the first sleep, which is generally the deepest, is also generally dreamless. Dreaming begins during broken sleep and, as Bergson pointed out, this partial re-establishment of contact with the outer world, the changes in temperature or in degrees of illumination or the introduction of noise influence the progress of the dream. Thus the physiological accompaniments of a dream, although more fitful, shifting and haphazard, are the same in kind as those of ordered and conscious thought.

Considerations such as these carry us far from the primitive belief that the dream was an actual excursion of the soul from its earthly prison into unearthly realms or that it was the visit of a god or ghost. Nevertheless, dreams still belong to that class of occurrences which, although common, remain mysterious. Ghosts, djinns and fairies who were really born out of dreams may have vanished, but the dreams recur.

From one point of view dreams might be considered as a waste of energy. For although some are pleasant and even helpful, the majority compel the mind to stare in impotence at a caricature of life. Perhaps we might feel fresher and healthier if we awoke every morning out of dreamless sleep. All day an army of impressions makes forced marches through the mind, and it might be better for us if there were a truce each night and if thoughts, wishes, fears and even hopes could have their bivouac. And yet there is another and quite contrary point of view from which to regard them. While modern science has robbed the dream of its mystic character it has made new contributions of its own to oneirology. The most interesting of these is the theory that dreams are an effort of the creative imagination which in real life finds itself so often chained down and shackled. Even the most prosaic citizen may become a poet once he enters his kingdom of dreams. They are the play-gardens of the mind. Even the prisoner asleep in his cell obtains a brief freedom in a dream. What dreams will be dreamed in Pentonville and Wormwood Scrubbs to-night? What is the final dream in the condemned cell? Perhaps it is of the days of innocence.

Thus there is a busy weaver in every mind weaving moving tapestries. There is a mental scene-shifter, and the most striking fact about dreams is the astounding rate at which their scenery changes. Their flux

and vanishing make them, after all, the truest mirror of reality.

> " We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

W. ROMAINE PATERSON (Benjamin Swift).

MISS MAY SINCLAIR:

(1) My "attitude" towards ghost stories is one of enthralling interest and admiration if they are well told. I regard the ghost story as a perfectly legitimate form of art and at the same time as the most difficult. Ghosts have their own atmosphere and their own reality, they have also their setting in the everyday reality we know; the story-teller is handling two realities at the same time; he is working on two planes, in two atmospheres, and must fail if he lets one do violence to the other.

(2) I am not a judge of "popularity," but I should say off-hand that an interest in ghost stories has always existed, and is neither a sign of morbidity nor of "increased belief in spiritual phenomena." The ghost-lover is on the look-out for his own special thrill, which is, or may be, independent of any belief in the supernatural.

(3) I think Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" the most perfect and the most convincing ghost story I ever read.

MAY SINCLAIR.



"Where the Dead Man Sleeps."

From "Ghosties and Ghoulies" (Chelsea Publishing Co.).

MR. ROBERT HICHENS:

I thoroughly enjoy a good ghost story. No, I don't think their popularity is a sign that the public is becoming morbid. Nor do I think it indicates a renewed belief in spiritual phenomena. Since Lord Lytton wrote "The Haunters and the Haunted, or the House and the Brain," and no doubt long before then, the average man has, I think, always enjoyed reading a tale of the supernatural. I think the best ghost story I have ever read is contained in Henry James's volume, "The Two Magics."

ROBERT HICHENS.



Cover Design

From "In a Glass Darkly," by F. Sheridan Le Fanu. Illustrated by C. Buchel (Eveleigh Nash).

MISS MARIE CORELLI:

(1) My "attitude towards ghost stories" has always been one of amused incredulity, and surprise that any reasonable person with a sound brain should believe in them. "Ghosts," if seen at all, are always projected from one's own imagination. A moment's concentrated visualisation will enable me to see anyone I wish to see, whether such person be dead or living, and there is nothing terrifying in such "apparitions" which are always evoked by one's own mind.

(2) The interest in "ghost" stories does not prove that the public are "morbid," or that they have more than the usual interest in so-called "spiritual" phenomena. It is merely the natural desire of every thinking human being to escape from the humdrum surroundings of everyday living into a realm of imagination. The imagination of mankind has always projected itself into the Unseen, and from that Unseen

has brought forth ideas that have changed the face and progress of civilisation. And still to the Unseen, it turns, despite all check to its advance, and tales of mystery, with suggestions that are mystic and wonderful, captivate the mind without actually influencing belief in the marvellous, simply because of the *possibility* of their being true. With Horatio, in " Hamlet," they say :

" O day and night, but this is wondrous strange ! "

And accept the reply :

" And therefore as a stranger give it welcome ! "

(3) " Hamlet," because in this instance the "Ghost" is not projected from Hamlet's own mind; it appears to others not closely concerned with the tragedy, before Hamlet himself sees it. This opens the way to some interesting speculation as to what Shakespeare thought of psychic phenomena in his day a day which was rife with superstition and witchcraft. But like all discussions concerning the world's greatest poet, we are not likely to find any clue to the workings of that marvellous brain.

MARIE CORELLI.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE:

(1) If a ghost story succeeds in making my flesh creep I like it and approve of it. It has to my mind no other *raison d'être.*

(2) I think there is a renewed *interest* rather than belief in spirit phenomena, and undoubtedly that leads to an increase in ghost stories.

(3) The most convincing ghost story I ever read is " The Turn of the Screw," by Henry James.

HUGH WALPOLE.

MR. H. C. BAILEY:

If ghost stories are more popular of late, I should think the cause is to be found in the revival of interest in mystery and adventure which we see in many other forms. I don't believe that a liking for ghost stories is connected with a morbid turn of mind. So many



" But then without those doors there did stand the lofty enshrouded figure of the Lady Madeline of Usher."

From " Tales of Mystery and Imagination " by Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Harry Clarke (Harrap).

lovers of such things have been, like Scott, most normal people. Nor do I see any connection between ghost stories and the modern dabbling in the occult. Some of the best ghost stories were written in the sixties and seventies, and the mid-Victorians were neither morbid nor credulous.

When you ask for a " convincing " story you impose a rather awkward test. I don't know that I was ever convinced even for the moment of reading. But I fancy the most eerie thrills I have ever had came from Dr. Montague James's stories—for instance " The Diary of Mr. Poynter " and " Number 13."

I take it of course that you want ghost stories in the precise sense, not such things as " Thrawn Janet " or Wandering Willie's tale in " Redgauntlet."

H. C. Bailey.

STACY AUMONIER:

I loathe and abominate ghost stories. All those that I have read appear to me to be utterly inane and silly. The reason of their present popularity is surely pretty obvious. It is the outcome of that post-war wave of spiritualism, which was a movement organised by a bunch of charlatans, who saw the sound commercial possibilities in the exploitation of the grief of those who had lost their sons and lovers in the war. I believe in spirituality, but I do not believe in spiritualism or ghosts. If I met a ghost I should cut it.

Stacy Aumonier.

SIR OLIVER LODGE:

The invention of ghost stories is a comparatively easy form of fiction; and as long as there seemed to be no foundation for the reality of such things, this kind of fiction was harmless and possibly amusing. But now that unexplained phenomena are known to occur, and a serious effort is being made to investigate them and to sift out truth from falsehood, the further invention of imaginary sensational occurrences is undesirable, and may be confusing to those who are not scrupulous about evidence.

What the public is really interested in is the amount of underlying truth, and the meaning that may be involved, in supernormal experiences. To arrive at sound conclusions demands careful and continued and unbiased study; the concoction of imaginary narratives is useless to that end, and is not what the public really wants.

Nevertheless, in illustration of the information we have so far obtained, it may be legitimate for people with literary gift and adequate knowledge to expound or exhibit their present conception of the less familiar side of the universe, under the guise of an imaginative sketch, or other form of dramatic representation. The public must learn that such efforts represent nothing more serious than the present views of the artist or scribe. If he is a genius his work may be of interest, and may be helpful, even though it must be regarded as scientifically negligible. The standard example of the kind of thing I mean is Bunyan's " Pilgrim's Progress." It has been edifying to thousands, and no one can be misled into supposing it a narrative of fact. The time is not yet anything like ripe for a complete formulation of the facts: but when that time arrives, it will be found, I expect, as usual, that Truth is stranger than Fiction, and that Imagination falls, not perhaps superficially but deeply and seriously, below Reality.

Oliver Lodge.

MR. F. BRITTEN AUSTIN:

(1) My attitude towards ghost stories? Presumably this refers to the use of ghost stories, invented *ad hoc* or alleged to be true, *in fiction*. My attitude towards such is the same as towards any other raw material of fiction—if the result produces the effect intended by the writer upon the mind of the reader, evokes, i.e. a powerful emotion, its use is automatically justified. Hamlet without the ghost would lose much of its dramatic strength.

(2) I consider that their popularity is neither a sign of increasing morbidity in the public nor an indication of actual belief in the reality of spiritualistic phenomena. It is merely another aspect of the universal and primitive craving for the " Undiscovered Country " which, under various metamorphoses, from the Odyssey onwards, has been one of the main themes of Romance. The restriction of the geographical field, consequent on the explorations of the nineteenth century, has perhaps tended to emphasise—for writer and reader alike—the unexhausted potentialities of the psychical Unknown, dimly lit by a lamp of Science not yet carried beyond the threshold, and whose alleged phenomena awake atavistic echoes (which do not necessarily prove the phenomena untrue) in the minds of all of us. Since the atavistic echo is perhaps responsible for the *magical* though not the philosophical beauty of true poetry, it must necessarily be potent in any other form of imaginative literature. The instinct of a certain type of writer will be to employ it; the instinct of almost all readers will be to thrill to it. Also, since the latest hypotheses of Physical Science tend to break down the nineteenth century distinction between the material and the immaterial, and these things filter down into the collective consciousness of the public, both writers and readers feel themselves justified in exploring potentialities and alleged phenomena which a preceding generation, educated to a scientific Positivism, was compelled—in defence of any reputation for intelligence—to reject with scoffing incredulity. Since the ban has been somewhat lifted, both writers and readers hasten to avail themselves of their new freedom.

(3) In fiction or alleged fact? The number is so vast that I beg to be excused from definite choice. In fiction, the first that comes into my head is Kipling's " They "—but, possibly, if I set myself to a recapitulation of all that I have ever read, I might remember something more convincing though certainly not more beautiful.

F. Britten Austin.

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES:

(1) Stories dealing with the supernatural always interest me—provided that they are written by believers in the future life.

(2) I think their popularity is owing to a renewal of belief in spiritual phenomena.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

3) The two most convincing ghost stories I have ır read are (1) the apparitions of Strafford in "John ;Iesant," and the passage about the cat in Monsignor ison's "Necromancers."

MARIE BELLOC-LOWNDES.

. R. ELLIS ROBERTS:

. is odd how some people, in their distaste for the ermal and the supernatural, will try to make out t the ghost-story is thing new. Fairies, uppose, need no ence, except from the acks of humourless icationalists. Dreams ither out of fr our iolently in fashion, ording to your view reud and Jung. But sts, spirits, obsessions places or persons— ies about these will e an unintelligent er which springs, I eve, from afrightened erialism. It *is* more fortable if you be- e a tree to be just tree, a river nothing t water for washing power, and a moun- n a rather larger mp of dirt. But ience does not hold at view now, religion never held it, and mmon sense—well, mmon sense is the aft of treating and ng things, not the art of understanding them.

There is, however, a new "magic" story. You can d its beginnings in Poe; it is implicit in much of thorne; Le Fanu was groping after it, and Lytton the first example of it. Its power lies in this: author assumes that life, experience, sensa- nory and fancy contain something which on nor common sense can satisfactorily ex- Generally the author of the new kind of magic treats life, or some aspect of life, as sacramental: pioneer in our day was Mr. Arthur Machen, and he as succeeded by Dr. James, Monsignor Hugh Benson, r. E. F. Benson (whose "Image in the Sand" is ot nearly well enough known), Miss Violet Hunt, r. Algernon Blackwood, and, in one inimitable volume, The Celestial Omnibus," Mr. E. M. Forster. I do not e how an attitude towards life which appeals to these en, and has since appealed to Mr. J. D. Beresford, liss May Sinclair and Mr. Walter de la Mare, can ossibly be dismissed as nonsense. The attitude in all them is roughly the same, but the approach varies idely. I have no doubt that the greatest of these re Mr. Machen, Mr. E. M. Forster and Mr. de la Mare. I am a great admirer of Miss Sinclair's last book, ut I find her method rather too philosophical, compared with Mr. Machen's frank appeal to magic, Mr. Forster's reliance on a kind of impudent fancy, and Mr. de la Mare's accepting mysticism. Whether the art of these stories is legitimate or not seems to me a barren question: it is generally asked by those who wish a story to have some immediate purpose, and not to travel outside their experience of life. This demand would have hampered the world's greatest: the ghosts in "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" are not there deliberately to instruct or improve us. But if you must defend it on ethically utilitarian grounds, I cannot imagine creative literature having a better job than reminding an age too immersed in sensuous experience that a knock on the door may not be the postman's, and the wind in the chimney or a tapping on the wall may be other than they seem. Science has got rid of matter: why should art cling to materialism? It is just worth noticing that some of the most successful "ghost stories" of our time have been written by novelists—Mr. Henry James, Mr. Rudyard Kipling and Mr. H. G. Wells—the bulk of whose work is concerned with the everyday life of everyday people.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.



"Through the Bedroom Window-Pane. Here's the Shadows come again."

From "The Littlest One Again," by Marion St. John Webb. Illustrated by Margaret W. Tarrant (Harrap).

MRS. MARION ST. JOHN WEBB:

Some people are unfortunate and can't recognise a fairy even if they see one. Just as some are colour-blind, some seem to be fairy-blind, and when a fairy passes they see only a leaf in the wind, or the shadow of a bird across a sunlit patch. A child who can't see fairies misses a lot of happiness; and I always think grown-ups who can't see them would be happier if they could.

That dreams often influence one's waking actions is of course well known. A certain dream that has come to me three times now, at long intervals, will undoubtedly influence a future action of mine. In this dream I am standing outside a house, which, while I am dreaming, I know is somewhere up in Scotland. It is a tall house, one of a row in a bleak-looking street, and there is a flight of white steps up to the front door. Although there is nothing particularly distinctive about this house I know I should recognise it instantly were I ever to see it in my waking hours. In the dream I feel that something strange and important is happening inside the house, and it is imperative that I should be present.

I ascend the steps, and seize the knocker, but before the door can be opened—I awake. I have never been to Scotland, but when I go I shall look for the house; and if I see it I know I shall immediately go up the steps—and knock at the front door!

The only ghost stories I know are second and third hand ones, and though I have little doubt in my own mind of their accuracy, this is not the place for other people's ghost stories. A little while back, when going through the haunted gallery in Hampton Court Palace, I asked one of the attendants on duty there the usual visitor's question—as to whether he had himself ever seen the ghost of the unhappy Queen. "Well," he replied wearily, "I've been here, day and night, for thirty-five years and she keeps out of my way!" And that is how all ghosts, up to the present time, have behaved towards me.

MARION ST. JOHN WEBB.



"We anchored by the Moon."

From "The Rose Fyleman Fairy Book" (Methuen).

MISS ROSE FYLEMAN:

My very limited experience and observation lead me to believe that dreams, ghosts and fairies are the product of man's imagination, which last is for me the marvel of marvels, the mystery of mysteries, the miracle of miracles.

ROSE FYLEMAN.

MR. ARTHUR MEE:

I am not sure about any of them, but am willing to believe in all. Is not Europe full of Ghosts, pointing an accusing finger at the statesmen of the world, saying, "We shall meet at Philippi"? Are there not everywhere about us thousands of Fairies starving for want of bread in lands unfit for heroes? And is not life like one long broken Dream? Dreams, Ghosts and Fairies—truly they are plain to see.

I do not think I believe in ghosts—but who knows? The truest things in the world are often the things that men will not believe. In any case, being partly sa I do not believe in ghosts that tap at windows, or through dark corridors, or step out of secret cupb in the night. Science has killed the ghosts of our houses, and nobody believes in them to-day but a credulous people, a few ignorant people, a few nove in search of a plot, and a considerable numbe journalists in search of something to make the fles their readers creep. Alas, poor ghost, he is dead!

I do think I lieve fairi but, ag who kno Certain I do n believe any mo camer any mortal has s them. to fa stories, they live ever, only t old one Science which h killed t ghost, h made th world t wonderf for fai tales; longer they deceive the little minds about us. The old tal that live by their beauty, their quaintness and a tou of humanity in them will surely be printed agair again and again whatever science has to say; b those thousands of people now writing fairy send to the Editor of the *Children's Encyclo* Editor's advice is, "Don't." A little Han a little Grimm and a little of the Great A are as inevitable as they are welcome, but these we have no room for fairy tales in a world for marvels and miracles can beat the fairies all t time.

But, the ghost being dead and the fairy being not y born, what shall we say of the dream? Again I am n sure about the dream that comes in sleep—except th I believe it comes from the Spirit that rules my life sleeping and in waking too. I believe that a dream l night is something real, belonging to the life we li beyond our mortal senses, but I am much too wise, hope, to talk of things I do not understand merely please my friend the Editor of THE BOOKMAN. But tl dreams of the day—they surely are another thing, tl only thing worth while. I think they are more re than houses, closer than hands and feet, and in them



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

SIR HALL CAINE.

live and move and have my being. They make it possible for me to remain an optimist even when I see the land of Victor Hugo suffering a Poincaré, even when I see the greatest papers in Fleet Street reporting the inanities of a Birkenhead. Dreams surely I believe in, and must believe in till that great day when I awaken from the Dream of Life.

ARTHUR MEE.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY—FRANCIS BACON TO GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

MR. SAINTSBURY'S phrase, "Works of prose art," lingers on the mind as the definition of Bacon's best work and a generalisation of the essay itself. Split and refine it as we may, it has still an essential truth; the essay is a piece of prose art, and when we have marked its chief distinctions and pursued its main diversions we shall find that its development has been towards a finer order, a more conscious art, a heightening and ultimately a completer fusion of those twin faculties of the mind, imagination and reason.



Photo by Moffatt, Edinburgh. **Mr. George Saintsbury.**

BACON.

The essay comes somewhat slowly into the story of English letters. Romantic narrative, miracle play, drama—these confusedly preceded, and the essay followed with an uncertain apprehension of the aims and powers of those other forms; and clearly the essay could have no place until the first exuberance of invention and imagination had passed, and men began to rub their eyes and look a little narrowly at what had been achieved and at what was left to do. Yet the essay has seldom been solely critical in any age, and in noting this we approach the first fork in our road; on one side the merely critical, the slightly curious or slightly arid abstraction—moral or æsthetic—and on the other the more serenely imaginative and mobile form which later ages were to bring to full development. Bacon's "Essays" belong to the moral and intellectual division, though not exclusively to that; the pregnancy of his phrase, his voluptuous verbal beauty and purely sensuous indulgences, noticeable in so many passages of music and solid colour, are a token that his was indeed a complex spirit. Nevertheless the real preoccupation of his essays is not sensuous or æsthetic, but moral and rational. Ask what is the most characteristic expression in Elizabethan letters of the mind of a liberal scholar, and the answer will probably be Bacon's essays. Sedate and grave in his thoughts, splendid in his mode, he loves to invest his inspired and commonplace utterances alike in a gorgeous cloak. *Decadent!* a paradoxical writer might murmur as he notes the frequent overweighting of the idea by the expression, and reminds us thereby that decadence in literature is somewhat older than the already antique nineties at which we glance now with amusement, anon with contempt. Bacon's commonplaces, looked at closely, are among the worst, being moral commonplaces—midgetary moralities augustly presented and speaking big. But it was not simply his delight in splendour which urged his noblest phrasing, it was equally his desire to use the magnificence of his time in the service of reason and order.

CORRUPTION'S NUNCIO.

We are helped in thus seeing Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, by the familiar portrait which so comprehensively tells us the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about our author. The gravity is there, the weighty preoccupation, the slyness of after-thoughts unexpressed, the richness of tone and hue—all these are seen more and more plainly as you stare back at his stare; and they are qualities that make him an essayist of real interest to the lightest as well as the profoundest reader. But they also make him a particular kind of essayist—not an intimate but a reserved figure, not a talker but a writer, not a babbler but a rhetorician, not a companion but a teacher, not a friend but a great chancellor, not a familiar forgetting his dignity but a supple statesman asserting it; preferring to suppress, equivocate and dissemble, and to justify every obliquity—anything rather than candidly pour himself out and leave the justification to the reader. The experience of a lifetime is the well from which his *aurea dicta* are solemnly drawn; and who does not know the varied kinds of Bacon's experience? *Corruption's Nuncio*, we might call him, thinking of his sins and splendours, his meanness and magniloquence. He writes a whole essay "Of Cunning," beginning by a distinction between cunning and wisdom and forgetting the distinction long before he ends, the essay becoming a half-candid apology for cunning; he writes a sombre and noble eulogy of death, spending all he has in adorning those commonplaces that are never staled; but one thing he never attempts to do, rather does he avoid it; he never speaks out from the tiny callous kernel of his heart. It is not the true spendthrift of himself who writes: "Nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as in body; and it addeth no small reverence to men's names, manners and actions, if they be not altogether open"; and in the same essay proceeds to the vindication of simulation and dissimulation. The intellectual spendthrift is the true essayist, if only he have enough of himself to spend; but Bacon was a miser of himself, sitting furred and gilded and cold, like some gorgeous Renaissance figure of a dusky painting, counting over his gains with pursed lips and sidelong eye, his fingers trembling, jewels flashing and lips shaping a careful phrase for the enrichment of hungry Time.

THE DISCOVERIES. He may have taught Ben Jonson, a slightly younger man, the secret of sententiousness, or at least its value, as well as the use of the flower-like decoration of simple prose; for Bacon himself might be heard in the closing note of this from the "Discoveries": "What a deal of cold business doth a man misspend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter love in a dark corner." Conciseness is his aim, in a degree that even Bacon never cared for, and all the weightiness of the penurious Chancellor is found in these little essays of his thriftless contemporary. If, however, Jonson's style offers reminders of the greater essayist, it presents differences far more positive. He empties himself prodigally before you and does not scruple to tell precisely those things which Bacon hid. The conversations at Hawthornden, as related by Drummond, reveal sharply enough his huge sense of his own worth and others' worthlessness, for nothing that is not Ben Jonson's pleases him freely, and there is mere currishness in his constant diminution of every figure within his recollection; but in the "Discoveries" his freedoms are pleasanter. He still sneers, and sneers even at Montaigne for an essayist; but happily he is more truly at ease when he speaks of his own life. Not for Jonson any vaunting or practice of dissimulation. "At last they upbraided my poverty. I confess she is my Domestic, sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful; a good Counsellor to me, that keeps me from Cruelty, Pride or other more delicate impertinences which are the Nurse-children of Riches." He writes an essay on Style, and still it is of Ben Jonson he writes, saying how he loves a pure and neat language, how often a barbarous phrase has made him out of love with good sense; their writings need sunshine, he cries, as he thinks of delinquent authors. Himself dominates his writing, and constantly you are aware of that vivacious figure, that Stentor voice of authority, that rude yet delicate power of picture, that fond assertion of his own tastes, which we faintly conjure up when we look on any portrait of Jonson. He gibes at Montaigne, but follows him.

II

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Many of the authors of what is conveniently called miscellaneous prose, in the years succeeding Jonson's death, are strictly essayists, and of all the truest essayist and finest master of our medium was Sir Thomas Browne. It is unnecessary to point out that he too takes a place in our second and more native class of essayist—those who follow the imaginative and mobile personal form. Browne plays upon his own being like a splendid musician who is able to evoke the solemn and the playful, the wise and the tender, from the depths and shallows of his inward life; and then, turning to a vaster instrument, with equal serenity he summons the august, dreadful yet unoppressive echo-voices of death and time. Now 'tis like all instruments, now like a lonely flute. In the midst of the largest of his generalisations you never lose sight of himself; in his most fantastic speculations a clear-smiling, grave spirit is distinct and individual. Shut your eyes as a phrase from "Urn Burial" or "Religio Medici" unfolds upon the air, and you see at once the courtly, masculine face, the eyes of smouldering fancies and passionate, tranquil curiosity that make Sir Thomas Browne living and dear more than dead and remembered. Does he write for any but himself? true essayist, it is thus that he writes for us. After three centuries we should be little engrossed in any writer who is not engrossed in himself. Ideas may attract, history and science may touch a faded figure with spectral incandescence, but only that which is human lives on in human affections. It is a pitiful truism to say that Browne's primary quality is Browne. Seventeenth century morals (whether Christian or non-Christian), cinerary rites—these would not of themselves distract the twentieth century from thinking of its own morals and incineration; but Browne has done something with the essay which no other writer has done so potently—he has deepened the form as an English tradition and exalted it as an English art. "Vain ashes," he writes—"Vain ashes, which in the oblivion of names, persons, times and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as Emblems of mortal vanities, Antidotes aginst pride, vainglory, and madding vices." It is singular enough that his own skull should have been gnawed out of the grave—a fate that he shrank from as a "tragical abomination"; but is it an antidote against pride? Would he have been humbled to know it, or provoked to a new and yet more gorgeous dehortation upon chance, and the insecurity of death? And for ourselves, we peer at his pages for a sight of him, and we find his skull at our feet. Gentlest of mockeries!

III

DRYDEN AND THE CRITICAL ESSAY. In pursuing our theme along these not too densely hedged paths, we must not be beguiled into mere vague extension, else we should be sweeping all the pamphleteers that succeeded Browne into our narrow scope. The pamphlet is not an essay except by a fortunate accident, and the air of dispute and violent wrangling amid which the pamphleteer's voice is heard is not the air in which literature survives when the subject of contention is itself burnt out. Dryden is one who outrides the dispute he engaged in, but in citing Dryden here I am naming simply the chief and not the sole late seventeenth century essayist, and first if not the chief of those who practised purely critical writing. The famous "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," born of a dispute with Sir Robert Howard and giving birth in turn to other provocative treatises, is the admired example of the best work of the critical kind, and it followed hard upon an essay which, for other qualities, deserves nearly as much praise—Cowley's "Discourse Concerning Oliver Cromwell." In each case there is reason harnessed to imagination, a criticism of affairs or a criticism of ideas; each is a work of prose art, each shows a beautiful art of prose. The chief difference between Jonson and Browne on one side, and Cowley and Dryden on the other, is that the latter do not speak so freely of themselves; they are



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

not involuntary revealers of their own business and bosoms, they are not portrait artists, they are not their own texts. If therefore they lose or refrain from the last charm, it must be owned that they do not pretend to it. You cannot read Dryden's very features into his " Dramatic Poesy " and, Dryden being Dryden, it is to be doubted whether that essay would be better if you could. He has much, but not *that* charm, not *that* power over us ; while Cowley has powers of humour, satire and an admiring scorn, but not the gift of showing in a few brief pages the shape and shadow of his inward being ; he does not step out of or even into his own pages and set them shaking in our hand. Dryden's intellectual force could not but make itself everywhere apparent in his " Dramatic Poesy," but this is a mere general quality, not a personal and identifiable characteristic ; and general qualities may exist in abundance, yet the personal features, the human lineaments, faculties and humours remain vague and uncomposed. But as we have said, Dryden was doing one kind and not another kind of thing—the intellectual, the critical essay, the essay of ideas, the essay which ought to be understandable almost as well in French as in English. And this indeed points to a quick test, for the essay of the singularly personal kind, the essay of self-portraiture (whether quite involuntary or quite deliberate), as Browne and Lamb used it, is perhaps inevitably untranslatable. Our homage, nevertheless, can be offered to Dryden as the father of that " criticism of ideas " which critics of our day deplore the want of and which, indeed, our literary tradition seems natively incapable of begetting. What Dryden himself can give us is this intellectual criticism in a prose which delights us in its own way scarcely less than Jonson's in another.

URBAN AIRS AND GRACES.

If Dryden told cousin Swift that he would never be a poet, as he is supposed to have said, he could not have told him he would never be a prose writer. Swift's prose was miscellaneous enough, but he does not permit us to confine him within our notion of essays, and if he can fairly be called an essayist it is mainly because he was one of the begetters of another kind of essay, the periodical essay—the light-armed, light-headed infantry of prose literature ; and might we but add light-hearted, that would indeed be final praise, but except in the Roger de Coverley series it had no heart at all. Truth reminds us, however, that Swift was begetting something far unlike himself, far different from his own sombre and oppressive imaginations. Here, in the prattling shallows of Addison's wit, in the gay impulses of Steele's good nature, in the light, neat, sociable prose of both, the new kind of essay was created in sudden perfection. Literature as a handmaid, waiting-wench to fashion, conventions, morals, mere dresser to a patched and painted actress, or moving among the teacups and gossips of a society in which it seemeth always afternoon—these are the new offices to which imagination and " wit " are subdued. Genius has come to town and put off its native rudeness and power, and put on urban airs and graces, the airs of the flirt in a metropolis that has just discovered the meaning of " polite " and " charming," the graces of an impertinent dependent. There is masterly portraiture in the *Spectator* and *Tatler*, delicate engraving, faint felicities of pencil and needle, but it is rather a portraiture of society than of the artists themselves ; they are sunken in the crowd for which they speak, they are not the perfect egotists who are to be identified with the perfect essayists. It is perhaps not very strange that the age in which everybody wrote essays and the form was sharpened for the use of a society just finding its feet or its head, was an age in which a level was reached and the peaks sank to the level. When all wrote well none wrote supremely.

IV

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

It is to Johnson that we must look for supremacy in another kind, and to Goldsmith for a gift as unique as Johnson's if less powerful. Johnson made a new thing when he followed the periodical essay of the *Rambler* with the mature improvisations it is their charm that they are scarcely more—of " The Lives of the Poets." They form the model of the biographical essay, in which the features of the subject are drawn sometimes minutely and sometimes freely, and behind these the features of the writer himself, the avowed portrait dimming away into the careless and unconscious portrait of the artist ; or if the self-portraiture is less unstudied, as in that beautiful tribute to Gilbert Walmsley occurring in the life of Smith, it is no whit less delightful. Johnson's large and eloquent personality continually overflowed, and on the waves the light and fragile memories of the immemorable, the Smiths and Dukes and Sprats of his fortuitous collection, floated securely. It is only because so many have tried their nervous hands at the biographical essay, in artless imitation, that Johnson's work is not unique ; but it is still unapproached.

And so we might turn to Goldsmith, deliciously satirical, the most innocent of men, writing his " Citizen of the World " as though he were standing outside the world and looking on amused ; ostensibly following the critical type of our classification, but with imagination continually breaking through. The shadow of the pathetic which has always been cast on Goldsmith's figure, heaven knows why, by writers on his time, has obscured some of his independent merits, and the " Citizen " has been stupidly overlooked because its author has been sentimentalised. From Goldsmith, again, it is a single flying leap to Lamb and Hazlitt, and a new development of the essay.

AND THEIR SUCCESSORS.

Imagination continually breaking through might be said of Lamb also, but I do not pretend to define Lamb's mode. It would be easier, though hardly more useful, to find a metaphor for Hazlitt's—that vigorous, restless, watchful and growling hound, who barks out his short, crisp sentences, snaps here, fondles there, never sleeps, has a merry eye for a few and a flashing eye for most, flings himself with wild fangs upon a Gifford and heaves at last with angry gratification. Extravagances of this kind, however, are to be avoided, and we may leave Hazlitt (never quite adequately admired) and those who in turn barked at him ; we may leave the Quarterly and Edinburgh reviewers, by whom the essay was more and more steadily reduced to journalism, sometimes

critical, sometimes dishonest, sometimes merely uncritical; we may leave even Landor, who achieved a new form for the essay when he wrote and rewrote his all but endless "Imaginary Conversations," mingling by mere hap the imaginative and the rational in equal proportions and using a prose that no one else has since bettered. And we must skip whole generations when we pass by Matthew Arnold, who enjoyed the air of dispute and was never so happy as in asserting that others were wrong and foolish and perturbed about nothing; we must do a real wrong when we pass by "Sebastian Van Storck" and the rest of Pater's "Imaginary Portraits," only noticing how perfectly that frugal spirit has distilled all his vigilant hoard into a few hundred pages; we must do a scarcely lesser wrong when we glance at Leslie Stephen and pass on with a brief thanks for his essays in biographical criticism; we must do wrong to certain living writers who practise an honoured art and remember that it is an art; and in this hasty fashion reach the essays of Mr. George Saintsbury, of whose three volumes,* just collected from the lavish scatterings of nearly fifty years, it is an intense pleasure to speak.

V

GEORGE SAINTSBURY AS ESSAYIST.

One of the essays is entitled "Twenty Years of Reviewing," and the phrase may suggest a distinction between reviews and essays, which readers of THE BOOKMAN might with special fitness be invited to ponder. Many of the articles in these volumes are reviews and essays as well, free exercises of a capacious and vigorous intelligence, reviews of particular works, essays in the apprehension of personality and influence. The best of them are both critical and biographical, and so are linked to the kind which has the pleasantest attraction for those who read for love and admiration and delight. Mr. Saintsbury is not a critic of the abstract sort, he is not prone to philosophical distinctions, he is almost purely experimental, and happiest when he involves the interest of his author's character with the interest of his work; the work being clearly, in his view, the partly unconscious expression of the character. True that it expresses other things, for he sees that no writer, strong as he may be in the assertion of his own being, is unswayed by the tides amid which the stem of his life has grown up to the light; but that "being" is nevertheless the chief concern of our essayist rather than the influences which enfold and engage it. The twelve hundred pages of the present collection cover, but they are very far from exhausting, Mr. Saintsbury's critical work from 1875 to 1920, and they suggest an immense energy of mind, a furious appetite for English letters, an undying zest for whatever in the art of letters is

"Creator's and creation's crowning good."

His zest—this is conspicuous beyond everything but his knowledge and his justness; after all these years he has not lost it, and that is why his readers do not lose their zest for reading him. His style has been denounced, though in his earlier period it calls for slight comment, being merely unobjectionable; but now that in his later period it has become, in its exuberance and perverseness, in its irregularities and vexations, a culpable and deplorable style, we all delight in it because it is more exactly expressive of the author. Those that come to curse, with the text of "A History of English Prose Rhythm" in their hands, stay to bless. They find Mr. Saintsbury ready to speak, and for all his idiosyncrasies they never find him ambiguous or insincere, solemn or sour. He is ready to speak at large in the present volumes of almost the whole range of imaginative literature from Crabbe and Hogg to Swinburne and Ruskin, and he is equally ready to speak at large of the historical novel, the Grand Style, and Modern English Prose. Scarce anyone has written better of Landor, no one has uttered a better phrase of Ruskin—"a crocheteer with a tongue of gold"—no one has dropped a truer phrase than his, "No fault in art is venial." Sometimes he hangs to his subject like a leech, and leaves little for a later inquisitive spirit to discover; recently, in "A Letter Book" for example, he has written more discursively, more whimsically and more delightfully. When he is dogmatic we agree without demanding his reasons; when he speaks most plainly out of his old affection we agree because of our own. Mean compliances, and the service of fashion and faction, are alike abhorrent to him, and he loves to rank himself with a minority if that minority is pledged to the great traditions out of which English literature has upreared its forest towers of green. He has described himself better than any reader can describe him:

"These are the words of a Tory, a bitter beast of bale,
Who troweth in Church, and Kings, and Peers, and eke in wine and ale."

His miscellaneous essays justify their title by the inclusion of cookery papers, holding out a promise which "A Cellar Book" was to fulfil, and with all this variety and voracity it is hardly becoming to regret that the reader will not find Mr. Saintsbury writing here on Mr. Bridges or Mr. Yeats, Mr. Shaw or Mr. Hudson, "Max" or Mr. George Moore. Who would not welcome the words of a "bitter beast of bale" on these modernities? But it is ill to demur in the midst of grace.

* "The Collected Essays and Papers of George Saintsbury, 1875–1920." Three vols. 31s. 6d. (Dent.)

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HUW MENAI.

ENGLISHMEN are curiously indifferent to the literature of Wales. Very few take the trouble to learn its language, and only those who have intimate knowledge of the Welsh people can realise what a hold poetry has upon them. The national temperament is fundamentally poetic and, encouraged by numerous eisteddfodau, both national and local, poetry has become popularised in Wales more fully than perhaps in any other modern country and, in spite of the impact of modern industrialism in the south, almost every locality has its "nest of singing birds."

Thus when about three years ago there appeared a volume of really notable verse by a Welsh working man, and a miner of all people, it was proclaimed by the publishers' reader "a startling literary discovery." It was indeed that, for "Through the Upcast Shaft" revealed in many places an imaginative penetration that is the very hall-mark of poetry. Yet one wonders what would have been the literary fate of Huw Menai if he had written in Welsh instead of in English. Might he not, like so many of his forerunners in Welsh poetry, have remained a name honoured among his own countrymen, but quite unknown to the world outside?



Mr. Huw Menai.

One does not wish, of course, to overestimate Huw Menai. The time, one may thankfully say, has hardly come to estimate his work at all. The marvel is—and though no new type of phenomenon, it is a marvel still—that this young Welshman should have hewn his way to public expression through so many and so great obstacles of circumstance. In words of his own, he has been "up against it" all his life, and still he is "up against it." Still he has to spend his days as a weigher of coal to earn sustenance for wife and family, while in the evenings occasionally he lectures in the towns and villages of South Wales, and at all times he is seeking to express his soul in poetry. In spite of all difficulties and embarrassments there has been no limitation of output there, and before long we hope to see another volume appear under his name, a selection from the wealth of his production during the intervening years.

Huw Menai Williams—to give his full name—may be said to have been first caught by the limelight of history as a newsboy near Carnarvon station. There our future Welsh Prime Minister rushed up to him one evening during a general election and bought a paper, and so intent was the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George on the election results that he forgot to pay the newsboy his penny. It is owing still.

Little could Mr. Lloyd George have dreamed that he would one day write an appreciation of that newsboy's first book of poems. Yet so it was to be, but between Huw Menai the newsboy and Huw Menai the author there lay years of trial and hardship. At sixteen he trekked down to South Wales to seek his fortune there, and for some years worked as a collier in the Rhondda Valley. During the great Cambrian Combine strike he came into prominence as a strike leader, and in the Social Democratic journal, *Justice*, he made fierce attacks on the head of the Combine, the late Lord Rhondda. These activities made him a marked man, and at the end of the strike he tramped from colliery to colliery in search of work, only to be refused everywhere. In despair he took the bold course of going to see Lord Rhondda himself, and the interview must have been a most interesting one. His lordship congratulated the young miner on the ability of the articles in *Justice*, and generously secured him employment. He went as a coal weigher to a Glamorganshire village rejoicing in the name of Gilfach Goch, and there he remains to this day.

Seven or eight years ago Huw Menai ventured to send a few of his verses to the *South Wales Daily News*, a journal which has always encouraged Welsh nationalism and Welsh literature, and from the editor—Mr. H. Read, a well-known figure in South Wales journalism—he received every encouragement. That was his introduction to public print. An Oxford lady, Miss Sollas, daughter of Professor Sollas, subsequently heard of him while visiting in South Wales, and brought his work to the notice of competent judges, with the result that at last some of it saw the light in book form.

In appearance Huw Menai might pass as a typical, hefty collier. There is a look of rough power about him, but it is only when he begins to speak of poetry that one realises that the power is something more than mere physical force. He has something of the temperament of the Welsh preacher—ardent, imaginative, strong and passionate, but capable of infinite tenderness. His

recital of his own shorter poems is inimitable. To read them is good, but to hear them recited by their author is to catch the first glow of inspiration, to feel the fiery heat of heart in which they were fashioned to their simple beauty. Through the rough features of the collier, surmounted by their shock of coal-black hair, there gleams the vision of the seer.

In contrast with what may be called the laboratory productions of some modern poets, artificial and unconvincing, the poetry of Huw Menai is an elemental thing, thrown up from the tumult of life's storm and stress. It may be rugged and uncouth in parts, but the golden ore of poetry is there beyond dispute. Only one who has tramped the country in search of work could have written such lines as those in "Recollections on Seeing an Old Scarf":

"Awake from thy sadness, O Soul, to the lay of the lark,
The rune of the road, and the gladness which memories give,
When penniless, free as the wind, thou didst fear not the dark—
Dear Past, that was lovely to live."

With the instinct of the true poet he can see poetry in the commonplaces of everyday life. "Pieces of coal," brought up from the pit, "sun meeting sun again," give him a simile for the soul. The geologist, "shaking the dust from truth," leads his mind to

"Part-reading in the hard, primeval sod
The infinite biography of God."

Ever he rises from the simple to the sublime, from the commonplace to the glorious, from the material to the spiritual. Nor is the least happy feature of his poetry the fact that, though born of trial and hardship, it is sturdily optimistic. Setting down in black and white the sorrows of the road, he yet proclaims that

"Life is not a gap between two graves,
But the white way of Love, that leads to God."

E. M. P.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

In addition to those in our usual monthly Competitions, we have from time to time offered extra Prizes, and now have pleasure in making the following announcements:

I

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second of Two Guineas are offered for the best and second best original Ballad in not more than fifty lines.

Replies, addressed to "The Editor" (and marked "Special Competition No. 1") must reach THE BOOKMAN *Offices, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4, not later than by the first post on January 10th.*

The name and address of the Competitor must be written on each MS. Any Competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym to be published instead of his or her own name in the event of his or her poem being printed but not obtaining a prize.

The Editor's decision must be final, and Competitors should keep copies of their MSS., as these cannot be returned.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for February next, and in addition to the winning poems a selection of the best of the others received will be published in a special supplement to that Number.

II

As the sending-in date makes it impossible for Colonial and Indian and other distant readers to participate in the above Competition, we offer, in order that they also may compete:

1. A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second of Two Guineas for the best and second best original Ballad in not more than fifty lines.

2. A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second of Two Guineas for the best and second best Short Story (serious or humorous) in not more than six hundred words.

The same rules will apply to this Competition, ***which is open to all our readers everywhere***, but replies, addressed to "The Editor" (and marked "Special Competition No. 2") must reach THE BOOKMAN Offices not later than April 5th, and the awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for May next.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER—DECEMBER, 1923.

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best motto (original or selected) for the British Empire Exhibition.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

As we are compelled to go to press with our Christmas Number before the sending-in date for these Competitions, the announcement of results is unavoidably held over until next month, and the time for sending in is extended until December 5th. In the

EXTRA COMPETITION

for a list of the four best detective or mystery novels published within the last few years, the Prizes of Two GUINEAS and ONE GUINEA respectively are awarded to Margaret E. Carpenter, of "Thicklefield," Seaford, Essex, and Mrs. Ronald Smith, of "Rosedale," Ringmore, Shaldon, near Teignmouth. The lists sent by them follow, with the total number of votes received in the Competition for each book placed after the title:

(1)

1. "Greenmantle." 3
2. "Red House Mystery." 6
3. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
4. "Mysterious Affair at Styles." 6

23

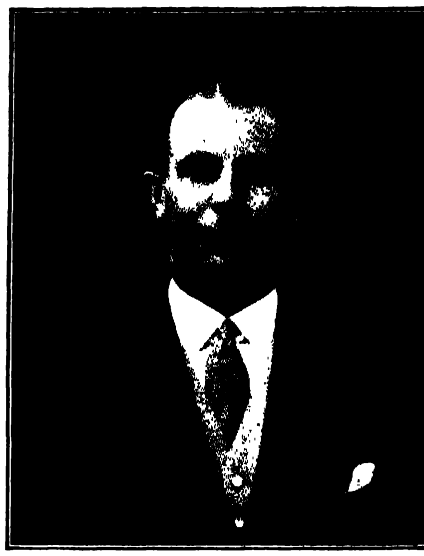
(2)

1. "Mysterious Affair at Styles." 6
2. "Red House Mystery." 6
3. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
4. "Murder on the Links." 2

22



Rev. William J. May,
whose new book, "A Garden of Beautiful Stories," is published by Messrs. Allenson.



Mr. G. T. G. MacKern,
who has recently become a member of the firm of Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Nearly a hundred different titles have been named by Competitors. We print the twelve lists which come next in order, showing the total votes for each book, as above:

1. "Ashes to Ashes" 1
2. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
3. "Red House Mystery." 6
4. "Mysterious Affair at Styles" 6

21

(M. E. Brown, 27, Claremont Crescent, Sheffield.)

1. "At the Villa Rose." 6
2. "Greenmantle" 3
3. "Red House Mystery." 6
4. "Mysterious Affair at Styles" 6

21

(A. Eleanor Pinnington, 10, St. David's Hill, Exeter.)

1. "Huntingtower." 1
2. "At the Villa Rose." 6
3. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
4. "Stealthy Terror." 2

17

(E. Hind, "Trafalgar," Netley Abbey, Southampton.)

1. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
2. "At the Villa Rose." 6
3. "Teresa of Watling Street." 1
4. "Innocence of Father Brown." 2

17

(Gertrude Stephens, 145, Revidge Road, Blackburn, Lancs.)

1. "Man with the Club Foot." 3
2. "Mysterious Affair at Styles" 6
3. "What Became of Mr. Desmond." 1
4. "The Grey Room." 4

14

(Ruth Bevan, Bramblebury, Bude.)

1. "Red House Mystery." 6
2. "Trent's Last Case." 4
3. "Unseen Hands." 1
4. "The Crimson Circle." 3

14

(J. O. Dwyer, 190, Birmingham Road, Lichfield, Staffs.)

1. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
2. "The Crimson Circle." 3
3. "Man from the Clouds." 1
4. "The Tattooed Arm." 1

13

(R. S. James, 18, Vale Drive, New Brighton, Cheshire.)

1. "Greenmantle." 3
2. "Dreams Come True." 1
3. "Bulldog Drummond." 8
4. "Grand Babylon Hotel." 1

13

(Molly King Lewis, "Plaisance," St Lawrence, Jersey, C.I.)

1. "At the Villa Rose." 6
2. "The Four Just Men." 1
3. "Trent's Last Case." 4
4. "Innocence of Father Brown." 2

13

(E. N. Sanders, 14, Heathfield Road, Acton, W.3.)

1. "Stealthy Terror." 1
2. "Mysterious Affair at Styles" 6
3. "The Grey Room." 4
4. "The Pointed Tower." 2

13

(Mrs Mary E. Simms, 40, Arundel Street, Brighton.)

1. "Trent's Last Case." 4
2. "At the Villa Rose." 6
3. "Mystery of the Yellow Room." 1
4. "Murder on the Links." 2

13

(Ethel M. Kennedy, 18, Egliston Road, Putney, S.W.15.)

1. "Mysterious Affair at Styles." 6
2. "The Grey Room." 4
3. "The Pointed Tower." 2
4. "The Mayor's Parlour." 1

13

(Evelyn Simms, No. 4 House, Roedean School, Brighton.)

THE BOOKMAN'S DIARY.

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

ART has always had its martyrs; men who have endured all manner of deprivations for it, have nobly sacrificed themselves, and sometimes rather ignobly sacrificed their wives and families on its altars, who, in a word, have obstinately died for it because they could not live by it. Some of these, no doubt, have been

"Affluent spirits, dropt from the teeming stars,
Who come before their time, are starved, and die,
Like swallows that arrive before the summer,"

but not a few of them, I suspect, have been naturally little artists, and so found it difficult to be great ones, as a little man finds it difficult to reach to a height that is much above his stature. Stevenson, for all his self-conscious artistry, was not of that sort; he only took up the pretentious gospel of art for art's sake to put it down and raise the saner cry of art for life's sake. You don't find Shakespeare fussing much about his art, except to say he is dissatisfied with it and desires the art and scope



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Walter Tittle.**

that others have. It was never enough of a fetish to prevent him from giving the unelect the sort of thing they could enjoy.

After all, there is an art of life that is a bigger thing than any that can be wrought into a book or a picture. You remember how Romney married at nineteen and, thinking his wife could not help him in his career, promptly deserted her and neglected her all his life while he was climbing to eminence and making a figure in fashionable London; but "when he was old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her, and she received him and nursed him till he died. This quiet act of hers," writes FitzGerald in one of his letters, "is worth all Romney's pictures: even as a matter of Art, I am sure."



Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Thomas Hardy,**

whose new drama, "The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonnesse," has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan.

Anyhow, there is something puling and pitiful in the art that, like a sickly infant, can only thrive in a favourable atmosphere and on a special diet. The authentic great artist makes his environment, and is not made by it; he is not one who can only be an artist when conditions are quite propitious and the wind in the right quarter. That is why I am not sure that John Brett, in Mr. Graham Sutton's ably-written novel, "Who Travels Alone" (7s. 6d.; Brentanos), is going to turn out a supreme painter after all, and from the ironic close of his last chapter I have a notion that Mr. Sutton is not sure of it either. However that may be, John was no weakling; he was in most ways a likeable, sensible, decent human creature, and is so drawn that he holds your sympathy from your first meeting with him among his group of friends at Oxford to the last page of his story. But in Paris he had fallen under the influence of the grim, eccentric Père Baudin, who taught him the good doctrine that a man must work at painting as he would work at any other business for a livelihood, but taught him also that to be a great painter he must sternly renounce all thought of love, marriage and other vanities, as if anyone could close against himself all ordinary avenues of human experience without limiting the powers he wants to enlarge. While he lives in Chelsea, John is keenly aware of the silliness and ridiculous



Mr. Graham Sutton,
author of "Who Travels Alone" (Brentanos).

pretentiousness of the long-haired, flowing-tied Bohemianism which prevails in that quarter, and all this side of what some suppose to be art-life is shrewdly and amusingly satirised. Nevertheless, John has other conventions that Baudin has instilled into him. He makes a mistake when he falls in love with the shallow, attractive May Horribin, and under her spell his gift begins to fail and his work becomes uninspired and commonplace ; but at a crisis she reveals her sordid little soul, flouts his art and would have him harnessed in an office making money that they may marry in suburban comfort, and, wholly disillusioned, he escapes from her back to Paris and there, restored to himself, his genius returns to him. Then when he realises that all along he has loved the girl who has inspired his best work, the fine-natured, charming artist's model, Manon, she too has accepted that convention of Baudin's and, loving John, will not marry him lest she should mar his career, and to save him from himself secretly runs away and leaves him to the solitude necessary to his development. Yet John had been clear sighted enough to see that Baudin, who had insisted on this doctrine of travelling alone and lived up to it, had produced no masterpieces -" for all his divine skill, Baudin's no more than a superb machine, a poor, barren devil of a scientist who can mix paint for ever and ever without ever making a mistake—and without ever knowing what it is to dream, to see flaming visions, to create . . . and so Baudin the teacher is supreme : Baudin the artist -nowhere ! " But he cannot convert Manon to this heresy, and she goes away, to set him free, and you have a final picture of John painting alone in his garret, May unhappy in London, Manon seeking work among artists in a strange town, and old Baudin still repeating to his pupils, " Yes, it is good enough, love, as a toy, a plaything ! But as the serious occupation of an artist—*Zut !* "



Photo by Russell. **Lord Sandwich,**
whose book of poems, "Windows," Messrs. Elkin Mathews are publishing.

I have given no idea of the varied life and interest of the story ; its characters—the Chelsea landlady, the egregious Eustace and his long-suffering father, Mrs. Horribin, and the rest -are humorously and realistically drawn, and the whole thing is written not only with a fine sense of style, but with a real understanding of the minds and hearts of men and women. The quiet irony of it is delightful ; its story takes hold of you no less than its people. I do not often read a novel with so much pleasure as " Who Travels Alone " has given me.



Mr. Ernest Smith,
the well-known journalist, whose book of personal recollections, "Fields of Adventure," is published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

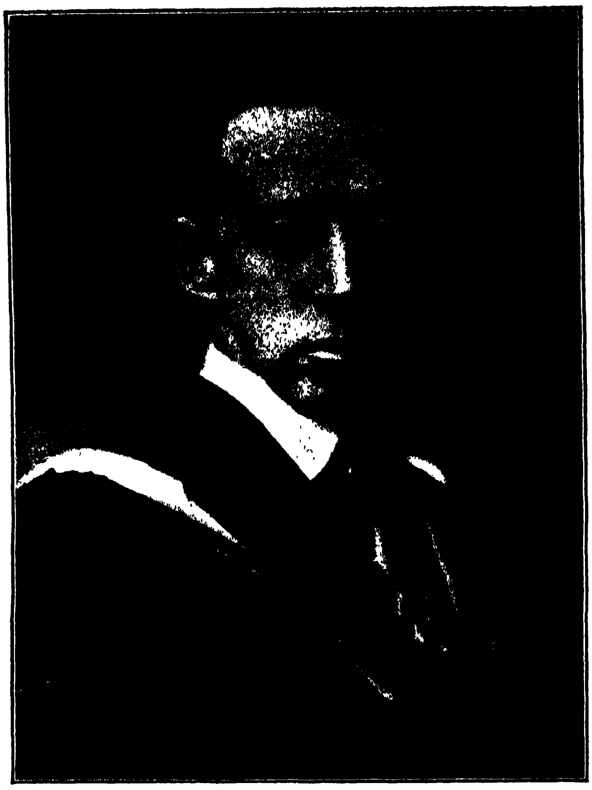
BOOKMAN readers will be pleased to hear that it is proposed to erect a memorial in the Lumsden United Free Church to Sir William Robertson Nicoll. A committee has been appointed, and full particulars can be obtained from the secretary, Mr. John Caseby, The Schoolhouse, Lumsden, Aberdeenshire.

Mr. Walter Tittle, the brilliant American artist whose portraits of twelve English authors appear in this number, was born in Springfield, Ohio. He studied in New York under William M. Chase and Robert Henri, but had started drawing while he was at school, and before he was twenty-one was working for Messrs. Harpers, contributing to *Life* and various American and other magazines, and at the same time painting portraits and other pictures in oils. Later he abandoned illustration altogether for portraiture in oils and dry point. He has for many years past exhibited in the American National Academy, and exhibitions of his work have been held in Chicago, Paris, the Leicester Galleries, London, and many other cities. In 1921-2 Mr. Tittle made, from personal sittings, portraits of the leading figures of the Conference on Limitation of Armaments at Washington. A series of his portraits of English writers was recently acquired by the British Museum and the



Miss Margaret Wilson,
author of the two thousand dollar American Prize Novel, "The Able M'Laughlins," which Messrs. John Long are publishing.

Library of Congress. In the last year he has been contributing articles on the personalities of some of these authors, illustrated with his portraits, to the *Century* and the *Strand* magazines, and is now arranging to publish a selection of them in book form. It is a sufficient comment on his personality to say he makes friends wherever he goes, and is much more concerned to be an artist than to look like one.



Dr. Archibald Henderson.

Messrs. Nelson have issued the first six volumes in a series of "Nelson's Poets," selected and edited by Sir Henry Newbolt. These six are Browning, Shelley, Keats, Morris, Arnold and Herrick. They are beautifully printed and artistically bound in cloth at eighteenpence, and more expensively in leather, and in a delightful edition printed on India paper and bound in fine leather. They make excellent gift-books, except that when you have bought them you don't feel inclined to give them away.

Mr. J. Cranstoun Nevill, whose striking novel, "The Gates Are Open," is published by Messrs. Edward Arnold, is an actor and has been on the stage, except for the war interval, when he was occupied elsewhere, ever since, over a decade ago, Sir George Alexander engaged him to play at the St. James's Theatre. His first novel, begun when he was seventeen and published a few years later, is dead and buried, and he does not wish it to be disturbed. His second, "Ring Up the Curtain," a novel of great promise, was written while he was recovering from a nervous breakdown just after the war, and contains much of his own experience of the theatre. He is engaged at present on a new novel, which he hopes to have ready for next spring.

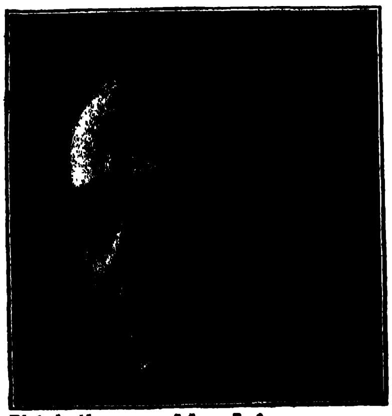


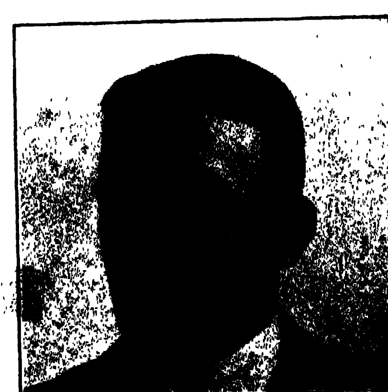
Photo by Van Wagenoyen & Son, Cardiff.

Mr. John Cranstoun Nevill.

I was pleased to meet Dr. Archibald Henderson in London the other day and to learn that he is preparing a new edition of his "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Work," which was originally published by Messrs. Hutchinson in 1911, and is still the amplest and best book we have on one whom Dr. Henderson regards as the leading living dramatist of the world. This new edition, to be issued in two volumes, will contain a lot of new material and be lavishly illustrated. Dr. Henderson is a scientist by vocation, a man of letters by avocation. He is head of the Department of Mathematics at the University of North Carolina, the oldest and one of the principal State Universities in the United States. His writings on the Einstein theory are widely known, and a new work of his, on this subject, written in collaboration with the mathematics staff of the University of North Carolina, is now in the press. He is at present engaged on an exhaustive work for the general reader, treating of the Einstein theories and the entire field of Relativity. Among other books Dr. Henderson has published admirable studies of "Mark Twain," of "The Changing Drama" and "European Dramatists"; his "The Conquest of the Old Southwest" is the standard work on that subject, and he has completed a book on "George Washington," a fully illustrated edition de luxe of which is to be published almost immediately by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin.

In connection with their novel book for children, "Marionettes and How to Make Them," illustrated by Tony Sarg, Messrs. Stanley Paul are offering five hundred prizes for younger readers, particulars of which are given on the wrapper of the book.

Mr. William Kean Seymour, who is taking his place among the best of our latter-day parodists, has collected into "A Jackdaw in Georgia" a series of his "polite parodies and imitations of contemporaries," and



Mr. Crosbie Garstin, whose new novel, "The Owl's House" (Heinemann) is reviewed in this Number.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

SIR H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Mr. John G. Wilson is publishing the book immediately. The parodies are of poets and novelists, such as Kipling, Hardy, Bennett, Hutchinson, Noyes, Chesterton, de la Mare, Squire, Shanks and, among others of to-day, one or two of yesterday.

Mr. Drane has ready for immediate publication "Songs of the Sylvan Way," a fifth volume of poems, by Hibbart Gilson, the Irish Poet, who since his return from South Africa has been reader and Editor for Messrs. Eveleigh Nash & Grayson. This book is to be followed by a uniform edition of the author's other volumes.



Lady Glover,
whose "Memories of Four Continents" is published by Messrs. Seeley, Service.

the Collected Poems of John Drinkwater in two volumes (21s.), with a frontispiece to each by Albert Rutherston. We hope to deal adequately with these on an early occasion.

The two illustrations by Mr. R. H. Sauter in the first article in this number are reproduced from the Manton edition of Mr. John Galsworthy's works, which Messrs. Heinemann are publishing.

One gift-book that only arrived as we go to press—that brings its own welcome with it and is sure to be one of the most popular this season is Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Land and Sea Tales" (4s. Macmillan). These are new stories specially written for this book for scouts and guides – stories of hardihood and heroism in peace and war, interspersed with some delightfully characteristic poems.

The British Museum authorities have issued as Christmas cards a series of very beautiful reproductions in colour of miniatures from mediaeval manuscripts, the selection being appropriately limited to subjects relating to the Nativity and the Epiphany. They are sold singly at twopence, in sets of six for a shilling, or the complete series of fifteen for half a crown. Applications for these should be sent to the Director of the British Museum.

In the right hands parody can be an acute and effective, as well as an amusing form of criticism; it is that in the hands of Mr. E. V. Knox ("Evoe"), and his "Fiction as She is Wrote" (Methuen) hits off the peculiarities of plot and style that characterise several of our popular novelists. He guys the South Sea romance, the racing novel, the very different tales of Mr. Le Queux and Mr. Hugh Walpole very cleverly, and you will have no difficulty in guessing at the identity of Frank Gilbert, author of "Pash, Paint and Pepper-Castor," or at that of E. M. Halifax, author of "Desert Love, or A Brace of Sheiks." The shrewd humour and laughing satire of the book are brilliantly aided and abetted by Mr. George Morrow's delightful drawings.

From Messrs. Heinemann come the Collected Poems of John Masefield, in one volume (8s. 6d.) and from Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson



Mr. Hibbart Gilson.

The illustration on the cover of this number is from a painting by E. J. Detmold, illustrating "The Arabian Nights." Mr. Detmold's "Arabian Nights" volume is not to be published until next year, but those who have seen the original drawings consider them the best work this distinguished artist has ever done.

Mr. Wickham Steed, formerly editor of *The Times*, is engaged on a book that is not so much a book of reminiscences as a history, from a personal standpoint, of what has been happening in Europe in the last thirty years. During the nineties Mr. Steed was a student in Germany and in France. He became successively correspondent of *The Times* at Berlin in 1896; Rome, from 1897 to 1902; Vienna, from 1903 to 1913; was foreign editor of *The Times* from 1914 to 1918, and editor from 1919 to 1922. He is calling the book "Through Thirty Years," and it will be published towards the end of January by Messrs. Heinemann in this country and by Messrs. Doubleday Page in America.

THE BOOKMAN.

New Books.

THE BLUE LION.*

Readers of Mr. Robert Lynd's essays have come to know what to expect of him, and they will not be disappointed in this new volume. We may meet with few surprises in his pages, either in regard to matter or style; but what he has to give us is so good, and is maintained at so excellent a level, that we can but be very grateful to him. There is an essay in this new collection of his called "Wonders," and, if we probe for the secret of Mr. Lynd's gentle and whimsical charm, it is, we think, to be found mainly in the fact that he has never lost that child-like quality of wonder. He concludes a discursion "On Looking Through the Microscope" with these words:

"A child said to me the other day, 'When I grow up I shall have a microscope so big that I shall have to climb up a ladder to look through it.' I, too, am conscious of the gnawings of just such a greed. These sections of a Scotch fir stem at the ages of one and two and three do but hint, like a poor map, at rivers flowing through the tree, and I would visit those rivers in person through a lens larger than any yet known to man. Then there is the flower-bud of the buttercup, all chains and reticulations, and of patterns and colours almost fairer than the buttercup in the field. Happy, surely, is the insect that can see such a world with the natural eye Happy is the man who can become for a moment even the tenth part of an insect in his vision"

Well, Mr. Lynd can; and as he applies his microscope to many of the most ordinary things and affairs of everyday life, they take on for a while their true colours of miracle and romance.

Mr. Lynd's love of birds finds happy expression again in this volume in such essays as "The Nuthatch," "The Morals of Bird-Nesting" and "The Nightingale Arrives." But some readers, who prefer the author in his more personal vein, will turn with greatest pleasure to such charming pages as those on "Going for a Walk," "On Being Rather Ill," "On Never Going to the British Museum," "Joy Bells," and on "Afternoon Tea," in which they will find many of their own feelings made articulate for them by a very tender and witty mind. And to one reader, at any rate, it has been of special interest to contrast Mr. Lynd's delightful essay "On Cigarette Pictures" with one on the same subject by another recent essayist.

G. T.

SOME AUTHORS.†

"The 'Essays in Criticism,'" writes Walter Raleigh of Matthew Arnold, "cannot be fully appreciated and understood if they are taken as a mere collection of discourses composed on various occasions and inspired by various subjects. They are something more, or at least they are something other, than that. Taken together, they are a manifesto, an attempt to define, and to illustrate in practice, the vital functions of criticism." These words can be applied to Walter Raleigh's own essays here collected. Many of us collect essays into volumes; but very few volumes of essays unite themselves into books. The present volume is certainly a book, for what matters in it most of all is not a diversity of subjects but a unity of personality. One essay may be twenty years older than another; but they are both from the same mint.

Actually, no opinions are worth having but those we have lived into. Maturity is sometimes amused and sometimes irritated by the confidence with which youth will lay down the law, because what youth lays down so decisively is nearly always someone else's law. How should it not be? Experience is that which happens to an experiencing nature. Whence can come knowledge to years too young for experience? When youth is able to lay down laws really its own, the miracle has happened and a poet has been born.

Youth is singularly the prey of the kind of experience called donnishness, and nothing is more infuriating than the young man who comes down and talks like a don. The don himself is also the victim of his position and liable to utter constantly that which will impose upon the young as experience. That is why so few dons escape from learning into literature. The late Sir Walter Raleigh had found the way of escape. A strange gift of personality--a touch of eerie humour - disabled him from all the excesses of donnishness, and made his utterances so much his own that they could influence without infecting. As I said, many young men (and women) can talk like dons; but no young man (or woman) could talk like Walter Raleigh.

The comparison may seem fanciful, but I have always felt that there was a touch of Barrie in this Oxford professor, and that he should have been writing fantasies instead of lectures. Perhaps there were times when he became just Lob, and had a magic wood at hand where we could see strange sights of ourselves. Certainly, even in his most learned pieces, there are glimpses of Puck and hints of Elfland music, as if his eye lifted now and then from the paper and looked into a world that only he could see.

But that, as I said, is no doubt mere fancy. The facts are that here we have fourteen essays as rich in matter as anything of the kind published for these many years. They are not all equal in value, but the best, such as those on Blake, Shelley and Burns, are simply the best things said on those subjects. Most astonishing of all is the essay on Hoby's translation of Castiglione's "Courtier," for it is the Renaissance in eighty pages, and it is written with the kind of ease that comes only from mastery. The whole volume is so rich and rare that we hope there will be more from the same source.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

AN INTERLUDE.*

Before one can write about this book with a level head there is a certain element of incongruity to overcome, arising from the mental picture of Mr. Eden Phillpotts at work upon a detective story. The skilled hand, however, betrays itself, and the love of the West Country appears in many a page—the difference between this and the group or series which might be termed the Devon novels, by which their author is known and will continue to be known, being that in this one the setting is merely a setting, and not an intimate, inseparable quality in the lives of the characters. Valleys, caves, cliffs and coves are here because they afford hiding-places, ground for footprints, material for clever detectives to study; and when the scene changes to Italy the same feeling is uppermost. In brief, the difference can be appreciated by comparing the descriptive interludes of this story with the moorland of "Children of Men."

Therefore we accept this tale of crime and mystery, of English and American detective work, gratefully for what it obviously is—a recreation, something which Mr. Phillpotts himself probably does not take very seriously, and which we can read for entertainment without prejudice. An exciting entertainment, too; with the climax eluding us, and with very real people engaged in a very real quest for a heartless murderer. His name we will not reveal, lest we spoil sport; enough to say that we were thoroughly put off the true scent for just as long as the author chose, and that the villain, even of incredible amorality, concealed

* "The Blue Lion, and Other Essays." By Robert Lynd. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

† "Some Authors. A Collection of Literary Essays, 1896–1916." By Walter Raleigh. 15s. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.)

* "The Red Redmaynes." By Eden Phillpotts. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

himself well. Mark Brendon, the Scotland Yard man, and Peter Ganns, the American retired detective who came over in the name of friendship to help unravel a complicated tangle, are fine fellows, and the handicapping of Brendon by his love for a pretty miscreant who simply played upon his feelings for her own purposes is an idea carried out with genuine skill.

It would be incorrect to say that all comes right in the end, since poor old Albert Redmayne, an inoffensive bookworm, was so cruelly put away in the depths of Lake Como at the very last — the third brother of the Redmayne clan to die at villainous hands—by a dirty, low-down trick, while Brendon was lured aside by an equally dastardly stratagem. But Brendon learns his lesson, and we—well, we have had a thrilling couple of hours with a rousing story. And now for another look at "The Mother," or "Children of Men," to get the real Mr. Phillpotts back once more.

W. L. R.

DICKENS'S OWN STORY.*

For many years Dickensians have been waiting for the promised book by the late Sir William Robertson Nicoll, originally announced as "Studies in Dickens," and when at the time of his death it had not appeared, hope was abandoned of its ever seeing the light. Now comes a posthumous volume with the title of "Dickens's Own Story," containing essays which, over the pen-name of "Claudius Clear," Sir William contributed to the *British Weekly* between 1901 and 1918. These have been collected by his friend, Mr. A. St. John Adcock, who writes a short preface to the volume.



W. R. Nicoll

The Late Sir William Robertson Nicoll.

From "Dickens's Own Story," by Sir William Robertson Nicoll (Chapman & Hall).

They comprise a series of curious and interesting studies on very diverse phases of Dickens lore, and range from reviews of such books as Mr. Chesterton's two volumes on Dickens, Mr. Ley's "Dickens Circle," the Maria Beadnell Letters, Mr. Lehmann's "Dickens as an Editor," to tracking out little puzzles and clearing up bigger mysteries—all written in that illuminating and informative style which characterised everything he wrote.

He had a real passion for Dickens as a writer and as a man, and his opinions were always valued. But he did not adopt the attitude of higher criticism and scorn those who, sharing his admiration for the novelist's genius, found pleasure and entertainment in tracing the derivation of a theme or plot, an original of a character, or the identification of a house or town minutely described in any of the stories. On the contrary he joined heartily in these little adventures—adventures which, when crowned with success, may not add to the merit or pleasure of reading a particular book, but nevertheless give additional and peculiar interest to many who have absorbed Dickens to their heart's content, and to the satisfaction of their literary appreciation. Sir William was a fine critic; he was also a first-rate adventurer in these Dickensian byways. Those who have studied his book on the "Problem of Edwin Drood" know full well how he revelled in gathering together the evidence for solving the mystery, and how wonderfully he pieced it all together and made a convincing result for many "Droodists."

We know too what a sheer delight it was to him to come upon a copy of the "Maria Beadnell Letters," revealing as they do so much of the early days of the novelist, which he thought of paramount importance, besides settling once and for all the oft-disputed points regarding originals of certain characters in "David Copperfield" and "Little Dorrit"; whilst those who read this volume will fully appreciate the joy he experienced in tripping Edgar Allan Poe over his alleged cleverness in foretelling the plot of "Barnaby Rudge," and the earnestness with which he joined in the hunt for the missing and incriminating article, finally to be run to earth simply through his enthusiasm and persistency.

This thoroughness is to be seen in almost every chapter in this most agreeable volume. Nothing was too small to claim his attention or too trivial to occupy his mind, and so his book will appeal to all kinds of Dickensians: those who will want to know his views of Mr. Chesterton's opinions on the subject, or Swinburne's exuberance of praise of the novelist, and those who find entertainment in traversing the by-ways of Dickens lore. Indeed we are not sure whether the most informative chapters for the Dickens student are not those which come under the latter category, such as "Fanny Dickens and her Husband" and "Dickens, Hone and Binney." Here we have the painstaking student acquiring facts that really matter and welding them into a complete and telling narrative. One of the most outstanding in this respect is that on FitzJames Stephen, whom Sir William not only discovered to be the writer of the famous article on "Little Dorrit" in the *Edinburgh Review*, but also to be the author of a scurrilous attack on Dickens in the *Saturday Review* under the pretence of reviewing "A Tale of Two Cities."

Although Sir William has only two books on Dickens to his name—this one and the volume on "Edwin Drood" —we know that he had a very ambitious scheme in view for a new biography of the novelist, and often corresponded with the present writer on the subject. He felt that sufficient new material had come to light to warrant such a book, and was flattering enough to invite us to collaborate with him. But . . . This posthumous volume must stand as his last contribution to a subject he loved, and be accepted as foot-notes to the work which never took definite shape.

B. W. MATZ.

* "Dickens's Own Story." By Sir William Robertson Nicoll. 10s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

ECONOMICS FOR HUMAN BEINGS.*

There is a very extensive industry in Economics conducted by many professors in many colleges. But nobody pays much attention to the professors when it comes to matters of practical life—perhaps because their theories do not pay much attention to us! Mr. Strachey has written a very valuable book which restores its true meaning to the term Economics. It has two Greek roots, meaning "the law of the house." The key-note of Mr. Strachey's book is that, unlike the professional economists, he has taken as his basis the human beings who really exist, with their many virtues and also their vices and the result is that he has written a book of greater scientific value than the great bulk of that professional economic fiction which is being continually poured forth on the heads of a weary and confused world.

Mr. Strachey's basis is fact, not imagination. He does not waste time on any "marginal shepherds" or "consumers' dividends" or the value of another pint of salt water in the middle of the Atlantic, or any other of the amusing parlour tricks with which the professors amuse their fidgety classes. He takes the ordinary, everyday man as his subject. He is entirely impartial as between classes—his only failing is a weakness for the pushing man who makes a fortune, because he admires energy. He says quite truly that if we go on giving poor relief or unemployment doles long enough we will produce a race of degenerates. But on the other hand he writes: "However good may be the intentions of the man with power, he will, unless he was born a saint, be unable to resist the intoxication of absolute power"—whereas the sentimental communists imagine that their dictator of the proletariat will rule for the good of mankind.

It is this continual insistence on facing facts that makes Mr. Strachey's book so valuable at the present moment. What he seems sure of is that there must be no class interests which override the interests of the whole social body. He is equally sure that mankind cannot be saved by Act of Parliament and that the average man must be braced to energy by continual mental and bodily effort. Some of us who before the war were orthodox State Collectivists, now, after an inside knowledge of State machinery and its bureaucracy, are compelled to agree with him completely.

This book gives a very wholesome lead to that almost universal reaction against the all-powerful State which has been the most lasting result of the recent war. It was the deeds of the State's own departments that dug the grave of Collectivism; and Mr. Strachey, being a very sympathetic and very humane man, has given the corpse a decent burial. But his advocacy of Individualism is peculiarly sane and balanced. He entirely agrees that there is need for much more State action than mere police work. He would have laws against unscrupulous employers as well as against murderers. He even admits that the child must be protected against unscrupulous parents.

One of the most fundamental rules which he draws from his individualism is that every member of the State must be given a complete schooling. "Above all, to produce well, the workers must be men of understanding, that is well-educated people." And Mr. Strachey is prepared to face all the consequences of that education:

"In such circumstances the working man would become much more reasonable and, therefore, much more formidable than he now is. He would be a person whom the selfish employer would find much more difficult to get the better of And a very good thing too! Nothing demoralises employers so much as the mental weakness of the manual worker as he now is"

On Mr. Strachey's theory—a true theory—that man can in the main only save himself by his own intelligent endeavour, a sound education is the greatest help the State can give. Whether one agrees as to the virtues of the C. O. S. or the vices of the Capital Levy is a matter of detail. Many of Mr. Strachey's details are most interesting. For example his rules for the reduction of taxation are an example of that plain common sense which is the best science. He says we must begin by finding out how much we can raise in taxes and then cut our cloth accordingly. The interested people, he points out, will of course clamour: "'We must have this.' There is no 'must' in the matter. You cannot get more than is in the till. The persons involved [in the Government Departments] naturally object and, entrenched as they are in our public offices, fight to the death." He might have mentioned as an example the Passport Office which now serves no useful purpose and is only kept going by inventing useless regulations to keep the staff in apparent employment. Again Mr. Strachey has a valuable chapter on the unemployed problem. Also his chapter on foreign exchange, with suggestion of barter, has the impress of a scientific grasp instead of the loose thinking which is too common in financial and commercial circles.

It is a little remarkable that Mr. Strachey, holding the political philosophy that he does, should not mention the one economic theory which appears to meet his demands. The Guild theory which is creeping over Europe (there is Mr. Penty in England, Signor Odon Por in Italy and Señor Maeztu in Spain) gives the possibility of democracy without sapping individuality. It leaves the scientific expert and skilled manager with authority and even with larger wages to reward any unusual efficiency, while it leaves the capitalist a reasonable interest. It throws the average "worker" face to face with the responsibilities of his guild and offers him a share of all profits he cares to make.

Mr. Penty has put the Guild case with his usual skill. Although the title of his last book would scarcely lead one to suspect it, it is one of the most practical and worldly of guides for everyday conduct in politics and industry. There is no apparent reason why he should have dragged in the term "Christian" Anyhow there is little theology in the book and what there is seems common to all the respectable philosophies and religions that have been invented since mankind gave its attention to something more subtle than witch doctors and stone worship. Mr. Penty was obviously attracted to the Christian philosophy because it was such a substantial part of the mediæval social structure. The laws of this great Church were often ignored by both cleric and layman; yet they were so generally obeyed that they set up a tradition which has lingered on into a modern age which is trying to ignore the rules of life taught by the mediæval Church. The rogue, like an Act of Parliament, can drive a way through any regulations, and Mr. Penty (who is fuller of common sense than of religious dogmas) recognises that fact; and suggests that "seek ye first the Kingdom of God" is not mere theology but a practical rule for managing a Government Department.

His main thesis is that industrialism (i.e. centralised governments, machinery and large scale production for foreign markets) is doomed. Surely he is right. The Great War completed the process by enticing the most unlikely nations to start manufacturing on their own account, and they will not give it up now. Soon Patagonia will be the only market left for foreign trade. So Mr. Penty argues that the sooner we make up our mind to handicrafts and a home market the better.

His book is a delightful piece of clear writing and clear thinking. It deals with those fundamental matters which lie beneath the surface of the political sea, and it is because the politicians have no knowledge of these fundamentals that they are so persistently running us on the rocks. Mr. Penty gives very practical remedies for rescuing us from their endless mistakes.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

* "Economics of the Hour." By J. St. Loe Strachey. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Towards a Christian Sociology." By Arthur J. Penty. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON.

ST. FRANCIS AND MR. CHESTERTON.*

This book is only comparable to one so unlike it, so much greater than it that the comparison will seem absurd except to those who really appreciate the spirit and the intention of that very great scholar, Baron von Hügel. It is to his supreme masterpiece, "The Mystical Element of Religion as shown in the Life of S. Catherine of Genoa and her friends," that I would compare this brief and, if you like, fragile essay of Mr. Chesterton's. Just as in a poem of Donne's you have something of the same depth of terror and beauty as you get in Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure"; just as in a line or lyric of Blake's you have, caught and immortal, the whole of the great imaginative revival which means to us Scott, and Chateaubriand, Shelley and Wordsworth; so in this essay of Mr. Chesterton's you find the same awareness of eternity, the same stress on the need for understanding the precise differentia of European Catholicism which are the purpose of Baron von Hügel's book.

It is a matter of news that Mr. Chesterton has recently exchanged the Catholicism of the English Church for the Catholicism which adheres to the Papacy; and there are a few passages in this book which might have been different had he not so changed. But in its essence this book is packed with the same message that he has always had to deliver; only here it is put with a force, a persuasiveness, a sobriety of judgment and an unequivocal kindness of inclination which he has never before excelled, and only rarely and spasmodically equalled. The message is this. Christianity is, and always was, a direct challenge not to laziness, not to idle emotionalism, not to mere stoicism or platonism it is a challenge to something which, when it first came into the world, was tremendously strong and threatened our race with tremendous disasters Paganism, or the adoration of the powers of nature, an adoration developed with a hard, cold logic which turned the worship of nature into the adoption of the unnatural. I think Mr. Chesterton exaggerates the extent of the evil he denounces: I think, too, he minimises the cultures, not Latin and not Christian, which were untainted with that paganism he dreads. Neither the German nor the Celt, in their mythology, display the cold candour and shamelessness which he laments in the gardens of the Roman; and he is in danger of forgetting that even to the Roman that candour was not so horrible as it seems to us, because it had been largely conventionalised. It is, too, doubtful whether any pagan ever exceeded the obscenity of outlook of some who were professing and practising Christians; for instance Petronius's Satyricon must yield for shamelessness to the Memoirs of Casanova, or the Dialogues of Aretino, or the worser ones of Meursius. Still, I believe his main contention to be right that when Christianity began, nothing could save man except an appeal, and a dedication to the supernatural.

The period between the Apostolic age and the Franciscan revival Mr. Chesterton takes as a period of purgation. Here again -though he lengthens the period unduly, and is inclined to ignore the fact that the heresy of Islam was an ally of Christian philosophy though an enemy to Catholic faith—he is certainly right. The austerities, hard and difficult of standard, the insistence on celibacy and chastity—all these were necessary unless the human race in Europe was to decline into that sub-human, sub-mental slime which is now proclaimed to us as an ideal state. The lasciviousness and sensuality which some critics of the Middle Ages and the Renascence take such pleasure in discovering are not symptoms of the Christian life of abstinence, but survivals of the older, darker standards in a world which was gradually abandoning them. In aiding that abandonment, especially in aiding the ordinary man to that abandonment, nothing did more than the Franciscan movement; no man did more than Francis of Assisi. Francis did for the world, and the men and women in the world, what Benedict did for the religious. When Francis was born there was a danger of the distinction between lay and religious becoming too acute; so Francis, and with him Dominic, led the ordinary man and woman to extraordinary virtues, put heaven within the reach of the unheroic, and offered the palm of sanctity to those who had no thought before save of cultivating their own garden.

Mr. Chesterton's great skill in this book is shown by his way of recommending St. Francis to the modern mind, even when the saint is doing something which to the modern mind seems most repugnant. Many ardent lovers of Francis have had difficulty over his assistance to St. Clare, when she escaped from her father's house, fleeing through a hole in the wall "into the cloister, defying her parents as he had defied his father." Here is Mr. Chesterton's admirable comment on this incident:

> "If it had really been a romantic elopement and the girl had become a bride instead of a nun, practically the whole modern world would have made her a heroine. If the action of the Friar towards Clare had been the action of the Friar towards Juliet, everybody would be sympathising with her as they sympathise with Juliet. It is not conclusive to say that Clare was only seventeen. Juliet was only fourteen. . . The point for the moment is that modern romanticism entirely encourages such defiance of parents when it is done in the name of romantic love. For it knows that romantic love is a reality, but it does not know that divine love is a reality. There may have been something to be said for the parents of Clare; there may have been something to be said for Peter Bernardone. So there may have been a great deal to be said for the Montagues or the Capulets; but the modern world does not want it said; and does not say it. The fact is that as soon as we assume for a moment as a hypothesis, what St. Francis and St. Clare assumed all the time as an absolute, that there is a direct divine relation more glorious than any romance, the story of St. Clare's elopement is simply a romance with a happy ending; and St. Francis is the St. George or knight-errant who gave it a happy ending. And seeing that some millions of men and women have lived and died treating this relation as a reality, a man is not much of a philosopher if he cannot even treat it as an hypothesis."

It would be tempting to follow Mr. Chesterton through the whole of St. Francis's life; but I must be content with saying that he has written what will, I think, be regarded as his best prose essay since he gave us "Orthodoxy." This is a mellower book, a quieter book, and some may miss the old continual flow of fireworks. There is not, in this volume, perhaps any passage quite as beautiful as the one on St. Joan of Arc in "Orthodoxy"; but the whole book is a resolute and well-considered whole, and should do much to make even the idlest reader wonder what end may overwhelm us if we continue to pursue pleasure and comfort instead of happiness and love.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "St. Francis of Assisi." By G. K. Chesterton. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THREE PLEASANT BOOKS.*

The curious reader may always find entertainment, whether a book is thrilling or dull, in looking for the motive of its inception. One asks (plagiarising the excellent title chosen by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes), "Why they wrote." And if sometimes, though not in the case of any of the three books reviewed here, one changes the question "Why did the author write this book?" to "Why *did* the author write this book?" it is hardly to be wondered at now that the craft of letters has been turned into a strictly commercial transaction and books are manufactured with the prompt, neat aplomb of a pot of factory jam. Those must have been great days when it was a hall-mark of nobility to have written a book; when nobody wrote except for the love of it, when no mediocre work was turned out. Greater days still when it might mean martyrdom to have written a book; when the whole life and soul of a man went into it, freighting it with such beauty and wonder that it could defy the centuries. Have we lost the art of distillation by which the spirit was rendered to an essence and preserved in an indestructible form?

* "Grey Wethers." By V. Sackville West. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"Old Days in Country Places." By Two Authors. (Cecil Palmer.)—"Why They Married." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It has been a pleasant task to inquire into the motive for the writing of " Grey Wethers," by V. Sackville West, for the book evidently grew out of a sincere, almost an impassioned love for the lone, airy places " where men and mountains meet." The hero of the story is instinct with his country-side; it is in his very bones. So it must always be in any novel that attempts the interpretation of earth through character. For the dwellers in mountain and forest are under this burden, that they must unconsciously express those dumb masses and forces that have no other voice but theirs. No novel of the country-side can attain greatness unless it unifies its characters with the earth, half frustrate, half triumphal. Young Lovel is thus unified in this book. His wildness, his strange moods are those of his downs, just as Heathcliff's savagery is that of the moors, and the patience of Gabriel Oak is that of the quiet, sheep-haunted green hills.

There is a touch of real greatness in this book, in spite of faults in technique (the character of Daisy is not quite in focus; the queerness of the Lovel household is overstressed; the country people express themselves too well). Remembering that the author has written some distinguished short stories and is also a poet, one does not feel that one is being unduly optimistic in prophesying for her a fine future.

" Old Days in Country Places," anonymously published by two authors, is of the Cranfordian type. It is meditative, scholarly, allusive. It is the kind of book that is as a rule the outcome either of ripe age and an intellect mellowed and made charitable by long, peaceful communion with books and gardens, or of dreamy youth, fresh from the golden-moted magic of ancient libraries and the exploration of old timbered houses and country nooks.

The authors of this book have a deep affection for old words, grown fair in humanity's using. Hereford is their county, and it has been most interesting to the present writer to see how many of the quaint Salopian words have slipped over the border, and also how some words in common use in North Hereford are quite unknown in Shropshire. The geography of words is a fascinating study. One finds that in mountain country a word in daily use on one side of a range will be non-existent on the other. Even in the plains words will fade away suddenly, like the fringes of a rain-storm. How these words and phrases chime and murmur! What echoes are in them of bygone labours and achievements—of yellow harvests, of axes barking in the forest, of rick-yards and spacious kitchens lit by the Christmas faggot! Any book which helps to preserve them is doing good work. The whole book is lit by the love of all things old and sweet and comely. Conservatism at its best. A real love of Nature also inspires the authors. And though it is not the vast, all-possessive passion that inspires the great Earth-literature; though it is descriptive and not creative, it stirs the heart because through its very simplicity speaks the authentic voice of the great Mother.



From " Old Days in Country Places." Notes from Diaries by two Authors. (Cecil Palmer).

The illustrations are delightful, and the publishers are to be congratulated on the format of the book, which is altogether charming.

" Why They Married " is a collection of artistic but slight short stories which are not wholly taken up with the psychology of the matrimonial plunge. The best of them, which is told with tenderness and clarity, is about a girl who, during the war, embroidered on one of the blankets that were being sent to the front the sentence, " God bless the dear soldier who sleeps in this bed." And of course (because Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is an optimist) the right man gets the blanket—the man, that is, whose sensitive spirit can gain comfort from its message. And of course he eventually finds the girl and they live happy ever after, which is very right, meet and their bounden duty under the circumstances. But when one thinks of the things that might have happened to that blanket. . . .

The story called " A Peculiar Financial Situation " is about an amazing mother and daughter who bounce into the home of an unoffending couple; commandeer their money, buy large meals with it and eat most of them; clean willy-nilly; pay their own water rate out of the said couple's money, and do not rest till the lady of the house is dead and the husband, who was previously only a little mad, completely mad. The ethics of all this seem curious and rather un-English. For one of our few good qualities is a conscientious scrupulousness about other people's money.

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes tells her stories with freshness and delicacy. Her style is so effortless that it would appear very easy to go and do likewise—until one tries!

MARY WEBB.

THE WORLD CRISIS.*

Certain critics, who ought to have known better have contrived to associate depreciation, if not positive contempt, with the adjectives, " readable " and " interesting "; thereby flouting the patent truism that these touch an author's first duty, and a quality of the first importance in any piece of literary work.

Apart from its other qualities, the second volume of Mr. Churchill's record of Armageddon—a definite advance upon its notable predecessor—is so consistently readable, so interesting throughout, that it is likely to attract more general study, than most of the other important war books.

These columns are obviously more concerned with the literary aspect of any such piece of work, than with its political or strategical significance. Touching the latter, one gathers that the author's personality and career divide his critics and readers into two camps, in one of which his book is rated as no more than a clever, and, perhaps, not too scrupulous apologia; a personal defence of his personal part in the war; while in the other it is acclaimed a brilliant, convincing and triumphant vindication of his conduct of his high office at the Admiralty, and a conclusive defeat of the military school of " Westerners." From the detached literary standpoint, it may be described as something that is perhaps finer and more valuable than either of these things: a vital and highly informing contribution to the history of the greatest crisis we have known.

With commendable discernment, the publishers—or was it the author, whose *flair* in such matters represents one of the key-notes of his brilliant career?—confront us at the outset, on the volume's outer wrapper, with an extract most admirably typical of the qualities, provocative, suggestive, illuminative, literary, which entitle it to be judged as history. Colonel John Buchan, the versatile editor of the new Nations of To-Day History of the World, has paid eloquent tribute to the " literary graces " of this volume, to its dramatic adequacy, and to its freedom

* " The World Crisis, 1915." By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill. 30s. (Thornton Butterworth.)



Echo of Venice.
From "Some Unknown Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley," by R. A. Walker (Dent).

as history, from such blemishes upon the first volume as "empty oratorical cadences" and stumbles into the "false sublime." The tribute is just. Writers and scholars will commend this second volume, because it amply fulfils the brilliant promise displayed by the biographer of Lord Randolph Churchill, and the historian of "The River War." There are here fine craftsmanship, vivid imaginative insight, glowing conviction, and a gift of historical narration which perhaps may be said to amount to genius; and these are qualities of universally compelling import, no matter what the verdict of the strategists, the tacticians and the politicians.

This second volume in what is clearly to prove a very notable trilogy, gives us the story of Mr. Churchill's last half-year at the Admiralty. It unfolds the tragic, splendid drama of the Dardanelles right down to the evacuation of Gallipoli. And this it does as no other writer could have done it, since no other writer has behind him the combination of Mr. Churchill's gifts with his peculiar sources of information, as First Lord of the Admiralty from 1911 to 1915. Since none among us may approach infallibility, no unprejudiced critic should seek to claim that this work presents only contentions and opinions that are incontrovertible. Some of them show bias; even passionate bias. There are of course instances of questionable taste. Many there are who will find it hard to forgive, for example, the reproduction here of that passage in a letter to the Prime Minister in which, after reference to Kitchener's "mood" and "unreasonableness," the author wrote: "K. will punish the Admiralty by docking Hamilton of his divisions, because we have withdrawn the *Queen Elizabeth*." Here the author's discretion slept, his taste betrayed him; the proffered inference is as unworthy of a responsible historian as it is unjust to a great soldier. But it were unreasonable to expect either infallibility or absolute freedom from faults of taste and judgment, where we are presented with so rich and exhaustive an array of facts, and so valuable a mass of sifted information.

That reference to information perhaps demands mention of a point which it is not incumbent upon the literary reviewer to labour, though it may demand the consideration of other judges. What are the precise limits that are, or that ought to be, set upon the freedom of those who, having occupied high offices of state, turn their attention to authorship? What is likely to be the effect upon staff officers, and upon those holding high commands in the Services, of the knowledge that anything they may set down in the most confidential of secret reports, is liable in the course of a year or so to be trumpeted from the housetops in widely circulating books written by the supreme political heads of those Services?

Another scarcely avoidable reflection inspired by Mr. Churchill's second volume is that, in a modern war, disaster is invited and cruel expenditure is entailed, by and for the nation which lacks a General Staff, under one supreme chief, responsible for all the theatres of war alike, and able to inform his colleagues and the Cabinet at one and the same time of all of them. Cohesion and co-operation must then be unattainable; and without them, as this study of the World Crisis most clearly shows, terrible extravagance and tragic loss are unavoidable, no matter how unitedly patriotic the people, or how efficient the Services.

From unforgettable personal knowledge of the points touched, the reviewer can answer for the vivid truth of some of Mr. Churchill's purely descriptive passages; as of certain bits of the line of wire and blood, or mud and suffering, from the North Sea to Switzerland.

A. J. D.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.*

Of that little group of brilliant, somewhat hectic poets and artists who broke away from conventions and startled the dovecotes of the restless nineties, none has so grown in fame or seems so sure of immortality as Aubrey Beardsley. When everything has been said that can be said of the morbid and erotic tendencies in his work, the indisputable fact remains that he was an artist of high and original genius bizarre, grotesque, abnormal, sometimes repellent aspects of life and character appealed prevailingly to him, but by his subtle, delicate or boldly decorative treatment of them he had the rare gift of touching his grimmest, wildest imaginings with a strange or terrible beauty, and in moods of pure fantasy or invention could conjure up visions of magical grace and loveliness.

Mr. R. A. Walker, who has for long past been collecting drawings by Beardsley and preparing to publish a full catalogue and bibliography of his works, has, in ways he mentions, had his hand forced and, instead of waiting the completion of that publication, has given us in this artistically produced volume a first selection of his collection of Beardsley's little known or hitherto unpublished work. He has included a portrait and several caricatures of Beardsley by various artists (some of these also now for the first time published), with photographs of his homes at Brighton and in London, facsimiles of letters and biographical fragments. The one painting reproduced, "A Caprice," is, Mr. Walker tells us, the only painting of Beardsley's that is known to be in existence. It is characteristic in design and has delicate and pleasing qualities of colouring that show no little skill in this unfamiliar medium, but there is finer work and all his accustomed mastery in such now first published drawings as the delightful little "Echo of Venice" and in the graceful, vigorous figure of the "Apollo pursuing Daphne." Mr. Walker notes that in addition to the contents of this book his catalogue has records of over sixty drawings that are not mentioned in any other list, the great majority of which have never yet been published, and all who are interested in Beardsley will look forward to the appearance of these in the further book he hopes to issue within a couple of years. Meanwhile the sample of his discoveries that he has given in this volume is a possession they will know how to value.

R. H.

* "Some Unknown Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley." By R. A. Walker. (Dent.)

TWO FINNISH CRITICS.*

The insularism of English culture was once a commonplace of criticism. English literature, though admittedly occupying a high place among modern literatures, was formerly little studied, even by scholars, abroad. The English poets and prose-writers, with few exceptions, were names merely to the cultured public of the Continent. Many of our national judgments on our literature perplexed foreign critics. Taine could write of Dr. Johnson that a Frenchman regarded with astonishment the evidences of his popularity in England. James Boswell's Life of Johnson, which Macaulay pronounced to be the greatest biography of all time, has not apparently been honoured by translation into a single foreign language. But recently, for good or evil, the insularism of English culture has been yielding to the influence of the wider environment in which, willy-nilly, we live and move in these days of rapid transit and world-wide intercourse. English literature has learned to speak a language that is understood everywhere. Contemporary English men of letters Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy, to name but a few of the most distinguished representatives of a general tendency—are citizens of the world whose thought is as intelligible in Belgrade as in Belgravia or Brixton. Their works are translated into the great languages of the world, and are discussed in dialects innumerable. They have incidentally done a service to our older literature by attracting to it the attention of foreign scholars, who, in their turn, envisaging our literary problems with fresh vision and from new angles, have, in many instances, made valuable contributions to our native store of criticism.

Two of the most recent contributions of this kind come to us from Finland; the one a handsome volume of 300 pages on Dr. Johnson and his biographer Boswell ("Dr. Johnson och James Boswell"), by Professor Yrjo Hirn, a scholar of European reputation who is already favourably known to English students by his writings on æsthetics; the other an exhaustive monograph on the novelist Charles Robert Maturin (1782-1824) by a young Finnish student of our literature, M. Niilo Idman.

Professor Hirn's primary object is, he tells us, to present to a Continental audience, two of the most national figures in English literature, Johnson and Boswell, and to convince it, if possible, that Dr. Johnson was really a great personality and that Boswell was one of the most interesting of English writers. It is probable that Professor Hirn will have achieved his purpose; and it may safely be predicted that "Dr. Johnson och James Boswell" will come to accupy a high place in Johnson literature, and that, when translated from the original Swedish, it will be read with profit and pleasure by the general reader, as well as by the special student of literature, in this country. The book is very readable and rich in illustrative matter from eighteenth century biographies and memoirs; and, while not intended to be an exhaustive treatise on Johnson's life and works, it is sufficiently wide in its scope to embrace chapters on the various phases of Johnson's life, his literary productions and conversation, and his friends, special attention being of course given to the prince of biographers, James Boswell. Professor Hirn's examination of the technique of Johnson's literary and conversational styles will be valued by many; but it is probable that English readers will be most interested in the detached estimate of the moral and intellectual qualities of so typical an Englishman as Dr. Johnson, though Professor Hirn occasionally points to traits in Dr. Johnson's character which, in the critic's opinion, were unEnglish, as, for instance, the Doctor's extreme sociability and indefatigable interest in his fellow-men.

It was inevitable that Professor Hirn should state the special problems presented to the foreign observer by the apparent paradox involved in our neglect, on the one hand, of Johnson's writings—as evidenced by the fact that since 1825 it has not been found necessary to publish more than one edition of his collected works—and, on the other hand, the extraordinary honours we pay to his memory. The solution offered to this problem will be generally endorsed by Dr. Johnson's most devoted admirers. Professor Hirn's last chapter contains an imaginary conversation between an inquiring foreigner, honestly desirous of being better informed about Johnson, and a plain unprejudiced Englishman who, while admitting some things to the disadvantage of Johnson, yet can justify the regard in which he continues to be held by his compatriots. The final sentence of the apologia may here be quoted: "In these ways he has become for us a personified ideal of moral courage and intellectual honesty: two plain virtues which it cannot be other than salutary for our nation to cherish and imitate." And to the defence of the English cult of Dr. Johnson's memory a foreigner can only add, Professor Hirn remarks, that "the nation must be considered fortunate, which has a hero of this kind to look up to and which knows so well how to hold his memory in respect."

M. Idman's monograph, already referred to, is a detailed study of the life and works of the Irish novelist Charles Robert Maturin. Maturin is to-day remembered by few except professed students of literary history. If he is known at all to the general reader it is as the author of "Melmoth the Wanderer," a novel of considerable originality and power in the school of fiction which, towards the end of the eighteenth century, found its principal motifs in the supernatural and in the fears that "arise from objects of invisible terror." Yet Maturin was in his day a popular and versatile writer. He foreshadowed more than one later development of the novel, anticipating Dickens with descriptions of middle class life and manners, and the analytical school of the late nineteenth century with his minute "researches in the abysses of the human heart." Maturin also left his mark upon style, helping to restore to English prose something of its earlier freshness and imaginative beauty. "Melmoth" gained the admiration of some of Maturin's greatest contemporaries, including Scott and Byron. It transcended, indeed, the limitations of the school of fiction to which it ostensibly belonged, and influenced through the greater part of the nineteenth century the work of the French romancists from Hugo and Balzac to Baudelaire and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. M. Idman's monograph renders a service to letters as well as to the memory of a very amiable, if somewhat eccentric, man of genius.

R. PAPE COWL.

* "Dr. Johnson och James Boswell." By Yrjö Hirn. 60 Finnish marks. (Holger Schildts Förlagsaktiebolag, Helsingfors.)—"Charles Robert Maturin: His Life and Works." By Niilo Idman. (Helsingfors, 1923. Constable, London.)

MOORDIUS & CO.*

Mr. Locke has made a change of late years in the heroines of his fiction. While the middle-aged quixote still plays the *beau rôle* in his plot, while he is still faithful to the shy, nervous recluse plunged into responsibilities and adventures not of his making, the novelist's chief feminine characters grow perceptibly younger. Replacing the woman of opulent charms, well into the "thirties," we have the girl of to-day, fearless, independent, self-willed, resolved to shape her own destiny in her own way, and impatient of any sort of external control. The change is not confined to Mr. Locke, of course; he only shares a post-war tendency noticeable in many of our romancers, especially those writing for the stage. The *jeune fille* has come into her own again—a very different *jeune fille*, to be sure, from her insipid predecessor of Thackeray's and Dickens's days—and your *femme de trente ans* is taking a back seat; in this disillusioned age it is the promise and confidence of youth which absorb our interest. It is well then that a story-teller of Mr. Locke's discernment and tolerance should make his contribution to our understanding of our young folk, more particularly of the modern girl, claiming so much wider a kingdom than her mother ever dared to contemplate in her most reckless day-dreams, asserting her right to all the freedom of speech and thought and movement, of sport and pleasure and experience

* "Moordius & Co." By William J. Locke. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE. ALFRED NOYES.

which was once the prerogative of a single sex. His latest heroine, Suzanne Chastel, an heiress of mixed French and English parentage—true daughter of the *Entente*—who with a fortune at her disposal is free to travel the wide world over and in her enthusiastic wilfulness mistakes evil for good, and barely escapes marrying a financial adventurer almost fiendish in his cunning and cruelty, is one of the happiest studies of twentieth century girlhood we have had from Mr. Locke's pen.

Not that he has set himself in " Moordius & Co." any very serious psychological task ; Suzanne's delightful portrait comes in by the way. He is out in his new tale to provide thrills and tense scenes of drama, to weave a complicated plot opening up possibilities of danger for his heroine, to invent a villain of piquantly unpleasant type. Hence while his Suzanne with her sunny heart, her unflinching loyalty, her impatience of advice, is as modern as you please, his technique is as old as that of the " Woman in White," and adopts all the time-honoured expedients of a will with eccentric provisions and the guardian and ward *motif*. Suzanne is left by a grim old uncle a quarter of a million of money to be hers when she is twenty-five on condition that she lives alternately for periods of six months, until she reaches that age, with two guardians—one, Timothy Swayne, an unassuming self-effacing widower, accountant by profession ; the other Peter Moordius, a banker with a reputation for gambling. She is not to marry without the approval of both her guardians, and not to marry one guardian without the written consent of the other. Timothy falls in love with Suzanne, she with Moordius, and Moordius's supposed and suppressed daughter, Valerie, with Timothy (Mr. Locke delights in these games of love at cross purposes), and it is the wretched Timothy's fate not only to watch his ward succumbing to the fascinations of his fellow-trustee but to discover by degrees that this Moordius, become his partner in business as well in the trust affecting the heroine, is a mad gambler only pretending love in order to annex the girl's fortune, as well as a sensualist whose fiercest appetite is an instinct for cruelty. Meantime, of course, he is quite unable to convince Suzanne as to the correctness of his reading of the character of her lover, and only provokes her anger when he ventures on a warning. How out of such a seeming impasse Mr. Locke works a happy ending, as of course he does, his readers will doubtless prefer to discover for themselves.

F. G. BETTANY.

A JULIAN CALENDAR.*

One of the most valuable books in the newspaper world for some years past was Mr. Montague's " The Hind Let Loose," for in the course of it the world was given to understand how close and definite press-work has to be in order to justify its existence in the multifarious scheme of modern Fleet Street. But its multifariousness is its salvation, in a way, and some of its practitioners appear to have enjoyed a charmed life and a chainless licence in the development of their own special gifts. Mr. Hind would probably smile if we dwelt too heavily on the easy charter he has obtained for himself as a popular contributor to the world of papers and of books. He would probably point to the amazing variety of the volumes that bear his signature upon the title page and say that he has had to apply himself with tremendous thoroughness to many themes at many times in order to find an attentive hearing. But the obvious answer is that he has still had the run of his unusual versatility, and it may be doubted if anybody but Mr. Lucas has found so ready a market for whatever he chose to put on paper, whether travel, art, criticism or the common philosophy of life. Throughout it all—and here comes the secret, perhaps—he has kept the connecting thread of personality, sinuously adaptable to every subject and occasion and shining always with a certain fund of irrepressibly high spirits. He loves to hear himself talk, perhaps, like Mercutio, but nobody ever said that Mercutio was not a critic as well as a conversationalist, and we have always considered that the play decidedly deepened in gloom after he disappeared. So with Mr. Hind ; it is when he lets himself go that he is usually at his best, and the looser his pen, the tighter his hold on the discerning reader.

There is so little intention here of complaining or rebuking Mr. Hind for his discursiveness, that we have been tempted to stray as well. We have wandered off among Montagues and Romeos and Juliets when we ought to have been thinking of quite another drama altogether. For the magic name printed here as a sub-title is that of Julius Cæsar, and we are promised some account of that celebrity's development up to the age of four. Let it be said that there is no question of disturbing the friends of the late Professor Froude or snatching the laurels from that bald, bold buccaneer. The Julius of Mr. Hind's preoccupation is an intensely modern youngster whom he introduces a quarter of the way through the book and makes a real link for the subsequent essays. In short the book becomes a kind of excursion into every sort of civilised experience, with this infant phenomenon playing the part of Sancho to Mr. Hind's Quixote, and a capital pair they make. As all healthy youngsters ought to be, he is abrupt, imperious, iconoclastic, catechetic, unceremonious and a whole heap of things ; but above all he is intensely alive and entertaining. If he interrupts it is to quicken the action and bring out fresh effects ; and if he acquiesces it is usually the signal of oncoming slumber. But wherever they go or whatever they talk about, the adventurous pair keep us interested and dazzled with rapid juxtaposition of the planes of age and judgment. On his first entry into the piece, Julius shows himself a born interviewer, for he draws the author into a glowing description of a public feast of the night before, winding up with the accustomed musical honours. These have to be rendered as an illustration, and then the moral comes home in the shape of the cutting verdict : " Oo can't sing." Perhaps, therefore, Mr. Hind is training that young paragon with more success than he seems to think, and if the protégé never develops into an interviewer, there is obviously a future for him as a critic.

J. P. COLLINS.

* " Life and I." By C. Lewis Hind. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

FOLLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS.*

Whatever his other enthusiasms and loyalties may be Mr. Housman is affectionately at home in one of the most appealing of all spiritual kingdoms—that of the Little Father of Assisi and his followers. And it is thereby linked with an ever arresting humanity, something beyond time and change. It is also linked with song of the highest order and with romance that is more real than many cycles of history. As to these we think at once of the eleventh canto of the " Paradiso " of Dante, of its basis, the " Sacrum Commercium " of Giovanni Parenti, that naïve and radiant story of the mystic espousal of Francis and Domina Paupertas, the Lady Poverty , we recall the inexhaustible interest of the " Fioretti," the Little Flowers so quaint and fragrant. Quite simply and inevitably, to all seeming, Mr. Housman passes into this kingdom, as if its characters were his daily comrades and its atmosphere his own. Exhaustive study alone could never have made him thus part of it ; something of subtle kinship with its essence must have been born with him.

He calls these playlets commentaries only, and a " small overflow " from the current that gave us his earlier " Little Plays of St. Francis." But they will tend to large issues and to sweet and chastening associations in the contemplative mind. They are in harmony with the reverie and the inlook that Parenti and the " Fioretti " awaken.

* " Followers of St. Francis." Four Plays of the Early Franciscan Legend. By Laurence Housman. 5s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Only the first, " Cure of Souls," is directly concerned with the Little Father. We see him in the Papal palace at Perugia, seeking the Indulgence of the Portiuncula—his Little Inheritance—a strange contrast to the ecclesiastical majesty and might (and also passion) about him, winning his way with Pope Honorius by a simplicity which seems at once apostolic and profoundly subtle. " Lovers Meeting " is a dramatic presentation of the " Fioretti " story of the visit to Brother Giles of St. Louis, King of France, disguised as a pilgrim. Only a very delicate art could weave drama out of this scene of mystery, love and silence. " The Fool's Errand " is a delectable little picture of the immortal " Fool," Brother Juniper. He has seen the excommunicated and repentant Elias ; he will go to Rome to plead his cause with the Pope himself : he makes rough shoes to that end. " The Last Disciple " is a haunting presentation of the passing of Brother Leo ; the last hours, with all their pathos, bring yet a sense of a beautiful beginning in another order. Sister Giacomina appears as watcher and comforter. A novice is thrilled by their memories and praise of Francis, memories and praise in which the intensity rises to a note of ecstasy. The grave prose, which is sometimes a chant, gives way to lyrical trills, and later to a blank verse in tense consonance with the emotion.

All these little plays have something lasting for the imagination.

W. P. Ryan.

MR. SICHEL'S MEMOIRS.*

Mr. Walter Sichel's recollections and reflections run to 320 closely printed pages, but it is by no means too long a book—and that despite a rather precious style. For throughout he has much of interest and amusement to relate of his early days, his years at Harrow and Oxford, and the full tide of London life during the last quarter of the Victorian era in particular. But the most popular feature of his book will be the amazingly large collection of good stories, old and new, and " antidotes " as a young friend of mine would probably term them. He had been hearing a dire tale of someone who had taken poison and he inquired, " Did they give him an anecdote ? "

Well, Mr. Sichel gives us many efficacious anecdotes to cheer a dull hour. I like the story of the little child who worded her evening prayer : " O God, please make all bad people good, and the good people nicer." And that of the old-time Cockney bus-driver who shouted out to the driver of a hearse which had run over a boy : " Yah, greedee ! " Then there is the tale of Arthur Blunt—" Arthur Cecil," the actor—when he attended a midnight service at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. A verger who knew him came up whilst he was kneeling and said : " Beg pardon, Mr. Blunt, but you have made a mistake. To-night's service is for unfortunate women." Also W. S. Gilbert's solution for the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy : " There is such a simple test You see, if you could get Tree to act Hamlet first before Shakespeare's grave and then before Bacon's, the whole thing would be cleared up at once. The corpse that rose would be the author's."

Mr. Sichel must not take it amiss if I reprobate his great carelessness in not verifying statements and the spelling of proper names and so forth. I am continually having to protest, when reviewing books of recollections, against this careless disregard of accuracy in the memoirs which everybody writes nowadays. What is the use of writing recollections if they are not accurate in detail ? If continual errors—trivial though they may be—crop up before the reader's eye, he may begin to doubt if the more important assertions and stories are altogether true.

I know only too well that mistakes will remain, or creep into the most carefully corrected proofs ; but I cannot believe Mr. Sichel read the proofs of his book. If he did how could he pass, for example, such errors as those which name the late Lord Brownlow's estate in Hertfordshire, Ashridge, as " Ashton " ; and Hinksey, the village near Oxford, as " Hinxey " ? The music-hall comedian who sang " Two Lovely Black Eyes " was Charles Coborn and not " Cockburn "—this is the more inexcusable as Mr. Sichel goes out of his way to say he is talking about " Cockburn, not the judge, but the singer." Sir Charles Hallé's daughter was Madame Nonfflard and not " Nonfflat " (though the latter version may be more suggestive of music !) Our friend, the Rev. Hugh Nelson-Ward (the great-grandson of Nelson and Lady Hamilton), is not " rector of Stony Stratford," but of Wicken, a village some miles distant. And as a biographer of Disraeli Mr. Sichel ought to know that the statesman's beneficent friend was Mrs. Brydges (not " Bridges ") Willyams. One could compile a column quickly of these kind of errors, but really it is not a reviewer's duty to undertake such corrections. In the present connection I will only point out further that Mrs. Francis Warre-Cornish, of Eton, was the sister-in-law of Thackeray's daughter, Lady Ritchie, as well as being " a Ritchie of the Thackeray cousinhood " ; and that the Robertson plays were not produced " by the Bancrofts at the Royalty Theatre," but at the old Prince of Wales's Theatre, the site of which is now covered by the Scala Theatre.

Mr. Sichel's chapters on the Harrow and Oxford of his day are very full and illuminating. At Balliol he saw a good deal of Jowett. The *bêtises* of " The Master " are all coming home to roost and record, now that the clever young men whom he offended in their undergraduate days are arriving at the age of memoirists. He seems to figure adversely in most books of reminiscence lately. Mr. Sichel's pictures of literary and artistic circles in London thirty years ago are very entertaining and the good stories never fail to appear at the slightest excuse. Apart from the careless errors I have alluded to, this is an excellent book.

S. M. Ellis.

* " The Sands of Time : Recollections and Reflections." By Walter Sichel. 18s. (Hutchinson.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO MAX BEERBOHM.*

Dear Mr. Beerbohm,

I once wrote you a letter to which you replied after the lapse of about ten years. The interval was long, but your letter was worth waiting for, not only because of the exceedingly kind way in which you wrote of my published work—for I like butter as well as anyone- but because of its mordant yet kindly humour. This kindliness was the more remarkable, because I had but that moment publicly rebuked you for what I considered a lapse from your usual good taste, and I knew that you had read my words. The drawing to which I took exception was that entitled " Are we welcome as ever ? " and I had hoped that your silent acceptance of my reproof meant that you had seen the error of your ways, that you would be as good as you knew how for the future, and would not repeat your offence.

Unfortunately I find that the old Adam is still alive in you, and it is my melancholy duty to disinter the rod which I had hoped to leave at rest in its own pickle. Hence the infliction of yet another letter, to which it may or may not take you a decade to concoct a suitable reply.

One of the earliest and most eager visitors to the private view of your drawings at the Leicester Galleries last summer—drawings which are, with certain exceptions, reproduced in the volume which lies before me—I was dismayed to find myself in the presence of a series of caricatures of our late Sovereign which not only offended the proper canons of good taste, but seemed to me to demand an immediate protest. This I did not hesitate to make on the spot, and was met by the reply that it was only Max's fun, and that I was making a fuss about nothing. I said at once, " If you or I saw your or my dead father held up to public ridicule of such a kind, would not you or I

* " Things New and Old." By Max Beerbohm. 25s. (Heinemann.)

stick your or my umbrella through the frames, wrenching it round and round, and smilingly go to prison if need be for the doing of it?" The reply, loyal to you but, I fancy, a little wry-mouthed, was, "Oh, but a private person is different." "Yes," I said, "so different that the private person or the private person's representatives can make reply and protest, but royalty, by a diginified tradition, is condemned to silence."

After declaring that, in my humble opinion, the peccant drawings should be taken down and burned by the public hangman or his analogue, as was done with a certain copy of the *Daily Mail* during the war, I departed, only to find from that evening's papers that I was not alone in my vexation. When I returned to the exhibition a day or two later to enjoy once again your enchanting mummery, I found that the proper eviction had taken place.



Bohun Lynch, Edmond Kapp and Quiz, Wondering How Long the Veteran Artist will go Doddering on.

From "Things New and Old": Fifty Cartoons, by Max Beerbohm (Heinemann).

Thus I believed that you had made practical and complete amend, that you deserved absolution and that there was an end of the matter. But now, in the introduction to this delightful volume, I find you unrepentant. I quote your words:

> "The drawings in this book were shown at the Leicester Galleries last summer. There were also a few others which, with the consent of Messrs. Ernest Brown and Phillips, I withdrew from exhibition because it seemed that they were likely to be misunderstood by the general public and to worry it. There are, however, people who like being worried, and were sorry not to see these drawings. To them I apologise for my pedantry in excluding from this volume what was taken away from those walls."

Now really, Mr. Beerbohm, that is "asking" for trouble. And I am not the one to refuse you anything. You have for so many years afforded me immeasurable and "apolaustic" enjoyment both by your writings and drawings that I cannot deny you. Receive therefore this too mild castigation, and try to understand that reverence is beneficial, not to the god, the person, the institution or the idea reverenced, but to the devotee upon whom the attitude of piety wholesomely reacts.

And now, my dear sir, allow me to turn from blame to the more grateful task of praise. Let me repeat what I have written elsewhere more than once, though not in the same words, that I thank God for *almost* every remembrance of you. You still prove yourself in this delightful volume to be the Great Corrective, the Great Antidote to our little Importances. You show us how small our Bignesses will look in perspective when history comes to be written. You put us in our places. Look at Aldous Huxley as he really appears unless seen through his own spectacles or the spectacles of his devotees; at the Brothers Osbert and Sacheverell congratulating one another on how *well* they *Sit* their Pegasuses; at E. V. Lucas, in outward semblance so unbelievably unlike his books; at Lytton Strachey put to the question by an entrancing little niece "Why, oh why, Uncle Lytton--?" a *pasticcio* (you see how well I know

your work) of that which you gave us twenty years ago of Matthew Arnold and *his* little niece. Look indeed at every page of your delightful drawings, so good indeed that their exhibition required no bolstering up by a *succès de scandale*, and thank the fates that you are privileged to be the Jester-in-Chief, the Merry Andrew Boorde of our time.

In conclusion let me remind you that privileges connote responsibilities and that, to keep your jesting sweet, you must constantly remember that "in spite of all his faults, there is no creature worthier of affection than Man."

I am, my dear Mr. Beerbohm,

Yours thankfully, admiringly,

G. S. LAYARD.

5, Pelham Place,
S.W.7.

W. S. GILBERT.*

Mr. William Archer has described Gilbert as a difficult man to place, "a crotchety genius, a man of unaccommodating angles, whom it is impossible to fit into any pigeon-hole of classification," and as such he appears in the interesting story of his life and work that Mr. Sidney Dark and Mr. Rowland Grey have written. He was a man of moods, of hasty temper, of strong likes and dislikes and, as the spirit moved him, could be the gentlest, fiercest, kindest, harshest, most gracious and most cantankerous of human creatures. One side of his character is revealed in the anecdote of how two famous stage stars arrived unexpectedly at Grim's Dyke when a carefully selected party was being entertained there:

"Lady Gilbert was painfully aware that her husband would not rejoice to hear of their coming. So she diplomatically told him they had driven down from London in a one-horse carriage. He at once said, 'The horse must be fed, so the man and woman can have some dinner.'"

Another and far pleasanter side comes out in his letters to his friends, to players in his companies to whom he was charmingly grateful for the share they had taken in making the operas successful, and above all in the playful, whimsical letters to divers children of his friends who had captured his affection.

The vivid, robust personality of the man as it emerges in these pages is more intriguing than attractive, more entertaining than likeable, though there are times when, at the telling of little incidents that touched his sympathy and moved him to gracious kindnesses, one warms towards him. He loved animals and hated the cruelty in killing them that passes for sport. We are not given any clear idea of what caused the quarrel between him and Sullivan in the later days of their partnership; but the players sided with Gilbert, and after a while the breach was healed; and all along it is evident in Gilbert's letters that he was unfailingly anxious to consult Sullivan's wishes, willing to defer to them and to do anything that could ensure their working together. The many hitherto unpublished letters add greatly to the value of the book and throw new light on Gilbert's character and the method of his collaboration with the composer.

In the main the story of Gilbert's life is the story of his public career. We get delightful glimpses of his father, a novelist who is no longer read; and are told how Gilbert started writing in *Fun* those "Bab Ballads" which were the germ from which certain of his famous operas grew:

"The 'Bab Ballads' have an established position in English literature. They stand by themselves. There is nothing to which they can be compared. They are ingenious, musical, humorous. They show amazing aptitude for finding the right word. They are Gilbert, and when Gilbert was himself he was like no other writer who ever put pen to paper."

They are liberally quoted here, and several are in an appendix, for the first time reprinted. The book is well illustrated with photographs and facsimiles and a number of Gilbert's clever and delightfully quaint drawings. To all lovers of the Savoy Operas, and they are legion, this admirably critical, anecdotal account of them and of the man who wrote them will be one of the most welcome as it is one of the most entertaining of books.

A. R.

* "W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters." By Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey. 15s. (Methuen.)

THE SURGEON ETCHER.*

In 1843 a brilliant young surgeon, after a severe course of medical study in Paris, went for a holiday to Italy, where he tentatively took the etching needle in hand to translate to the copper half a dozen of his sketches in water-colours or pencil. This young surgeon was Francis Seymour Haden, and the experimental plates he then produced were the forerunners of that great revival of etching which was one of the outstanding features of British art during the last half of the nineteenth century. No two men did more to bring about this revival than Haden and his famous brother-in-law, Whistler. Later the surgeon was undoubtedly influenced by the American artist, but in 1843 Whistler was a boy of nine, living with his parents in Petrograd, so that the first step in modern etching was taken by Haden on his own initiative.

While still a medical student Seymour Haden had attended a Government art school in Paris, not that he had then any idea of following art for art's sake, but because he believed that this training of his eye and hand would render more exact his observation and practice in surgery. From this conviction he never wavered, and in the sixties, when his reputation both as a surgeon and as an etcher was assured, he wrote:

"How much sooner would the eye accustomed to observe and estimate closely differences of colour, aspect, weight and symmetry, learn to gauge their aberrations as the signs which make up the *facies* of disease; how much better the hand, trained to portray them accurately, be able to direct with precision and safety the course of the knife."

For fifteen years after his sketching holiday in Italy, Seymour Haden devoted his best energies to building up a position for himself as a surgeon in London, and had he never returned to etching his name would be honourably remembered, among other things, as being that of the chief founder of the Royal Hospital for Incurables. Meanwhile he had married the half-sister of James Whistler, and during the later fifties his young brother-in-law was a frequent visitor in his home at 62, Sloane Street, Chelsea. It was undoubtedly under Whistler's influence that the busy surgeon again took up etching as a joyous hobby, and it is clear not only that his plate "A Lady Reading" was done simultaneously with Whistler's "Reading by Lamplight"—the model being Mrs. Haden—but that at this time the elder's style was influenced by that of the younger man. Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman regards this evening's sketching as probably the turning point in Haden's career as an etcher:

"I am convinced," he writes, "that Haden, with his fine judgment realised, when comparing his own with Whistler's treatment of the same subject seen under identical conditions, that, whereas Whistler's artistic preoccupation with the human form and physiognomy meant mastery, for himself his dominant scientific interest in these might hinder the subjection of his vision to pictorial conditions. He knew, then, he must seek his true artistic expression rather in the greater delight he got from Nature in the open air."

Thus it came about that while the human body was Haden's field of interest as a surgeon, as an artist he became pre-eminent as an etcher of landscape. Here his individuality soon declared itself. In 1859, the year of Whistler's "Thames Set," Haden also produced etchings of the Thames, but he found his subjects not in the lower courses with the wharves and warehouses which attracted his brother-in-law, but out of London on the Upper Thames where it flowed between verdant banks and wooded hills. "Egham" and "Egham Lock" are two plates of this

* "The Etchings of Sir Francis Seymour Haden, P.R.E." By Malcolm C. Salaman. 42s. (Halton & Truscott Smith.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

CLEMENCE DANE.

period in which we find Haden already an independent master, with his own command of means and his own personal charm of statement. There was no quetion now of transferring to the copper sketches made previously. Haden, who had been studying and collecting the works of Rembrandt and other etchers during the years of his wholehearted surgical activity, now drew with his needle on the copper plate direct from nature. As Mr. Salaman says, " spontaneity of conception and expression was a distinguishing characteristic of Haden's etching from the first." Moreover, these etchings, executed " in leisure moments snatched from his pressing professional activities," were not only done direct from nature, but completed in one sitting.

At first Haden thought it prudent not to flaunt his artistic activities in the face of those who knew him only as a surgeon, and for five consecutive years he exhibited at the Royal Academy under the pseudonym of " H. Dean." In the winter of 1865–66, however, he made open confession of his artistic faith, and for the first time published a series of his etchings under his own name. This series of thirty plates, " Studies in Etching," was originally published in Paris, but prints were soon brought to London, where they had an immediate and remarkable success. Priced at £15 15s. the set – i.e. only half a guinea for each etching the series achieved instant popularity and had a wide sale. Henceforward, though there were whole years when his professional duties left him no time to execute a single etching, Seymour Haden was recognised to be in the very front rank of contemporary etchers.

In 1870, Haden, now fifty-two and " with head and eye-sight constantly taxed by his surgical practice," was asked by Mr. P. G. Hamerton to etch a plate for his magazine, *The Portfolio*, This Haden agreed to do, stipulating that the fee should be given to the Royal Hospital for Incurables, and for this purpose he went one day in July to Deptford and there drew on the copper the hulk of the battleship *Agamemnon*, then being broken up. His " Breaking-up of the *Agamemnon* " is now one of the great classics of etching, but since the dimensions of this plate made it unsuitable for the magazine, Haden substituted another subject for *The Portfolio*, and the " *Agamemnon* " was published by Messrs. Colnaghi at five guineas. Though this price was then considered high for a print, the sale was extraordinary and the " *Agamemnon* " won a popularity never before attained by a modern etching. It has been estimated that Haden received 2,500 guineas from the sale of the first state alone.

For another dozen years Haden produced masterly works during his spare intervals of leisure, but after 1882 he did no etchings of any importance. His eyesight was failing, and in his last years he turned to mezzotint, and at eighty years of age this gallant veteran was able to produce a masterpiece like ' An Early Riser," a work full of the poetry of light in which we see " the rising sun dispersing the mists so that the stag may take the morning gladly upon the rocky hilltop."

In 1880 Seymour Hayden crowned his efforts to popularise and promote the higher consideration of original etching by founding the Society of Painter-Etchers, the presidency of which earned him his knighthood, and this office he filled with honour, dignity and vigorous authority till his death in 1910 at the great age of ninety-two.

Mr. Salaman's handsome quarto, which contains ninety-six admirably reproduced full-page illustrations of Haden's most important etchings, dry-points and mezzotints, is a worthy memorial of a great man and a great artist. It is an album in which the growth, development and mastery of the etcher can be seen to perfection, and though Mr. Salaman's aim in the text has been not to write a biography but to estimate and appreciate the achievements of Seymour Haden as an artist, he throws many sidelights on his personality, so that from his erudite commentary we can not only perceive the outstanding distinction of the etcher, but also learn much of the high character and noble life of the man

FRANK RUTTER.

FRIENDS IN SOLITUDE.*

" Friends in Solitude " is the book of a lover, the book of one who finds the happiness that all seek. Isolated amid magnificence, with all the seasons of the lakeland year showering upon him in four-and-twenty hours, discarding artifice and returning to the rude caress and ruder rebuff of nature, the author, Mr. Percy Withers, yet employs a subtle artifice of literature to present his scene and character with equal simplicity and cunning. The cunning appears not so much in the skilful amenities of Mr. Withers's prose, although these are notable, as in his use of somebody else for his focus ; a Cumberland woodman, Peter Dalethwaite, being the chief figure in what is ultimately a simple narrative of natural occurrence and endless strife. Dalethwaite prompts a question which a mere cockney reviewer cannot impartially answer, namely, whether the use of dialect is quite inevitable, except for the sake of contrast (as in the present instance) with the author's suave and admirable tones. " Well, Aa nivver ! " recurs here and there and may stand for a specimen of the frequent dialect outbursts that preserve the naturalness of the character and the discomfort of the reviewer. But this is the merest cavil, and no cavil at all is possible when Mr. Withers speaks of what he loves, in a chapter which might be a kind of heightened chapter from Wordsworth's sober and neglected Guide to the lakes.

> " To this scene the splendid pile of Skiddaw is the background. Impassive at all hours and in its own shapeliness, it repays the long watches from my window most generously by recording from hour to hour faithfully the constant changes of light and shadow, of storm and cloud He shows nothing of the frivolities of lesser hills ; every change is but another phase of dignity and solemnity. That huge chasm, as it seems at this distance, spreading like a lotus from base to summit, is the home of eternal gloom, deepened suddenly as the clouds gather about his top, and withdrawing again as the light strengthens, like a mist dissolving, though never withdrawing far enough to remove, but only to soften, the contrasting beauty of light and shadows.
>
> " He came nearer and more companionably too when I remembered that no other English mountain is associated with so many great English names I could follow, these six miles away, the line men take in climbing past the little white hut, on to his interminable shoulder, to the last high summit."

Of his own adventures in his lakeside hermitage Mr. Withers has much to tell, but men and women are his best adventures : Job Hardknotts, whose legs collapsed like a concertina and whose face was like Herbert Spencer's as " Max " might have drawn it ; Dalethwaite himself, with his passion for wall-building and what are mountains but walls, preserving solitude from violation ? But Dalethwaite, the protecting deity of his native woods, has the reality, the sharp humorous and tender reality, of an imaginative figure. We have Mr. Withers's word for it that he really lived but how ? In that confusion of mountain and dale and lake, building walls, reading the Scriptures, did he live thus and thus in very deed, or but in the author's ardent imagination, touched by that enormous and delicate scene, a phantom begotten of the mountains ?

CATS, CADS AND OTHERS.†

Classification without something in the nature of explanatory qualifying is as dangerous, perhaps, in the case of novels as of persons. Let me therefore hasten to explain that not all of the characters in all of the four books under notice can be considered as belonging to the categories of the catlike or the caddish. The reading of those books, however, has left me with the impression that women and men possessed of the qualities indicated appear to be

* " Friends in Solitude. By Percy Withers. 7s 6d (Jonathan Cape)

† " The House of Lyes " By C W Whitaker 6s. net (Blackwood) " Looking After Joan " By John Palmer. 7s 6d net (Christophers) " Good Hunting." By Norman Davey 7s 6d net (Chapman & Hall) " Dictators Limited . A Novel Without Incident " By Hilton Brown 7s 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

claiming overmuch consideration at the hands of a number of our novelists, and that in the presenting them there is a tendency increasingly manifested to ignore the decencies of artistic restraint.

In "The House of Lyes" we have a story that might almost be described as old-fashioned in its plot. Mr. Whitaker tells us of a younger son who goes to Australia to make a fortune that he may make good the inroads on the family fortunes made by his elder brother, the heir to the peerage. He succeeds in doing so, and when chance puts a big sum at his command he returns on the spur of the moment to England without writing a word to his young wife. It is believed that he has been murdered and he is seen passing on to the peerage—his brother having been conveniently removed by the South African War—and marriage. He, the man who by his friends is regarded as "straight as a die," is made to act as a cad, and the fact that he has "proof" of the death of his Australian wife can scarcely be said to reconcile the reader to his inconsistencies. The story is readable but, it must be said, is presented in so chaotic a fashion that it is difficult to realise that its author is also the editor of that masterpiece of orderly management, "Whitaker's Almanack."

The Joan who needed "looking after" in Mr. John Palmer's latest story is a young woman suddenly removed from a sheltered life in a Sussex village to the secretariat of a post-war international conference meeting in Paris. There her principal guardian is Barbara, a strong, capable young woman who knows international conferences from A to Z, and there she falls in love with Nicholas. Conference duties send Barbara and Nicholas away from Paris, and on the eve of the departure of the latter something occurs which in all the circumstances is unbelievable, yet is treated as if it were little more than episodic. The Don Juan of an artist is indeed a cad, and though his betrayal is dramatically made the cause of his own undoing with the woman he might have won, it is a blot on a book that might otherwise have been commended for its lively presentation of doings on the fringe of one of those international conferences that have so long been tinkering over Europe.

In Mr. Norman Davey's modern variant of the old theme of Cœlebs in search of a wife, both cats and cads may be said to play their parts. Here again considerable skill on the part of the story-teller is shown in the narration, but much of that which is narrated is, to say the least of it, distasteful. The "jacket" tells us that the book "presents a study in social comedy rich in entertainment." The "comedy" is that afforded by half a dozen women in succession seeking to "capture," by their varied lures or other methods, the particular cad who is the quarry of "Good Hunting"; the "entertainment" is of a somewhat melancholy kind alike to those who think and those who feel. The last census told us that the women of this country outnumber the men by about a million and a third, to those women, whom he dubs "superfluous," the author dedicates a book in which their representatives are mostly unpleasant. When, in the final chapter, the much-hunted Julian Carr is at length married, he is fifty-five and his enforced bride is a girl who has been compelled to give up her desired mate. The geniality is sadly to seek in this "genial satire of the modern marriage market."

It is only incidentally and allusively, as it were, that "cats" are among the people touched upon in the latter part of the fourth of these volumes. In the main Mr. Hilton Brown's story is a clever presentation of a man brought up in the idea that he is to be one of the ruling classes—and no small beer at that. He is to be somehow, somewhere, a "dictator"; we watch his bringing up under the mother who generates and fosters this idea, and yet as his character unfolds it is seen that he has no particular bent towards any work which shall develop dictatorship. He almost drifts into the I.C.S. Then, on the very eve of going out to take up his appointment he marries, and his very delightful Edith has a somewhat trying time as junior partner in "Dictators Limited," before the weaknesses of dictatorship are fully, and it is hoped finally, realised. It is a capital, well thought out and interestingly presented story.

WALTER JERROLD.

MR. LUCAS'S LATEST.*

Two new books from the abundant Mr. Lucas. "Luck of the Year" contains the customary reprinted articles—"Essays, Fantasies and Stories"—light and bright and easily read, which must carry pleasure to many readers, otherwise these daintily produced little volumes would not have the success they unquestionably enjoy. The second book, "Advisory Ben," a novel, is more sustaining and satisfying. It is "E. V. L." at his best—light and bright (those inevitable adjectives!), rapid, breezy, and this time more memorable than usual, for Mr. Lucas touches depths of feeling of which his ordinary rambling stuff gives small promise.

Benita Stavely is one of those modern maidens, dainty, witty and charming, who justify their right to live their lives without the pottering interference of maiden aunts and Victorian platitudinarians. Ben is a dutiful daughter, struggling with cooks and the other privileges of a domestic existence, until her father marries for a second time, when she finds herself free to go her own ways. So, adopting a characteristic Lucasian device, she starts an advisory bureau to assist harassed householders to overcome domestic problems and vicissitudes, and justifies her venture. "The Beck and Call," the title of her office, proves successful and popular; for despite the disadvantage of its being approached through a bookshop below kept by two estimable young gentlemen, though for the exigencies of the story one would have been enough all manner of persons consult it on every sort of problem, domestic and otherwise. Benita is asked for guidance over various matrimonial intentions, on dogs and cooks, and the best kind of war memorial. She suggests suitable birthday presents for nice parents, and many things else. She is certainly lucky, as fortunate as she deserves to be. Providence must have kept a particular eye on the purposes of The Beck and Call; for almost as sure as fate is said to be—but never is—the solution of the need arrives, as it were, by return of post, or sooner. That however is the privilege of youth. Youth, especially when it is beautiful, has gods and fairies, as well as an impulsive humanity, doing all manner of nice things for it—a condition not to be deplored by Middle-age, in or out of fiction; for every one of us who has come to the wrinkled years was youthful and fortunate, if not beautiful, once.

Ben's supreme adventure, before she said "Yes" to the right man, was the finding and furnishing, in three weeks, of a large house for a rich American. With the help of one of the downstairs booksellers, Jack Harford, who alone of these many characters has a grievance against Mr. Lucas, she finds an ideal mansion at Bibury and furnishes it, even to a "cuspidor," of which, although an American, the new owner does not know the use, and some of us can only guess at. Evidently Americans have changed in that respect since Martin Chuzzlewit had the honour of meeting Major Pawkins in New York. Mr. Harford's grievance is justified, because in the elaborate rounding-off of this story, he alone is unprovided with a loving wife, although until the absolute end of the book he was equally in the running with his successful bookselling partner for Ben herself. No, it was not fair! When two young widows, Benitas's sisters, are permitted to marry a second time, it is hard that Jack should be left in the cold. Why didn't Mr. Lucas pair him off with Jan, instead of giving that estimable person a weak chest? It was not justice, poetic or otherwise. But probably he is being saved for a sequel. That is the only explanation and excuse.

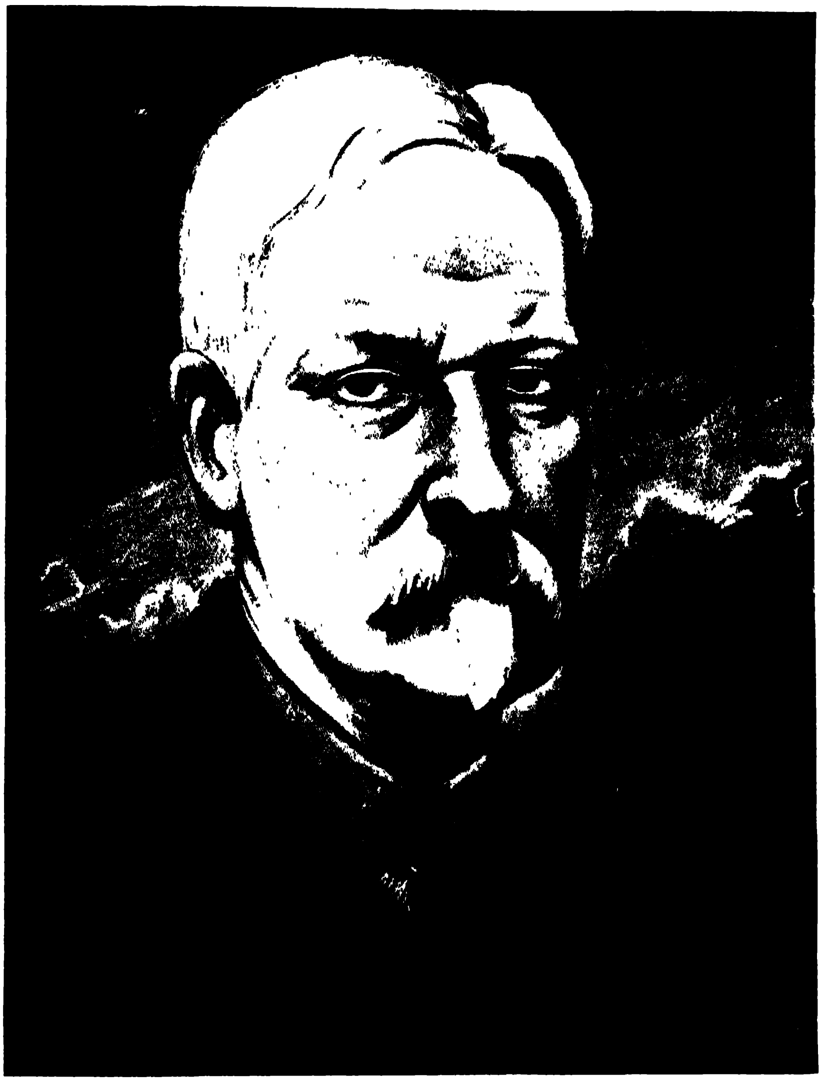
A bright little book which rattles along. Within its moderate limits it is better than satisfying.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Advisory Ben." A Story by E. V. Lucas. 7s. 6d.—"Luck of the Year." By E. V. Lucas. 6s. (Methuen.)

MR. H. W. NEVINSON.*

To those of his devoted admirers, and we are a numerous company, who have never had the privilege of his personal acquaintance, this book of Mr. Nevinson's comes as a special blessing; for it gives us, what is so rare in this life of frail and foolish humanity, a sense of the complete satisfaction of the demands we should naturally make of the author's personality. Through the exquisite grace and charm of his style (he himself denounces "style" and stylists!), his ready and easy wit, and manly frankness, he manifests himself as just what we always believed him to be, a sincere, unassuming, chivalrous fighter in all just causes, a man of keen perception and perfect taste. . . . What an appalling thing it is that the word gentleman has fallen on such evil days, for we should like to write that this book is the record of a "perfect gentleman" who is blessed with a liking for adventure.



Mr. H. W. Nevinson.
From a painting by the Author's Son, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson.
From "Changes and Chances" (Nisbet).

Born in Leicester of parents who "lived in proud and quiet seclusion, as became gentlefolk on pilgrimage through this brief life to an eternity of bliss or woe," Mr. Nevinson has no lack of material for the composition of word pictures of mid-Victorian days From this spiritually narrow corner of the world he went to school. "When Fortune has looked her grimmest," he writes—and he has seen some grim aspects of the old jade!—"I have sometimes reflected with pleasure on the misery of my first school," where the food was bad, the sick house an abomination, the "bounds" so narrow that exploration of the surrounding country was out of the question, and where knowledge and learning seemed to be matters of the very slightest consequence. A fine place for a boy burning with passion for things of beauty! The "public-school spirit" was the ideal there. Then on to Shrewsbury School and kindlier days; though even there, he writes, "we were not educated at all." But—lucky young devil in that!—he learned to know the Severn. Later, Oxford, with its "two years of unusual misery and failure, followed by two years of radiant joy and success." Thence out into the wider world.

He visited—no, that is wrong—he went to live in Germany. He studied and taught in German towns, and learned to love them and their inhabitants. He came under the influence of the spirit of Goethe, of Heine, of Bach, and a host of other great ones, and—he discovered the German Army system. This last made an enormous impression on him, and he studied it thoroughly. Later he sought to popularise in England his idea of a New Model Army, where comradeship in arms was to form the basis of a true democracy, where rich and poor should serve on the same terms and class distinctions be obliterated. Imagine the reception his scheme received!

For Mr. Nevinson's wanderings and adventures farther afield the reader must turn to the book and savour for himself the charm of this moving and delightful narrative. He can visit Greece and the Islands, Spain, Ireland, South Africa or Fleet Street in no finer company. Especially must he read of Ladysmith days, of the gallant band under Sir George White. And there, as everywhere else, he will sense Mr. Nevinson himself, a spirit a shade finer than the fine spirits about him, doing his job and facing Hell or Heaven with quiet steadfastness, sure of himself in all ultimate issues.

Finally, Mr. Nevinson concludes thus:

"Empires certainly have dissolved Faiths, if wrecked, have been transfigured into something rich and strange. But all those common powers, more miraculous than miracles, which support our tremulously courageous belief that man has, after all, raised himself a little higher than his fellow mortals among mammals, birds and fishes—such powers, I mean, as laughter, romantic affection, the sense of justice, pity, and a glimmering of reason—all these abide with us still, as vital as before."

ROWLAND KENNEY.

* "Changes and Chances." By H. W. Nevinson. 15s. (Nisbet.)

WITH DOUGHTY IN ARABIA.*

So often does the glib attribution of greatness to a book insult its mediocrity that when a critic is at length confronted by a work that takes all the winds of heaven four-square, massive as Stonehenge, superbly proportioned as Juno's Temple at Girgenti, what poor pittance of words is left the miserable fellow? Slowly, with all the deliberate impetus of some blunt leviathan, Charles Doughty's "Arabia Deserta" is coming into its own. When the

* "Wanderings in Arabia." The authorised abridged edition of "Travels in Arabia Deserta." By Charles M. Doughty. 20s. (Duckworth.) "Travels in Arabia Deserta." By Charles M. Doughty. 2 vols. 3 guineas. (Jonathan Cape and the Medici Society.)

Bedouins among whom he conducted his vast and sombre journeyings inquired what his reward might be when he returned to his own land among the infidel Nasâra. "Were I come home," he said, "I might hardly purchase at need the livelihood of a day with all this extreme adventure." There is as little compromise in the diction he hewed out of the quarries of our language, in the mode of his putting together his adventures into one colossal composition, as there had been in his dealings with these fanatics who thirsted for his blood.

He may not have achieved "the livelihood of a day," but he has assured for himself, by so rigidly not contemplating it, an immortality surer than any man living. I would place by his side only Thomas Hardy, not for his works of fiction—which are, despite all their fineness, fiction—but for his one grandly ordered truth, "The Dynasts." These two books, "The Dynasts" and "Arabia Deserta," are the only two epics that the world's literature has achieved since "Paradise Lost," and both have been achieved by Englishmen. It is appropriate. The French, as Mr. Norman Douglas has acutely stated it, are too "centripetal" for epic performance. Epic can be conceived only by races that go forth into the wilderness where man is beset by material and spiritual adventure. That was what Homer dared, singing blindly among the fighting men. Dante and Milton dared it again in the soul's desolate places. And Doughty how just, how fantastically just, the man's name is!- added himself to the few elect.

There is always about great art something of sublimely useless. How much more spaciousness and marble and splendour did not the Parthenon contain than was required for the sufficient and economic observance of the Greek rites! How much exquisite chiselling in the Gothic cathedrals has not been hidden from mortal sight since first the masons, five or six centuries ago, elevated their statues, or gargoyles, or pinnacles to their lofty stations! And there is the same element of the sublimely useless about these austerities and asperities of Doughty in the fierce, detesting desert. The hardships he endured and deliberately prolonged are greater than men can expect another man to submit to, whatever offering he may bring them. Was it the desert's inscrutable caprice that delivered him safe at the last? Was it the awe this stranger imposed upon his enemies (for whom to shed the infidel's blood was not merely an act of piety, but an irresistible itching of every nerve) that preserved him from peril to peril? Yet can it be conceived, though he rarely gives voice to them, what apprehensions must have beset him during darkest hours of isolation? At one moment he recalls how a hound had bitten him twelve months ago as he entered a Nomad's tent. He perceives that from that source of infection a blight is besetting all his exiled body. "Ah! what horror," bursts from his lips, "to die like a rabid hound in a hostile land!"

It is true that during his wanderings he added incomparably to our knowledge of these people, that his discovery of the Nabatean inscriptions upon the monuments at Medáin Salih was an event of the first importance for Oriental scholarship. But it was not science that lured him, as it lured a Burckhardt or a Burton. Nor was it any missionary fervour, for in these places there could have been no swifter means of self-murder. It was at once something less and infinitely more than these. It was a testament before Heaven of the perfect functioning of a strong body and a strong soul, not for Heaven's sake, but for their own entirely. To read "Arabia Desertà" is to reduce our conceit of ourselves but to raise immeasurably our conceit of humanity. Such are human possibilities? Then we can stand firm set against any race that might inhabit any star. Whatever hardihood they can oppose us with, we have no need of shame.

A reading of "Arabia Deserta" is no task to be undertaken light-heartedly, any more than a man might be suddenly translated to that country and adapt himself with ease to its sparse diet or the terror of its landscape. He will barely tolerate the gravity of "that giddy heat upon the crown of the head; the ears tingling with a flickering shrillness"; and not pleasurably will he abandon his own green meadows or the moony-blurred backgrounds of most writing for places harsh and monstrous as these lava-lands:

> "The vulcanic field is a strong flood which has stiffened; long rolling heads, like horse manes, of those slaggy waves ride and over-ride the rest; and as they are risen they stand petrified, many being sharply split lengthwise, and the hollow laps are partly fallen down in vast shells and in ruinous heap as of massy masonry. The lava is not seldom wreathed as it were bunches of cords."

The reader can pick his way only with difficulty at first through these cragged and jagged periods. But insensibly he begins to find himself a freeman of Doughty's city. It becomes a possession of the blood, not of the mind merely. No man is the same again who has once travelled with Doughty in Arabia.

As Doughty's travels were not like the journeys of other travellers, so is the prose in which they are set down (the quoted passages will have made it evident) unlike the prose of every other writer. I have heard foolish protests against its artificiality. Of course it is artificial. A man does not *naturally* love thirst and hunger, intolerable sunlight, ubiquitous hostility, nor does he babble about these things with the affecting limpidity of a Stevenson. Precisely like Milton, he must travel far and quarry deep for his language, and set up its blocks with every artifice. For the beginner in Doughty nothing could be more admirable than Mr. Edward Garnett's authorised abridgment, now reissued. He would not be advised to venture the complete edition without this preparation lest his friends say of him harshly:

> "He is crazed by the spell of far Arabia,
> They have stolen his wits away."

But one thing is certain. Once the reader has tasted blood with this abridgment, he will be haunted persistently until he has acquired Mr. Cape's new reissue of the complete work. There is not one word of all this multitude that can be spared, and Mr. Doughty's plans, maps and architectural designs (we are once more reminded of his great companion, Hardy) are invaluable. Our gratitude to Mr. Cape is only less fervent than our self-gratulation.

LOUIS GOLDING.

A GREAT SERVICE.*

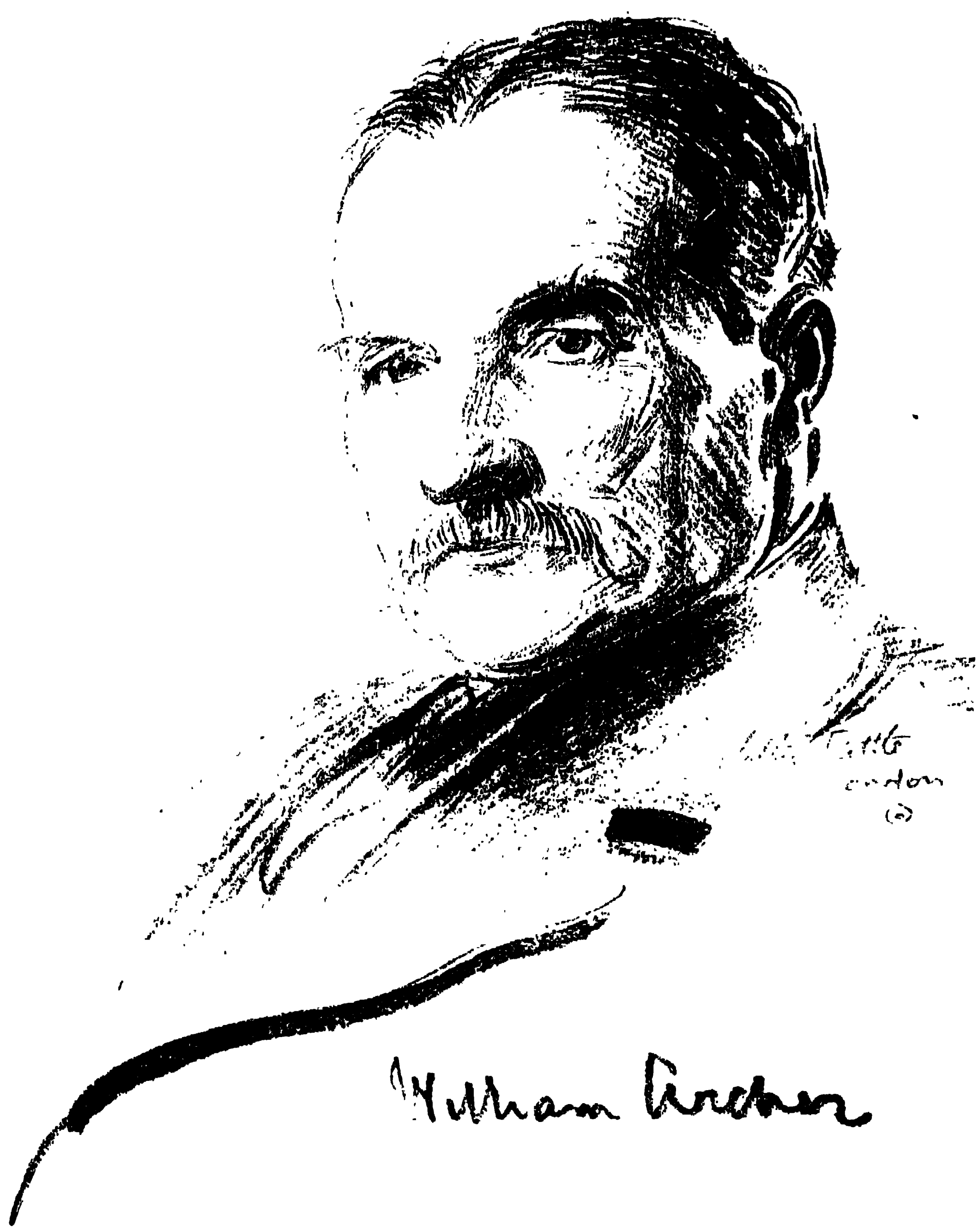
Next March the Royal National Life-boat Institution will complete its hundredth year of service to the seamen and travellers of all nations, and the Committee of Management present to the public as an account of their stewardship an official history of the Institution written for them by Major A. J. Dawson. Few writers could be better fitted for the task: as a traveller in many lands and on many seas he well knows the value of the life-boat, and as a skilful author and journalist he understands how to tell its story. Let me say, rather, to allow it to tell its own story, for the cleverest weaver of fiction could not devise tales of greater heroism, endurance and self-sacrifice than Major Dawson has selected from the annals of the Institution. It is, as the Prince of Wales says in an introduction to the book, "a story of heroic service constantly and quietly performed, for the succour of our fellowmen and women, without distinction of class, creed or race."

One is apt to forget, I think, in these days of mechanical wonders, the extent to which we in this island are dependent on those sturdy fellows who man the vessels that bring us most of what we eat and drink and smoke and wear. Major Dawson reminds us of our debt when he says:

> "There may be millions of British men and women who have never seen a life-boat; there is not one in all the world who

* "Britain's Life-boats." By Major A. J. Dawson. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

does not owe the life-boat service his or her support and gratitude, who is not justly entitled to feel proprietorial pride in its splendid record of a century of heroism and practical, voluntary, self-sacrificing beneficence."

This book should be in the library of everyone who cares a jot about the British Empire and the men who have made and are keeping its name respected in the larger world; it is an ideal present for the schoolboy this Christmas—more thrilling and vastly healthier than much of the stuff "dished out" to the younger generation nowadays.

One final word as to the author, who keeps his personality well in the background: he gratefully acknowledges the assistance of a number of people in the preparation of this considerable work, but he does not explain (what the present writer can avouch) that the ill-health that forced him to accept such help is due to the services he performed in the late war at a period of life when many men were content to leave the burden to younger shoulders. Some of us have memories which we neither can nor wish to forget. . . .

Read this book: it is a tonic for those who peer anxiously into the future, and a convincing answer to those who would have us believe that Britain no longer rules the waves.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

INIMITABLE LONDON.*

In his new novel Mr. Arnold Bennett is not trifling with us, or with his notable gifts. It marks an advance upon anything he has given us since before the war. A middle-aged second-hand bookseller in Clerkenwell; his neighbour, the widowed proprietor of a fly-blown confectionery shop; their shared charwoman, later promoted to "general's" rank: that is the cast. Naturally, there are supers. Dr. Raste is a recognisable type of London G.P.; the few lines his little daughter speaks have clever portraiture in them; in the etching of that ragged shadow, the servant's sweetheart, one notes the influence of the modern Russian masters of fiction. But the novel is fundamentally one of three characters: Henry, Violet and Elsie. (Possibly under the influence of drab, inimitably romantic London, Mr. Bennett has been generous in his choice of surnames):

"They stood talking in front of a shut second hand shop, where old blades of aeroplane propellers were offered at 3s. 6d. each. . . . There was an enormous twilit shoeing forge next door to the Chancery of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and though it was Sunday morning the air rang with the hammering of a blacksmith who held a horse's hind leg between his knees. . . . 'Rouge. Wholesale only.' 'Glass-matchers to the trade.' 'I want five million moleskins and ten million rabbit-skins. Do not desert your old friend. Cash on the nail.' And painted, too, on a board! Not just written! 'Gorgonzola cheese manufacturers.' No, I shall never touch Gorgonzola again after this! . . . But, of course, I see there *must* be places like these in a place like London. Only it's too funny seeing them all together."

The master photographer of the Five Towns does not miss Clerkenwell's oddities. His characters are few, and he presents no more than a couple of years of their post-war lives; albeit years embracing crucial happenings, such as marriage and death. Those who remember "Anna of the Five Towns" will need no telling that Mr. Bennett knows something of the psychology of miserliness; but as student and craftsman he has gone far since Anna's day, and here the picture is far fuller and more penetrating. The domestic detail, the subtle temperamental reactions to physical and material minutiæ, are masterly examples of true realism.

Inevitably, perhaps, having regard to its essential difference from and superiority over recent predecessors, "Riceyman Steps" has evoked comparison with "The Old Wives' Tale"; but the author's fellow novelists will not admit the comparison; albeit "Riceyman" may be nearer kin to "Old Wives" than "These Twain" is to "Clayhanger." (Considered as the work of a master craftsman, Mr. Bennett's novels are almost scandalously uneven.) A more humanly interesting tale you shall not find among the season's novels. One knows it will be widely read all over the English-speaking world; and the fact should have instructive interest for writers; for here are no pot-boiling tactics, no cynical gestures to the gallery.

Like Mr. W. B. Maxwell's latest novel, "Riceyman" demonstrates the fact that its author is a born story-teller who has schooled himself to mastery of his craft in letters. Natural story-tellers who fail to acquire craftsmanship, and schooled writers who lack (or foolishly neglect) the story-telling gift, would seem to be plentiful as blackberries. The invaluable combination never has been common, and perhaps never will be. To the credit of public taste be it said that it never fails to find its due reward. (Note the present vogue of the novels of Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, among the work of the younger schools.) Craftsmanship alone will not stick to the ribs; even good story-telling, when it lacks craftsmanship, is too ephemeral to be nutritive. However inarticulate in critical appraisement, the big public *does* know; it *does* prefer good fare to rubbish; and Mr. Bennett's new tale of post-war Clerkenwell will survive, and be going the rounds, from the Highlands to Hobart, and from Tooting to Trincomalee, when showy substitutes, precious essays in psycho-analysis, and casual drop-scene effects of restaurants, hotel "rotundas," and "limousines," have been resolved into pulp.

There is a touch of magic, of wizardry, in almost all Mr. Arnold Bennett's writing; a quality we owe largely to the exceptional strength and zest of his appetite for life. (Among the fiction writing students of humanity he is as insatiable a gourmand as Balzac or Dickens.) In his new book the appeal of his wizardry is based four-square upon literary industry, conscientiousness, sincere craftsmanship; entirely free from insolence, from antics, from superficiality. Inspiring affection and esteem, as well as amusement, we are duly grateful for it, as for a gift that will endure.

A. J. D.

* "Riceyman Steps." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. (Cassells.)

A SCOTS BARONY.*

This is a large and handsome quarto of over 300 pages, but its appeal is necessarily limited, for it treats of only a small portion of a small parish in Aberdeenshire. Its compiler is now an old man of ninety, and it is therefore a remarkable document to have tackled at that age, laden as it is with columns of mediæval Latin and ancient Scots vernacular, with a vast array of dates and proper names—a marshalled minatiæ which might well have daunted a younger and more vigorous investigator. Dr. Browne is an Englishman and tells us he is not specially versed in the "records, law and customs of Scotland." His task, however, has been gallantly accomplished, and reflects infinite credit on the extraordinary patience and skill of the scholarly Bishop. The work has been rendered possible through the munificence of the Viscountess Cowdray, who now owns the domain with which it deals.

The book is in three sections, first, an account of the Echt-Forbes Charters; second, the Records of the Forest of Birse; and third, a learned Essay on Notarial Signs. The notary of old was an official who certified the correctness of documents concerned with the transfer of land. Appended are a variety of plates illustrative of such signs. Echt was held successively by the Gillibrands, the Setouns, the Forbeses, and the Fife Duffs. Afterwards it was a seat of the Lindsays, Earls of Crawford. The body of one of those Earls, stolen from the vault at the private chapel, created much excitement in Scotland some forty years ago.

The many chapters transcribed in the volume have little bearing on the general history of Scotland, though they contain a large number of names of personages who played an important part therein. But those occur practically only incidentally. Some light is cast on social and domestic matters, and on customs and institutions,

* "Echt-Forbes Family Charters, 1345–1727." By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne, D.D., formerly Bishop of Bristol. 42s. (Chambers.)

long effete, in which is reflected the romance of far-forgotten days and the peculiar dignity which pertained to a Scots barony of the olden time. Such a barony, it should be said, has no affinity with the peerage. The brief chapter on Birse and its lands is full of local interest.

W. S. CROCKETT.

AS THE POLES ASUNDER.*

Nothing could be more different than the three books I have just read, and all the m are disappointing because they are so like that famous curate's egg. One comes to a new book with such great expectations! Between these fresh covers, with their bright and pretty wrappers, what pleasure may lie! Here is a new mind; what has it to give?

We read and we read and because we have expected too much we are disappointed. The questions that perplexed us have not been answered; here is no great illumination of the spirit; the stories are no better than we ourselves could tell; we have simply sat in silence while another fellow, no better nor cleverer than ourselves, has done all the talking!

If, however, we take it for granted that the ordinary book is written for our diversion when we are tired or worried, and not because the writer fancies him or her self to be an artist, we shall not meet with so much disappointment. . . .

We shall indeed get a good deal of enjoyment out of the three books I have just read.

"Two Women" has been published as the result of a competition for autobiographical stories. The awarders of the prize have divided it between two studies of girls, the Subnormal and the Supernormal, and as they make an excellent contrast, have put the stories together and published them as one book.

The first is entirely genuine, but as the woman concerned does not wish to love, marry or bear children it lacks human interest. It is in fact like beads in a box, beads that have not been strung on a cord. The other begins honestly, describing the natural feelings of a girl whose lover has been killed four years previously, in fact, during the war. A money gift enables her to go to London where she spends some time, has another affair and then returns home to marry, when she is nearly thirty, an old, well-to-do farmer who lives in the neighbourhood. Margaret would certainly have betrayed the old man, but it is too much to ask us to believe she did so with the lover who had disappeared seven years previously. The writer of this autobiographical [*sic*] story dishes us up the old stuff about being buried alive, shell-shock, loss of memory and it is wholly unconvincing.

How pleasantly Miss Boyle writes, how fresh is the Breton setting, but what a pity it is she has not a better tale to tell At a time when careless writing is the rule it is a joy to come across this exception. Leen Haye was born in Brittany of an unmarried mother, and she married an Englishman of the kind who thinks more of a person's ancestry than of her individual character. Not that Eldred Haye made any pother about the matter. He was busy drinking himself into a—strange contrast—watery grave, for he was drowned on his way home from the scene of his potations. It was his family who were unpleasant and you could not help feeling that they did not matter. That is the worst of it. The reader is unable to feel that anything is of much importance, or was worth putting into the many words that make up a book. "What," says Leen to the man who fathered her, "have I bequeathed to those children of mine?" "Undying love, high courage and strong purpose—three fine things and uncommon," says he, and indeed she had the first two though not the last, being one of those robust characters who yet accomplish nothing. As a matter of fact she might have felt more concern if she had considered the qualities her husband had bequeathed to her children—weakness, narrow bigotry and parasitic instincts, but her mind was occupied with appearances rather than with reality. Leen has five children, and the tale of their various loves crowds the canvas, so much indeed that what should have been an interesting book, beautifully set and with a charming atmosphere of sea and country, consists of sketchy incidents which lack a central story on which to turn.

"Keeban," by Edwin Balmer, is a translation from the American which has not been turned altogether into English. Many of the words are still impossible to understand. What for instance is a "gat," "a gopher man," "blow a peter," "Bulls and Beefers"? However, this is the best story of the underworld I have read:

> "'Where's hell, Steve, these days?'
> "'Why,' I said, 'within one.'
> "'That's it; there's where's the underworld, too . . . the only underworld about was the bit she packed with her; and it was quite a bit, believe me. And it's growing.'"

Of course some of the slang is delightful. We enjoy it as we enjoy listening to American talk. "But when a guy that a girl goes with takes to being a gorilla, the skirt's got to watch her step with him!" The story is one of twins. When toddlers the little fellows were left alone in a public park, at play. One wandered away and was picked up by strangers. While he was being educated to become a business man his twin was brought up by thieves. Catching sight of his brother by accident, the young criminal sees in their resemblance a chance of making money and uses it for all it is worth. The mix-up is fine and the book goes forward breathlessly. Although it does not pretend to be art it accomplishes what it set out to do.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT

* "Two Women." (Philpot.)—"Nor All Thy Tears." By C. Nina Boyle. (Allen & Unwin.)—"Keeban." By Edwin Balmer. (Arnold.)

PROSODY OLD AND NEW.*

For the moment the war of the prosodists would seem to have entered upon a milder phase. The classical pedant with his quantitative rule measure has been routed, and his scientific successor armed with a handbook on phonetics and a patented recording machine, is only beginning to be articulate. It is a good moment for sanity to raise its temperate voice. Even so, like a cool breeze floating over an inconclusive battle-field, comes Professor Egerton Smith.

His book, although inevitably it owes much to Professors Omond and Saintsbury, strikes us as by far the most liberal and catholic summary of the principles and problems of English Metre which has yet appeared. The style is lucid, the analysis penetrating, and he covers the entire field from the nature of rhythm in its primary impulse, through the whole of its organised developments. Unlike so many of his predecessors, he does not try to impose science blindly upon the vital fluctuations of art. He enforces principles, not dogmas, and so rises above that violent controversy which has raged so long between the exclusive champions of private systems. And above all he realises that prosody should be the examination of the nature of rhythmical expression, and not the justifying of an algebraical formula. How little pedantry has been aware of this is testified by Professor Mayor's historic confession that the scansion by feet, which he himself favoured, "will not of itself tell us how to read the line"!

"Apparently, therefore," Professor Smith comments, "we may scan in one way and read in another, and the ear is to be no judge whatever." This is an extreme case, yet to a less degree the tendency to elevate prosody into an abstract theory unrelated to experience, and to make it thereby the sport of specialists, has constantly thwarted the labour of academic enthusiasts, and certainly explains their refusal to admit differences of opinion. Yet prosody beyond a certain point can scarcely be said to exist objectively. It is as we hear it, and our hearing differs not only between ourselves, but according to the emotional

* "The Principles of English Metre." By Egerton Smith, M.A. 12s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

impulse of the moment. A poet may write an iambic foot one day and read it the next as a trochee, so altering the cadence of the whole line, while to hear a friend read verse is enough to convince anyone of this relativity. We find ourselves frequently differing from him on small points of scansion, while admitting the prosodical possibility of his interpretation.

As Professor Smith puts it, "Men have different temperaments and varying moods. Therefore the emotional effects of the same event may be different for different men, or for the same man at different times; and a man's view of the world and of life is coloured by his temperament and his moods." There is of course a norm, which we must all admit, but it is exactly over the variations from the norm that the bitterest battles have been fought, because the protagonists in the struggle refused to admit the right of free-hearing. The late Mr Bayfield, for example, heard Shakespeare's blank verse trochaically; most of us, with Professor Saintsbury, hear it "iambically" Between such sincere but antagonistic experiences there can be no reconciliation.

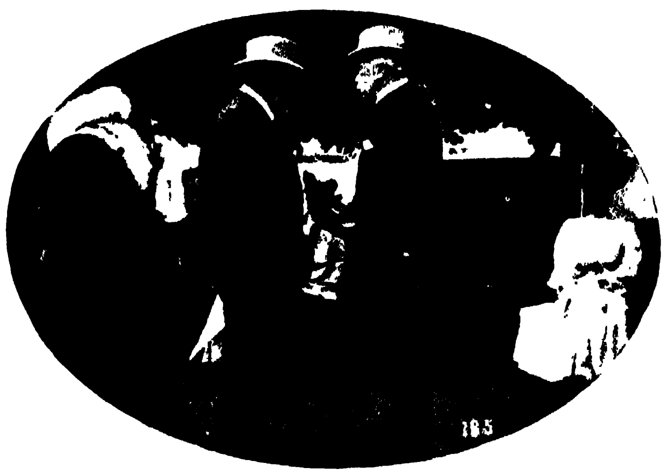
The main achievement of modern prosody, however, which Professor Smith's book can only enhance, has been to rescue men's hearing from the quantitative tyranny imposed by the students of classical metres, and to resolve the strife between the supporters of the syllabic and accentual theories by an explanation which covers them both namely that of time-duration. This, as Professor Smith points out, is no new discovery, since Joshua Steele for example in 1770 recognised the isochronous basis of metre; but it has remained for the modern prosodist to develop the principle, and by showing that the English foot is not a rigid formula, as in classical metres, but a time length into which more or less syllables than the underlying norm may be pressed (so long as the required time is preserved), to break down the artificial scansion, which was for so long pounded out in the schools. It was only left for them to carry this discovery a step further and hit upon the truth, obvious enough to the poet or musician, but strangely hidden from the theorist, that silences are as real and measurable as sounds, and English verse was recognised to be—what it has always been to its practitioners—an instrument surpassingly adapted to register every ripple of emotion, every halt or sudden dart of thought. But so subtle an instrument demands an equal subtlety in its interpreter. The prosodist can no longer rear his mathematical edifice and defy the poet to house himself elsewhere. Recent controversy, however, has raged chiefly over the interchangeability of various kinds of feet, over what combinations of feet are rhythmically tolerable, and whether speech-verse has, as is generally claimed, an iambic basis.

On all these questions Professor Smith writes convincingly, as on rime, stanza and the different verse forms to which the second part of his book is devoted. His work should prove invaluable to the student, while it should convince the too hasty revolutionary that metre need neither be unreal nor tyrannous. Just as poets have practised verse forms in slavish fashion, so prosodists have degraded theory into slavish dogma. But Professor Smith proves conclusively that when true theory is related to true practice, prosody but heightens liberty and intensifies experience.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET.

"C. B."*

"C. B.": the familiar, friendly-looking initials, like the honest, homely, kindly countenance of the man, always suggested a peaceful personality. It needed an effort of the mind to reconcile them with the combative figure of Boer War days—with the launcher of the famous words, "Methods of Barbarism"; words which angered so bitterly the immense majority of Englishmen, but of which General Botha was later to declare (so Mr. Spender tell us) that they made "peace and union in South Africa." There were few names so widely execrated twenty-two years ago as Campbell-Bannerman's. Even now his biography will be looked at askance in Conservative circles, while there are portions of it which will be read with wry faces by certain Liberal Imperialists of note



Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in conversation with His Majesty King Edward VII at Marienbad. 1906.

From "The Life of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman" (Hodder & Stoughton).

In the serene columns of THE BOOKMAN, however, there would be no excuse for dwelling upon the more controversial aspects of "C B.'s" career, and there is the less temptation to do so in that Mr Spender is at his very best in the pages wherein he depicts his subject at home and at leisure; at Belmont Castle, his country place in Perthshire; at Marienbad, his yearly visit to which was "part of the routine of his existence until his wife died there in 1906", and in Paris, which (to borrow an expression from the Ministerial colleague with whom he was perhaps in most pronounced disagreement) was his "spiritual home." "A Personal Chapter," as it is entitled, is devoted entirely to this side of "C. B.'s" life. We get to know him as the devoted husband, the warm-hearted and thoughtful host, the man of culture and urbanity, the witty conversationalist, the charming companion, and the generous friend. We are told of his whimsical idiosyncrasies and fancies how he treasured his beautiful trees, for instance, and "would bow to them and wish them good morning." We learn much of his literary tastes, and are given some illuminating extracts from his Commonplace Book. We listen to snatches of his familiar talk. "Is it Peace or War?" was the inscription to a newspaper illustration, in which King Edward and "C. B." were to be seen conversing very earnestly at Marienbad at a moment of political crisis. "Would you like to know what the King was saying to me?" "C. B." asked someone who showed him the picture. "He wanted to have my opinion whether halibut is better baked or boiled!" It appears that "C. B.'s" knowledge of gastronomy was profound and encyclopædic. Sir James Murray would have done well to consult him before coping with the word "pie" in the Oxford Dictionary, for in defining it he betrays, incidentally, his ignorance of "haggis." "Dr. Murray is a learned fool!" cried "C. B.," on having his attention drawn to the offending lines. Haggis, he went on to explain, was just a corruption of the French word *hachis*, and was not, as the Dictionary implied, "a medley of odds and ends," but "simply minced mutton."

Not less interesting than these intimate glimpses are the passages in Mr. Spender's final chapter, in which he sums up and analyses Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's personality as a citizen and a statesman. Among those who did not themselves see at close quarters Sir Henry's astonishing success as Prime Minister, there has always

* "The Life of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman." By J. A. Spender. 2 vols. 42s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

been too great a tendency to think of him as " a straight and stout-hearted man " and not much more. Mr. Spender is able to correct this misapprehension :

" The interest of Campbell-Bannerman's career " (he writes) " is to discover how a man who up to late middle-life was judged to be able and competent but not of commanding quality of character, who had no striking oratorical gifts nor even readiness in debate, reached the first place by acclamation and won one of the greatest popluar triumphs in his generation. He had against him the most formidable fighting-man of his time in Mr. Chamberlain and the most skilful Parliamentarian in Mr. Balfour ; and on his flank, questioning his authority, were men who were greatly his superior in the parliamentary and platform arts. How did he come to prevail against them all ? The conventional answer to this question is ' character '--character exemplified in hare and tortoise with an edifying moral for the slow and steady. But the image ill fits a man who for years together seemed to have a unique capacity for kindling his opponents to wrath, who was perpetually nailing unpopular flags to the mast-head, who fought for anything that he conceived to be a principle with an aggressive tenacity that at times disconcerted his best friends. '

Mr. Spender proceeds to complete this portrait of " C. B." as fighter by means of effective citations from estimates and reminiscences written by others who knew him well Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman and Mr. Vaughan Nash. His own concluding sentences are excellent :

" The duty of a biographer is not to force his own views on the reader but to provide the material on which the reader may form his own opinions. Yet one abiding impression may be recorded. No man was ever more of a democrat and less of a demagogue than Campbell-Bannerman and if there is anything that may be learnt from his example it is that a man may still in this country save his life by losing it and win popular applause and affection by bravely resisting the tumults and excitements of the hour. Of all the arts of manipulating opinion, currying favour with newspapers, trimming sails to the popular breeze, he was wholly innocent. Right or wrong he never had his ears to the ground or could be turned from his course by the fear of the polling-booth.

Justum at tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium
Non vultus instantir tyranni
Mente quatit solida.

" If there is any man in the recent history of the country to whom the words seem appropriate or who, without claiming any of the heroic virtues, quietly and modestly lived up to them, it was Campbell-Bannerman."

FREDERIC WHYTE.

Novel Notes.

THE TORCH. By Albert Kinross. 7s 6d. (Duckworth)

The story is soon told. A young man is put into journalism by his father. He and two others become the motive force of a new critical weekly and hoist it into success. Then it is sold over their heads to a financiers' ring, and they wash their hands of it. That is all—indeed the plot is even slighter than this synopsis suggests ; it is characteristic of the author's method that he omits even to state the paper's " line," leaving that to be deduced from his three journalists. In omission lies the strength of this remarkable book, which consists wholly of a number of character studies--real people etched leanly in a few sharp strokes, alive to the finger-tips, a jostling and fascinating throng. I know no fiction folk quite like them ; they are just life as one rubs shoulders with life, the passers-by as tangible (while one is with them) as the intimate friends. Women too—the young journalist has two love-encounters, calf-love and the other kind , passion is in the very bones of these, and yet there are not two pages of actual love-making in the whole of the book. Youth, love and friendship ; some shrewd criticism ; ideals and snobbery and money-hunting ; friendship again and always— such are the themes with which this author deals more fully, in a short, vital tale, than many have done in long and dreary ones. He knows them vividly ; and he knows how to write.

PEACE IN OUR TIME. By Oliver Onions. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

The only novel which can be compared with this is Wilfrid Ewart's " Way of Revelation." Each author has taken the same theme—the post-war youth—and treated it in his own fine way ; Ewart more descriptively, perhaps, and more massively, the present author even more acutely, with a very clear vision of the predicament in which the young officer whose years between eighteen, let us say, and twenty-two, were given to the war, finds himself on his return to civil life. Mr. Onions impresses us with the value of those years ; not, strictly speaking, " lost " years, but years with great experiences which have no definite bearing upon the problem of winning responsibility anew in a sphere entirely different. We have no space to outline the plot of this exceedingly clever, earnest, fascinating story. It has humour ; it is vivid of the actual days we are now passing through ; it makes the reader think seriously. And, not least of its qualities, it is a valuable contribution to the problems of the time, because it states a case without prejudice. Quite sincerely we congratulate Mr. Onions upon one of the few novels which attempt, and the fewer still which succeed in, the exposition of a most difficult social situation. His characters are splendidly alive ; his touch is sure.

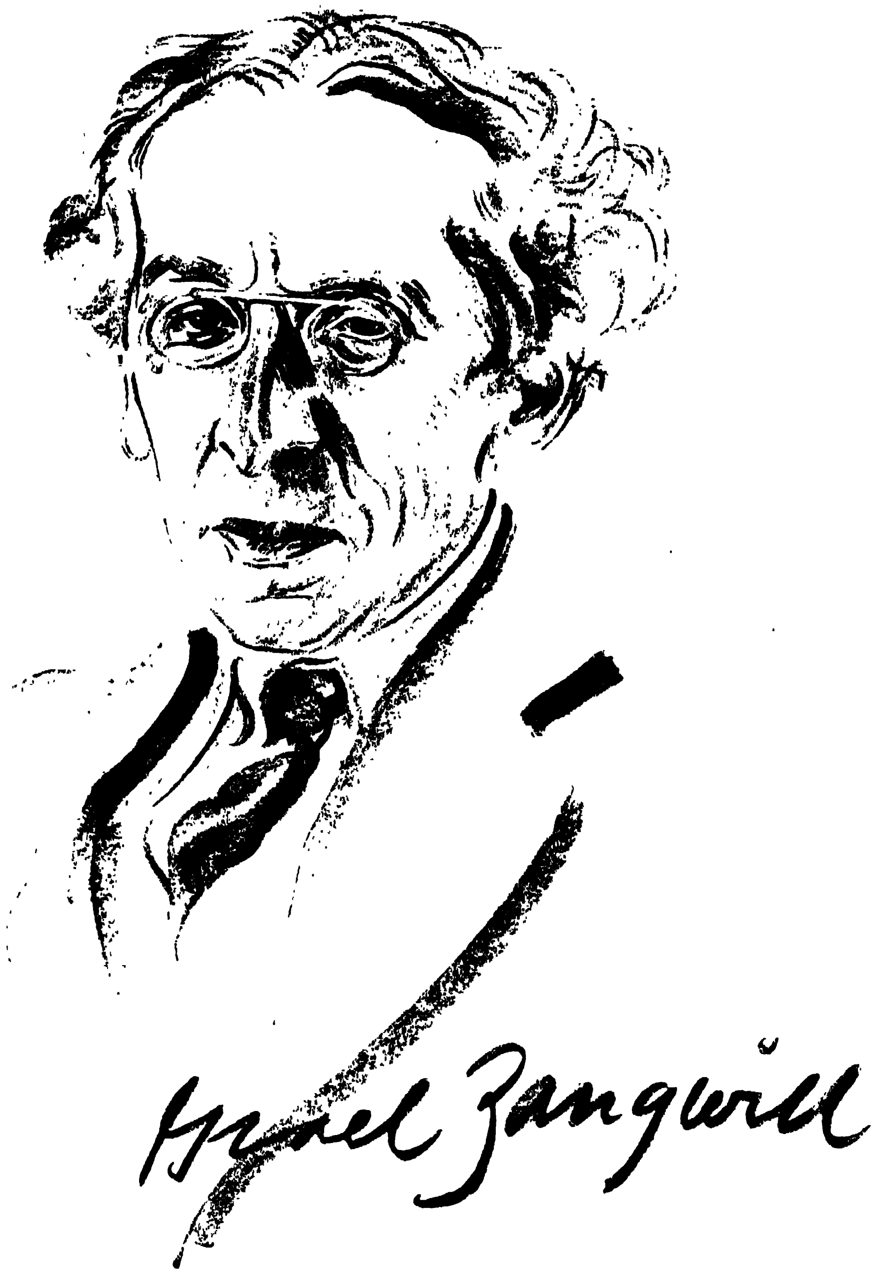
LEW TYLER'S WIVES. By Wallace Irwin. (Putnams.)

America is nowadays sending many novels over to us, but there is seldom among them a story so moving and so beautiful as this. It is written with such perfect naturalness that you only realise on an afterthought the sure and delicate art with which it is done --with which the story is told, and the characters moulded and made to grow under your eyes. Jessie Tyler, Lew's first wife, is, when she is wrought to it, the most resolute, and always the loyalest and most lovable of women. Lew himself, careless, good-natured, liked by everybody and utterly unreliable, is drawn with so sensitive an understanding of all that is good and all that is foolish and frail in him, that, even before his redemption, he holds the reader's sympathy and remains faultily and intensely human. Little commonplace Meech Garrick, again, with his at first unsuspected chivalries and the odd charm of his love for Jessie, is a delightful creation. But Jessie is the most inimitable thing in the book. When she meets Lew, long after she had left him--loving him still but wounded by his infidelities and seeing she could do no more for him --when she has left him and he is married again, " Happy ? " she laughs, in answer to his question. " Grown-up people don't worry about such things. I'm myself, and that's all that counts. For the first time in my life I seem to be doing my job. I was Dad's Jessie for a while. Then I was your Jessie." " And now ? " " I'm my own Jessie." In these days when we are getting tired of unpleasantly realistic tales and of psycho-analytic ingenuities that have no tale to tell—here is a real tale of real people, a humorous, pathetic, large-minded, admirably-written tale too good to be retold in a summary. Read it —if you have read anything finer this autumn you have been fortunate.

CASTLE CONQUER. By Padraic Colum. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Large stores of memory and observation have gone to the making of Mr. Colum's first novel, which is kindred in sundry respects to his poems and plays. It is valuable and attractive for its wealth of Irish social history and character. Some of it has a curiously mediæval air, for although the scene for the most part is a district on the borders of Ulster plantation counties some forty years since, there are varied glimpses of a surviving order more or less feudal. The agrarian and legal episodes, however, are not so suggestive of the Land League and the early eighties as of the previous decade or two. A turning-point of the plot is also improbable ; a leader who made armed resistance to eviction would scarcely go free. But

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by WALTER TITTLE.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.



Miss Pamela Hinkson

(daughter of Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson), whose first novel, "The End of all Dreams," is just published by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and whose book for younger readers, "The Girls of Redlands," is published by Messrs. Partridge.

THE END OF ALL DREAMS. By Pamela Hinkson. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

There is more than the tragedy of Ireland in this novel; there is the tragedy of youth. Of youth grown bitter and disillusioned, weary of bloodshed, yearning for a to-morrow of peace and progress. Denys Considine comes back from the war with a crippled knee, to settle down on his Irish estate to the tranquil ways of farming; and instead finds himself in the midst of the murder and suffering that ravaged post-war Ireland. He is too spiritually exhausted to take sides in the conflict, though he leans towards Sinn Fein, partly because the girl he loves is an enthusiastic supporter of the cause. He has almost "gone over" when the slaughter of British officers in Dublin sickens him of the whole business, and drives him back to his old despair. An atmosphere of tragedy broods over the story, which is chiefly a study in psychology. Again and again Denys asks himself: Was it for this men fought and died? Miss Hinkson's criticism of the world of to-day is poignant and searching. We could have wished that she had leavened her tragedy with a little humour but, in spite of this lack, her characters win our interest and sympathy, and the picture she paints of Ireland in the grip of revolution is vividly real. For a first novel the book possesses very remarkable qualities, and it is evident the author has inherited in no small degree the gifts of her famous mother, Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

THE LAVENDER DRAGON. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Lest by its title this book should suggest itself as a Christmas gift for children, let me hasten to say that though it is a fairy story of sorts, it is no food for babes. Mr. Phillpotts has given another proof of his versatility by writing this fantastic and humorous story of a visionary Utopia founded by a dragon in the Dark Ages. The Lavender Dragon was supposed by the inhabitants of Pongley-in-the-Marsh to devour unfortunate villagers as men eat radishes. In the nick of time there comes to them young Sir Jasper de Pomeroy, devoted to the service of knight errantry. But the dragon treats Sir Jasper as cavalierly as he has done all the others, picking up knight and steed and sailing away as an owl with a mouse. They volplane (Mr. Phillpotts's word) down to Dragonsville, where Sir Jasper discovers all the lost villagers living joyfully together in the L.D.'s ideal garden city. Within the space of 200 pages, Mr. Phillpotts's sketch of his Utopia is necessarily slight, but it is clever and witty, it glows with colour and is enlivened with verse and story and certainly gives us food for reflection.

THE OWLS' HOUSE. By Crosbie Garstin. 7s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Garstin's new novel carries us back to the eighteenth century, and "The Owl's House" is the name given to a remote valley on the Cornish coast. The story follows the careers of Ortho and Eli Penhale, who are born of the marriage of a prosperous farmer with a wandering gipsy-girl. The childhood of the two boys is vividly described and their characters well contrasted. On reaching manhood, Ortho becomes a wrecker and smuggler. In one of his exploits he is interrupted by the military, but effects an escape by sea in an open boat. He is picked up by a slave-trading vessel, and himself sold as a slave in Barbary. He has many other adventures, military and amorous, before he eventually reaches home again and loses his heart to the love of his steady-going brother. He plots to have Eli kidnapped by the naval press-gang. But the plot fails, and he himself is captured instead. The story is full of colour and movement, and, though it frankly set out to be romantic, it is by no means lacking in the more solid quality of characterisation.

THE WILL AND THE BILL. By H. A. Gwynne. 7s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

A political novel by the editor of a first-class daily paper is something of a phenomenon, and it must be many years since Mr. Spender preceded Mr. Gwynne in this kind of venture. One sees any amount of bright paradox emanating from Mr. Chesterton and others on the subject of editors seeking relief from the wildness of fact and the savagery of opinion in the soothing and dallying arms of fiction. Other commentators of a more imaginative turn will foresee an epidemic of editorial commitments in the same tempting field - say, a new Golden Legend from Mr. Dawson, a Beaconsfieldian romance from Mr. Strachey and a philosophic epic of the Renaissance in several volumes from Mr. Garvin. There is no knowing how far the example may spread, or what consternation it may create among the critics when real live editors walk abroad in the disguise of novelists and the stealth of pseudonyms. Where there's a will, there's a "we"; and who shall say them nay? Fortunately if they follow Mr. Gwynne's lead there will be no great harm done, for his vein is one of light contemporary satire, something between that of Mr. Belloc and that of the late Mr. Mallock. He takes the House of Commons and puts it under the thumb of an empirical psychologist with private wealth enough to indulge his ideas and disregard institutions and conventions alike. With the help of a couple of enterprising brothers (one an eminent admiral and the other a distinguished soldier) our hero contrives to nobble and hypnotise the Prime Minister, Mr. Kingsley, and make him the sponsor of a bill which penalises every kind of lie. Needless to say the result on the art and craft (especially the craft) of politics is disastrous. It undermines the very pillar of public polity, or whatever it is, and attacks the inalienable fundamentals of British thingummyjig. It is no mere resort to the familiar evasion to say that we prefer not to reveal Mr. Gwynne's secret in respect of the contrivance he adopts for extrication from an impossible position. All we need say, to our great relief, is that things remain unaltered and liars flourish still. But the sparkle and wit of the satire remain a precious thing.

SMOKE-RINGS. By G. B. Stern. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Stern is not ashamed to be entertaining. So many of our younger novelists are either naturally dull, or think they should curb their inclination to be humorous unless it is directed into rather esoteric and private channels. Miss Stern has no doubts about the right of the human being to laugh, and she gives him plenty of occasion in this book of short stories. Occasionally there is a touch of rather doubtful taste, but this occurs more often in the stories which are serious. Miss Stern hardly gives herself enough scope for instance in such a tale as "The Cat," but in "The Stranger Women" and in "The Dynamo," she shows something of that psychological grasp and feeling for character which have made her novels so remarkable. The world which her people inhabit is pleasantly wide and varied; Miss Stern, though she writes very amusingly about artists and authors, has no illusions about their position in the world, or their importance. She has a cynical, realistic wit which should make her book popular even with those who do not quite appreciate her method. At her most characteristic she might be called the O. Henry of the night club.

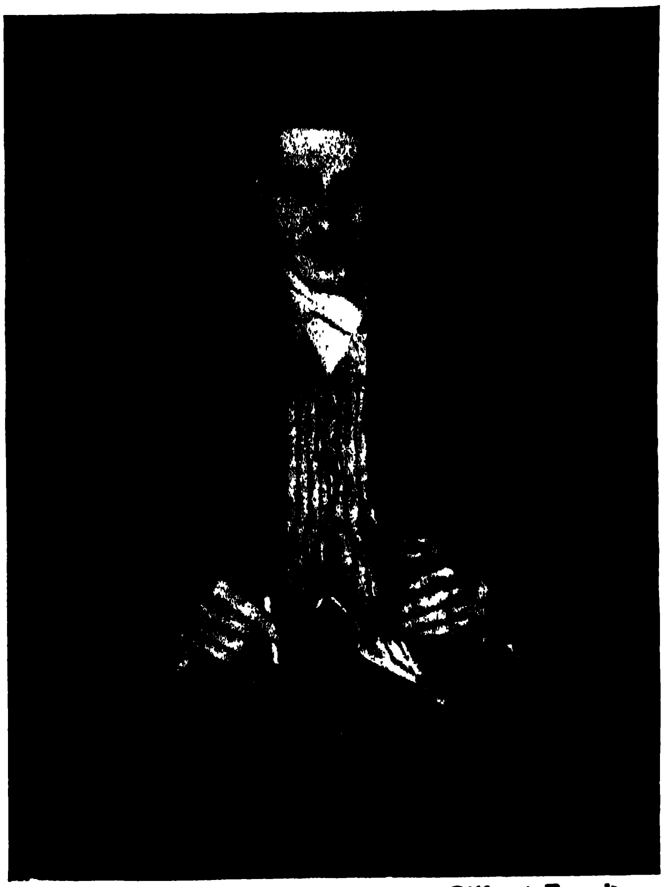
The Bookman's Table.

CENOTAPH: A Book of Remembrance in Poetry and Prose for November the Eleventh Compiled and Edited by Thomas Moult. With a frontispiece from a drawing by Joseph Pike. 5s (Jonathan Cape.)

The purpose and scope of this anthology are adequately described in its title. It aims in a large measure, says Mr Moult, "at pursuing the course along which the mood of the humble celebrant of the Day of Remembrance is likely to travel," and brings together "some of the utterances made by the men and women who found themselves endowed with the supreme gift of interpreting the faith and outlook of the vast mute masses who endured the war." Beginning with newspaper articles by Arthur Machen and "J. B." describing the march past the cenotaph and the burial of the Unknown Warrior in the Abbey, the other extracts in prose and verse touch on various aspects of the same poignant incident and on the aspirations, regrets, perplexities and crowding emotions that have ebbed and flowed in the hearts of all of us during the war and through these troublous after-war years. The selections have been chosen and arranged with admirable taste and judgment, and as a breviary of sacred recollections and enduring hope this little book will bring consolation and light to those who walk still in the shadow of days that can never be forgotten.

ESSAYS OF A BIOLOGIST. By Julian Huxley. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Huxley has written a book of character and charm. Let no reader innocent of science suppose that here are no haunts meet for him, for the amount of technical matter is small and the amount of entertainment large. Papers on Biological Progress and the relation of Science to Sociology may seem drab in promise, but their substance is charming. Other pieces will need no further recommendation than their titles: "Philosophic Ants," and "Ils n'ont que de l'ame," an essay on Bird-mind. In the essay on Progress there is a passage about the evolution of machines that might have come from "Erewhon," a point that, considering the name borne by the essayist and Butler's treatment by Darwinians, may be called distinctly piquant. The essays are brightened for general readers by numbers of concrete instances—in less serious surroundings we should call them anecdotes, and we should like to quote some if limits allowed. Compelled to brevity, we will recommend the book cordially as one to be bought rather than borrowed and kept for the delightful "dipping" that is a special pleasure of the practised reader.



By Flora Lion **Gilbert Frankau.**

Mr. Frankau's collected poems in two volumes are published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

FRENCH COMEDIES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Translated by Richard Aldington. 7s. 6d. (Routledge.)

These four plays are welcome Between Molière and Beaumarchais there exists for most of us a gap, a rather barren period which we are seldom tempted to explore in the foreign tongue. Mr. Aldington is thus a pioneer; "Regnard's 'Residuary Legatee,'" he says, "has been translated into American Otherwise I believe they have not before appeared in English." He gives a general introduction on French Comedy, and on each dramatist an essay which is both critical and biographical, "since people like to know what kind of person a writer was." All these are full of humour and good sense, and contain less pedantry to the square inch of scholarship than anything I have read for a long time, the translations too are excellent and read like originals; Mr. Aldington is to be congratulated in every respect. The first dramatist, Regnard, is a merry fellow; his technique is modelled on Molière, but at a first reading he gives me the impression of a sharper wit, perhaps because he is terser and completely non-moral. His best scene, wherein the servant impersonates the dying miser and dictates a suitable will, may have been the origin of a recent Grand Guignol comedy —only in Regnard's play the miser returns to life, with dire complications. Marivaux contributes "The Game of Love and Chance," a rather mechanical little plot about the wooer who changes places with his servant to go courting a young lady who has done precisely the same. This story is saved from the hard glitter common to such machinery by the peculiar quality of its irony (more like a caress than a wound); by unexpected freshness in its characterisation; by its happy domestic atmosphere; and above all by the father who, unlike so many of his predecessors, is neither tyrant nor fool. Destouches ("Le Glorieux") is less good. He is a prude with a turn for sham romance; a dragger-in of long-lost heirs and mildly improbable mysteries; a French Samuel Richardson, uplifting but dull. Le Sage I like best of all. His people in "Turcaret" are far the reallest in the book

—no doubt that is why they seem so modern. There is nothing elsewhere to equal the well-bred insolence of the strumpet aristocrat to her plebeian lover, unless it be the lover himself, the snob-profiteer, the hog turned gentleman, smashing his mistress's crockery when he is crossed. . . . I long to quote, but space forbids. This is a book worth buying.

SHACKLETON'S LAST VOYAGE: The Story of the Quest. By Commander Frank Wild, C.B.E. Maps and over 100 illustrations from photographs. 30s. (Cassells.)

Author and publishers have combined to give us a magnificent and entirely worthy record of the last great adventure of that fine soul, Sir Ernest Shackleton. The plan of the book is admirable—a good three hundred pages of vivid narrative outlining the purpose of the expedition, the difficulties encountered in promoting the undertaking, a full record of the journey out and in, told in a business-like way with never a dull nor a purple passage, and the whole lit up with magnificent illustrations from photographs which transform the tale of the days into throbbing life. Then follow fifty-two pages of appendices giving a rough indication of the scientific findings of the various departments represented in the expedition, and an index which brings the whole book under one's hand. The shadow of death lies on both the expedition and the book. Nevertheless it is a shining record of intensest life. "The Boss" laid his body down in South Georgia, but his soul went marching on in the men who never thought of turning back. The expedition had to fight against an extraordinary run of bad luck long before they reached the ice. It has been written that, great as was Sir Ernest Shackleton as an organiser, he was even greater as an "improviser." If so, on this last voyage he had to call on all that was within him. And from the standpoint of style we have here very much more than a "valley of dry bones," a stark record in colourless words of things attempted or achieved. Commander Wild helps us to see the glory of the kingdoms of this world, and, not least, the beauty and grandeur and alluring mystery of the dread Antarctic. The record is full of colourful detail, of incident and achievement, but the final impression is not of any particular end accomplished so much as of the magnificent spirit of these men who "pioneer and guide the groping fingers of knowledge on the white edges of the world."

FOLKLORE IN THE OLD TESTAMENT: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend and Law. By Sir James George Frazer, F.R.S., F.B.A. Abridged Edition. 18s. (Macmillan.)

Many of us have fingered longingly the three volume edition and done rapid mental arithmetic to see if we could possibly raise the funds—weakly evading the deeper question as to whether the expenditure could be justified. Now is our opportunity. It is too late in the day to praise either the author or his work. The abridgment is achieved by the omission of some chapters, compression of matter in other sections, and the deletion of almost all the footnotes and references to authorities. The abridgment enhances rather than detracts from the value of the work for the general reader and even for the student of the Old Testament, save those whose work demands the full material. By his unprecedented accumulation of knowledge the author is able to throw a flood of light on the Biblical records of The Creation of Man; The Fall; The Mark of Cain; The Flood; The Tower of Babel, and on the folk-lore elements in the stories of the Patriarchs and in the records of the times of the Judges and the Kings. In his preface to this edition Sir J. G. Frazer modestly hopes he has enabled some to "view the history of Israel in a truer if less romantic light." Such truth as he has established by putting the Biblical accounts in their probable world setting by no means reduces the romance, nor does he make the mistake of confusing origins with values. His work lies with the lowly origins of those truths which are destined to lead men to the heights. His study of the savagery and superstition embedded in the Old Testament has not led him to "ignore, far less to disparage, that higher side of the Hebrew genius which has manifested itself in a spiritual religion and a pure morality, and of which the Old Testament is the imperishable monument." Our last word is one of deep appreciation of his acute analysis of the documents—witness his masterly work on the salient characteristics of the "Priestly Document" and J, page 57ff—and the sheer beauty of some of his descriptive passages—pp. 76–77, "The Pass of Tempe."

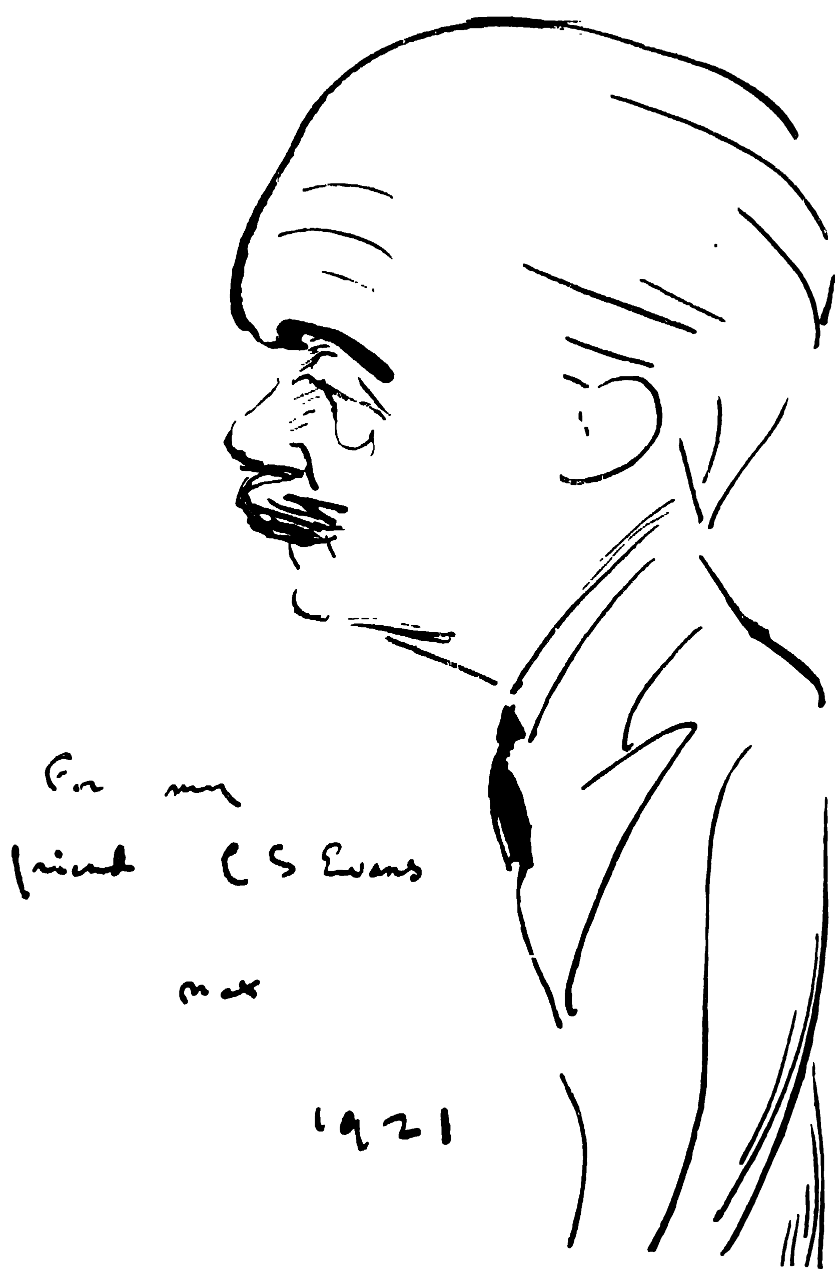
Music.

FREDERIC AUSTIN.*

By Rodney Bennett.

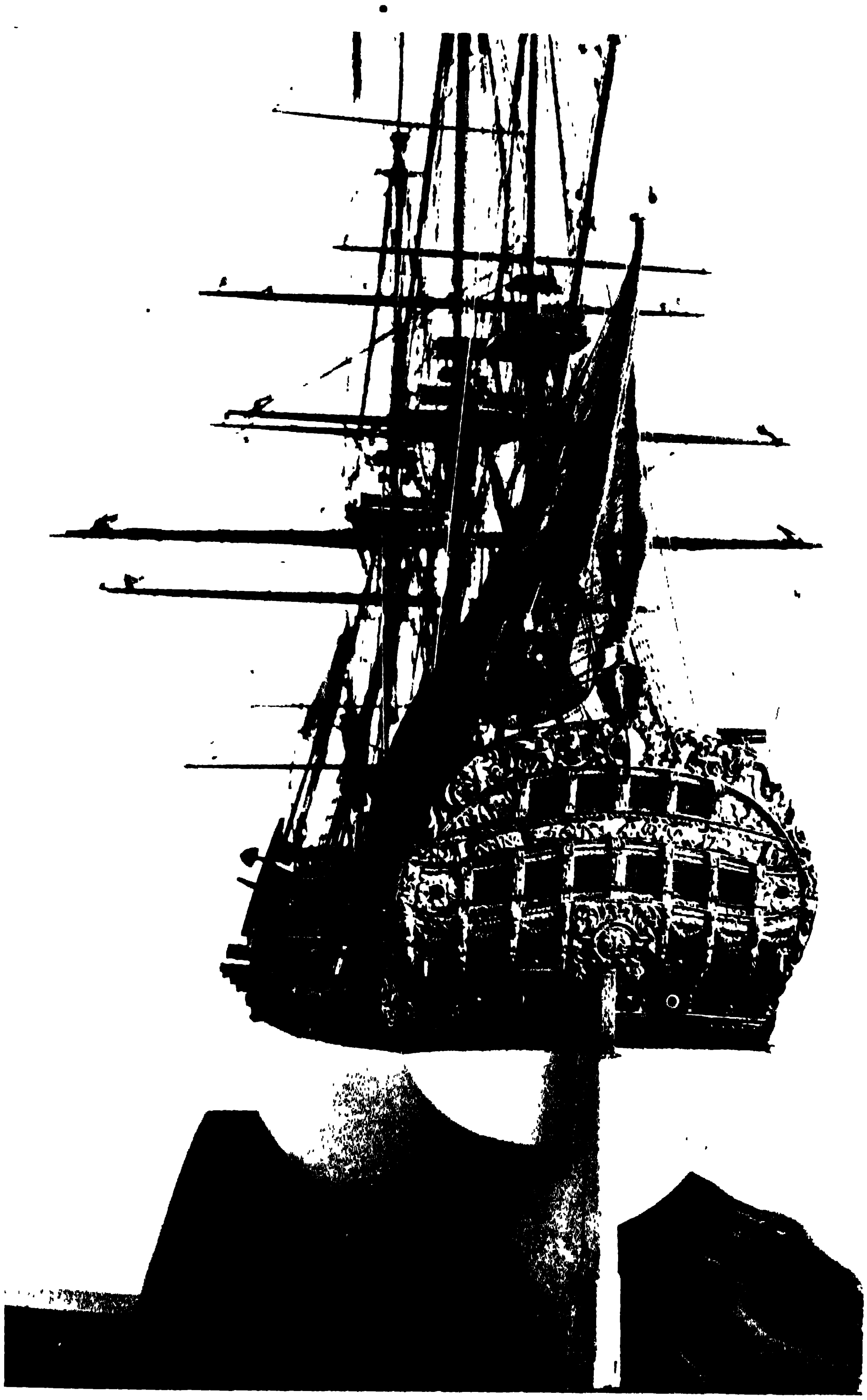
"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA," according to the newspapers, is at last coming off. Though it will be easy to believe the statement only when the actual last night comes, since the piece has become an institution and attendance at it a pleasantly habitual way of passing a spare evening, the possibility makes it opportune to say something about one of the half-dozen men who were instrumental in achieving its now historic success. When in the early nineteen hundreds Frederic Austin, already well known as a baritone singer, appeared as a composer of songs and, later, of orchestral work of quality, figuring at one and the same Promenade Concert (in 1907) as composer of a rhapsody and as a soloist, the papers commented on the phenomenon of a singer writing. Time has passed since then; the large public has probably forgotten him as a singer, not without reason, since by his own confession he has during the last three years had no time for singing (except in a court of law), and now esteems him solely as the expert arranger of Mr. Gay's opera. Both attitudes are wrong, since both put lesser parts before the chief; for essentially he is a composer who also sings and arranges, both with uncommon skill.

* Orchestral Works in MS.: "Spring" (a Rhapsody); "Isabella" (a symphonic poem); a Symphony; "Palsgaard" (a suite of Danish sketches). Published works: Songs:—"Songs of Unrest" (Augener); "The Twelve Days of Christmas" (a folk-song arrangement), "It Was a Lover and his Lass," "Sigh no More, Ladies," "Proud Maisie," "My Susan was a Bonny Lass," "Oh, to be in England" and "Songs in a Farm-house"—old-fashioned songs arranged for solo voices and vocal quartet (Novello); "My dear Mistress," "Oft in the Stilly Night" (Stainer & Bell); "Love's Pilgrimage"—songs with piano or string quartet accompaniment (Enoch). For piano solo: "The Enchanted Palace"—two sketches (Winthrop Rogers). Operatic: Vocal scores and selections of "The Beggar's Opera" and "Polly"; Three dances and "The Cricket's Song" from "The Insect Play" (Boosey).



Kindly lent by Mr. C. S. Evans.

MAX BEERBOHM.
Drawn by himself



*From "SHIP MODELS."
By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON
(Studio*

"DEN ARY," 1725
DUTCH EAST INDIAMAN.



From "CHINESE PAINTING"
By ARTHUR WALEY
(Ernest Benn).

RAIN.



From "ARTHUR MEE'S WONDERFUL DAY."
Illustrated
(Hodder & Stoughton).

FOR AGES PROGRESS WAS FIXED BY THE SPEED OF THE HORSE. NAPOLEON FLYING FOR HIS LIFE CAME NO FASTER THAN CONSTANTINE HAD COME 1,500 YEARS BEFORE, WHEN FLYING ACROSS EUROPE FOR HIS FREEDOM.

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN," CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From "*MODERN BRITISH COMPOSERS.*"
By *HERBERT LAMBERT*
Goodwin).

DAME ETHEL SMYTH.

SUPPLEMENT TO " THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From "MODERN BRITISH COMPOSERS."
By HERBERT LAMBERT
(Goodwin).

MR. HERBERT HOWELLS.



Photo by C. G. Garland.

MR. A. E. W. MASON,

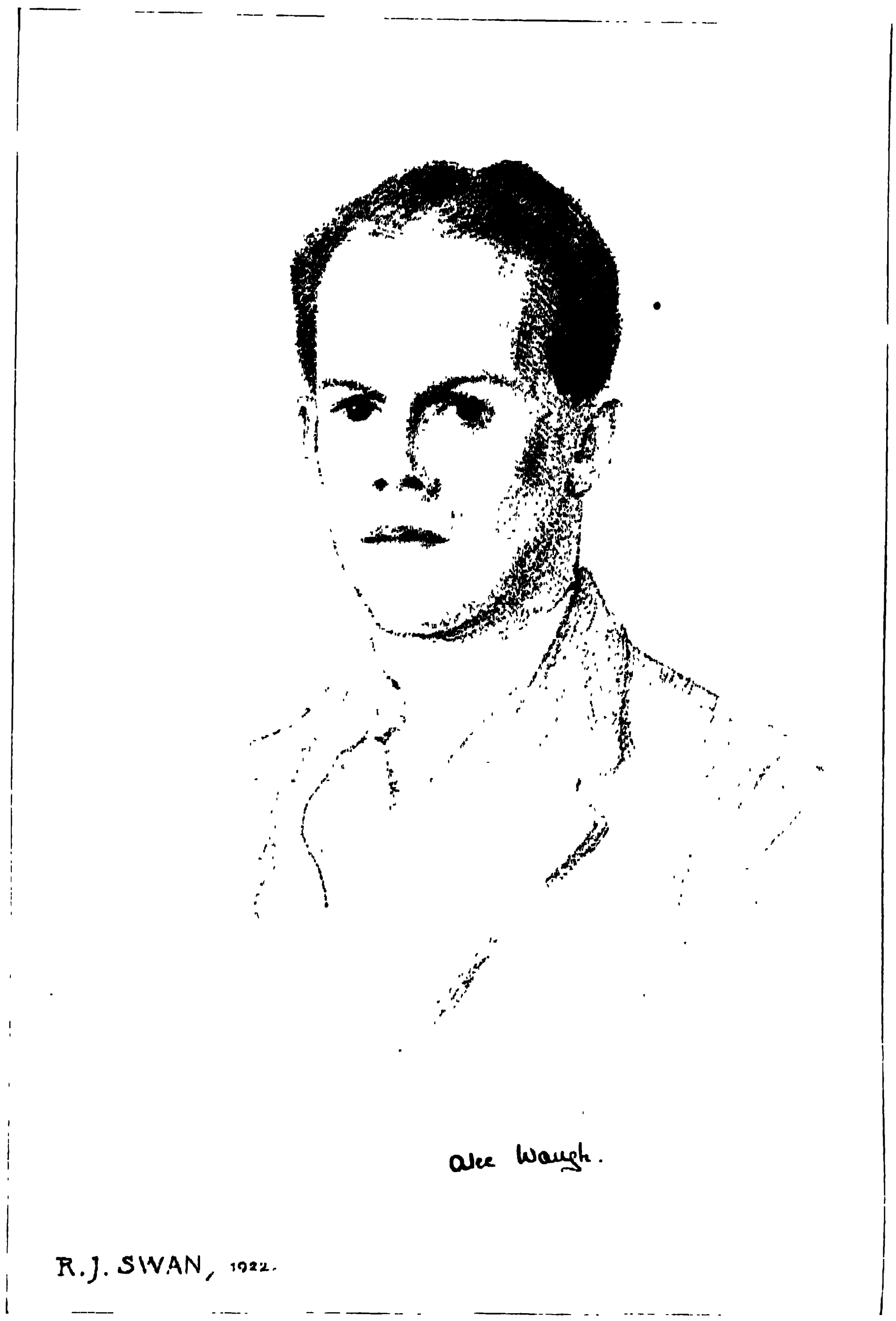
at New Grove, Petworth, his home in Sussex.



From "THE MASTERS OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING."
Vol. I. Four Early Italian Engravers.
By TANCRED BORENIUS
(The Medici Society).

FOUR WOMEN DANCING.
(Mantegna.)

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
CHRISTMAS, 1923.



From a drawing by R. J. SWAN. **MR ALEC WAUGH.**

Whose autobiography, "Myself When Young," was recently published by Mr Grant Richards.



From "THE ETCHINGS OF SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN"
By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
(Halton & Truscott Smith).

EGHAM.



From "THE ETCHINGS OF SIR FRANCIS SEYMOUR HADEN."
By MALCOLM C. SALAMAN
(Halton & Truscott Smith).

EGHAM LOCK.



From "THE MODERN WOODCUT:
A STUDY OF THE EVOLUTION OF THE CRAFT."
By HERBERT FURST
(John Lane).

A VILLAGE STREET.

Born in 1872, Austin was one of those lucky (or unlucky) people who have more strings to their bow than can be conveniently twanged in the ordinary twenty-four-hour day. His musical life began in Liverpool with his uncle, Dr. D. W. Hunt, from whom he received all his training as a pianist and composer, and it was in that city that he began independent life as a teacher of harmony, counterpoint and piano. His trouble was that, though teaching interested him, it left little time for composition; and as if to complicate matters further, he decided that he had a voice and set about training it with Charles Lunn. I am not going to attempt to set in order the hustling activities of this time, for looking back on Austin's account of them I find my recollections so involved as to make separation impossible. Enough to say that by the time he was thirty-five he had established himself as a festival, operatic and *lieder* singer, and had a considerable list of compositions to his credit. His gifts were opportune to the time, enabling him not only to study established work with understanding, but also to ride confidently on the current of modernism that was already setting so strongly in 1902 when he made his debut. He mastered Wagnerian rôles in English and German with a speed and authority impossible to a less musicianly singer, singing successively with Van Dyck, Richter, Beecham, Denhof and Beecham again. One of my earliest recollections of music in London is the impression made upon me by his versatility in such widely different parts as Wotan, Figaro, Iago, Coppélius, Scarpia and the Bashaw in " Il Seraglio " of Mozart, a non-singing part in which his dignity was a thing not easily forgotten. These achievements were varied by concert-room excursions into such exacting parts as the solo in Delius's " Sea Drift " and the Philosopher in Bantock's " Omar Khayyám." Of his compositions nothing can be said here. The orchestral works, though well received and several times repeated, have remained in MS. and dropped out of the repertoire, chiefly because the war cut short that part of his musical life and because since then he has been too busy in other directions to push his wares in this.



Mr. Frederic Austin.
Camera portrait by Lambert of Bath.

The idea of reviving " The Beggar's Opera " came in that haphazard fashion in which good ideas will come. Austin, Ranalow and Sylvia Nelis had been singing in the Beecham seasons at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, which were made particularly memorable by Nigel Playfair's production of Mozart's " Marriage of Figaro." The end of the summer season of 1920 left the singers with time to spare till the opening of the autumn season, which was in fact fated never to materialise. As it happened Playfair was also at a loose end at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where " Abraham Lincoln " had finished a few months before. He had already produced there Pergolesi's " La Serva Padrona," and he now threw out the suggestion that some of the Beecham singers should fill the between-season interval by joining him in " doing something." It was as vague as that. Eventually Austin suggested " The Beggar's Opera," and Playfair, who had seen and enjoyed a part of the piece at a charity *matinée*, agreed. Soon they were all merrily at work—Playfair on the general scheme, assisted by Arnold Bennett, who wrote a short additional scene, Lovat Fraser and his wife on the scenery and dresses, and Austin on the music, selecting from the sixty odd tunes, making new settings of his choice and adding new music of his own where the play needed it. From the outset they decided that a mere reproduction of the play as it was done in 1728 or by Sims Reeves would have little chance of success, and that the only thing was to make out of the old materials what would be practically a new play, to retain the spirit while using a wide discretion as to the means.

The wisdom of their decision needs at this date no commendation. Put on for only a short run, the piece achieved an unprecedented success. People saw it again and again, formed a " Beggar's Opera " club wherein those who had attended a mere thirty performances or so were very small fry indeed. Two companies are now on the road, another has gone yearly to America, and a recent production is at present running in Australia. A dozen articles might be written about it, about its influence on music on the future of English opera, on women's dress, on house decoration. The only wonder is that it has not put men into satin breeches and red-heeled shoes. What has been the reason for such success ? That is impossible, even if it were profitable, to discuss here. Probably the secret was this : that, however fiercely the lights of the producers might be assailed, it had to be admitted that, according to those lights, they moved with unfaltering surety and aplomb. The whole thing, right or wrong, " came off." The one thing about the production that I have never heard nor seen contested was the rightness of Austin's treatment of the music.

What skill, ingenuity, patience and scholarship that meant, probably not one per cent. of the Lyric audiences, whether or not they had Boosey's score, dimly realised.

To understand this it is only necessary to compare that score and the score of "Polly" with the facsimile of the originals published in one volume by Chapman & Dodd. The comparison, which is a fascinating business to undertake, provides a lesson in the whole art of arrangement and ballad opera construction. The original contains, beside the prose dialogue, the words and airs of sixty-nine songs and an overture written by Dr. Pepusch. Of the songs, it must be understood, nothing is given but the bare tune and a bass, with no suggestion of scoring or part-writing for duets or ensembles, no introductions nor connecting symphonies and no incidental music. To take two examples: that neat ensemble, "Before the barn door crowing," one of the biggest successes of the piece, appears simply as eight lines of words and sixteen bars of tune; and the vigorous male voice chorus, which appears twice, figures simply as five lines of words and twenty-four bars of music.

Comparison of the result with the material makes it obvious that certain problems had to be met. There was the difficulty of supplying incidental music which should enliven without delaying the action and also be in keeping with the period. The various snatches, symphonies and such melodramas as the burlesque music during Macheath's escape from prison show that Austin has a sense of stage requirements together with an instinct for style which research alone could not give. Then there was the question of the harmonic scheme. The arranger might either have harmonised the tunes in the strict figured-bass manner, or he might have adapted with the freedom used, say, by Cyril Scott in his aggressively modern treatment of old songs. The result would have been that the dress would have distracted attention from the figure, the manner from the matter. In fact, he compromised in a way which could only be done by a composer acquainted with both old-fashioned and modern harmonic methods, enriching the texture without changing the total effect. Examination of the score shows constant use of intervals, progressions, harmonies unused in 1728; yet the atmosphere is antique. This result is heightened by the choice of instruments. Here Austin solved another problem and secured effects, unobtainable by more obvious combinations, by using, in addition to string quintet, oboe and clarinet, three ancient instruments—harpsichord, viola d'amore and viola da gamba—resources that would have been impossible but for the help of the Chaplin trio, players of those instruments being very rare. A final difficulty was that, whereas Macheath and Lucy were originally tenor and soprano, the parts were to be played at Hammersmith by baritone and contralto, a fact that did not matter in the solos but called for manipulation in the ensembles.

The result makes it all sound very easy. So it is—when it is properly done, like juggling five balls; and the appearance of ease is the proof of the juggler's dexterity. It proves Austin to be the possessor of a highly developed technique and sense of style, and a sensitiveness which enables him to steep himself in a prescribed atmosphere and yet retain his individuality. The same qualities showed in his version of "Polly," his incidental music to Nigel Playfair's productions of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" and the "Insect Play." The last was of a cleverness and aptitude that makes one regret that it is not published and accessible for study.

The disappearance of Macheath lessens the gaiety of London. But he will inevitably reappear; and in the meanwhile there is the possibility of revivals of "Polly" and "The Knight," and the promise of the Drinkwater-Austin opera on the subject of Robert Burns, upon which the composer is now working. It will be interesting to see how he moves in Scots garb.

MAURICE RAVEL: THE MAN AND HIS ART.

BY WATSON LYLE.

ONE early summer day some time ago, while I was chatting to a friend in the artists' room at Queen's Hall, a slight, but dignified figure of a man entered it from the platform end. He glanced at us casually, and passed out at the door leading to the corridor.

"That is Ravel," said my friend. "Have you met him?"

I had not, and I said so, and was assured that I would enjoy the meeting when it occurred. "If it occurs," I corrected, for at that time there seemed to be little likelihood that the honour of meeting privately the foremost living composer of France would be mine.

When, just recently, the meeting took place, somewhat unexpectedly, by the kind intervention of another friend, I found that M. Ravel was as charming to meet as predicted.

I have seldom seen a face more earnestly alive in expression than that of the distinguished composer. It is as responsive to the mental suggestions of the conversation as the placid surface of a sheltered lake is to the contact of passing breezes. Varied emotions irradiate it like the play of the wind and sunlight upon the water.

Conspicuousness in the processional march of human achievement has not invariably been a matter of inches—think for example of Beethoven and Napoleon—and I have no doubt that Maurice Ravel will be recognised by posterity as one of the large army of Great Little men.

Yet his slim, youthful figure has a military bearing (he saw active service at Verdun) and the somewhat narrow head, with its abundant crop of hair, keen, freshly-coloured face, firm but humoursome mouth and long, straight nose, is not in the least commonplace There is about him, to an unmistakable extent, that indefinable quality which we label personality.

Maurice Reval was born in a little town—Ciboure—in the Basses-Pyrénées, on the seventh day of March, 1875, and he is still refreshingly young in himself and in his outlook. Although much of his music is impressionistic in manner, in conversation with him it

becomes evident at once that his habit of thought tends to analytical clarity, and that he has a love of precision in the statement of facts or opinions.

We talked of many things. Of his new sonata for violin and piano, for instance, that will be played for the first time in London in January, and in which he has somewhat reformed his constructive style. The work will just occupy about twenty-five minutes in performance, for Ravel has no sympathy with the verbosity that is a feature of much modern music. He realises that listening is a very exhausting process. What is really worth saying in music can usually be quickly said.



Maurice Ravel.

He considers that Vaughan-Williams represents the essentially national idiom in British music, and that Lord Berners writes more in the modern idiom, but as regards any development in the classical musical forms—Ravel preferred to call them "styles"—he said that it was difficult to say how the art was shaping, either here or on the Continent. There is the lasting form, the central appeal in all art that is truly great, whether it is a painting, statuary, or a symphony, that is constant and changeless, although the style of expressing the appeal may vary with the period and the individual.

To my suggestion that a revival of the style of the concerto as Bach partially improved it, and as Beethoven found it, might be desirable, giving less prominence to the solo instrument than is customary to-day, the composer replied that broadly speaking he did not think so. He considered that the solo instrument should always be prominent. It was interesting to hear him express his admiration for the concerti of Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Chopin's second pianoforte concerto (the E minor) as examples of what a concerto should be.

Frankly, this opinion, or rather the instances quoted to illustrate it, surprised me, because the often polyphonic manner of Ravel derives nothing from the set harmonic methods of the three composers mentioned; and the strict constructive formalism of the two first has been freely adapted by later writers. Nevertheless, the preference of Ravel is doubtless traceable to the naturalness and pure melody that is so richly abundant in the music of Mozart, Mendelssohn and Chopin, and that is also so frequently evident in his own. From further conversation it became plain that pretentious modern works and the affectations of certain British and Continental "schools" of composition leave him unresponsive because of their artificiality.

The open country-side and the children of nature have a strong attraction for Ravel. Quite naturally he loves his own country, but he also loves the country that lies just across the Channel from it. "To be outdoors in England," he said expressively. "It is like walking in a park, and so different to France."

This love of nature and intimacy with her is delicately expressed in much of his art. An early work, and one that did much to familiarise the public with his music in England, the enchantingly beautiful "Jeux d'Eau" (1901—dedicated to his master, Gabriel Fauré), is the most sensitive little tonal picture of water music that I know of. There is also the second number of the suite for piano, "Miroirs" (1905), entitled "Oiseaux tristes"; the mood, at least, of the five pieces for pianoforte duet, "Ma Mère l'Oye" (1908) (which was produced as a ballet at the Théâtre des Arts, January 21st, 1912, and in its orchestral dress is now a familiar concert item), and the "Histoires Naturelles" (1906), for voice and piano, as evidence of this. In the first number of the latter work, "Le Paon," there is a characteristic figure in the accompaniment for piano that symbolises the jerky struts of the peacock as he shakes his train and mounts the roof of an outhouse, and at the words "La fiancée n'arrive pas," one visualises the disdainful bird lowering his gorgeous fan and walking slowly away.

Poetic vision is prominent in many of the compositions of Ravel. One finds it, tinged with a mild sarcasm, in "Gaspard de la nuit," the music which he has written to the suggestion of three poems by Aloysius Bertrand, "Ondine," "Le Gibet" and "Scarbo." In another form it is present in the fifth number of "Ma Mère l'Oye," i.e. "Le Jardin Féerique," where Ravel successfully evades—or perhaps one should write, is unconscious of the need for—the usual clichés for music of elfin type. The mood poetic, in still another form that approaches religious ecstasy, is present in his setting of Mallarmé's "Sainte" (1896) for voice and piano.

There is, unfortunately, no space in this Christmas number of THE BOOKMAN to deal in detail with the very considerable output of Ravel, although Messrs. J. & W. Chesters, with their unfailing kindness, have placed at my disposal the very extensive collection of his works which they have in their lending library.

I would like, for instance, to describe to you the very entertaining light opera "L'Heure espagnole" in one act, to the book of Franc-Nohain, which was published in 1907 and produced at the Opéra Comique four years

later, and the charming music of the ballet "Daphnis et Chloé" (1906–11), the "Rapsodie espagnole" (1907) (to his master, Charles de Bériot) for orchestra, and the String Quartet (1902–3) (to his master, Gabriel Fauré), but there simply is no space. These works, moreover, like the choreographic poem for orchestra "La Valse," are frequently heard here.

In the shape of bibliography I can thoroughly recommend for study M. Roland Manuel's splendid little book, "Maurice Ravel et son œuvre," published by Durands, of Paris.

FOUR PIANOFORTE PIECES BY ADAM CARSE.*

"We are the music-makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams" might well be the motto of our younger composers. For they do not recapitulate the old, they remodel it into something new and strange. Sometimes they "shatter it to bits, and then remould it nearer to the heart's desire," that is, to their particular heart's desire. I don't think this is because they contemn the old, but because it has ceased, for them, to be a vehicle of utterance: it is impotent to express their vivid and exuberant sensations. Their dreams, in some people's opinion, are akin to the nature of nightmares; but this unflattering verdict could never be pronounced upon Adam Carse, though he be among the prominent exponents of modern English music.

Adam Carse's merits are rapidly raising him to a well-earned celebrity, more especially as a writer for pianoforte. He handles the instrument with such sympathy and mastery as to extend our view of its capabilities down vistas of untrodden wonder He employs it in the exploiting of material far removed from the commonplace or conventional, yet never in the least beyond the reach, technically speaking, of an executant whose powers are average. And it is satisfactory to notice how many little pieces for the younger folk have proceeded from his pen: a most hopeful augury for the future, if our rising generation are fed on such admirable fare.

In these four publications fresh, notable and fascinating there is nothing trivial, vapid or meaningless; each is permeated by artistry and significance. The form, in every case, is wholly familiar; but the vitality with which Mr. Carse has inspired it would make any bones live, however dead. The majestic "Prelude" with its procession of marching chords in 5–4 and 7 4 rhythm, alternating with tender *cantabile* passages, is assuredly a Prelude in the formal sense; but its stately, sonorous movement suggests the passage of Time's daughters, the "many-coloured Days" of Emerson's poem. Exceedingly dissimilar is "Fairy blow," with its dainty flicker and glimmer, the beat and hover of elfin wings at their lightest and filmiest—a most felicitous little achievement. The "Nocturne" is filled with grave romance. It is not like any other Nocturne in feeling, though of a Schumannesque line and build. There are secrets in its sombre heart; here and there a little rustle of wind in the trees, a little ripple on the quiet stream, but always a sub-current of something grave and ghostly, a hint of regions not hitherto explored. Last, not least, the vivacious and spirited "Impromptu" winds up the sequence. There is a little treasury of *joie de vivre*, an ebullition of vim, verve and zest; it trips off the fingers in a measure so buoyant, that it is safe to predict its popularity. Mr. Carse is to be congratulated on the production of these distinguished and delightful pages.

MAY BYRON.

* Four Pieces by Adam Carse: "Prelude for Piano." 1s. net—"Fairy Glow." 2s. net—"Nocturne." 2s. net—"Impromptu." 2s. net. (Augener.)

A WORLD REQUIEM.*

This work by John Foulds, which was completed in August, 1920, is now available in voice-piano score. The term "requiem" is here used in a broad sense, for Mr. Foulds goes beyond the intention, expressed in the dedication, of paying "A tribute to the memory of the Dead—a message of consolation to the bereaved of all countries," and makes a call for world-peace, as in the Audite, where the peoples of the earth, enumerated in Whitmanesque lists, are exhorted to seek peace and ensure it. This large scheme is developed in two parts, of which the words are partly from the Requiem Mass and the Scriptures, and partly original. The first deals chiefly with the ideas of peace, war and consolation, and the second, which opens with what is rather uninvitingly called a "synthetic melody" for orchestra, with the glorious heritage of the fallen.



Photo by Donald Simmson. **Mr. John H. Foulds.**

The conception then is grandiose, and the medium for performance is no less so. The composer desiderates, besides his four soloists, a choir of sixteen boys and youths, a chorus of at least three hundred and sixty voices, an organ, an orchestra of about eighty-five players, and, if the work is performed in the cathedral for which it is intended, two additional wind and percussion groups of six players apiece. It will be easier to judge if the end justifies the means, as it is sincerely to be hoped it does, since the idea and occasion are noble, when the work is performed at the Albert Hall on Armistice Day (a week after the date of writing). It would be still easier to estimate the intrinsic value of the music from a performance with a moderate choir, accompanied by a small orchestra and organ, for which a condensed version of the score is fortunately available.

A first study of the piano score leaves me with an uneasy impression that the composer has at times depended rather upon mass than conception for his effect, and that some of his plans, both detailed and general, are more likely on paper than in practice. Two of many details will serve as examples: is a baritone who can sing the average line here demanded likely to make anything of the beginning of the Confessio, excellent as it is in theory? and will the use of quarter-tones and the structural ingenuity of the "synthetic melody" emerge in results palpable to ears other than the composer's? Such points, however, matter not a jot if the work contains the three fundamentals by which these big works stand or fall: melodic sweep, rhythmic breadth, and practicability. Considering this, I look forward with some apprehension to the first performance of the Jubilatio, for example. Here is a chorus of some nineteen pages, at times in as many as fifteen parts, extremely repetitive and chromatic. The harmony is simple, the sequence of it less simple, the melodic line rather tenuous and the rhythm the reverse of obvious. And the whole is virtually unaccompanied. That is setting a choir a task which may be possible, but is scarcely probable of successful accomplishment.

But prophecy is a fool's game except after the event. Till that safer time I will postpone it, hoping that I am so far hopelessly out; for Mr. Foulds deserves success in this bold attempt to express the nation's feeling on this occasion of national emotion.

R. B.

* "A World Requiem." By John Foulds. Opus 60. 5s. (Paxton.)

PORTRAITS OF COMPOSERS.*

In "Modern British Composers: Seventeen Portraits by Herbert Lambert, with a Foreword on Contemporary British Music by Eugene Goossens," Messrs. F. B. Goodwin, Ltd., and the Pelican Press have combined to produce excellently a volume which will please and interest admirers alike of music and photography. One misses Stanford and, unfortunately on account of ill-health, Delius; and several of the other younger men seem to me at least as important as one or two of those included; but these cavillings apart, one can cheerfully agree with two of Goossens's assertions: firstly, that "to possess this collection is equivalent to being in almost intimate touch with the different subjects," since "the art of Herbert Lambert has been the means of conveying much more than a mere delineation of characteristic lines"; and, secondly, that "the country that can produce men who have given to the art of music so much that is vital and significant as the subjects of this volume need stand in no fear of ultimate decay."

Of the technical qualities of the photographs I know nothing; but I do know that, as portraits, they are satisfying and often brilliant, and, as pictures, delightful and full of ingenuity. Those of Vaughan Williams, of Howells, of Armstrong Gibbs snugly reading, and of Boughton please me most in this way; and that of Cyril Scott least, because in this the ingenuity is for once apparent. The clever arrangement and lighting of the coat are so fascinating as to distract attention from the wearer.

About Lambert of Bath, except that he has become a vogue, and deserves it, I know as little as about his methods; but one thing is certain: either he is a musical enthusiast who sees his subjects in the light of their work, or temperament sometimes appears no less strongly in a man's features than in his work, and Lambert has an extraordinary *flair* for character. It would be an interesting game to ask an intelligent ignoramus of British music to diagnose the sorts of music which he would expect from each of these seventeen British composers. Some would probably mislead him, since nature is not always as apt as Mr. Lambert. He might probably say "Quilter's is an excellent face for this or that, but—music?" He would hardly anticipate the delicacy of the nine Shakespeare songs, nor the graceful whims of the "Children's overture." Of some, Gibbs, Boughton and Frank Bridge (who resembles Chesterton before he abandoned himself to shameless amplitude) he might say "These would do for various sorts." Some, again, might in part elude him: he might apprehend the alertness of Holst and overlook his mysticism, omit either the humour or the emotional fervour of Ireland, and the orientalism, but not the energy, of Bantock. From Elgar he would expect "Pomp and Circumstance" and "Olaf," and, possibly, "Cockaigne," but hardly "Gerontius"; and so on. But he could hardly go wrong about the repose and English quality of Vaughan Williams; nor the robust humour of Dame Smythe; nor the hard brilliance of Holbrooke; nor the surety and resource of Goossens; nor the opalescent mist and colour of Bax. And he would know, without the foreword, of the daring of Berners and the puckish opportunism of Bliss—the most brilliant portrait of the seventeen, this. He has "Rout" in his eye. Altogether a fascinating book to look over more than once, which I am glad to have, and about which I should be amused to write more. It stimulates speculation and curiosity as surely as it pleases the eye.

R. B.

A DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. By Jeffrey Pulver. 12s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.).

This is an excellent treatise full of interesting matter and well-chosen pictures. It is important, not merely to the student of music, but to the intelligent reader of our older

* "Modern British Composers." By Herbert Lambert. 12 × 9, 15s.; detached in portfolio, 15s. (Goodwin; Distributed by Chester.)

literature. When Hamlet called for "recorders," what did he mean? When the fool in "Twelfth Night" enters with a "tabor," what instrument did he carry? When Sir Toby jokes with Sir Andrew about Coranto, Galliard, Jig and Cinquepace, what was he talking about? And what did he mean by "passy-measures pavin"? All these things and more will be clear to those who read Mr. Pulver's excellent volume, which is an indispensable companion to Shakespeare, Spenser, Chaucer and the other musical poets. The author should, however, have got a competent Shakespeare scholar to read through his sheets.

LITTLE AND GOOD: A BOOK OF CAROLS.*

Christendom is full of old carols; yet there is always room for new ones. Every year one is invited afresh, in St. Jerome's phrase, to "come to the little city of Christ and the lodging of Mary"—and it is devoutly to be wished that some of the recent efforts, strong and arresting, might supersede certain well-worn banalities. When the mid-Victorian "fake," "Good King Wenceslas," is nightly dinned into one's ears by street-singers, vieing with the complacent strains of Mendelssohn's "Hark, the Herald Angels," and various insipid second-rate effusions, too long unjustly popular—well, then one longs for something truly unhackneyed, of whatever date or race.

> "He came all so still,
> To his mother's bower,
> As dew in April
> That falleth on flower."

We have not much nowadays to equal the exquisite mediæval lyric which begins thus.

This small collection of five carols by blind poets, set to music by blind composers, is surely unique in origin; each is a selected prize-winner from a literary and musical competititon. For these two forms of art, blindness, of course, is no disqualification. Was not Milton blind, and Johann Sebastian Bach? We shall find no greater names than these. It may be, indeed, that blindness is sometimes an aid rather than a hindrance to a man's work—enforcing his reliance upon "that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude"—rendering him less liable to derive from other men's achievements. If he be a composer, it ensures that, "all earthly things both inwardly and outwardly being excluded," he may, in à Kempis's noble words, "be meet to be admitted into the angelical choirs."

The first of these carols, "A Christmas Vision," is of striking beauty both in words and setting; the second, for children's use, reveals appropriate simplicity of treatment; the third is a joyful pæan, with bells pealing in the accompaniment. Nos. 4 and 5 do not reach the artistic level of the rest, but will be none the less popular for that. This little posy of sweetness and fragrance should meet with a cordial welcome.

NOTES ON NEW MUSIC.

AIR A DANSER. By C. Chaminade. (Enoch.)

A charming and graceful pianoforte solo.

FAREWELL THOU OUTBOUND SHIP. By Frank Lambert. (Enoch.)

This is a very fine setting to dignified, simple words by Marian Osborne.

THE TOLL-GATE HOUSE. By Alec Rowley. (Winthrop Rogers.)

The accompaniment "like a galloping horse" is a fitting one for John Drinkwater's vivid poem. The atmosphere of the piece is well maintained, working up to the dramatic finish, "For the toll-gate's gone and the road is free."

CLORINDA. By R. Orlando Morgan. (Enoch.)

There is an old-world charm and flavour about "Clorinda." The lyric is by John Bledlowe.

* "Five Carols by Blind Poets, set to Music by Blind Musicians." 3d. (Novello.)

The Drama.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE HIGH PRIEST.*

Mr. Houghton has followed his fine tragedy, "Judas," with a one-act drama based on the same event. This is not a sequel, but coincident; in the last act of the full play Judas went out to seek his death, and the play ended with the news that he had found it; now we are shown his last hour of life, when after roaming through the streets in despair he forces his way into the presence of Seth, Annas and Caiaphas in the High Priest's house. In sequence, therefore, the new play is as a penultimate scene to "Judas"; Mr. Houghton had something more to say about his subject, but for two excellent reasons he preferred saying it separately. First though the two plays are nowhere inconsistent, they are not pitched in the same key. "Judas" was simpler and so more dramatic; in its inevitable and ruthless development of the traitor's soul there was a suggestion of "Faustus"; and like Marlowe's, the story had a certain visible and physical progression, for all its preoccupation with ideas. The new piece, incorporated in the old, would interrupt this progression. The traitor's character shows no further development; there is no surge to any definite climax indeed the emotional curve is in the other direction, Judas beginning in passionate rage and calming down to metaphysical argument. Such drama as there is centres elsewhere. For we have here an altogether separate theme. Not Judas but Caiaphas is now protagonist. Readers of "Judas" will remember that on the arrest of Christ the disciples were shown rushing madly to dissociate themselves from their Master; and where their faith broke, that of Judas began. So in this second play the poet's imagination finds him, as his Victim's first missionary, proclaiming Christ in the house of the High Priest himself. And as the theme of the first play was Judas's reaction to Christ, so that of the second is the reaction of Caiaphas to Christ's first evangelist. The idea is interesting and by no means fantastic; where the play misses its effect (if I interpret Mr Houghton's title and intention aright) is in its failure to make Caiaphas stand out enough. It is as though both author and reader were still under the spell of the first play. Judas is static here, yet remains dominant. Even so, and if only as postscript to its predecessor, this play is worth reading.

GRAHAM SUTTON.



Claude Houghton.
Author of "In the House of the High Priest" (Daniel).

FOLK-PLAYS IN WALES.

As the provincial touring-system wanes, there are increasing signs that drama is going back to its origins—local societies, local playwrights, local plays; witness the Boar's Hill Players and the community for whom Mr. Bernard Gilbert's "King Lear at Hordle" was written: witness the Scottish Players lately in London: witness the Abbey Theatre and Ulster Players. And in Wales now, a local drama has begun to challenge the old ascendancy of lyric poetry; many societies exist, and "the great compliment to which a company aspires is an invitation to perform in some other village." So much I learn from the very interesting circular accompanying these two plays.* "Cross Currents," the more hackneyed in its election-theme, is the better constructed; "The Dark Little People," though weakened by its *dea ex machina*, has the more haunting theme. But both are genuine folk-plays in that they spring from local conditions, and are as untransferable to an alien setting as Synge himself. The new drama must also be congratulated on another sure sign of life—internal dissension. Ninety per cent. of it is written in Welsh, Mr. Francis being of the English-writing minority.

SUCCESS: A PLAY. †

Reading a play by Mr. Milne is always a hazardous experiment unless one can muster the resolution to put the book down for ten minutes between each act; and it is a disappointment unless one has the kind of imagination that can add grease paint and the mannerisms of certain well-known actors and actresses to the picture. Moreover, stage conversions are notoriously unconvincing, and in "Success" one cannot avoid noticing all the little arrangements which Mr. Milne has cunningly devised in order to make it possible for Mannock to accept the Chancellorship of the Exchequer in the end. In the theatre these tricks would be less noticeable, for it is the art of the actor to conceal them. Apart from this there is nothing so doubtful about the argument of the play as to warrant Mr. Milne's rather waspish introduction. Success has its drawbacks, and the re-meeting with a first love may inspire a man with many emotions, ranging from the intense mysticism which Mannock somewhat unexpectedly displays, to philosophical disillusionment. In any case the situation contains genuinely comic possibilities. But for a story, such a theme should be developed with a greater sense of certainty and inevitability. All of us in the audience must be convinced that success is awful and love in the cottage the better way. Mr. Milne, however, being less concerned with hammering home this truth than with the tricks of the stage, makes his Mannock the victim of an agreeable aberration which we gladly accept for the sake of the excellent comedy it provides.

* "In the House of the High Priest." By Claude Houghton. 2s. 6d. (Daniel.)

* "Cross Currents" and "The Dark Little People." By J. O. Francis. Paper, 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d. each. (The Educational Publishing Co.)

† By A. A. Milne. 5s. (Chatto & Windus.)

Art, Poetry & Belles Lettres



From The Life and Times of Cleopatra
By Arthur Weigall
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

THE NILE. AN EXAMPLE OF ALEXANDRIAN ART.



From Studies of the Human Figure
By Ellwood
(*Batsford*).

Modelled Frieze of Bathing Nymphs at Versailles.
(By Girardon).

MASTER-PAINTERS OF THE WORLD.

"Turner." By Harry Townend. "Gainsborough" By E. Rimbault Dibdin.—"Millais." By Arthur Fish. 15s. each. (Cassells.)

GEMS OF ART.

"Rembrandt." By J. B. Manson.—"Reynolds." By Frank Rutter.—"Greuze." By Beatrice A. Waldram.—"Watts." By E. Rimbault Dibdin. 3s. 6d. each. (Cassells.)



From Studies of the Human Figure
By Ellwood
(*Batsford*).

The Grecian Type in Modern England: Athlete Crouched to Start a Race.
(From a photograph by Fred H. Crossley.)

THE FUTURE OF PAINTING.

By W. H. Wright. 5s. (John Lane.)

A HISTORY OF ART.

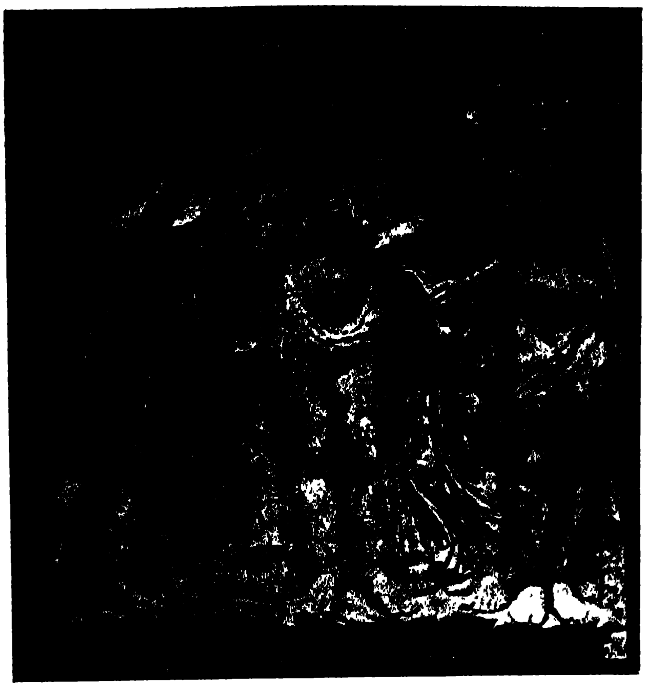
Vol. III. Italian Art in the Middle Ages.

By Dr. G. Carotti. 8s. (Duckworth.)

VISION AND DESIGN.

By Roger Fry. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

"Nothing appeals so much in a picture as real colour," said Diderot in his "Essay on Painting"; "it impresses alike the ignorant and the learned: a *demi-connaisseur* will pass by a masterpiece of drawing, expression and composition, but the colourist is never overlooked." The perennial truth of Diderot's observation is confirmed by the appearance this autumn of a number of new books which directly or indirectly bear testimony to the importance of colour in pictures. In the first place attention may be directed to the remarkable enterprise shown by the House of Cassell in issuing two new series of art books, at popular prices, the outstanding feature of which is that all the illustrations are given in colour. Each volume in the "Gems of Art" series contains eight plates in colour, measuring about 7 by 9 inches, reproduced direct from the original paintings; in the larger "Master-Painters of the World" the scale of illustration is still more generous, the size of the plates is extended to about 11 by 7½ inches, and the number of them increased to an average of seventeen in each volume. The distinctive note of the series is further emphasised by the fact that each volume has an additional colour-plate, printed on the front cover of the binding, illustrating a picture not reproduced inside. In these books, essentially designed to meet a popular demand, we have a striking demonstration not only of the high state of excellence attained by colour printing in this country, but also of the rapidly spreading conviction that the only satisfactory way in which to reproduce a picture is in colour.



From **Studies of the Human Figure**
By Ellwood
(*Batsford*).



Two Bas-reliefs of Singing Figures, by Lucca Della Robbia, from The Scene of the Passion at Troyes.

Colour, it may be admitted, plays a part of varying importance in the work of different artists; some pictures undoubtedly lose far more than others when they are deprived of their colour, but the immediate point with which we are concerned is that all of them lose something, and proof of this may be found in the volumes under review. The subjects of the first volumes in the larger series are "Turner," "Gainsborough" and "Millais," in the smaller "Rembrandt," "Reynolds," "Greuze" and "Watts." In the matter of Turner it is impossible that there should be any dispute; it would be hopeless to attempt to form any judgment whatsoever on Turner's work without a knowledge of his colour. But with the well-chosen illustrations in Mr. Townend's book, illustrations which include water-colours as well as oil paintings, even a person who had never been inside either the National Gallery or the Tate Gallery will be able to form a just and accurate opinion of the qualities and characteristics of Turner as displayed in his works.

Now let us consider briefly two other artists, Rembrandt and Watts, to the essence of whose art colour, it might be argued, is less essential. In his account of Rembrandt—a model of sympathetic biography and helpful criticism—Mr. J. B. Manson maintains that this master

> "Achieved his results by tone and modelling; colour with him was an added beauty, but it was restrained and artificial, and not the colour nor in the key of Nature. His use of colour was mainly decorative; he did not feel Nature through colour, as the modern impressionists did. It was not an essential part of his expression."

In a sense this is true enough, and yet we cannot know Rembrandt fully and completely unless we know his colour, for this is so characteristic, so much part and parcel of his own peculiar, philosophic view of life, that if it is not strictly speaking an essential part of his expression, it is none the less an essential part of his art. The hundreds who are familiar with the originals may find a monochrome reproduction enough to recall the essence of Rembrandt's expression; but the millions to whom Rembrândt is only a name, who have not had the opportunity of becoming intimate with the art treasures of London, will assuredly gain fuller knowledge from a reproduction in colour. To the latter these new series of art-books will be of great educational value.

Some may think that G. F. Watts, who has been called a "preacher in paint," could dispense with colour as well as any artist, for his message is clear even in monotone. But Watts himself thought differently, because he knew the importance of the decorative element in painting and the emotional value of colour. Said Watts:

> "The material language of art cannot teach with Plato, or preach with Bossuet, but with the aid of beauty and nobility in form and colour, art may not be without power to stir in the mind the sense of the essential human qualities, the great distinctively human attributes not bestowed upon the lower orders of creation."

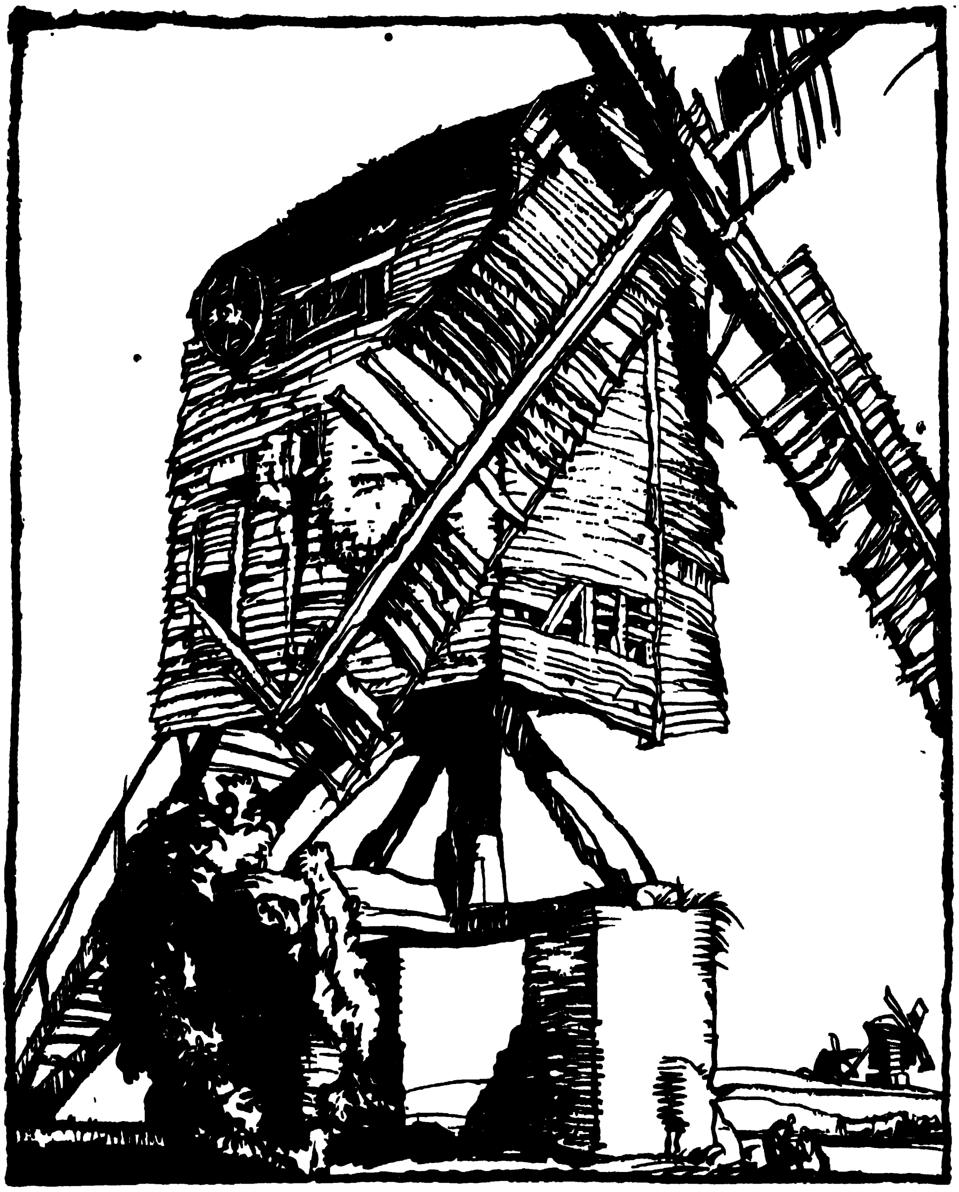
While most of us are content to claim colour as an integral and highly important element in painting,



From **Studies of the Human Figure**
By Ellwood
(*Batsford*).

The Grecian Type in Modern England: Athlete Crouched to Start a Race.
(From a photograph by Fred H. Crossley.)

Mr. Willard Huntington Wright goes much further. His new book is a learned treatise arguing that the time has come when we must distinguish between the " art of painting " and the " art of colour." The misconceptions about modern painting and the controversies between the academics and the modernists are, according to Mr. Wright, only to be reconciled by the explanation that the rival parties are concerned with two separate arts. " The Future of Painting " is not a picture-book—it is unillustrated—it is not even a book about pictures; it is an ingenious study in aesthetics which will appeal principally to those bewildered by the vagaries of " extreme " art-movements in modern times. Nobody conversant with the facts will deny that painting was revolutionised in the nineteenth century when the Impressionists, inspired by the science of optics, adopted the colours of the rainbow and referred all colour to the solar spectrum. With the Old Masters colour was, to a great extent, an " added beauty," pictures in their origin were largely, as Mr. Wright suggests, an " outgrowth of sculpture; " apart from colour it is probably true that no real progress in the art of painting has been made since the time of Rubens: with all this one may agree, but it does not follow that the modernists are creating a new art instead of developing an old one. On the contrary, as time goes on, we see how even the Post-Impressionist Masters are linked to the mightiest of their predecessors by a continuity of tradition, the one new progressive element in their art being a more scientific knowledge of colour by which they are able to render with more exact truth the actual hues of nature in sunlight and shadow.



From Windmills
By Hayter Preston and Frank Brangwyn, R.A.
(*John Lane*).

A SUSSEX MILL.
Black-and white reproduction of the coloured illustration by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

Illustrations also form a distinctive feature in Dr. G. Carotti's " History of Art," of which the third volume, " Italian Art in the Middle Ages," has recently appeared in an English translation, but here the illustrations fulfil another function. They are quite small, there are 357 in this volume, more than one to each page of the handbook, and though remarkably clear their primary function is to serve for purposes of identification. Dr. Carotti's survey is wide, architecture, painting, sculpture and the minor arts come within his scope, and the present volume deals with art in Upper and Southern Italy from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries, principally with Romanesque architecture, sculpture and painting up to Giotto. The arrangement of this work, its lists of fine examples of various styles and periods, its topographical grouping and its handy pocket size, render it of particular value to the studious traveller. Useful as a work of reference, this history does not so much bring art to the home as tempt the student abroad and, having got



From Rembrandt's Etchings
(*Methuen*).

LANDSCAPE.

him there, tells him with erudite scholarship exactly what he should see and where he can see it. Consequently the illustrations here are only indices, they are not meant to conjure up the emotions inspired by the originals, and therefore their want of colour is not material.

But volumes like the "Master-Painters" and "Gems of Art" which are primarily picture-books—for the texts, ably written biographies by competent writers, are really secondary — require colour, because in these the illustrations seek, as far as possible, to arouse all the emotions given by the originals. To this end they must have colour, for, as Mr. Roger Fry has said in his volume of essays, of which a new and cheaper edition has just been published, "That this has a direct emotional effect is evident from such words as gay, dull, melancholy in relation to colour."

R. F.



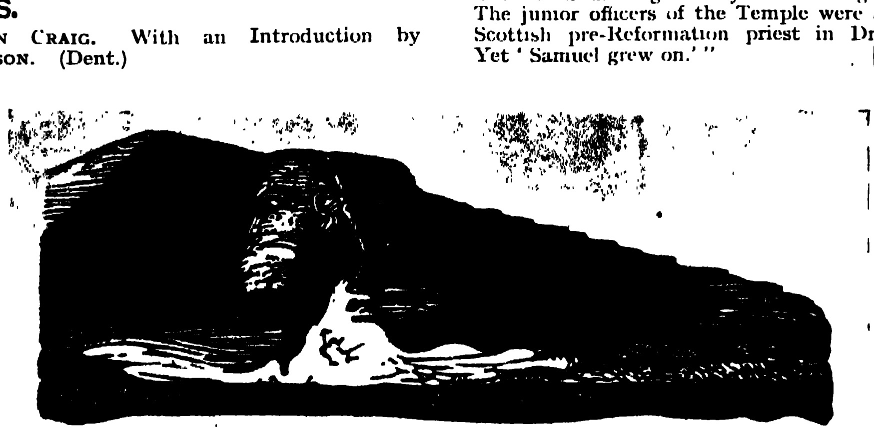
From **Windmills**
By Hayter Preston and Frank Brangwyn, R.A. (*John Lane*).

CROWBOROUGH.
Black-and-white reproduction of the coloured illustration by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.

WOODCUTS AND SOME WORDS.

By E. GORDON CRAIG. With an Introduction by CAMPBELL DODGSON. (Dent.)

Mr. Gordon Craig does not profess to teach anyone how to wood-engrave, he reproduces here a selection of his own woodcuts and writes discursively about himself and his friends and his cuts, and offers some suggestions for the guidance of young woodcutters. The result is a delectable book of stray reminiscences, of personal talk, bits of autobiography, little sketches of people he has known, and withal enough about his own experience in wood engraving to be of immense service to the student in this long neglected but now renascent art. It is a lively, rambling, entertaining talk about all manner of things that interest Mr. Craig, with the practice of wood engraving as the thread on which all of it is deftly strung. You can enjoy it without knowing anything of that art, but you will learn much about that art while you are enjoying it.



From **Woodcuts**
By E. Gordon Craig (*Dent*).

THE SPHINX.

LITTLE LAY SERMONS

By JAMES DAVIDSON. 5s. (Gowans & Grey.)

These are reprinted from the *Bulletin*, Glasgow. They reveal a vigorous mind with a strong leaning to a Northern common sense. We quote at random :—

"Samuel's school was thicker sown with iniquities than any discovered in England by Alec Waugh. He was not soiled. The junior officers of the Temple were as beastly as the worst Scottish pre-Reformation priest in Dr. Fleming's catalogue. Yet 'Samuel grew on.'"

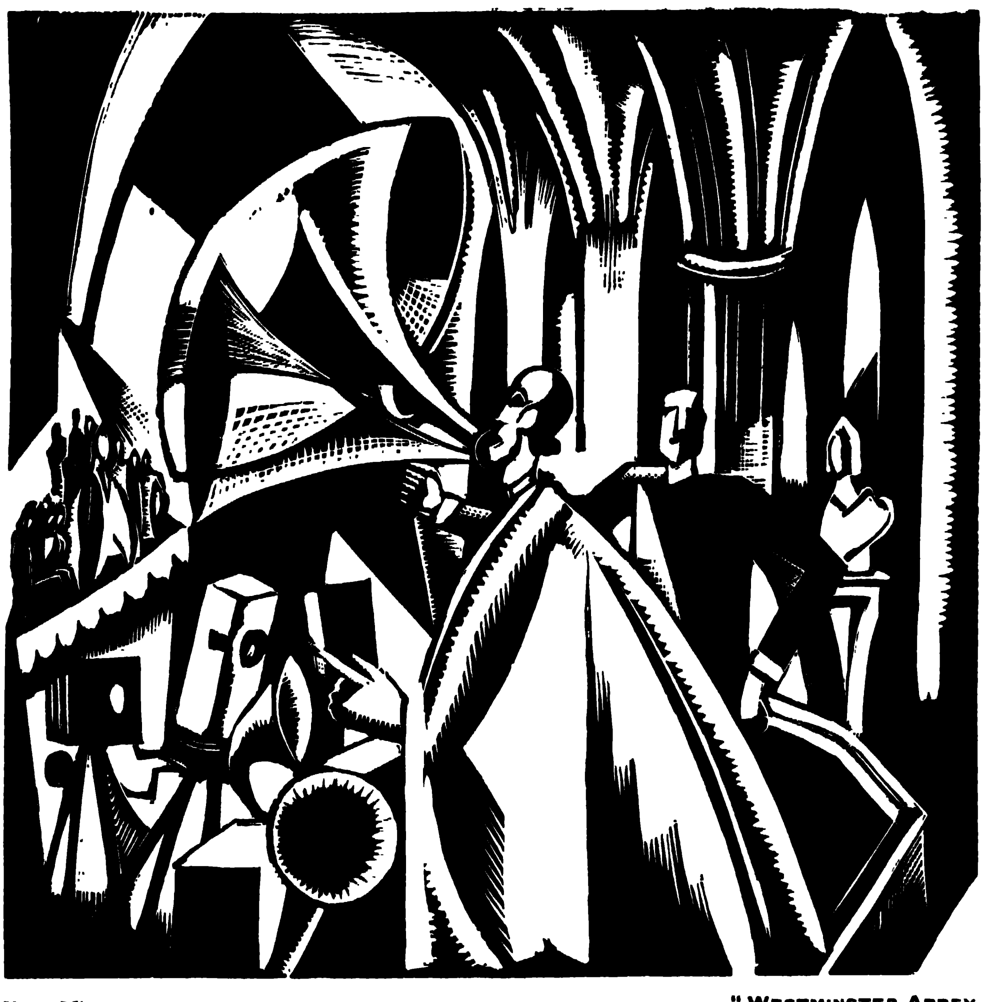
"No other son of a Virgin founded a Church that has lasted nearly twenty centuries."

"Possibly there are as many men glorified in spite of themselves in our day, as there are honey-gobblers. The State would be much healthier if it stopped solicitation, and if everybody capable of being ennobled, had read, and been tickled by Proverbs xxv. 27."

THE STORY OF MY HEART.

By RICHARD JEFFERIES. Illustrated by ETHELBERT WHITE. 10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)

Disciples of Richard Jefferies will be glad of this very handsome edition of "The Story of My Heart." Mr. Ethelbert White's thirty-six designs on wood make it a work of art worthy of the exquisite "Autobiography of Thought" which has its place on the bookshelves of those who love literature and the vast out-of-doors and the wide freedom of the spirit, which is so much a part of the beauty of the world, yet reaches so far beyond it. Something of this vastness is revealed in the illustration facing page 137; and in all Mr. White's work we find a boldness and a sensitiveness curiously satisfying.



From **Mister Bosphorus and the Muses; or A Short History of Poetry in Britain**
Words by Ford Madox Ford
Illustrated by Paul Nash
(*Duckworth*).

"WESTMINSTER ABBEY 1960 ODD."

THE LAST SECRETS: THE FINAL MYSTERIES OF EXPLORATION.

By JOHN BUCHAN. 5s. (Nelson.)

"The morning freshness has gone out of the business, and we are left with the plodding duties of the afternoon" is a hard saying about exploration which does no sort of justice to the book that follows. Mr. Buchan as an annalist of geographical discovery is too honest to fill his preface with the kind of extra-gilt rhetoric on which too many authors depend for their introductions and self-recommendations. He candidly admits that the first two decades of this new century of ours have worked off most of the remaining adventures so far as the main territories of pioneer inquiry go, and that the remaining patches still unknown are all too few — the Amazon basin, the actual summits of Everest and Carstenz, the Arabian desert between Yemen and Oman, and regions of lesser extent but just as inaccessible in their way. But it might be thought there was a strain of baffled melancholy in this admission and that the rôle of the explorer at last was to sigh with Alexander that there were no more worlds to conquer. Let it be said that such a supposition does no sort of justice to a writer like Mr. Buchan. He has the true geographic sense, a zest for travel off the beaten tracks, actual knowledge of the hardships and character involved, and personal experience of some of the waste and unfamiliar places of the world. His chapters on the north and south poles, from Willoughby to Peary and from Ross to Amundsen, are a fine chronicle of many aspects—science, navigation, heroism and force of character, all blent into a stirring tale. The same may be said of the inland chapters dealing with ranges like Africa's Mountains of the Moon, Asia's Everest, and America's Mount McKinley, and river explorations like those of the Brahmaputra and New Guinea, or ventures into forbidden regions like the Holy Cities of Islam. He recalls cases where we have reason to bless the sixth sense of native races as well as to marvel at it, for it was this unaccountable faculty of illiterate communication amongst barbarian natives of New Guinea that heralded the arrival everywhere of the Staniforth Smith Expedition and made all the difference between life and death. For heroism, to adopt Miss Cavell's formula, is not enough in the case of exploration. To fulfil his mission a man must forego the martyr's crown and justify the laurels of a geographer by living on, like the war correspondent, and avoiding death in order to give his story to mankind. It is possibly in the exercise of tact and address under difficult extremes that our race has scored more heavily than any other in the matter of world-wide exploration, and although the field has been limited by so many modern triumphs we can see young readers of the rising generation spurred on by the stirring chapters in this splendid gift-book to carry the lamp forward and leave the world better lighted than they found it.



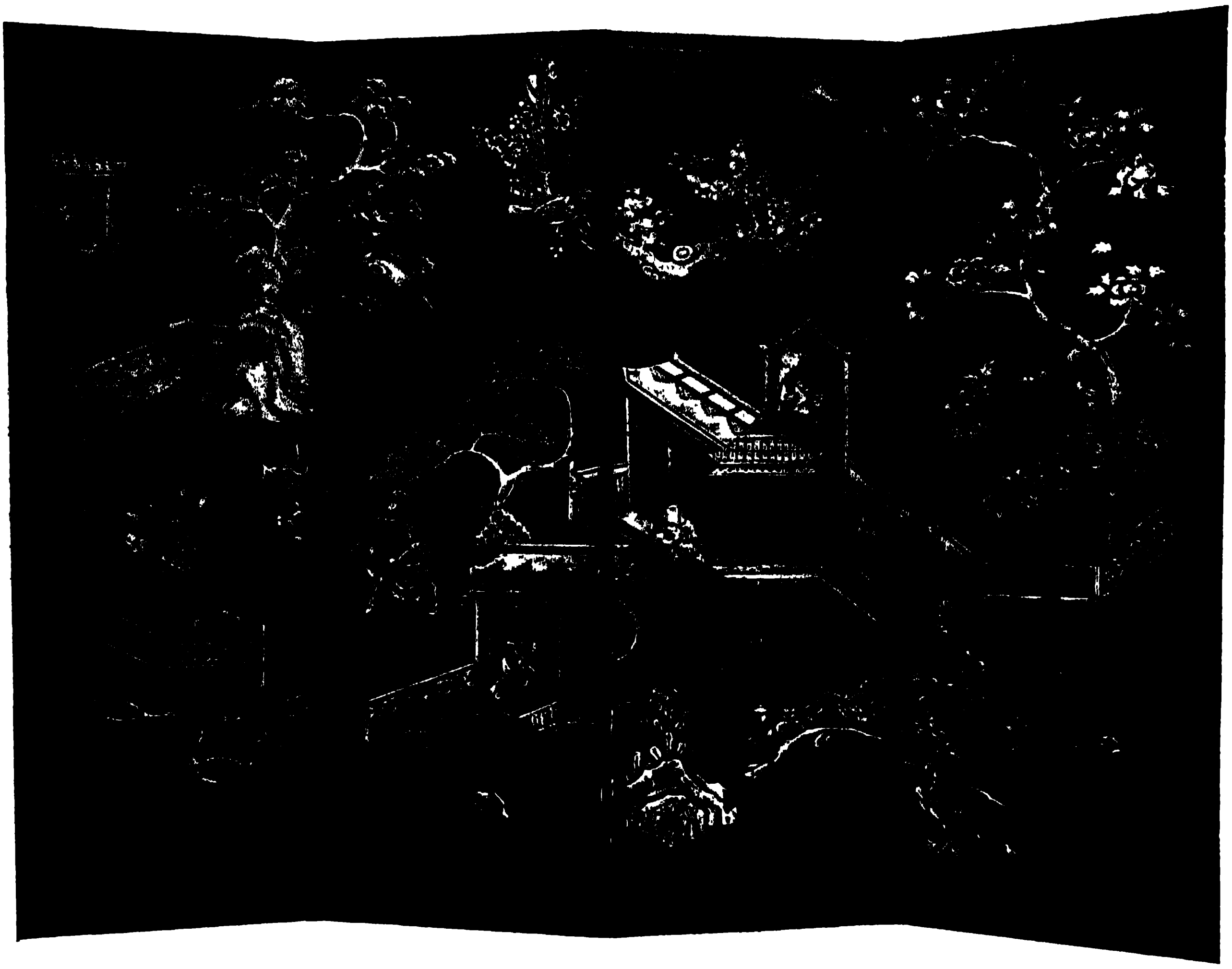
From **The Story of my Heart**
By Richard Jefferies
(*Duckworth*).

HEAD-PIECE TO CHAP. V.

THE WATER BABIES.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Messrs. George Allen & Unwin have produced a very attractive edition of this old-established favourite, with numerous illustrations by George Soper. Sooner or later every child reads the story of Tom, the little chimney sweep, whose life consisted chiefly of sweeping chimneys, hunger and beatings, and whose greatest delight was a pull at his master's beer. But this was not always to be the case for the fairies were watching, and one day they took pity on him and took him to be one of themselves. People thought he had been drowned when they found a black thing in the water which they took to be Tom's body, but they were utterly mistaken: Tom was alive, and cleaner and merrier than he had ever been. Speaking of this book in the Life of her husband, Mrs. Kingsley says "it was perhaps the last book that he wrote with any real ease" The story is full of whimsical humour, and shows an altogether interesting light on the personality of Charles Kingsley, clergyman, lecturer, historian and social reformer.



From Lacquer Work (*Pitman*).

A FINE EXAMPLE OF A SCREEN IN JAPANESE LACQUER WORK.



THE BLUE BOY.
By Gainsborough.
From Master Painters of the World Series (*Cassells*).

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

By G. LONG. 10s. 6d. (Martin Hopkinson.)

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

With a Latin translation by A. T. BARTON. 18s. (Martin Hopkinson.)

These two books initiate the New Aldine Library, an effort to do for our generation something which the distinguished press responsible for these volumes, The Chiswick, did when Pickering & Chatto issued the Aldine poets. Our only criticism on these is that the paper is not quite good enough. The dignified, but rather thin type adopted demanded a rough-surfaced, hand-made paper; the smooth machine-made paper issued gives the page an uncomfortably slick appearance. The edition of "Marcus Aurelius," for instance, compares but poorly with that, printed by the same press, for George Bell some twenty-five years ago. We are very glad to have Mr. Barton's version of Shakespeare's sonnets, there are few greater *tours de force* than this translation into elegiacs, of the compact and difficult English of Shakespeare.



THE MILKMAID.
By Greuze.
From Gems of Art Series (*Cassells*).

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD LIFE ACROSS THE WORLD.

By Cherry Kearton. 25s. net.
(Arrowsmith.)

One cannot but respect the man who goes big-game hunting with a camera instead of with a gun. Such a man is doing more for civilisation than a good many of our politicians. Those for whom books on wild animals, however interesting, are always marred by stories of wholesale slaughter will turn to Mr. Kearton's work with relief and pleasant anticipation. Personally we should like his foreword to be published broadcast; for it is written by a man who knows what he is talking about, and who feels a righteous indignation at the "wanton destruction of wild animals" which "is as detestable as it is unnecessary." We hope his sane and humane point of view may be universally accepted before all the wild animals have been exterminated—which they very soon will be at the rate they are now being slain, both by hunters and by naturalists—who pretend to forward the interests of natural history, while in reality they are taking "as big a toll of animal life as the big-game hunter proper." Mr. Kearton's book is full of thrilling adventures, of valuable animal studies and information which both the student and the casual reader will appreciate. The photographs, of which there are eighty-four, are magnificent and show birds, beasts and insects in Africa, India, Borneo, America and Canada.



From The Tragedy of Mr. Punch
By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell
Introduction by Max Beerbohm
Illustrated by Arthur Watts
(*Duckworth*).

THE SHOWMAN AND HIS WIFE.

BERNARD VAUGHAN, S.J.

By
C. C. Martindale, S.J.
With illustrations.
7s. 6d.
(Longmans.)

That the late Father Bernard Vaughan was a great priest and a great man- simple, sincere, and one who did incalculable good in his own way—none knowing anything of him will dispute; his methods as a preacher and lecturer are more open to question, and Father Martindale confesses that he himself was not "much in love" with these, and deals frankly with them in the course of this very candid, very sympathetic and most interesting biography. But one has to remember that Father Vaughan in working on certain popular lines had a quite definite and useful end in view. His work among the London poor taught him that strictly decorous, perhaps somewhat academic avenues of appeal do not bring one to the hearts of the majority, and his homely, easygoing talks and occasionally sensational outbreaks had the effect of rousing people—not only the poor, but those who flocked to hear him in Mayfair—and goading them into thinking and talking of things he wished them to consider. It matters little how you do good work so long as it is good and you succeed in doing it, and Father Vaughan, within his limits, did so succeed. This admirable story of the life of a man who was so well loved, even by those who disliked his popular methods and mannerisms and did not share his religious views, brings its own welcome with it.

THE BIBLE STORY.

By the REV. JAMES BAIKIE, F.R.A.S. With 50 full-page illustrations in colour by J. H. HARTLEY. 15s. (A. & C. Black.)

A lengthy book, split up into many parts, beginning with "Stories of the World's Childhood," and ending with the story of St. John's Vision. There is a most useful section dealing with the course of history between the closing of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New. Mr. Baikie, in his anxiety to contrive a style not too archaic, not too chatty, has achieved something that is frequently artificial and uneven. That he has been careful and painstaking in his enormous task is evident. The book is beautifully produced, but the only picture which pleased us was "The Coming of the Wise Men," which is vivid in blue and purple.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF CHINESE PAINTING.

By ARTHUR WALEY. £3 13s. 6d. net. (Benn.)

Mr. Waley's fine monograph will prove most valuable, even indispensable, to the amateur who wishes to gain an acquaintance with the story of Chinese painting. For although a great deal of information is available upon the subject as a whole, it is widely scattered among the pages of learned journals in many languages, or buried in old and almost unprocurable books. Mr. Waley has taken advantage of this earlier material and summarised it in his own narrative, giving copious references to the documents in question so that a student is really well served if he wishes to carry out personal research in any particular direction. Mr. Waley reminds us that painting was an art long practised in China before the making of the earliest examples that have survived. For civilisation in China can be observed and reconstructed as far back as the thirteenth century B.C. Perhaps the most valuable aspect of Mr. Waley's book is his reconstruction of the life of China throughout the ages, in this way suggesting the background and environment of the art of painting in all its development. The earliest painting now existing is perhaps to be found on vases dating from the first century onwards, but the British Museum has a series of designs that, if not actually the work of Ku K'ai-chih, may preserve one of his designs, and belong to the end of the fourth century. Mr. Waley's real and profound knowledge of Chinese literature and history is apparent throughout this most interesting and valuable work. The forty-nine plates, six of which are in colours, admirably illustrate the texts and are carefully chosen to show the various developments in the pictorial art from the earliest period.



From The Tragedy of Mr. Punch
By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell
Introduction by Max Beerbohm
Illustrated by Arthur Watts
(*Duckworth*).

MR. PUNCH AND POLLY.

THE GARDEN OF ADONIS.

Illustrated by OLIVER HILL. 21s. net. (Philip Allan.)

This volume is the expression of an excellent idea. It consists of forty-eight photographs of children, thoughtfully posed by rock or trees or flowing water, to illustrate the same number of poetical extracts, ranging from Shakespeare and Milton to Lewis Morris. The photographs however are the thing; some of them are unquestionably beautiful, especially those in which girls are employed, for they show a lightness and lissom grace, an ease, a freedom from self-consciousness, rarely shown by the boy subjects. The volume is experimental in character. It is evidence offered in support of the claim of photography to be numbered with the arts. A poetic sensibility, a just appreciation of æsthetic values, a sense of beauty in form and shadow and rhythm all are here; and with such essentials provided the claim seems justified. Mr. Hill has taken pains over the choice and composition of his themes; but his happiest results are found in the most natural and simple.



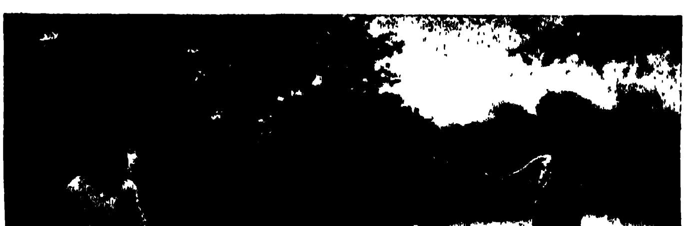
From Old Manor Houses
By Cecil Aldin
(*Heinemann*).

IGHTHAM MOTE HOUSE, KENT.

MANIN AND THE VENETIAN REVOLUTION OF 1848.

By G. M. TREVELYAN
12s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Readers who take their ideas of Italian sentiment for Jews from Shakespeare's play on Shylock or from Marlowe's play on Barabbas will be surprised to learn that Daniel Manin, the last head of the Venetian Republic, was one of the children of Israel. Yes, the leader of the Venetian Revolution of 1848, was a Jew; and no one, friend or enemy, ever seems to have counted it to him as a reproach, so identified had he and his family become with the fortunes of the City of St. Mark. Yet, genuine and intrepid patriot as Manin was, even Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, with all his scholarship, narrative skill and charm of style, can scarcely succeed in making him a big and attractive figure. His political vision scarcely seems to have envisaged the idea of a really united Italy; while his strategic insight was distinctly of a minus quality. In fact it is scarcely too much to say that Radetzsky, the Austrian Marshal who crushed the Venetian Revolution, is a more interesting figure than Manin, who proclaimed it.



From The Garden of Adonis
(*Philip Allan*).

"THERE IN CLOSE COVERT BY SOME BROOK."

WINDMILLS.

By FRANK BRANGWYN and HAYTER PRESTON. 21s. (John Lane.)

"The sailing ship and the windmill," we are told, "are both essentially romantic creations," and here in Mr. Brangwyn's excellently reproduced paintings the windmills are also essentially and variously beautiful. The placid, dignified "Kentish Mill" contrasts sharply with the dissipated-looking grotesquerie of the Dutch Pumping Mill; the primitive simplicity of Winchelsea Mill makes it look like a very poor relation of the urbane, prosperous, comely Mill at Zaandam, but none is so odd or dilapidated as not to have a sort of beauty of its own, and in the grace and vigour of Mr. Brangwyn's pictures this is with wonderful subtlety or simplicity revealed. Mr. Preston's gossip about the Mills and notes on the early history of Windmills add much to the interest of an interesting and very charming volume.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION.

By Edgar Allan Poe. With illustrations by Harry Clarke. 21s. (Harrap.)

Poe has never had a more finely sympathetic illustrator than Mr. Harry Clarke, and this handsome edition of some thirty of his tales will satisfy even the most exacting of Poe's admirers. The illustrations in colour and black-and-white embody with a most sensitive imaginative power all the strangeness, the eerie, haunting fantasy and horror of the stories themselves, and yet are touched with a grace and beauty of feeling and line that make them, in their most bizarre and grotesquely grim manifestations, a sheer delight to look upon. This is one of the most fascinating and should be still one of the most popular of Christmas gift-books.



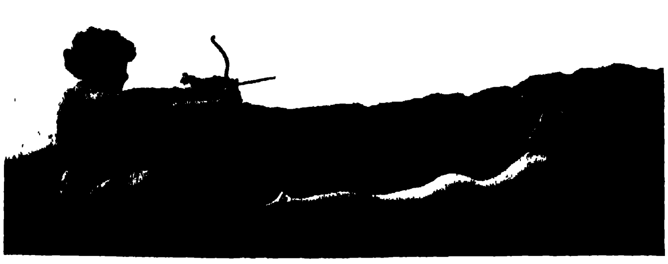
From Old Manor Houses
With illustrations in colour by Cecil Aldin
(*Heinemann*).

Binghams Melcombe, Dorset.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF GILBERT FRANKAU.

2 vols. 12s 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

There may be poems in these two handsome volumes the "Juvenilia" perhaps and some of the war rhymes —that you will think Mr Gilbert Frankau might have omitted, but some of us prefer to have our poets complete and do our own selecting; it is easy enough to pass over what we do not want and be glad of the rest. And we are glad to have those two brilliant, sardonically witty Byronic poems, "One of Us" and "One of Them." And we are glad to have—for in their grimly realistic way they are among the most memorable poems of the war—"The Guns," "The City of Fear," "The Other Side," that bizarre and moving narrative, "How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla," and the poems in "Aimee" and "The Judgment of Valhalla," and some of the things in "Poems of Peace and War." If Mr. Frankau seldom appeals to you with the finer graces, the subtler magic of poetry, he atones for this with other qualities. The vigour and vividness and picturesque narrative power of his verse make much modern poetry seem rather slight and anæmic by comparison. For delicate play of fancy and cunning nuances of metrical harmony you must go elsewhere; but he has imagination, irony, humour, and a depth of emotional power that touches some of his most starkly realistic passages with the beauty and significance of poetry. You would guess that Byron and Kipling had been his masters, but his work has a strong individual note that gives it an outlook and character of its own.



From The Garden of Adonis
(*Philip Allan*).

"In the Merry Month of May."

SELECTIONS FROM RUSKIN.

By A. C. Benson. 7s 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)

It would probably be agreed by all men old enough to realise the brevity of life and the tragedy of wasted time and misdirected energy, that the best way to approach Ruskin is by the indirect method of such an estimate of the man and wise selections from his writings as Dr. Benson gives us. A too rigid and mechanical interpretation of the "whole duty of a student"—*back to the sources*—is wickedly to ignore the service of the generations and to take the longest way round without necessarily finding our way home. It would be a dull

mind indeed which had not some workable idea of both the wood and the trees after reading Dr. Benson's sane estimate of Ruskin and his work as literary artist and ardent prophet, together with the selected passages illustrating Ruskin's endeavour and achievement. In writing of Scott's home, Ruskin said: "A small chamber, with a fair world outside — such are the conditions, as far as I know or can gather, of all greatest and best mental work." Ruskin indeed taught us "the Love of the fair Universe around us as the beginning of Piety, and the end of learning," but, despite his travels, he ever looked on life from his small chamber!



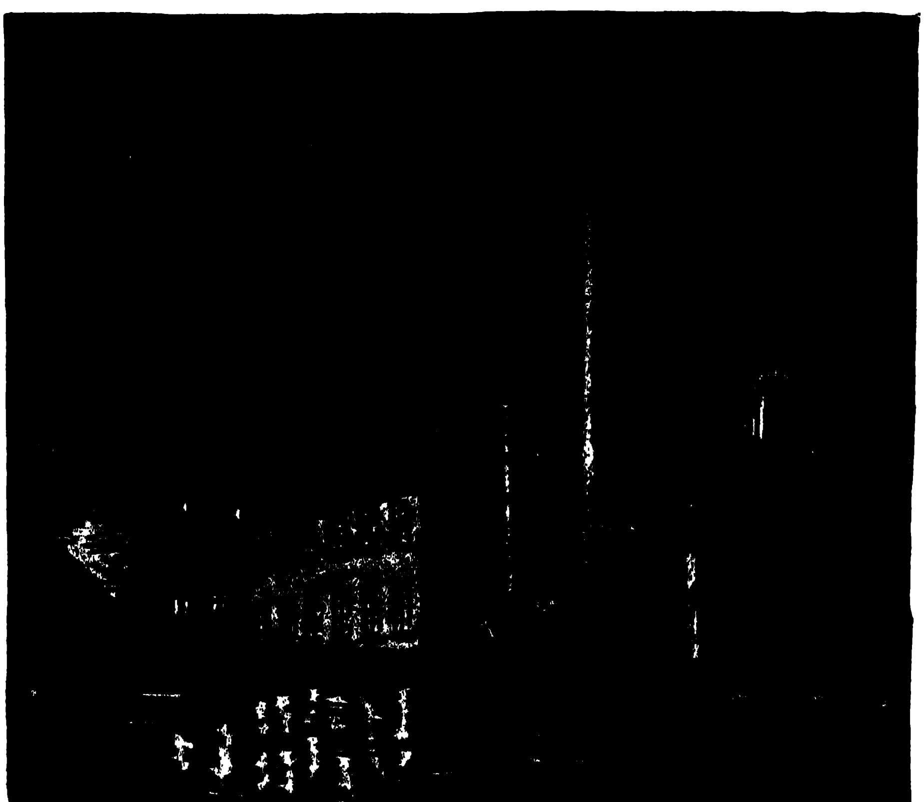
From **Brontë Moors and Villages: From Thornton to Haworth**
By Elizabeth Southwart
Illustrated by T. Mackenzie
(*John Lane*).

"THE BULL'S HEAD," THORNTON.

LAMB-SGRÌOBHAINN MHIC RATH.

Edited by CALUM MAC PHARLAINN. 30s. (Dundee: MacLeod.)

This is a collection of forty-nine Scots Gaelic poems from two manuscripts in the University of Glasgow. They were copied by a certain Duncan MacRae in 1688 in a very imperfect "phonetic" spelling, here given on one side, with the standard spelling on the other. Several of the originals were by Duncan himself, others by contemporaries, more by predecessors. The first series is mainly religious, the second political, the monarchs William and James and their interests looming large in the latter. There is a great deal of moralising in the religious pieces; talk of the world, the flesh and the devil, death-bed utterances, the story of Adam and Eve and the serpent, conversation between soul and body. The moods as well as the metric remind us of Gaelic Ireland as much as of Gaelic Scotland; we are here in the presence of an age-old tradition in the two countries. The preface is in Scots Gaelic, like the poems. The notes and explanations are elaborate and, like a good deal of such work in the Gaelic Ireland of to-day, they are much concerned with grammar, phonetics, etc., and scarcely at all with purely literary interests, as we would like. So far as it goes, however, it is a labour of zest and love. Printing and binding are artistic.



From **Brontë Moors and Villages: From Thornton to Haworth**
By Elizabeth Southwart
Illustrated by T. Mackenzie
(*John Lane*).

THE MILL.
Impression of blue block of the coloured illustration.

HOW THE ALPHABET WAS MADE.

The "Just-So" Stories Painting Books for Children.

By RUDYARD KIPLING. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One of a very popular series. The stories are printed in large type, then there are coloured illustrations, with the same picture opposite for the child to colour. He can copy the model, or go his own way. And at the end there's a picture, underneath which is written — "Now try and colour this yourself." A happy idea, happily carried out.

OPEN ALL NIGHT.

By Paul Morand. Translated into English by H. B. V. 7s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)



From The Modern Woodcut: A Study of the Evolution of the Craft (*John Lane*).

The Old Barn. By Ethelbert White.

A brilliant book translated brilliantly. If in his future work M. Morand maintains the quality of these six tales, he will establish himself in an enduring position amongst the best tellers of short stories; for he seems to possess the essentials—something to say, style and reticence, subtlety, sense of character and atmosphere, irony, wit, dramatic power. "Open All Night," being an unusual book, brings recreation to the hardened reviewer, who finds in its freshness and originality a blessed relief after the weary lengths of indifferent prose it is often his duty to read. The world we enter in M. Morand's pages is not the commonplace existence which is governed by the coming of the milkman and the times of the trains. It is a hectic world of passion, real and yet unreal, with tragedy stalking behind and as a rule making the ultimate gesture; the *demi-monde*, where truth and beauty often wear only the guise of a jewel or two and a touch of rouge. The atmosphere of the six phases is well realised and clearly wrought. The subtlest, daintiest touch releases the actuality. We are shown Russian exiles in Constantinople, countesses serving in restaurants and princes as door-keepers; communist agitators in Spain, violent in conspiracy and brought with rather gay hearts to a violent death; an Italian lover who gives herself gladly and is found in the end pitifully alone, naked, strangled; a six-day cycle-race in Paris with an antic love intruding within the arena of treadmill athletics; the kidnapping of a Jewess by anti-Semitics; and a truthful, absurd satire of the craze for scientific nudity. M. Morand is not afraid of his subjects or of the right treatment for them. With unfaltering hand he points the bitter humour and ironic



From The Modern Woodcut: A Study of the Evolution of the Craft By Herbert Furst (*John Lane*).

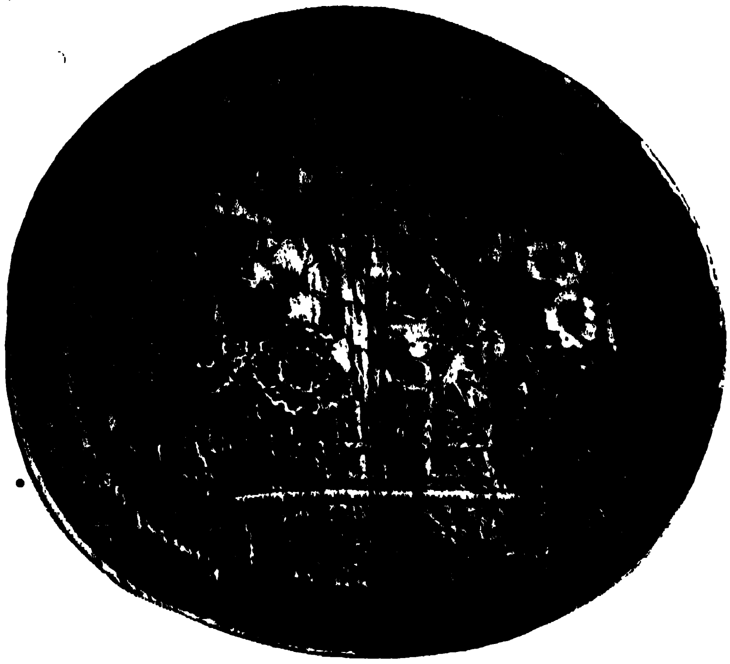
From "Twelve Linoleum Cuts of Spain." By Henry Glintenkamp.

climax; and although his tragedy does not bring pity, it does bring a sense of the grief at the brutal waste of much in an ill-established world.

PRISCILLA SÉVERAC.

By MARCELLE TYNAIRE. Done into English by F. MABEL ROBINSON. 7s 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

This is a book worth translating and well rendered. The author's statement in the preface that he knew Priscilla Séverac is hardly necessary, for the gentle light of her soul shines through his words. She is a mystic, a different Joan of Arc, who dreams, not for France, but for Russia. She dreams that the Tsar Nicholas II still lives and will succeed in resuscitating his suffering people. Priscilla must find him in his poverty, succour him, and deliver the message. With this intent she saves and works, regardless of herself, for forty years. Her spirit guides her to the Tsar, but when she reaches him she is ill with emotion. She returns in a few days to find him gone. She has succeeded only in frightening him when he thought himself safe. This mystic woman and the simple Italians and Russians whom she meets have a sympathetic communion through their suffering and their dreams. The spiritual light in Priscilla's eyes makes her their sister, though she cannot speak their tongue. All men are brothers in the light of the spirit. The book is pious in the best sense of the term.



From The Chintz Book
By MacIver Percival
(*Heinemann*).

PANEL IN COMMEMORATION OF GEORGE III JUBILEE, 1812.



From Nineteenth Century English Ceramic Art
(*Stanley Paul*).

SPODE "LA PENSIEROSA."
(After G. S. Newton, R.A.)

SCATTERED SCARLET.

By WILL H. OGILV[IE]. Illustrations by LIO[NEL] EDWARDS. 14s. (Constable.)

Of all living po[ets] Will Ogilvie is t[he] laureate of the hunti[ng] field, and some of [the] best ballads and songs [of] hunting that he has e[ver] written are in "Scatte[red] Scarlet." Horse a[nd] hounds and the fox a[nd] the men that ride to [the] chase inspire him as th[ey] have inspired no otl[her] since Whyte-Melville [and] Adam Lindsay Gord[on]. His glowing lyric [in] praise of Whyt[e-] Melville's novels a[nd] songs tells you where [his] heart is; and for [a] sample of the vig[our] and gusto he p[uts] into his lines [on] the theme he [has] made his own, ta[ke] this last verse [of] "Alone with [the] Hounds":

> "Oh, good horse [and] gallant, my r[ap]ture you shar[e]
> As you top the [. . .] fences wi[th] inches to spa[re];
> To your pluck [and] condition [the] credit redoun[ds]
> Of this gallop [of] gallops al[one] with the houn[ds]
> Alone with [the] hounds!
> Joy's utt[er]most boun[ds]
> We have reach[ed] as compani[ons] alone with [the] hounds!"

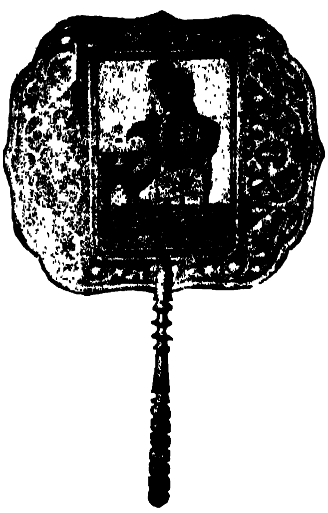
Mr. Lion[el] Edwards's beau[ti]ful colour illust[ra]tions perfect[ly] interpret the spi[rit] of a volume th[at] will delight all go[od] sportsmen. It [is] the ideal Christm[as] book for su[ch]. Most of us know [Mr.] Will Ogilvie as [the] writer of some of [the] best bush ball[ads] that have come [out] of Australia, b[ut] always the ho[rse] figured largely [in] his poetry, ev[en] before he sett[led] down in Engla[nd] and found here [a] happy hunti[ng] ground.

ART, POETRY AND BELLES LETTRES

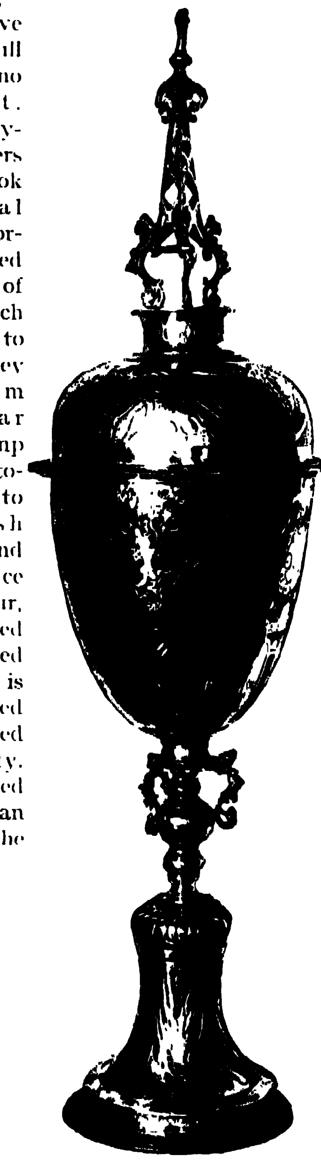
EVERYBODY'S BOOK ON COLLECTING.

By Dr. George C. Williamson. 12s. 6d. (Herbert Jenkins.)

It is rare to meet a book that lives up so completely to its title, that touches its subject from so many points, as does Dr. Williamson's "Everybody's Book on Collecting." "On Collecting Everything" he might have added and still be making no vain boast. For the forty-three chapters which the book contains deal with an enormously varied selection of objects which it is possible to collect. They range from the familiar postage stamp and the autograph letter to Old English Ironwork, Dinanderie, Traders' Tokens and Decanter Labels. The author says in his preface that his treatment is meant for the amateur, but we never feel that the subject is treated amateurishly. The chapter on the ill-fated Hope Blue Diamond is a masterpiece, so also is that on Mezzotints. The papers first appeared in a weekly newspaper, where they attracted much interest and attained a wide popularity. The collection in permanent form is dedicated to the late Lord Northcliffe, himself an enthusiastic collector, at whose suggestion the author first undertook the work.



From Everybody's Book on Collecting
By Dr. George C. Williamson
(*Jenkins*)



Silver Gilt Standing Cup and Cover, 1606.
From Everybody's Book on Collecting
By Dr. George C. Williamson
(*Jenkins*).



From Everybody's Book on Collecting
By Dr. George C. Williamson
(*Jenkins*).

THIRTY AND FOUR VERSES.

By Ivan Alan Seymour. 3s. 6d. (Merton Press.)

If Mr. Seymour is inclined to be too intense, to plunge over the edge of passion into hysteria, to startle with unorthodox views, to be violent when he wants to be powerful—these are the natural faults of youth; faults that the best poets have grown out of, and the worst have grown into. There are striking phrases, vivid little touches of fancy and imagination scattered through his verses, more than enough to make you feel that Mr. Seymour has the root of the matter in him, and will presently subdue those exuberances and find his strength in quietness. Read his "Greenwich Park Triolet" and you will see how, when he is not attempting to be bizarre or tragic, he has a sure sense of drama, and can handle a little story with a neat and suggestive art. There is so much of promise in these poems that we shall look with interest for Mr Seymour's next book.

AN OUTLAW'S DIARY.

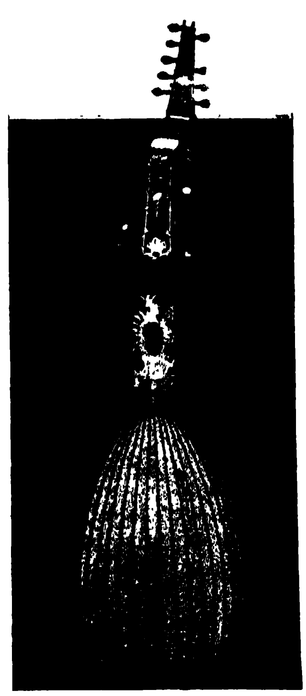
Part II.
The Commune.

By Cécile Tormay
With 32 illustrations.
12s. 6d. (Philip Allan.)

Miss Cécile Tormay continues in this second volume her absorbingly interesting account of the revolution in Hungary in 1918–1919. It begins with the proclamation, on March 21st, 1919, of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat," and ends with August 6th when the Soviet regime was overthrown. Miss Tormay was personally proscribed by the Communist Government of Bela Kun, and was forced to escape from Budapest secretly and hunted. She found refuge with friends here and there, and managed to survive the Terror. She has given an astonishing picture of the distress and agony of a proud country and a proud folk under the horrible domination of a crew of ruffians and murderers: her eyes saw with the utmost clearness, and she wields a



Crwth.
From The Dictionary of Old English Music
(*Kegan Paul*).



Archlute.
From The Dictionary of Old English Music
(*Kegan Paul*).

pen of consummate skill and finesse. Her indictment of Bela Kun and the people around him, the Commissaries in charge of the various public departments under the Commune, is appallingly convincing and documented, down to a photograph of horror showing a group of terrorists with a wretched victim tortured and flayed. Indeed the photographs reproduced here giving portraits of the chief people of the Soviet regime almost by themselves explain the dreadfulness of their doings. Miss Tormay's two volumes offer a valuable record of an evil moment in Hungarian and European history; and her account of the conduct and views of the peasants is most instructive.



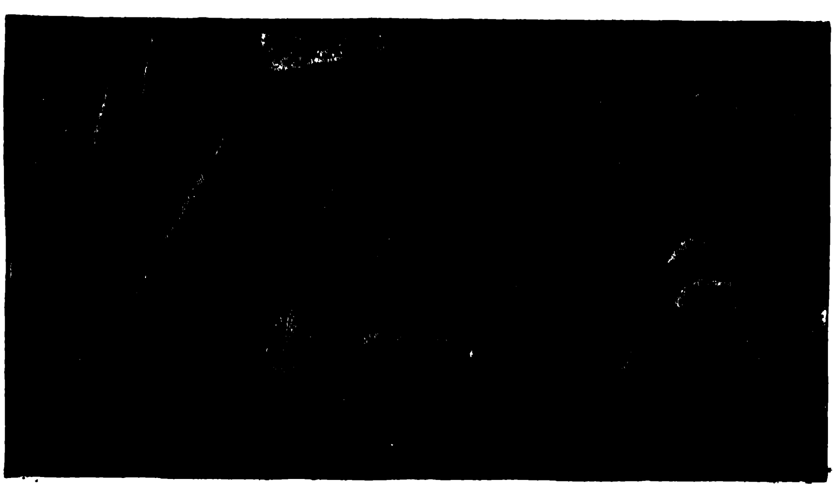
From **Landscape Painting**
By C. Lewis Hind
(Chapman & Hall).

Hugo van der Goes.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART: THE NATIONAL GALLERY ITALIAN SCHOOLS.

By Sir Charles Holmes. 21s.
(Bell & Sons.)

It is difficult to refrain from superlatives in discussing this volume. Sir Charles Holmes has conceived and executed with equal felicity a book that should be in every cultivated home and every well-conducted school. Our National Gallery is one of the finest collections in Europe. Indeed for general representative excellence there isn't one to touch it. What was wanted was a companionable book that would show the eager visitor how to look intelligently at the pictures. Here is such a book; and for those who cannot go to the Gallery in person there is an abundance of illustrations. We desire to recommend it specially to teachers. Those in London who conduct "educational visits under Article 44*b* of the Code" will find here exactly the material that will enable them to make their excursions to the National Gallery a joy for ever; and those in the country who will pin up cheap reproductions of the pictures or show them as lantern slides will be able to bring the National Gallery, with its Director as guide, into the remotest rural district. A school reference library that lacks this fascinating volume has a lamentable hole in it! The reproduced pictures are most admirably chosen — especially those in half-tone. Those in colour are not so good and, in our copy, the Michelangelo "Entombment" is badly "out of register."



From **Old Masters and Modern Art: The National Gallery Italian Schools**
By Sir Charles Holmes, Director of National Gallery
(Bell & Sons).

Plate 8.

THE THRESHOLD

By M. W. A. os
(Constable.)

The writer of this book of self-analysis cannot compete with Barbellion, though the position is not dissimilar. She is to die, and knows it; she sets down the stream of thoughts which flows through her mind and interests us, here and there without revealing anything that excites to wonder or to tenderness. Sympathy, of course, we are bound to admit, and there is nothing morbidly introspective or distressing in the personality thus laid bare. We feel that so many books of this type have been written that we might as well call it a volume of lightly-touched, discursive essays and have done with it, judge it merely from the critical point of view. The friendships of women; nature; the fringes of science; pleasant speculations upon religion; the idea of God; memory; intuition; beauty; books; the poets; all these subjects are delicately woven into the vague, meandering pattern, with an effect generally pleasing but never striking. There is little firm grip of any theme. We leave it with a sympathetic sigh for a mind that is restless, a hand that gropes for realities in a world that is gradually slipping away.

CHRISTMAS AND CHRISTMAS LORE.

By T. G. Crippen. 10s. 6d. (Blackie.)

For forty years the author has been a diligent collector of history, tradition, legend, custom or folk-lore relating to the Festival of the Holy Nativity. He has gathered information from old chap-books and scarce pamphlets and has gleaned knowledge from rustics in various countries. He treats of the origin of Christmas, how heathen and Christian customs became merged; of evergreens, of carols and hymns, of Christmas ghosts and tales and plays; of the Præsepio. His story takes us back in spirit to the Middle Ages, when the long darkness was made shining with candles and glowing logs, and merry with cheer and dancing and music. It takes us to other lands to show us customs and rites, quaint, beautiful, mystical. Christmas is the one Festival that we keep in somewhat of ancient style; it must not degenerate into a mere orgy of buying and selling, of empty, unintelligent giving and taking. To read this book, so carefully compiled, is to give to Christmas, with its dim-stretching background, a deeper significance.



From Christmas and Christmas Lore
By T. G. Crippen
(*Blackie*).

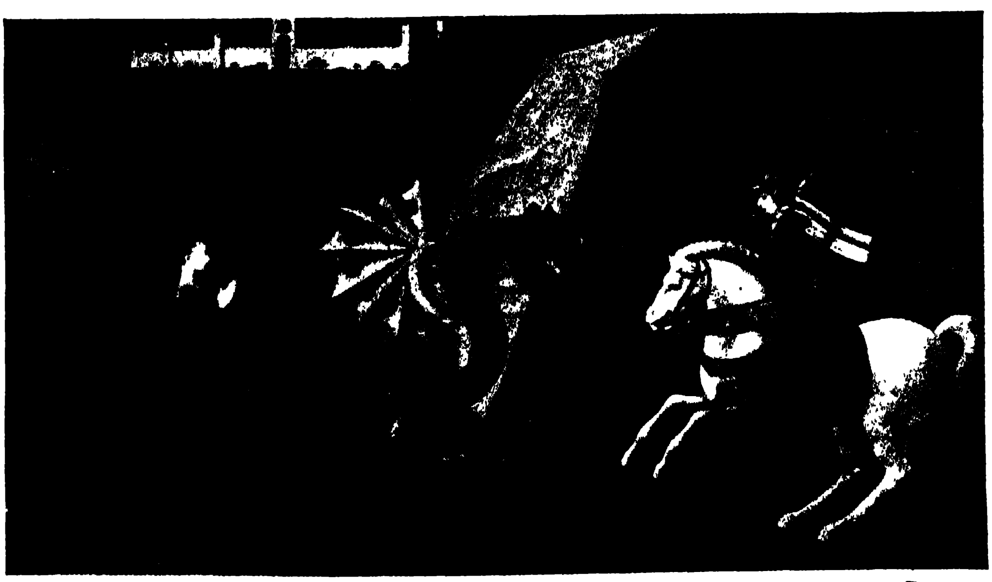
Cutting the Mistletoe in Druidical Days.

AMID THE HIGH HILLS.

By Sir Hugh Fraser. 18s. (A. & C. Black.)

Sir Hugh Fraser has been known for many years as a contributor of most interesting articles on sport and natural history to many journals. This book is made up of a selection from these articles, with others not previously published, and it is illustrated with charming pictures in black-and-white and in colours. The high hills are of course the Scottish mountains on which the deerstalker finds his exhilarating pleasure, a pleasure which is by no means only that of adding another trophy to his collection More and more the true sportsman takes his delight not in the slaughter but in the chase, in the surroundings, the beauty of wild nature, the observation of wild life, the struggle against difficulties, the out-witting the keen senses of the game, and Sir Hugh records that he has "friends, first class rifle shots, who delight in stalking, and who, when they have arrived within shot of the stag they have stalked, will sometimes not shoot at him at all." Why don't they take a camera for the rifle? Sir Hugh recounts many thrilling stalks of his own, tells of the taking of many a bold and lordly salmon, discusses the question of the swiftest flying birds in a most absorbing chapter, examines the methods of eagles and hawks in taking their prey, and in general gives us a book rich in memories of good hunting and keen observation. And he quotes an Angler's Prayer that is worth fine gold:

"Lord, suffer me to catch a fish—
So large that *even I*
When talking of it afterwards
May have no need to lie."



From Vision and Design
By Roger Fry
(*Chatto & Windus*).

St. George and the Dragon
(Vallo).

ARTHUR MEE'S WONDERFUL DAY.

By the Editor of the *Children's Newspaper*. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Nobody is more intensely or constantly aware of the magic of reality than Mr. Arthur Mee. To him the story of Life is more wonderful than any fairy story that was ever written, and all children who read this handsome book will think so too. From dawn to night they will journey with him, made sensible of the beauty of everyday things and learning on each page they turn something of the earth or heavens, the ways of man or beast, something of the marvels all around them which do not seem marvels simply because we are familiar with them. Stories on a variety of subjects are to be found here too, but it is the personal touch that always makes Mr. Mee's writings appeal so forcibly to boys and girls. He understands children, he speaks to them frankly, he deals in truth with a sure knowledge of how to awaken the interest of young and growing minds in things that really matter. Many fine pictures illustrate the work. Never was amusement and instruction more happily combined than they are in this fascinating volume.



From English Decoration and Furniture in the Tudor, Elizabethan and Jacobean Periods
By Miss M. Jourdain
(*Batsford*).

STAIRCASE OF THE HOSPITAL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, GUILDFORD, FOUNDED BY ARCHBISHOP ABBOT, ABOUT 1619. SHOWING IN POSITION THE ORIGINAL GATE TO PREVENT DOGS STRAYING TO THE UPPER STORIES.

THE LITTLEST ONE.

By Marion St. J. Webb. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Few books of verse for children have had or deserved so great a success as Mrs. St. John Webb's delightful volume. It has been issued in many editions since it was first published, but we are sure that there will be a large public for the new issue with its admirable illustrations and its musical settings. Forty years ago or so there was an excellent book of children's music and poems, illustrated by some of the best of the old wood-engravers; but there has not been any publication which gives the unknown modern poems so that they can be sung. Children do extremely appreciate "The Littlest One"; and a child's natural instinct to hum its favourite poems into songs will be helped by this attractive book. The music, which has been specially written for this new edition, is by Dr. Ralph Dunstan.

WILD FLOWERS:

Month by Month. In their Natural Haunts.

By Edward Step, F.L.S. Two vols. 21s. (Warne.)

Charming and simple and most nobly illustrated. Mr. Step contributes a hundred and sixty odd photographs, and there are six in colour by Mr. Baddeley. Think of this book when you buy your next wedding present; it will be a permanent joy in any home. Printed on smooth, pleasant paper, it is attractively divided into different seasons. Thus we begin with "March in the Woods," "March on the Chalk-hills," "Common and River-side in March," passing on to six glowing chapters on proud-pied April. The pictures are an education and the introduction is of high interest. Hints are here for the would-be photographer of Twayblade, Angelica and Scorpion Grass. Haven't heard of any of them? Then make haste to study their characteristics in these two enchanting volumes.

A ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON BIRTHDAY BOOK.

2s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The writings of no author lend themselves more freely to quotation than do those of R. L. S. Short selections from his books have been chosen for all the days of the year, and any Stevensonian would be delighted with this artistically produced little volume. It is a pleasing souvenir, both for the eye and the mind, and sure to prove a popular Christmas gift this season.

THE INNER SECRETS OF NATURE:

The Animal and Its Environment.

By L. A. BORRADAILE, M.A. 18s.

(Henry Frowde; Hodder & Stoughton.)

This absorbingly interesting book meets the needs of the student of Nature's ways, and of the layman who is desirous of intelligently comprehending those discovered facts which help towards an explanation of that still unexplained mystery which men call "life." Naturally it has been impossible to do more than indicate the outline of a subject so vast as this is within the limits of a single volume. However, by means of copious illustrations, supplied with lucid captions, and a manner of imparting knowledge *via* the letterpress that is the outcome of an all-embracing familiarity with the inner secrets of nature, Professor Borradaile contrives to reveal the relationship of the living organism, from the simplest to the most complex type—Man himself—to its environment. One cannot entirely subscribe to the point of view that evolution has not been influenced by environment, or rather that the two processes may have gone on side by side with separate objectives. But anyone, no matter what his view may be upon the controversial subject of evolution, will be sure to find much in this book to stimulate thought, and not a little that is new.



From English Decoration and Furniture in the Tudor, Elizabethan and Jacobean Periods
By Miss M. Jourdain
(*Batsford*).

BEDSTEAD WITH PALM TREE POSTS, AND COFFER; LATE FIFTEENTH OR SIXTEENTH CENTURY, AT BRADNINCH MANOR, DEVONSHIRE.

WILSON AND FARINGTON.

By FRANK RUTTER.

MORLAND AND IBBETSON

By E. L. K. HENDERSON.

JOHN CROME.

By S. C. KAINES SMITH.

("British Painters" Series.)

5s. net each volume.

(Philip Allan.)

A more admirable series than this it would be impossible to imagine. It offers the ordinary reader with an intelligent interest in art just what he needs. The volumes, of a handy pocket size and beautifully produced, are neither superficial nor overloaded with detail. In the case of each artist under consideration the same method of treatment is observed. First of all there is a succinct "biographical and personal" summary. This is followed by a chapter on "Style, Development and Characteristics," and in conclusion an analysis (in understandable terms) is given of "The Quality of the Artist." Both the general editor, Mr. Kaines Smith, and Messrs. Philip Allan are most heartily to be congratulated on this pleasant and useful series which, when complete, will present the story of British art from the sixteenth century painters to those of our own day.

With the new batch of three volumes before us we come to the early landscape painters. That distinguished critic, Mr. Frank Rutter, deals admirably with Richard Wilson, "the father of English landscape painting," and with his pupil, Joseph Farington; and it says much for the author's gift of writing that, while everybody has recently been reading the life of Farington from the inside, in the pages of his now famous Diary, Mr. Rutter succeeds in giving us a very interesting picture from the outside. "The careers of these two artists," says Mr. Rutter, "afford a strange and instructive contrast. One had talent and prospered exceedingly; the other had genius—and starved. Fortune, whose favours were so unequally distributed between these two men during their lifetime, has shown herself since their death to be still capricious and unrepentant, reviving the memory of the one with fresh honours and renewed attention, yet mercilessly turning a cold shoulder to the other's just plea for fame." This little volume should do much towards making Wilson's plea heard.



From **Landscape Painting**
By C. Lewis Hind
(*Chapman & Hall*).

DETAIL OF THE POSTINARI ALTAR PIECE (FLORENCE).

Mr. Henderson's interesting biography of George Morland is in the nature of a defence. He admits that there was a complete absence of the spiritual in Morland's nature, that he was "of the earth, earthy—the Crabbe of the world of artists." But much of his vulgarity and debauchery Mr. Henderson, with considerable plausibility, attributes to the conditions under which he was compelled to live as a boy, and he also gives reasonable arguments to show that matter of Morland can r have been quite drunkard of pop legend, and t there remained his nature someth of real generc that made children and anin love him.

John Crome the subject o scholarly and v pleasant volume Mr. Kaines Sn himself. W "Crome of Norwi we come to first really nat painter of la scape. "Cron sense of beaut says Mr. Sm "was nearer to p objectivism th that of almost a other English la scape painter a in this respect, beyond that of a other painter in the world, up to his own time and long after it, with the sole exception of Velasqu whose work he ne knew." It remains be said that each these charming volu is well illustrated w reproductions fr paintings by various artists c cerned. G. T



From **The Hope Vases**
A Catalogue and a Discussion of the Hope Collection of Greek Vases Introduction by E. M. W. Tillyard, M.A., O.B.E.
(Cambridge University Press).

PLATE III, No. 15.

THE SOUL O KOL NIKON.

By ELEANOR FARJE
7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Miss Farjeon wri for those with a ta for fantasy and fa things; this bo k not for the realist. is the story of Scandinavian boy v is believed to be changeling, and w himself believes he different from oth children and bo without a soul. quest for a soul le itself well to Mi Farjeon's delight fancy. First and fo most Miss Farjeon i poet, and this is prose poem both conception and exe tion. Her touch delicate, her st fascinating, and work has always note of originality.

THREE TALES.

By GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. Translated by A. McDOWALL. 21s. (Chatto & Windus.)

The issue of an English version of Flaubert's "Trois Contes" is a circumstance on which publisher and translator are both to be heartily congratulated. The former merits praise for the format of the book, which has a charming binding and is delightfully printed in Caslon old-face italic; the latter puts us in his debt by the very real felicity with which he has rendered the concise and compressed style of his original. The first of these tales, "A Simple Heart," a story of a Norman woman who, spending her life in the service of her mistress, of her mistress's daughter and of her sister's son, loses one by one all the objects of her attachment, including the parrot which, by a freak of ornithological ignorance, she associates with the third person of the Trinity, pays that tribute to the simple selfless devotion of a certain type of French peasant woman which De Maupassant was so fond of paying and is instinct with a humanity and a charm that are not often found in Flaubert's work. "The Tale of St. Julian" is a masterpiece too, but a masterpiece in different genre, that of Catholic hagiology. The final passage, in which Julian, having given the dying leper first his food and drink, then his bed, and then his clothes, completes his sacrifice by stretching himself, Elisha-fashion, on the ice-cold body of his visitor, only to find himself clasped in the arms of his glorified Lord and Saviour, is a magnificently triumphant close to a most original and most moving legend. "Herodias," the concluding tale, is on a lower level and has been spoilt for English readers by Oscar Wilde's attempt to treat the same theme in his notorious play "Salome." But the hand of the author of "Salammbô" can be recognised in the treatment of Herod Antipas; while the picture of the gluttonous and vomiting boy Aulus, the boy who was to live to become that monster of beastliness, the Emperor Vitellius, shows how closely Flaubert could make a living character out of a few scattered hints furnished by Suetonius



From Three Tales (*Chatto & Windus*). SALOME.



From The Hope Vases (*Cambridge University Press*). PLATE III, No. 26.

THE LOVELIEST LIFE:

The Story of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

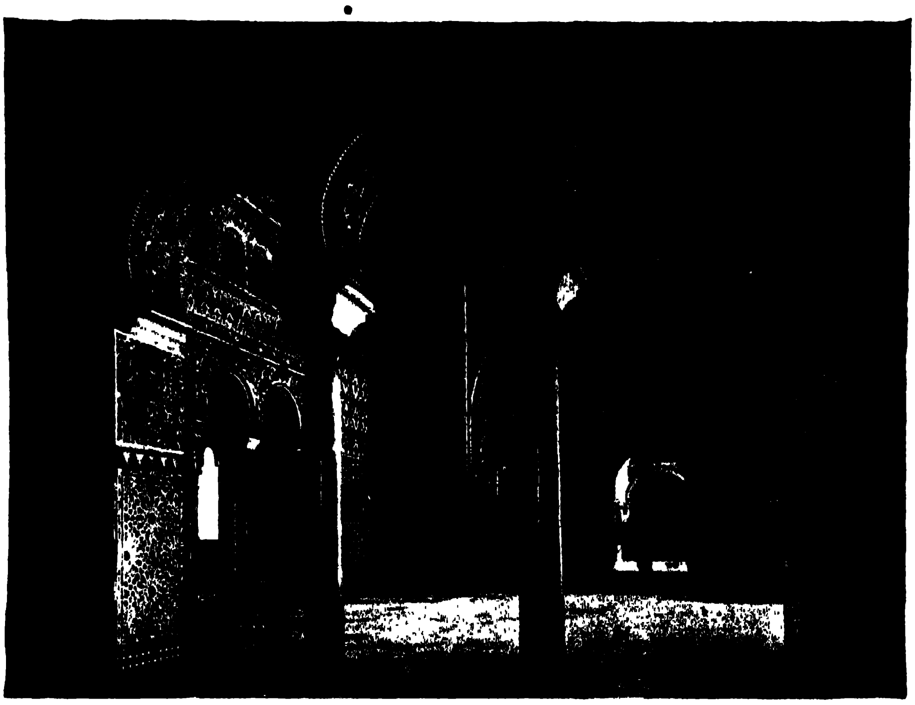
Retold for Young People by GRACE WINTER. 10s. 6d. (Pilgrim Press.)

Dr. James Hastings wrote a foreword for this book just before his death, and we hear that, "as a friend of the Author, he rejoiced in the distinguished character of her work, and intended to help personally in securing for it a wide circulation." The book is well done. The writer has attempted an extraordinarily difficult task, but on the whole she has avoided sentimentalism, and there is an earnest graciousness about her narrative and a real sense of the sacredness of her enterprise, that cannot fail to impress the critic. Also, there is the weight of what Dr. Hastings called "delightfully accurate scholarship." She has a picturesque touch, too: "The shepherds wrapped themselves in their warm, gaily-striped cloaks, and drew closer to the crackling wood, for the night wind was chill. Now and then one would draw out his flute, and pipe a little tune, to while away the time, but mostly, they lay still. . . . Perhaps they spoke of the price of wool. . . . Or was it of the sorrows of their nation, and the hope of a coming Saviour?" Miss Winter has treated her theme imaginatively—she has touched the dry bones of this and that incident and made them live again. There are coloured illustrations by William Hole, used by special permission, and several sepia reproductions from the works of modern painters.

STORIES FROM MEDIAEVAL SPAIN.

By Ierne L. Plunket. 6s. (Sheldon Press.)

The author has gone to infinite pains to give us this interesting book of stories, having consulted many recognised authorities on the subject. Of all the countries that are so rich in legends of heroes and traitors, none can boast a more romantic history than Mediaeval Spain, that battleground of Christian knights and crusaders and golden garden of the Moors. During the centuries that we call the Middle Ages there emerges from the mesh woven of Spain's invaders—Celt, Greek, Carthaginian, Roman, Visigoth and Syrian-Berber—the Spaniard himself, proud as his proverb, " He who says Spain, has said everything." These stories make no attempt at analysing this development, but aim to serve as an introduction to the life of the Iberian Peninsula in those romantic days. The writer has undoubtedly the power of creating atmosphere and thereby holding the reader's interest. Five excellent photographs and a map of Mediaeval Spain add to the attractiveness of the book.



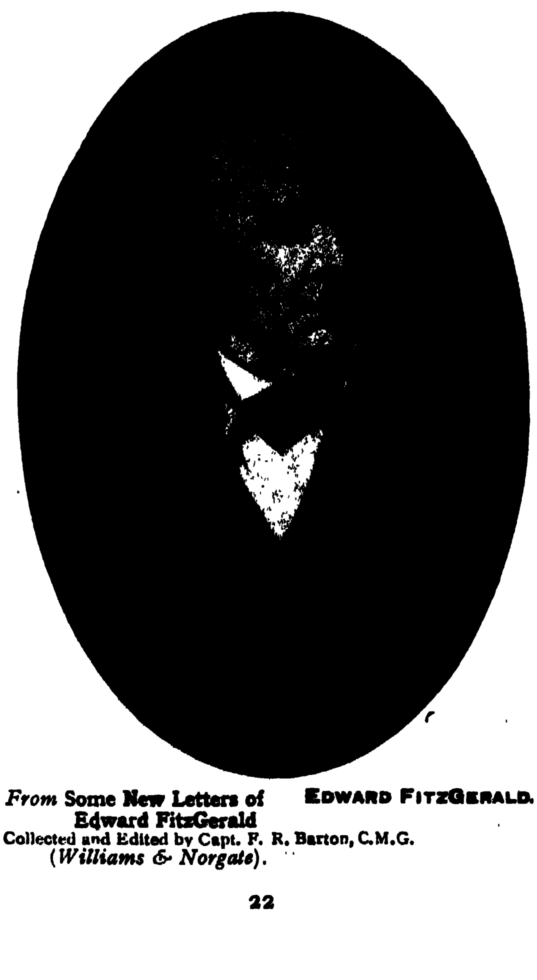
From **Stories from Mediaeval Spain** By Ierne L. Plunket (*Sheldon Press*).

THE HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS, SEVILLE. (Photo by Andersen.)

PARABLES FROM NATURE.

By Margaret Gatty. 4s. (Bell & Sons.)

We are sometimes tempted to imagine that for the modern child the day of the parable is over, that its appearance in gift-book form towards Christmas time may attract the grown-up purchaser but would not be the choice of the child himself. And the young nephew or niece is very critical of his or her presents in these days. If one gets over this difficulty, then Mrs. Gatty's famous book has much to recommend it. The fourteen stories show fresh and original thinking and the interest of the child will be caught over and over again by the manner of the telling, which is full of imagination and charm. Mrs. Gatty did not forget that a parable has a moral attached, but when her writing is at its finest, as perhaps in the study of " Red Snow " or in " Cobwebs," the story is the thing and the moral is carried by the way. The book is a volume in the well-known Queen's Treasures series. It has several charming illustrations in colour done by Miss Alice B. Woodward.



From **Some New Letters of Edward FitzGerald** Collected and Edited by Capt. F. R. Barton, C.M.G. (*Williams & Norgate*).

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL.

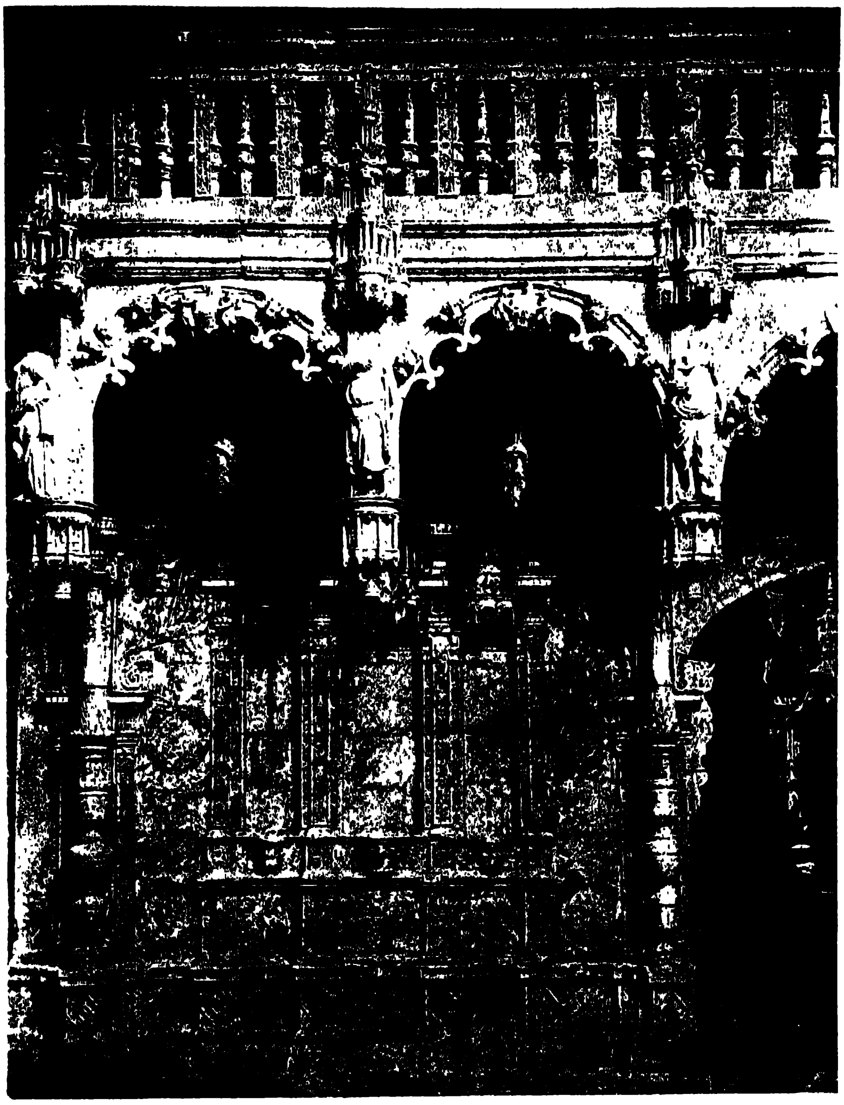
Written by Herself and edited by Mrs. Fairstar. With an introduction by Marion St. John Webb and illustrations by Emma L. Brock. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

The London of a century ago is a real and living background to these delightful Memoirs of a wooden doll. If Maria Poppet had *not* been wooden she would never have lived long enough to experience the pleasures and disasters she so faithfully records. Made by a famous London doll-maker, she passed into the hands of various little mammas, was dropped from a theatre-box into the stalls, was burned, thrown away on a rubbish heap, suffered narrow escapes from birds and animals at the Zoo, and in general had a very thrilling existence, tempered by more agreeable adventures. The book was first printed, Mrs. Webb tells us in an interesting preface, seventy-seven years ago—was printed and forgotten till Miss Clara Whitehill Hunt, " going over the shelves of an old library in America," found a " shabby little book in faded red covers with funny, old-fashioned pictures among the yellowed pages." It was a happy discovery, and Miss Hunt did not fail to recognise the quaintness and curious charm of this long-lost little masterpiece. A new edition was brought out in America; and now it has come over here—not with the original pictures, but with drawings that nevertheless catch the atmosphere of the period and just suit the naïve simplicity of the tale. Such a quaint, humorous, altogether refreshing little story cannot fail to appeal—especially to all little girls from six to eight, for whom it is intended.

THE RENAISSANCE OF ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

By Sir Thomas Graham Jackson, Bart., R.A. 42s. (Cambridge University Press.)

This volume concludes the series of the history of Post-Roman Architecture in Europe, from the fall of the Western Empire to the full development of the Classic Renaissance in the eighteenth century. The author explains the progress from style to style by the social changes which affected society at each period and of which the art was the expression and illustration. The Renaissance in France took a line of its own influenced by strong national feeling characteristic of the people. It was derived from Italy where the Renaissance had been working for eighty years before it was heard of in France. In England the Italians went home after the death of Henry VIII; in France—more fortunate—the Italians stayed on. Compared with contemporary work in England, the author considers that the French Renaissance in its earlier stages excels in sculpture; there are other differences between the styles, but they are less marked in the later phases of the Renaissance. We like the author's concluding notes upon his three volumes on the Renaissance of Roman Architecture in Italy, England and France. As he says, we must divest ourselves of familiarity with the event and look at it, independently, and free from prejudice, before we can realise this strange freak of human intelligence which produced a revolution in art in all those countries, and accepted Renaissance architecture as a matter of course. We have to realise that in all the phases through which architecture has passed, since the fall of the Roman Empire, never had there been anything like this abandonment of a living, healthy, natural style, for the revival of one that had been dead and forgotten for well nigh thirteen hundred years. The author does well to conclude on this broad basis. The book is carefully and beautifully produced and forms an excellent termination to this fine series.



From The Renaissance of Roman Architecture, Part III (*Cambridge University Press*). Limoges. The Jubé.



From Contemporary Criticisms of Dr. Samuel Johnson: His Works and His Biographies (*John Murray*). Dr. Johnson. Collected and Edited by John Ker Spittal.

EVERYMAN'S BOOK OF SACRED VERSE.

Edited by Gordon Crosse. 4s. 6d. and 6s. net. (Mowbray.)

The object of this daintily-produced little volume is to give a representative selection of the best English sacred poetry from the Middle Ages to the present time. The editor has not confined himself to well-known writers, but has enlarged the scope of the book by including a number of less widely known poets. Famous hymns like "Rock of Ages" and "Lead, kindly Light" have been excluded, and, except in a few cases, space has not been found for long poems in their entirety. Mr. Crosse, however, is to be congratulated on an excellent compilation, in which much that is fresh mingles with what is familiar, but can never be too familiar. And, better than any amount of historical description, the volume demonstrates the change that has worked itself into the popular conception of religion during the centuries, from the merely emotional and personal ecstasy of the fifteenth century mystic to

the broad, social gospel implicit in some of the selections from Mr. Masefield and the tender humanity that rings in Mr. Hodgson's "Bells of Heaven."

TALES FROM TIMBUKTU.

By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY.
Pictures by MAXWELL ARMFIELD.
7s. 6d.
(Chatto & Windus)

A distinguished looking volume in a striking, many-coloured cover, which we are sure was evolved out of the clever brain of Mr. Armfield. We all know Miss Smedley's talent, and it is evident that she has enjoyed the telling of her old fairy tales. She has gone to ancient sources -- Malay, Nigeria, Egypt, the Sahara, Kashmir -- and the stories are full of enchanting fancies about peasants and princes, lions and weavers, precious stones and true love. Mr. Armfield's pictures are mostly bold black-and-whites of characters such as "The Tibetan Farmer" and "The Coptic Clerk." This collection is very good indeed.

DOCTOR NYE.

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.
7s. 6d.
(Appleton.)

There will be no lack of readers for "Doctor Nye"; it is the popular kind of story so dearly loved in the Old World as well as the New. The strong, stern man always makes an irresistible appeal, and when to these assets is added the fact that the hero is unjustly suffering on account of another's wrongdoing, then the charm is more than doubled. The plot is simple; during the opening chapters the reader feels certain that the taciturn, silent doctor could not have committed the crime for which he was sent to prison, yet Mr. Lincoln has such an alluring way of telling the story that it is impossible not to read to the end in order thoroughly to enjoy the details. Romance claims her own, and the curtain is rung down, leaving smiling and happy actors in this cheery drama.



From Tales from Timbuktu
By Constance Smedley
(*Chatto & Windus*).

THE KASHMIR WEAVER.



From The Tay-Tay Tales
(*Harrap*).



THE INDIANS WERE HAVING A BIG KACHINA DANCE.

BY SUN AND CANDLE-LIGHT.

By A. ALEXANDER, M.A., B.D. 5s.
(Allenson.)

There is very little time in the busy days lived by the great majority of people for rest or meditation. However, should anyone be able to escape from the turmoil and take with him Mr. Alexander's book he will find the time not unprofitably spent. Much bright, helpful matter is contained in the short discourses; the author has grasped the everyday needs of the traveller on life's way. "The Clutching Hand of Worry" is perhaps one of the most needful little sermons that can be preached to-day, for the weary, anxious looks one meets on every hand seem quite out of order in this beautiful world. We commend "By Sun and Candle-light" to those anxious to investigate the things that really matter.

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER.

By MARK TWAIN.
12s. 6d. (Dent.)

From Messrs. Dent & Sons comes this handsome edition of Mark Twain's famous story, in a volume which will take high place among the gift-books of the season for its beautiful pictures, its fine print and general appearance. Mr. W. Hatherell, R.I., has put a wealth of colour and line drawing into his eight coloured plates, each of which is a work of art. They have in addition the unusual distinction of helping forward the tale by the sense of movement in the grouping and the expression of character which they convey. Then the story itself has the merit of not being too familiar to the children, though very quickly the hero, Tom Canty, becomes a friend. He carries his newly-acquired royal state with such a pretty dignity and he uses his power so wisely that it seems a little sad that he should have to be dethroned just as the golden crown of England was being put on his head. Children of to-day will like the story as much as did the two children who first read it, those "good-mannered and agreeable children, Susie and Clara Clemens," to whom the book was dedicated by the author, their father.



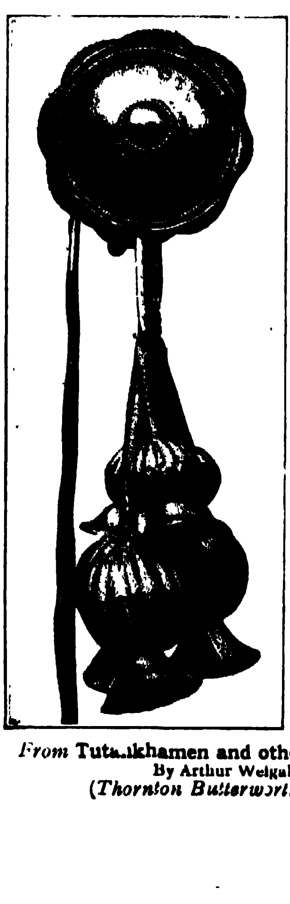
From Tales from Timbuktu
By Constance Smedley
(*Chatto & Windus*).

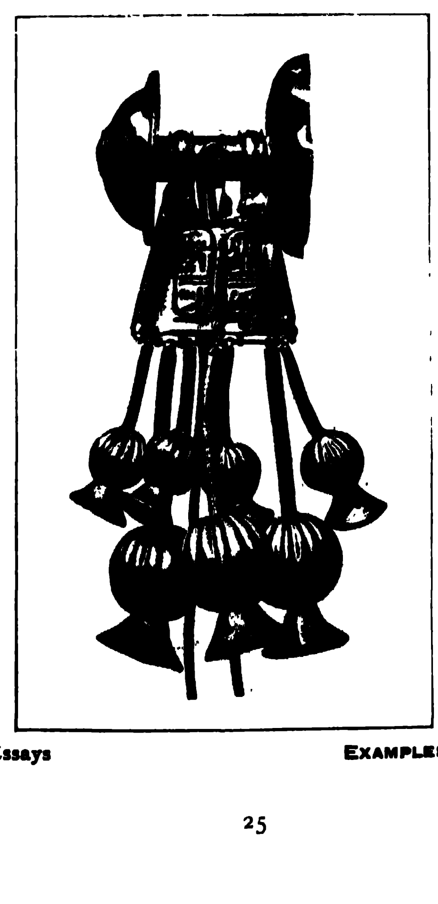
THE CONGO WATER CARRIER.

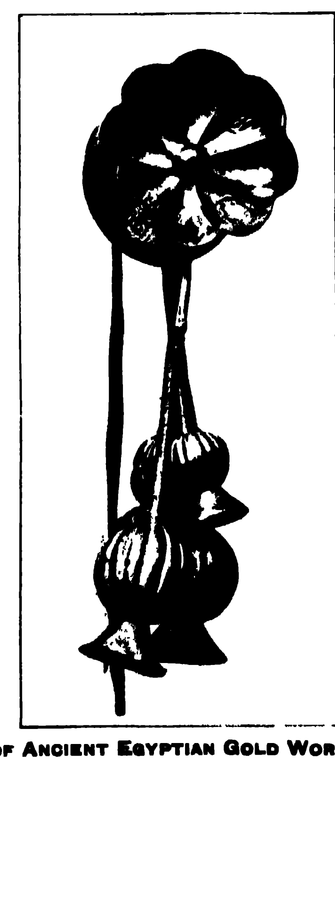
KIPLING CALENDAR.

3s 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Kipling lends himself excellently to a book of this kind, and this selection of quotations from his prose and poetry—one for every day of the year has been well made and is very attractively produced. The compiler has gone harvesting in a rich field, and the condensed philosophy, serious or humorous, in these extracts is good to read and helpful to remember. It is a little book of wit and wisdom that will be sure of a wide welcome.







From Tutankhamen and other Essays
By Arthur Weigall
(*Thornton Butterworth*).

EXAMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPTIAN GOLD WORK.

STAR DUST.

Fairy Tales for Children from Six to Sixty.

By Miriam Gerstle.

3s. 6d.

(Selwyn & Blount.)

In the foreword we are told that "as a star sweeps forth into the night, a thin mist of silver, so from the shining thoughts of the mind sweep forth stray clouds of glimmering fancy." We are asked to treasure these fancies or fairies rather than shatter them, and to look for our particular one or ones in the pages of this book. What a wonderful picture that is Joan conjures up as she lies in her little iron cot. She is lying in a four-poster, of course, the top all sprinkled with silver stars. From the canopy fell long tassels made up of soft silk threads in blue, amethyst and silver. Little shelves round the top, holding books, jam, hot chocolate, toys and flowers, musical instruments and, most thrilling of all, a box filled with various coloured silks and soft transparent chiffons: one could wrap one's hand in these scraps and pretend it was a maiden in distress. The book is illustrated in a very unique manner by the author.



From Star Dust
By Miriam Gerstle
(*Selwyn & Blount*).

THE END OF THE STORY.

HIS GLORY.

By the Rev. Alexander Smellie, D.D.

2s. 6d.

(Melrose.)

The many admirers of the work of the late Dr. Smellie will be delighted to have this deeply devotional little book. It reads like a chant of praise. "How far more winning is our God than the lonely and unfigured despot of the Moslem, more than the chilling and austere king and potentate of Arian and Unitarian!" he exclaims, "and how sure the pre-existence of Love makes our redemption!" There are meditations on the sacred Ministry, as a Glory of the Surrendered Will, a Glory of the Radiant Walk, a Glory of the Satisfying Word, a Glory of the Life-giving Work. All the way through there are fresh, bright illustrations: "Some years ago an English nobleman, captain of a man-of-war, was brought to Christ. He was not slow to confess the change. 'I want to speak to you,' he would say to an officer on board his ship. 'I can assure you it's a great thing to know your sins forgiven.'" This knowledge Dr. Smellie held most reverently himself, and his discourse glows with happy fervour.



From **On the Site of the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare**
By George Hubbard
(*Cambridge University Press*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.



From Birds and Their Young
By T. A. Coward
Illustrated by Roland Green
(*Gay & Hancock*)

COCK STONECHAT AND YOUNG.

BIRDS AND THEIR YOUNG.

By T. A. Coward, M.Sc. 10s 6d net. (Gay & Hancock.)

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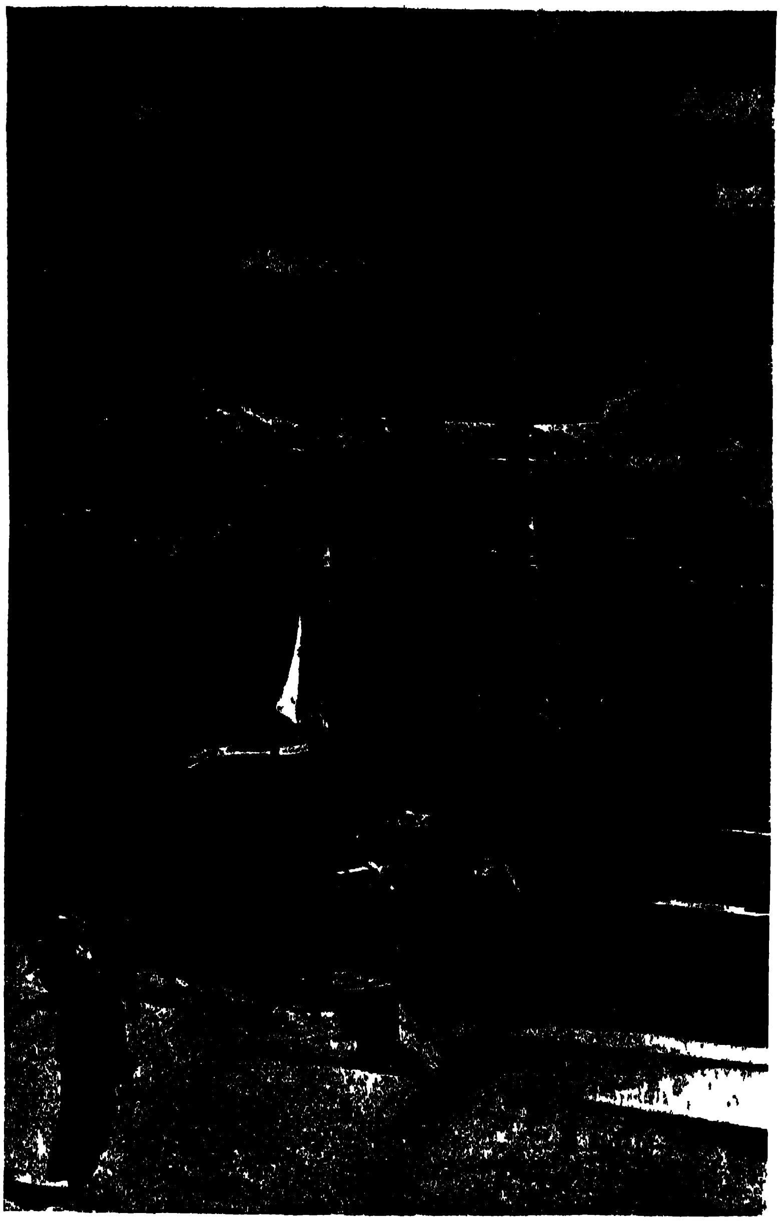
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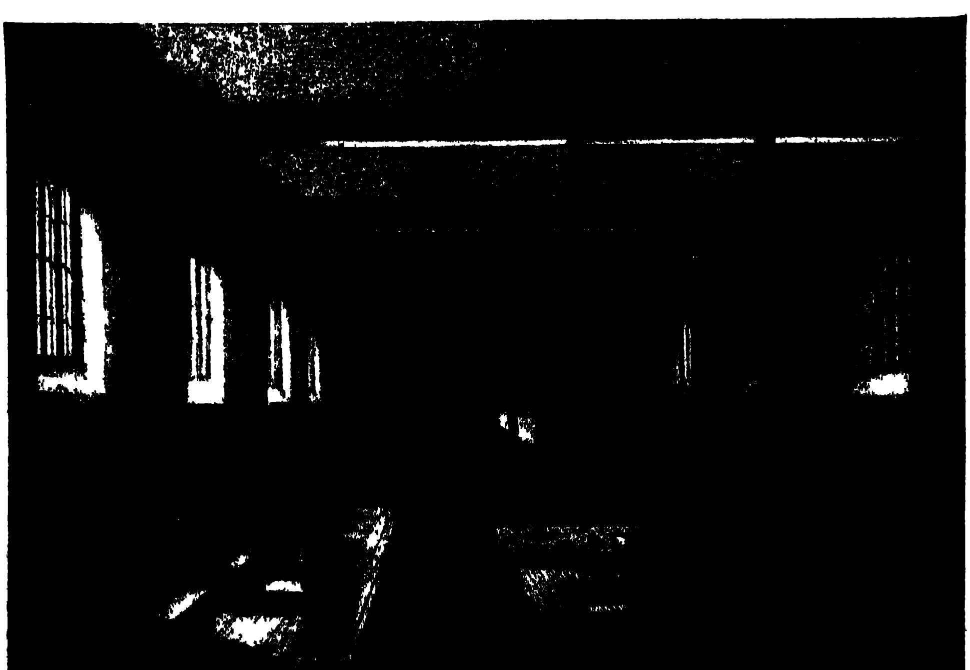
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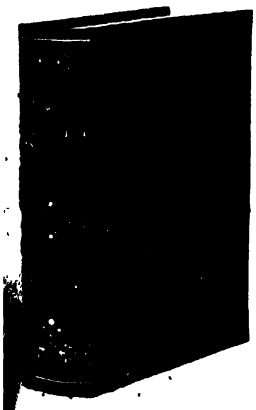
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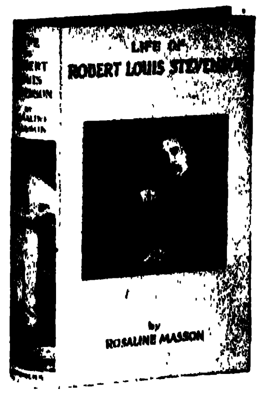
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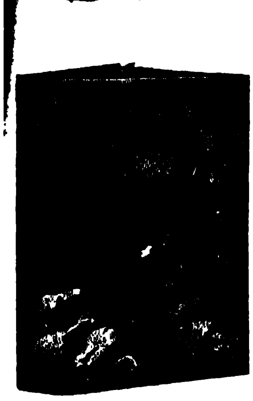
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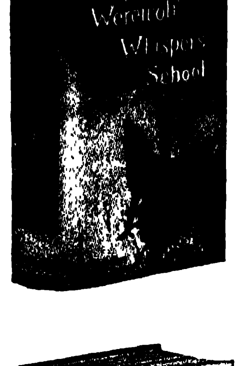
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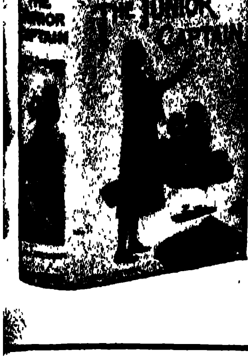
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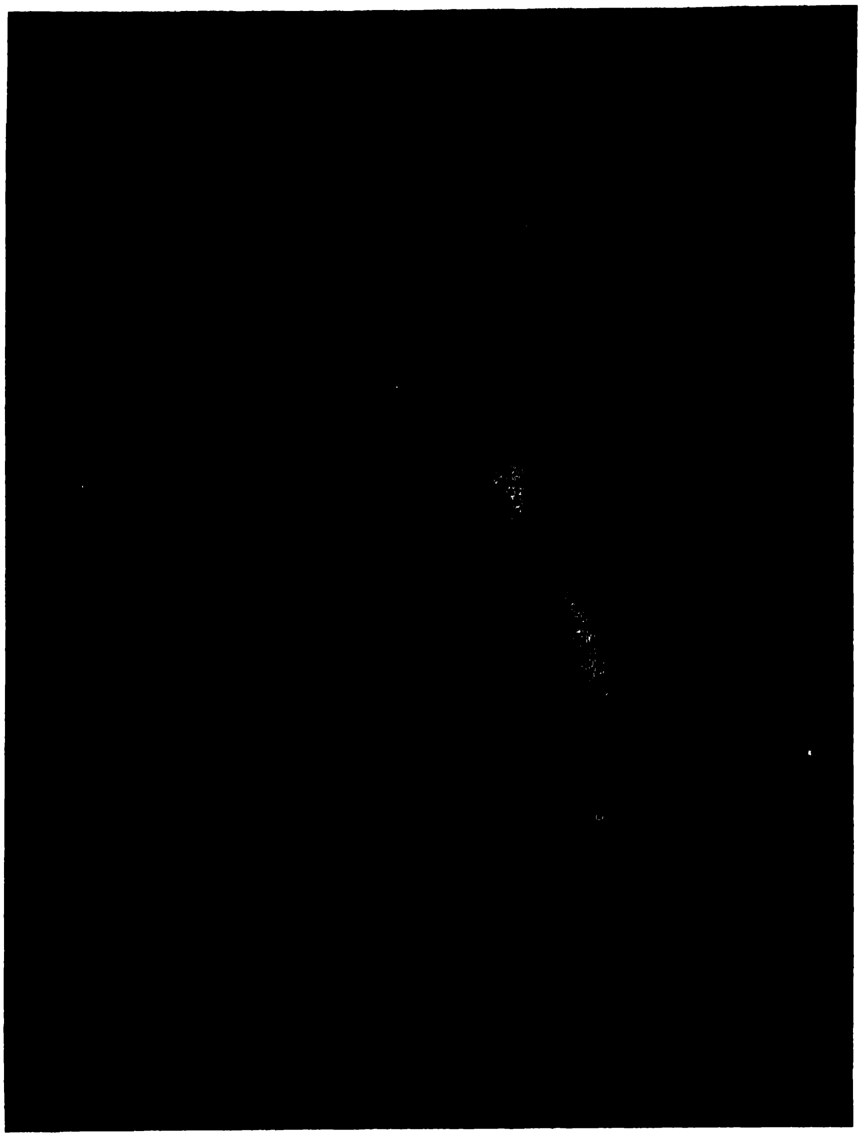
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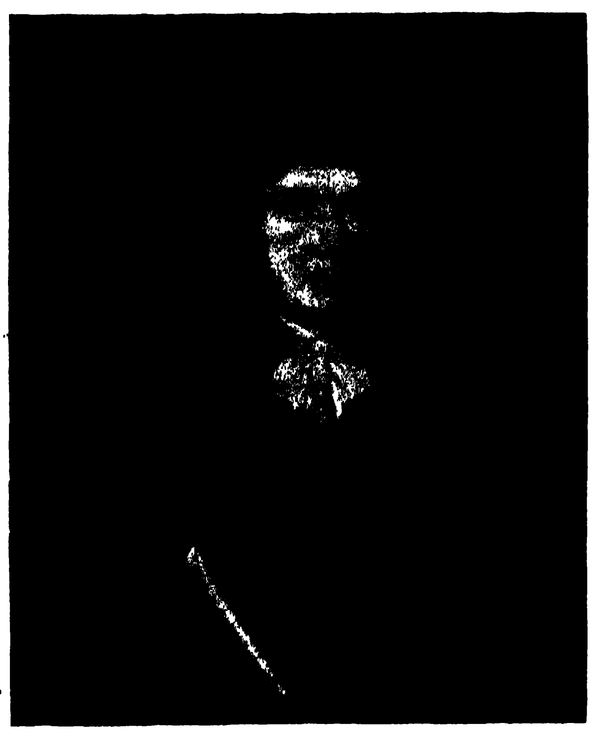
From The Song of France : Une Guirlande Poésies Divertes
Chosen and Translated by Grace Warrock
(Blackwell)

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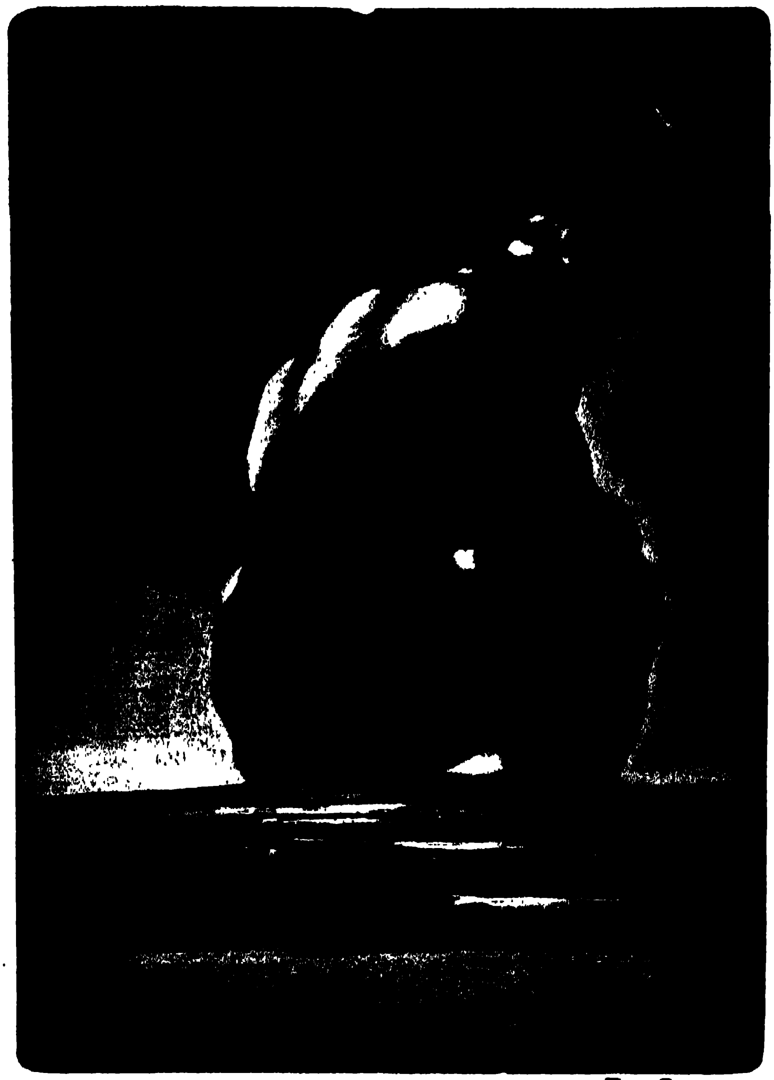
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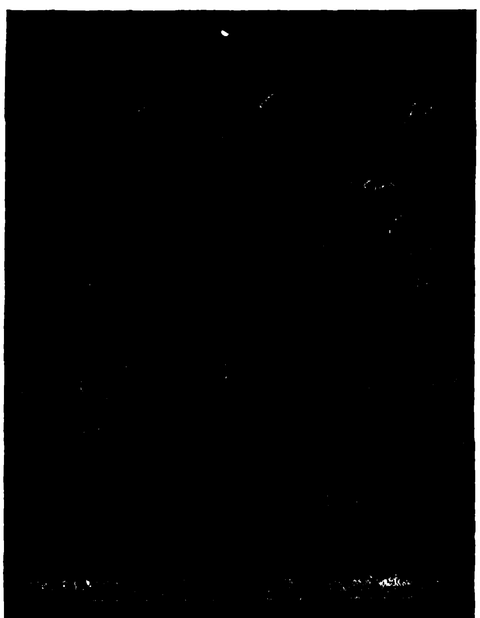


From Almanack for 1924.
By Kate Greenaway
(*Warne*). "SUMMER."

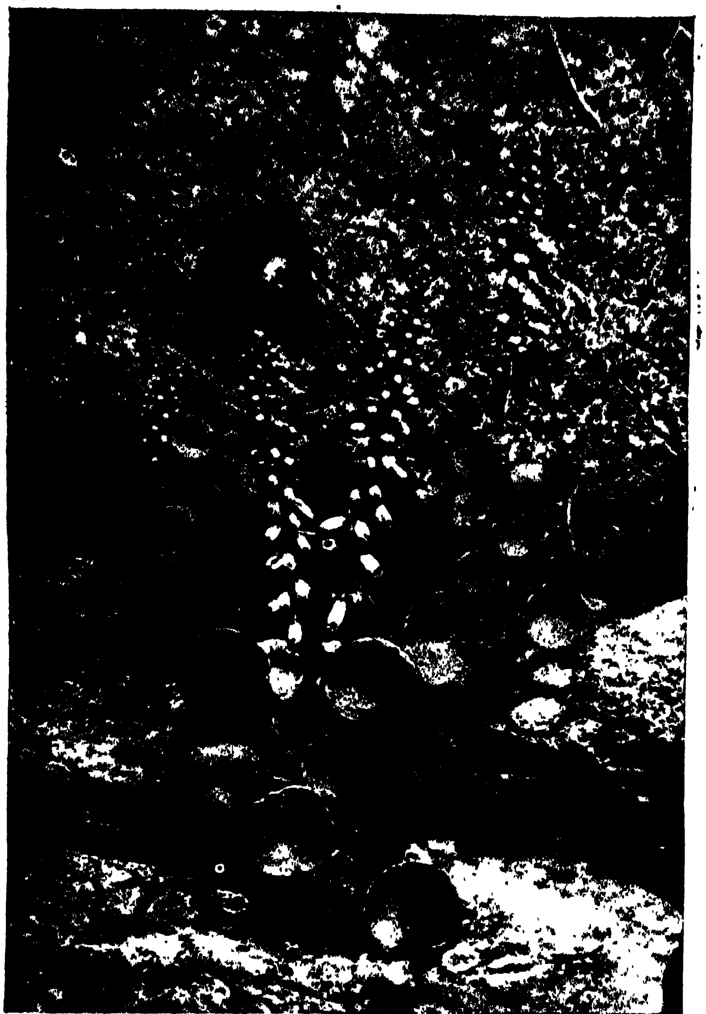
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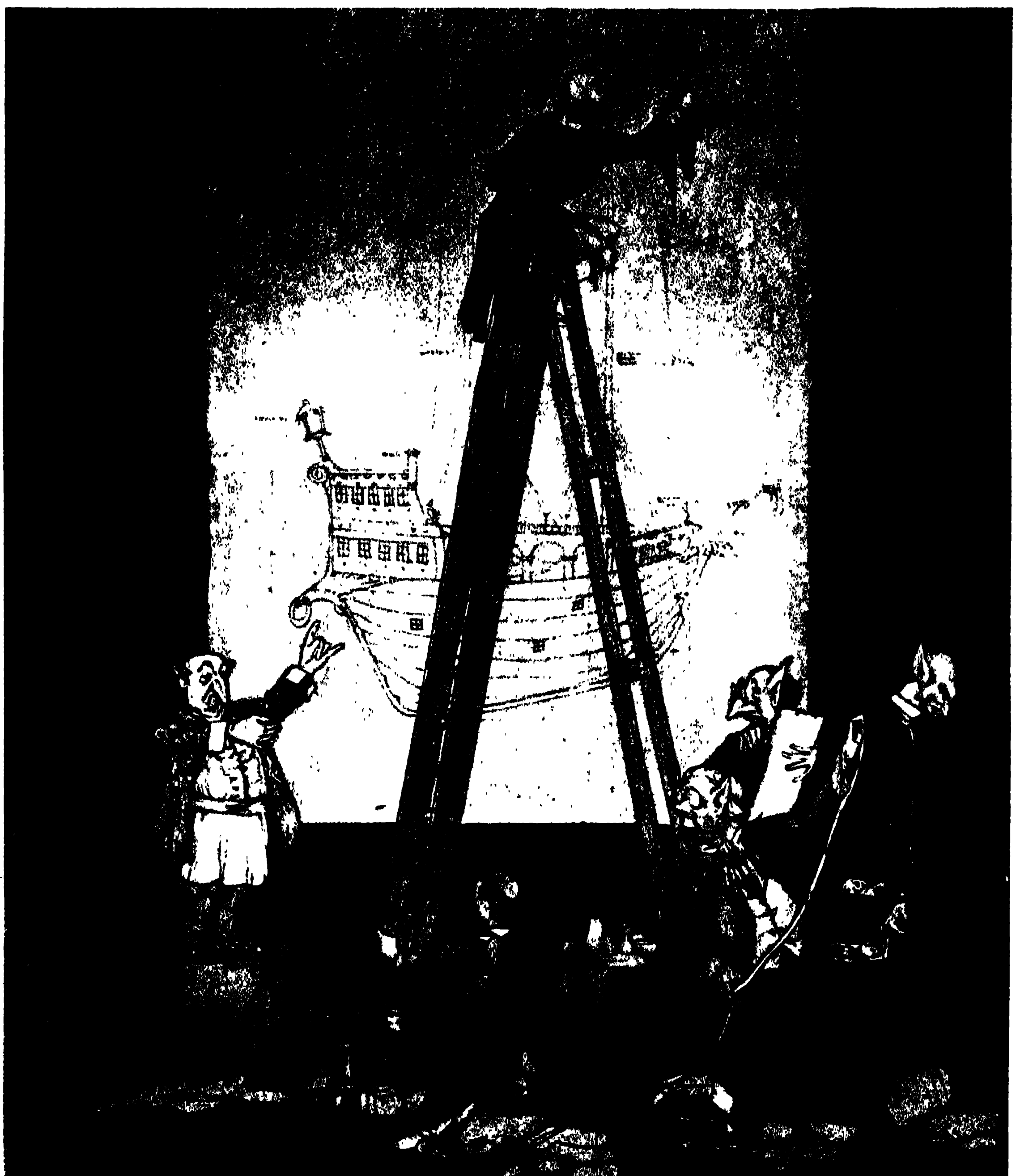


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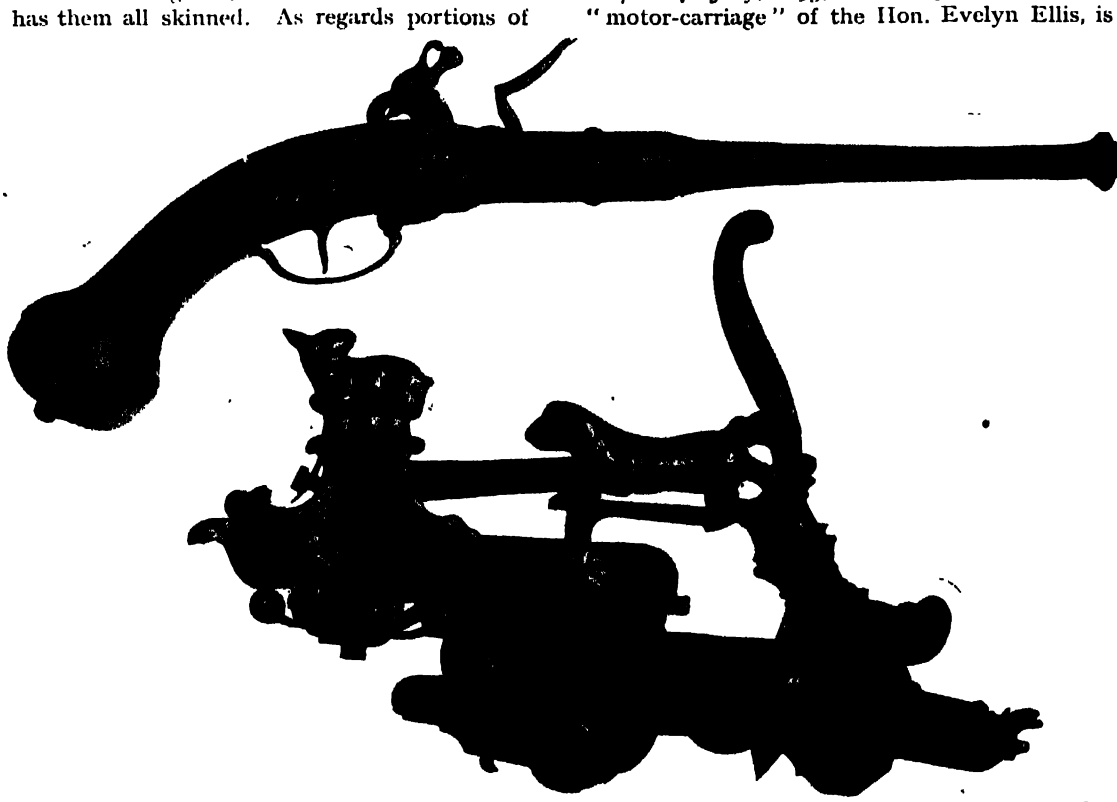


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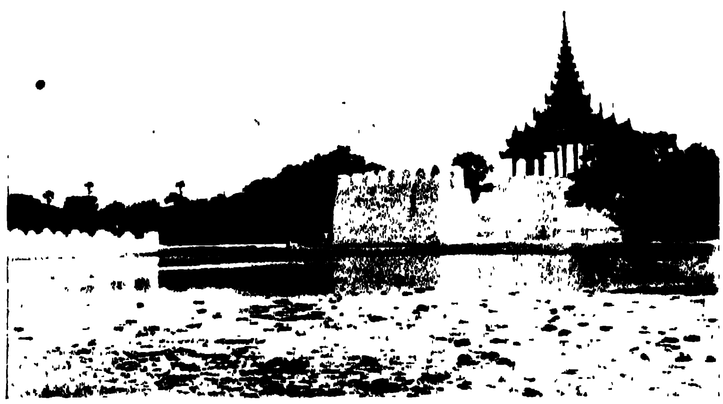
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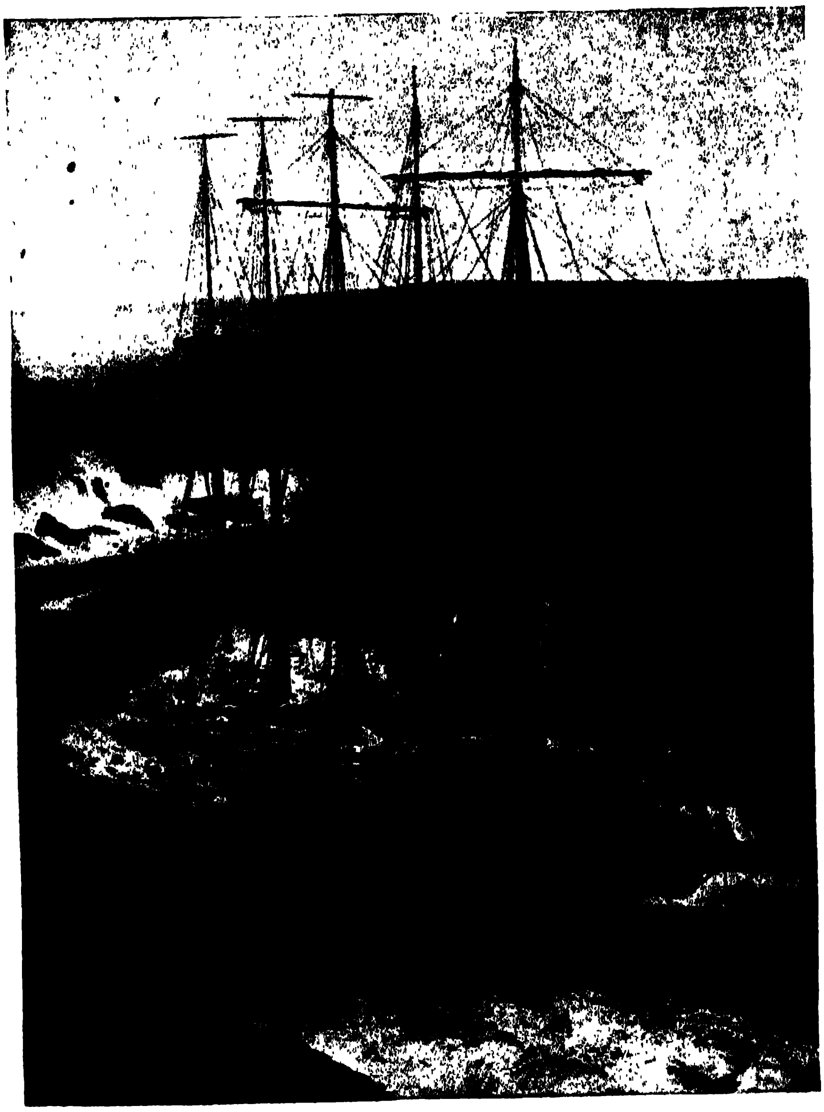
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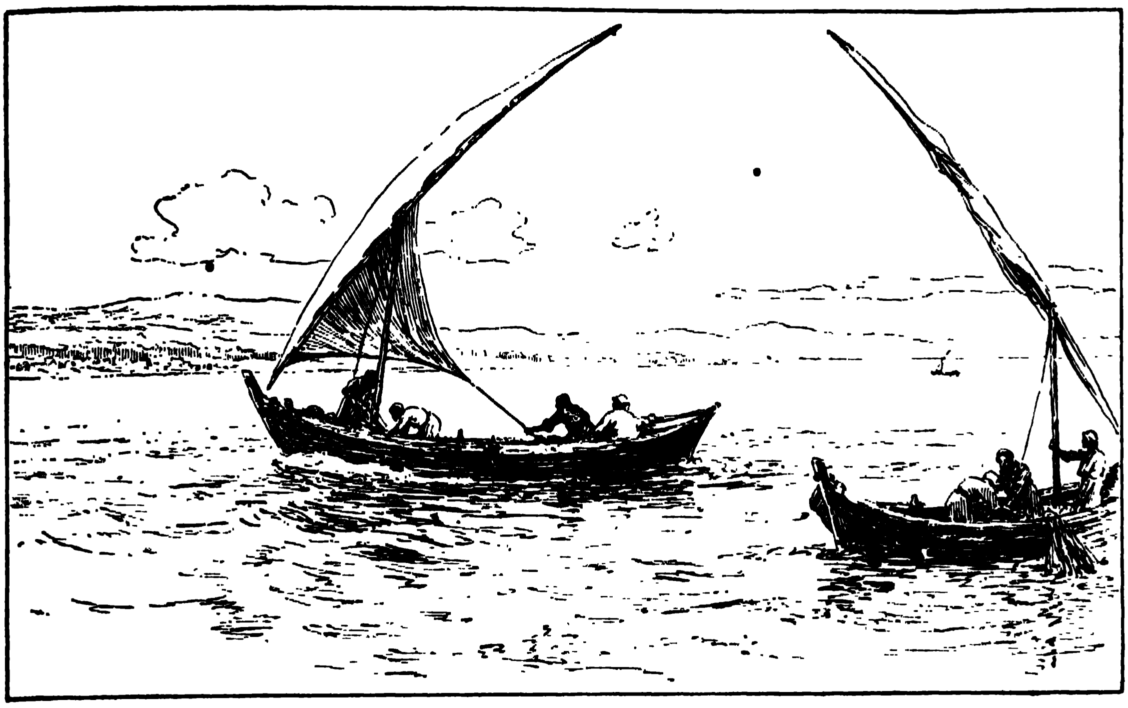
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THE TWINS OF EMU PLAINS.

By Mary Grant Bruce. 4s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

This is a wholesome, exhilarating story of two Australian girls who are obliged to leave school and go home to assist their parents on a farm during a ruinous drought. It is the spirit with which they tackle their task that makes the book. Their pluck, their light-heartedness, their refusal to take trouble seriously infect their worried parents; and this, together with the extremely practical help on the farm given by the twin sisters, make things easier all round, and everyone pulls cheerfully together until the drought ends—and prosperity returns. The story is full of action—horse riding, swimming, a chase after a vicious bull, and the like; and it also contains an excellent picture of the training of a very boyish boy by the twins; the way they impart lessons to him and their own small brother could be read with advantage by many school teachers. There is one defect in Miss Mary Grant Bruce's story, and that is that the reader gets a feeling that he is only being shown one side of the people's characters; they are all so jolly and good-tempered—one feels one is always seeing them at their best; they must have times when not at their best, and to get a complete picture of them one needs a glimpse of this other side too.



From The Old, Old Story
By W. M. Clow, D.D.
Illustrated from Original Oil Paintings
(*Collins*).

GALILEAN BOATS.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

By W. M. CLOW, D.D. With illustrations in colour by WILLIAM PRATT. 12s 6d. net. (Collins.)

There is always the need for such a book as this. "The Old, Old Story" is the story told in the Bible, from the creation, to the death of Paul, and here retold for children by Dr. Clow in a clear, simple and sympathetic style. In these pages the great names of the Old and New Testaments stand out in such a vivid manner that children, arrested by the picturesque telling, will assimilate the lessons, both gentle and stern, which the Books of the Bible contain. The continuity of the chapters adds value to the book, the narrative gaining in strength as it proceeds. The illustrations are beautiful and very helpful. Sixteen full-page pictures are in colour, from the original paintings by William Pratt, and added to these are countless black-and-white illustrations, mainly taken from the real scenes of the Bible Land. The book as a whole is a careful, well-thought-out introduction of the Bible to the child-mind.

MYSTERY RIVERS OF TIBET.

By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD. Illustrated. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

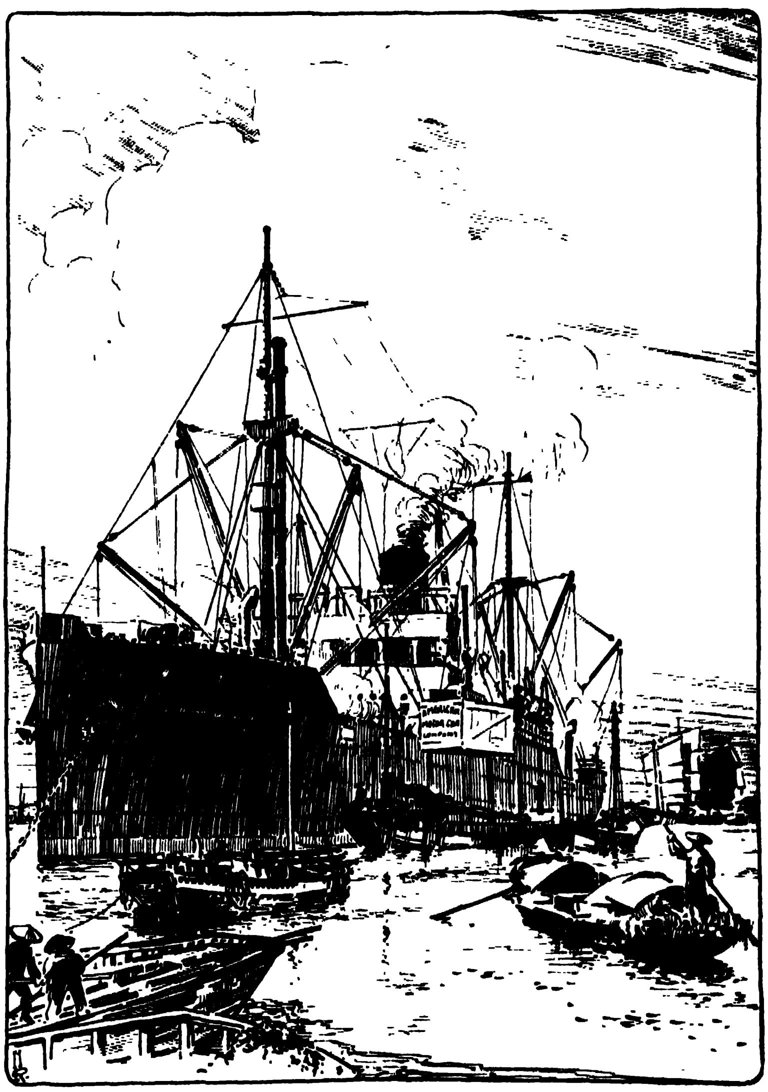
MEMORIES OF FOUR CONTINENTS.

By LADY GLOVER. Illustrated. 16s. (Seeley, Service.)

IN THE TRACK OF LIVINGSTONE.

By FRED L. M. MOIR. Illustrated. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Men go to strange places for strange and diverse reasons, some obvious, some remote, some fortuitous. Captain Kingdon Ward turned to Eastern Tibet in February, 1913, on a plant-hunting expedition, travelling via Burma and Yun-nan into the wild mountains and deep gorges of the land where the three huge rivers, the Yangtze, the Mekong and the Salween approach and flow within fifty miles of each other, the Mekong in the middle being twenty-eight miles from the Yangtze and twenty miles from the Salween. It is throughout clear that his preoccupation really was the plant life of the country, but he manages to convey something of the immense splendour of the high mountains, the snowy passes, the glaciers, the tremendous glory



From The Lookout Man
By Captain David W. Bone
Illustrated by H. Hudson Rodwell
(*Jonathan Cape*).

AMERICAN CARGO SHIP.

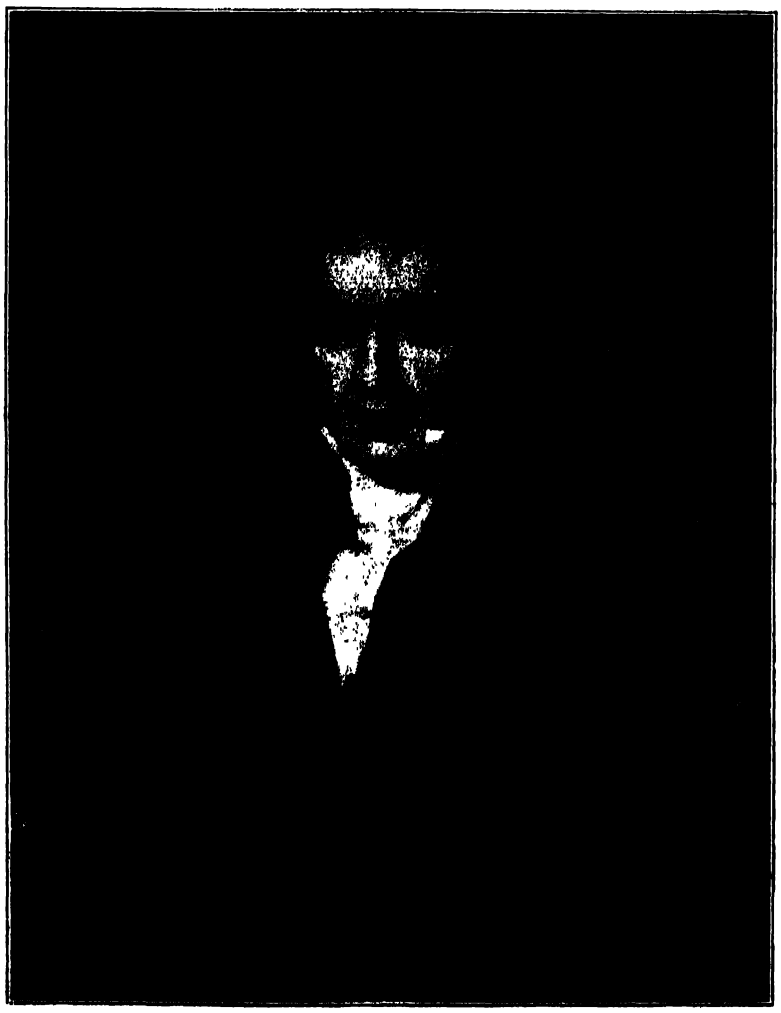
of nature. He loves his flowers, and never loses an opportunity of describing a find, whether a plain common weed known in Great Britain or a magnificent triumph like the blue poppy, whose "great azure-blue flowers, massed with gold in the centre, would be the most beautiful I have ever seen" if it were not for a stiffness of the prickly stem and the absence of foliage among the blooms. This lovely poppy is sweet-scented, and grows ever so many thousand feet up Captain Ward gives a magnificent photograph of it at 10,000 feet. It has so far resisted every effort to grow it in Britain. Captain Ward was completely alone on his expedition, as far as any European companionship was concerned. He seems to have been capable of getting on well with Chinese and Tibetans alike, but he never dwells on his difficulties; he is too much absorbed in his botanical finds. Yet he manages to convey an impression of country and people that is perhaps more effective than if he had devoted all his attention to descriptive writing alone.



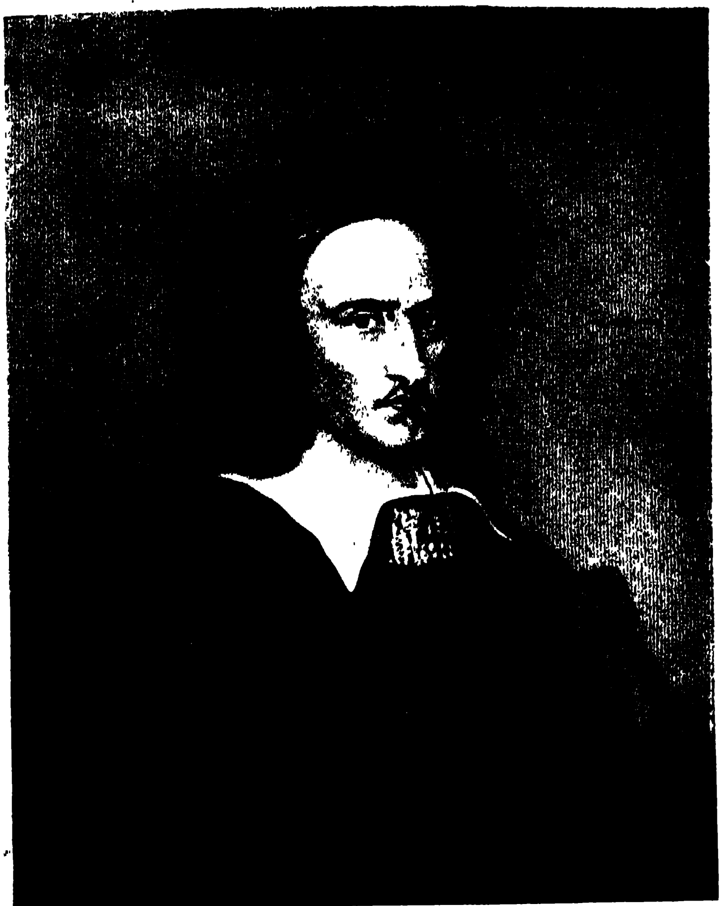
JOHANNES V. JENSEN,
the great Danish novelist, whose novel "The Cimbrians," Messrs. Gyldendal are publishing.

In complete contrast with Captain Ward's solitary journeying is Lady Glover's full "Memories of Four Continents" which are indeed stuffed with good things by way of her "recollections grave and gay, of events in social and diplomatic life." She has met and known many celebrated persons, and has visited or lived in many interesting "outposts of Empire," so that her reminiscences are worth reading as records of things and people of importance in their own day and in ours. She knew Cecil Rhodes and Dr. Jameson, and many another Empire pioneer of far-seeing vision, and we feel that her admiration is chiefly reserved for the men who "do" things for their country- men who can dream nobly and make the dreams come nobly true. And though the book teems with good stories of everybody from Kings and Queens and Pro-consuls down to simple doings of everyday folk, the impression it leaves is of a rich personality, passionately devoted to high feats of duty devotedly done for the advancement of civilisation. How greatly, then, would Lady Glover revel in the delightful account by Fred L. M. Moir, of the work done by himself and his brother on behalf of a Scottish trading company formed to open up Nyasaland and the lakes. It was no ordinary trading company, though designed for trade; it had other ideals too, inspired by the work of David Livingstone, in whose honour it called itself the Livingstonia Central African Company Limited, with a capital of a few thousand pounds. It aimed at opening up a trade route from the east coast to the region of Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika, and besides it hoped to strike a paralysing blow at the dreadful Arab slave trade. In 1878 the brothers went out to Zanzibar, and there they found a wild uncivilised country, full of horror, superstition and cruelty and suffering: they left a smiling country-side, with a proper transport system and under equitable administration, a population freed from the domination of witchcraft, loosed from the slave trade, prosperous, contented, increasing. As for the slave trade, as Major Ian Hay says in the introduction he contributes to this volume, they were primarily responsible for its abolition, "firstly by rendering it economically unsound, and secondly, when the pinch came, by standing up to their opponents and fighting them singlehanded to a standstill." And when Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia were added to the Empire, at the request of the native chiefs who desired to live under the British flag, it was in no small measure due to their experience of the fair dealing and upright ways of these traders. Mr. Moir's plain, straightforward narrative is one long satisfactory thrill after another, and in itself is a shining example of the way in which the Empire grows, almost against the will of the central administration. It is a story to make us all humbly proud, and a perfectly splendid book to give a spirited boy.

F. M. A.



From **The Journal of Henry Edward Fox** (*Thornton Butterworth*). **HENRY LUTTRELL.**



From The Life and Times of John Maitland : Duke of Lauderdale, 1616 1682
By W. C Mackenzie, F.S.A.
(*Kegan Paul*).

JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN MAITLAND, DUKE OF LAUDERDALE.

By W. C. Mackenzie, F.S A.(Scot.). 15s. (Kegan Paul.)

The spell of the historic "Cabal" has cast itself over another scholar, and in "The Life and Times of John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale" Mr. Mackenzie writes of the statesman whose initial made the final letter of the celebrated Council. Lauderdale's name is almost exclusively associated with his administration of Scotland for some twenty years after the Restoration. Mr. Mackenzie's treatment of this subject is comprehensive and very thorough. The book runs to 500 pages, has a full index and explanatory notes. It throws the light of learning on a period which is too little known, whose formative influence on British history has been perhaps too little recognised. Pen pictures of the chief men and women of Restoration times come in, and there is an interesting chapter on one of the famous society beauties of the day, the brilliant and unscrupulous Countess of Dysart, who later became Duchess of Lauderdale.

INTO THE EAST: NOTES ON BURMA AND MALAYA.

By Richard Curle. With a Preface by Joseph Conrad. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

This little book is the result of a ten months' stay in the East—five of them in Burma, four of them in the Federated Malay States— from the end of July, 1920, till the end of April, 1921. It was mostly done on the spot and is not in the least exhaustive. "I just wrote it because I wanted to write it." This is how Mr. Curle introduces his book to his readers, and it is in some ways a perfect introduction. He went to the East because he wanted to go there and see what he should see and hear what he should hear, and wrote what he wrote because he wanted to. The result is 200 pages of various excellences telling the run from Port Said to Colombo, of Colombo, then of Rangoon, of Mandalay, the Irrawaddy, of Bhamo and the country up near China. There is not much description, indeed practically no set description at all, only jottings of impressions, and rather lazily done too, little notes of colour and atmosphere, a stray reflection, a half hinted comment, a lightly touched emotion, a personal experience. There are no bundles of well chosen and well marshalled facts, no gallant painting of Shwe Dagon, none of all the things that are so readily expected and invariably found in travellers' narratives, which are so often personal amplifications and commentaries on guide-books. You will read through some two-thirds of Mr. Curle's book before you quite satisfactorily tell yourself that what you are learning is really Mr Curle himself, his turn of mind, his personality, his points of view. And that is really much more delightful, and you begin to accept him and to put his mind on like a pair of enchanted spectacles and look eagerly to see what comes next. Frankly he seems more at home with himself, happier in feeling and expression when he has got away from Burma and got to Penang and Singapore and the Malay States Among the best pages are those describing life in Kuala Lumpur, and the chapters on "a rubber plantation" and "over F.M.S. roads." The book altogether is not one to read and lay aside, you will not get what it has to give in this way; it should be looked at again, dipped into, read closely and re-read in places, perhaps many times; you will make friends with it and it will always have something to tell you, some thought that was in your own mind, but which finds itself suddenly stronger and clearer.



From The Life of Cesare Borgia
By Rafael Sabatini
(*Stanley Paul*).

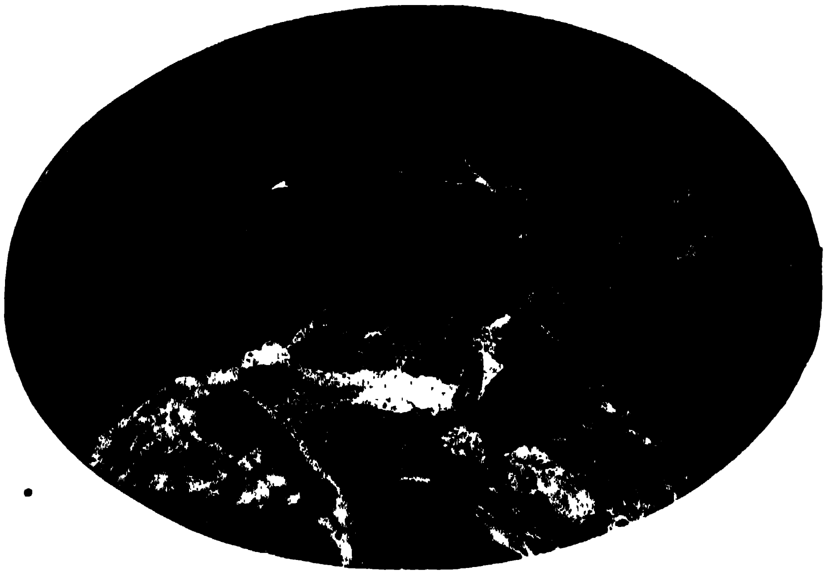
PORTRAIT OF CESARE BORGIA (Giorgione).

WILD BIRD ADVENTURES.

A Nature Story Book for Boys and Girls.

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S. Illustrated by photographs taken by the author. 5s. (Cassells.)

Two groups of people are always interested in any new book that Mr. Kearton writes, those who have read his last and those who have heard him lecture. And as the number of his readers is steadily increasing with the years, there must be quite a little company who will welcome his latest volume of nature talks. For those who do not know Mr. Kearton, it is perhaps simplest to say that his stories are accounts of little adventures he has made into birdland, how, for instance, he saved a peewit's nest and eggs from the harrow by some kind words and a piece of silver to the ploughman, who allowed him to move it to an already ploughed part of the field. This story, by the way, has a sequel. For, when the frightened bird had calmed herself and was accepting her new home, Mr. Kearton met the ploughman again, who quietly remarked: "Bless yer life, sir, I have saved lots o' peewits' nesties in that way afore. Pore birds, they has to live, same as we, and are just as useful." Small happenings, perhaps, but there is a wealth of pleasant reading and instruction by the way. All his discoveries, the author tells the children, have been made by patience and kindness. "Birds hate noisy, bustling, impatient people, and never reveal any of their wonderful secrets to them."



From **Hebridean Memories** By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. (*Cassells*).

"BROTHER AND SISTER." TWO YOUNG RAVENS.



From **Wild Bird Adventures** By Richard Kearton, F.Z.S. (*Cassells*).

"MRS. BUTCHER BIRD SET UP A CHACK, CHACK, CHACKING SUCH AS NEVER WAS HEARD BEFORE." INSET.—YOUNG BUTCHER BIRD.

IN THE WAKE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

By A. HYATT VERRILL. 21s. (Leonard Parsons.)

Delightfully illustrated, this leisurely account of a voyage among the less familiar West Indian islands, mingled with tales of the old days of buccaneers and pirates (who are not to be confused with one another, as the author points out) is precisely what many readers must often have desired. Who were these mysterious, rollicking fellows, the highwaymen of the Spanish Main? Did they really exist, or are they the extravagant exaggerations of writers of adventure books? Mr. Verrill, who has travelled the Caribbean Sea for nearly thirty years, has looked them up, run them down, traced their movements and collected relics of them; and after reading his fascinating book we have no longer any doubts; they were real enough. In their days atrocious things were done. Slaves were mutilated for rebellion—and yet rebelled again with undaunted courage; and in many a quiet tropic harbour tragedies were enacted which it is difficult for us to imagine. Mr. Verrill's accounts and anecdotes of the negro and his ways are extremely amusing; particularly do we appreciate Henry Francis William Nelson Wellington Bhand, called "Trouble" for short, who "hired himself," was as ugly as a prize bulldog and proved a treasure. The specimens of his conversation given, with home-made words and appalling fluency, are quite a revelation; incidentally the whole incident throws light on the essentially childlike mentality of the West Indian negro. We highly appreciate Mr. Verrill's excellent travel book and would willingly read more from his pen.

NORTHERN NUMBERS.

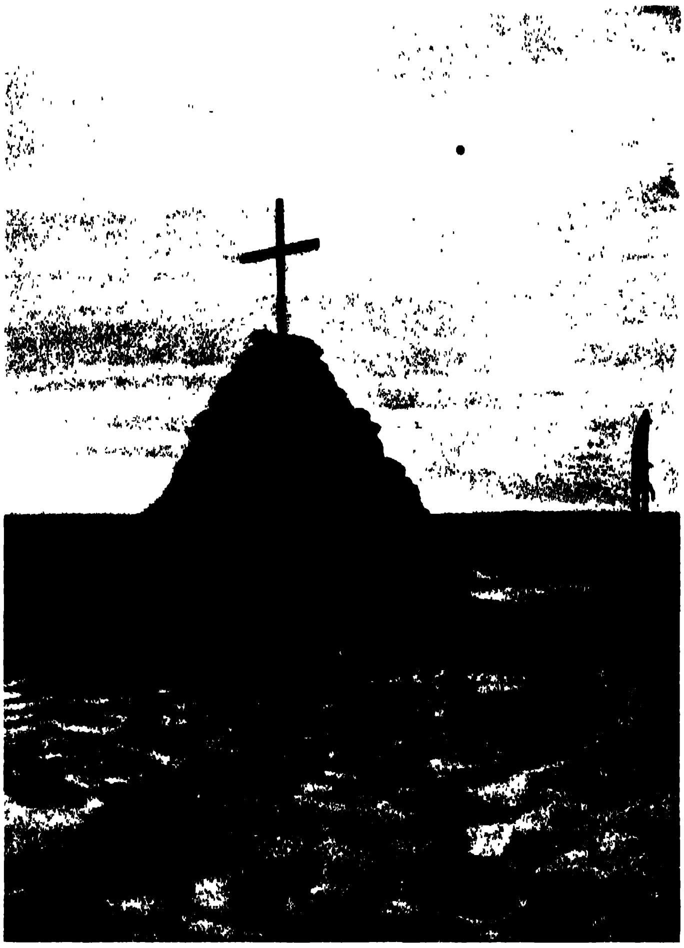
Third Series. 6s. (Review Press, Montrose.)

Only by a cherishing such as this can the individual poets of a country be kept alive in the hearts of their fellows. Like the Laird of Fyvie Castle, we refuse our Thomas the Rhymers food and shelter as a return for their songs, and the wonder is they do not curse us as did that earlier bard. If, however, we condemn them to poverty, we do at least gather their poems into anthologies, so that they shall not be wholly lost to us and posterity. For this reason such publications as that under consideration should be encouraged. Much of the verse they preserve is not worth while, but here and there is a gem—such for instance as Marion Angus's "Treasure-Trove" and Malloch's "Shepherd's May Song." If issued at less cost and with greater discrimination in the selection of poems, "Northern Numbers" might be a valuable publication.

THE ASSAULT ON MOUNT EVEREST, 1922.

By BRIGADIER-GENERAL HON. C. G. BRUCE, and other Members of the Expedition.
With maps and illustrations. 25s. net. (Arnold.)

It is possible that the tragedies of Arctic and Antarctic exploration have caused any mere mountaineering expedition to appear tame and unromantic by comparison; with the result that such a very bold and, as it proved, ambitious adventure as that of last year, when a deeply-considered attempt to scale the highest of the world's mountains was made, is looked upon as comparatively small beer by the many who do not know. This volume is therefore of the nature of a corrective. for in many of the conditions governing the attempt to conquer Mount Everest there was almost a precise similarity with those of the Polar efforts, such as the impossible winds which blew in bitter and freezing gales, as well as the expected dangers from frost, ice, snow and avalanche. The assault failed after three endeavours; but



From Scott's Last Expedition (*John Murray*).

THE LAST REST—THE GRAVE OF SCOTT, WILSON AND BOWERS.

twice the summit was nearly reached; on the second attempt it was less than half a mile away; while the third effort, made with strengthened experience though with a reduced man power, was spoilt through an avalanche which swept away seven of the bearers. And so Mount Everest has its tragedy too. The record, as published in this well-produced volume, makes fascinating as well as instructive reading; and is illuminated with some of the finest photographs—due to the extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere—ever printed. After a practical and straightforward account of the purposes of the expedition by its leader, General Bruce, the scientific and ever-human story is lucidly and even brilliantly carried on by Mr. Leigh-Mallory, who took part in the first and third attempts, and by Captain George Finch, who describes the second attempt, when the party attained to the highest point reached, not only on Everest but in all mountaineering endeavours—26,985 feet. Scientific notes are



From The Assault on Mount Everest, 1922 (*Arnold*).

SÉRACS, EAST RONGBUK GLACIER ABOVE CAMP II.

added by Mr. T. Howard Somervell, who, with no experience of Alpine climbing whatever, proved a mountaineer of first-rate quality, and Dr. Longstaff, who looked after the "bugs" and the birds, with excellent and original results.

UP STREAM.

An Autobiography by LUDWIG LEWISOHN. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

No one will read this absorbing autobiography, with its fierce plea for personal liberty and its uncompromising protest against the tribal opinions, moral certitudes and "Puritan barbarism" of Main Street, without a feeling of sympathy with and admiration for its eloquent and far-sighted author. A novelist who has had to submit to the degradation of having one of his books suppressed by Anthony Comstock, a scholar who has been refused posts at no less than six American universities merely on the ground of his being a Jew, Mr. Lewisohn makes out a very cogent case against the crude and premature movement towards "one hundred per cent. Americanism" that is agitating so futilely the United States to-day and that is making assimilation "an empty concept, a mere cry of rage or tyranny." Whether the case gains or loses by being presented by a person of such divided loyalties as a German-American Jew it is hard to say, but when its presenter claims that "the notion of liberty on which the Republic was founded, the spirit of America that animated Emerson and Whitman, is vividly alive to-day only in the unassimilated foreigner," he surely lays himself open to the charge of being unduly dogmatic. Mr. Lewisohn, however, has the root of the matter in him. His final conclusion indeed "if you drain a man of spiritual and intellectual content, if you cut him off from the cultural continuity that is native to him, and then fling him into a world where his choice lies between an impossible religiosity and Prohibition on the one hand, and the naked vulgarity of the streets and of the baseball diamond on the other, you have robbed him of the foundations on which character can be built" may be unpalatable to the inquisitors of Kansas and the lynchers of Georgia, but it is incontrovertible for all that



From **Letters Written in the Indian Mutiny**
By Fred Roberts, Bengal Artillery, afterwards Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G.
(*Macmillan*)

HARRIETT, ROBERTS'S DAUGHTER.
From a pastel drawing by L. Grimston



From **Madame Vestris and Her Times**
By Charles E. Pearce
(*Stanley Paul*).

MADAME VESTRIS AS APOLLO IN MIDAS.

UNCONQUERED ABYSSINIA AS IT IS TO-DAY.

By CHARLES F. REY. 21s. (Seeley, Service.)

Abyssinia, the ancient Ethiopia, is still a mysterious land to most people. But we may all become well informed by reading "Unconquered Abyssinia as it is To-day," for Mr. Rey deals in an attractive way with every aspect of its fascinating and extraordinary history. As the last surviving independent empire in Africa, its future depends largely on the present able Regent and Heir-Apparent, H.I.H. Ras Tafari. The nominal head of the State is the Empress Zaudica, daughter of Menelik II—a small but very dignified woman with a serious face—but all the business is in the hands of the Prince Regent. Abyssinia is a country of violent contrasts in every phase of life from the palace downwards. "Compare" (notes Mr. Rey) "the culture of Ras Tafari and his wife, the former so advanced as to read the latest Bolshevist literature, giving luncheon parties with a European menu and an excellent wine list, and then, perhaps the next day, the royal banquet of 15,000 men devouring raw meat; the railway running into Addis Ababa, and within a hundred yards a man having his hand or foot amputated for theft. . . ." Addis Ababa (the "New Flower") was founded by Menelik in the eighteen-nineties.

SWINGING LANTERNS.

By Elizabeth Crump Enders.
10s. 6d. (Appleton.)

Here we get 350 pages of brilliant pictures of colourful China as seen by an American woman. Keenly observant, alive to fresh impressions, the author bubbles over with eagerness to tell her story. And to her pleasant task she has brought the eyes of an artist, the mind of a journalist and the heart of a woman. Everything she has to tell is strange hearing to Western ears—the tragedy of the rickshaw coolies, Devil Dancing, the Yellow Llama Temple, of the life in Shanghai—the Orient's cosmopolitan city, of Soochow—the lovely Venice of China, of ancient, alluring Peking, where she and her husband had a wonderful Chinese house, from which they made numerous excursions to visit temples and shrines, to witness strange ceremonies. There is frequent humour in the meeting of East with West—*Punch* would revel in the native sign-boards printed in English. An ambitious tailor wrote: Sing Zung Zee—Ladies and Gents tailor—Ladies have fits upstairs—all can do it! Another tailor who asked an American sailor for a name to please European visitors writes: "Wherry Jelly Belly; Naval Tailor!" Unusually beautiful photographs enhance the value of the book.



From The Journal of Henry Edward Fox (*Thornton Butterworth*) — Hon. Mary Elizabeth Fox.

THE CITY OF MANY WATERS.

By Peter Blundell.
10s. 6d. (Arrowsmith.)

In 1851 the State of Brunei covered an area nearly as large as that of Great Britain and was ruled by a powerful sultan; to-day it is about as large as Cornwall and Devon combined and forms part of the British dominions. Its main industry seems to be the manufacture of cutch, a toffee-looking substance made from the bark of the man grove tree and used for tanning leather and for dyeing cloth khaki colour. The chief town, from which the state derives its name, is a pile-supported city built over a Borneo lake, a city highly picturesque and romantic but also highly insanitary, thanks to the native habit of using the lake water for purposes of washing. In this Venice of the East Mr. Peter Blundell lived for several months, primarily as engineer to a British-owned cutch factory, but also as intimate adviser to the resident Sultan, as medical authority in a devastating outbreak of cholera, and as a very useful friend to many of the inhabitants, Borneans, Sikhs and Chinese, including Si Hock, a Chinese coolie bark contractor whom he financed and found grateful. In "The City of Many Waters" Mr. Blundell embodies these and other experiences in a very lively and entertaining narrative. By the time you have finished reading it you have really got to know the Brunei people; and their acquaintance is well worth making.

ANCIENT MAN.

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. 5s. 6d. (Harrap.)

Can learning be made too simple? We can remember no short history so delightfully easy to read as this—a boy and a girl will gallop through it as fast as a grown-up. It is a handy little book, nice to hold, in a yellow and red cover, and is attractively printed and cleverly illustrated. The American author observes in a foreword that a country without a knowledge of the past is like a ship without a compass. His rapid sketch of prehistoric man is set down with an attractive abruptness. Like this (on the Ice Age): "For a long time nothing occurred of any importance. But all the while the days grew shorter and the nights were colder than they ought to have been. Finally, in a gap between two high hills, there appeared a tiny speck of greenish ice. It increased in size. . . . At last it began to snow. It snowed for months and months and months." There are chapters here, among others, on the Making of a State, The Rise and Fall of Egypt, The Sumerian Nail Writers, and the Phœnicians Who Sailed Beyond the Horizon. On this last our writer comments: "The Phœnicians, before all else, were practical business men. They did not travel abroad to admire the scenery. Time was money in Tyre."

SUNDAR SINGH: THE LION-HEARTED WARRIOR.

By E. Sanders and Ethelred Judah. 2s. net. (S.P.C.K.)

Sundar Singh is known throughout the world of all who are interested in Church missionary enterprise. This is his story told for young people, and a fascinating record they will find it. Born in India in 1889, the son of a proud and wealthy Sikh, he was ostracised and nearly poisoned by his family for embracing Christianity. Nothing however

could daunt him, and, enduring hardships and perils innumerable, he preached the Gospel in India, Tibet, Ceylon and elsewhere, and has recently been welcomed in England and the United States as one of India's greatest sons. This is a vivacious little book, into which much Indian history has incidentally been compressed.



From The Hambledon Cricket Chronicle
By F. S. Ashley-Cooper
(*Jenkins*).

EARLY CRICKET AT SEVENOAKS.

SHADOWS ON THE PALATINE.

By
WILFRANC HUBBARD.
(Constable.)

At times, like a character of "Christ In Hades," Mr. Hubbard's people seem "deaf with the sound of Rome." In his pages indeed the old capital is urgent, restless, tumultuous, many-thundering as Homer's sea. The book is a series of imaginary conversations; sometimes the talkers are shades that revisit the old haunts, sometimes they are represented as living actors of the past, while the drama of Rome was still a vivid and tangled actuality. It is a world of mighty, menacing, murderous factors, shot through with irony, folly, frivolity, poetry, humour, passion, many-sided intrigue and degradation. In a sense it fascinates the author, and yet at its best or worst he does not take it seriously. He seems to imagine that follies and foibles are eternal, or at any rate perennial, that the Latins were no better and no worse than ourselves, though they were far more candid and more determined to "sin boldly." Famous shades are free-and-easy and unashamed in their confidences; on the grandeur that was Rome they have no illusions, and there is something Dantesque in the hatreds and unabashed outbursts of many of those ancient ghosts.

THE LANGO.

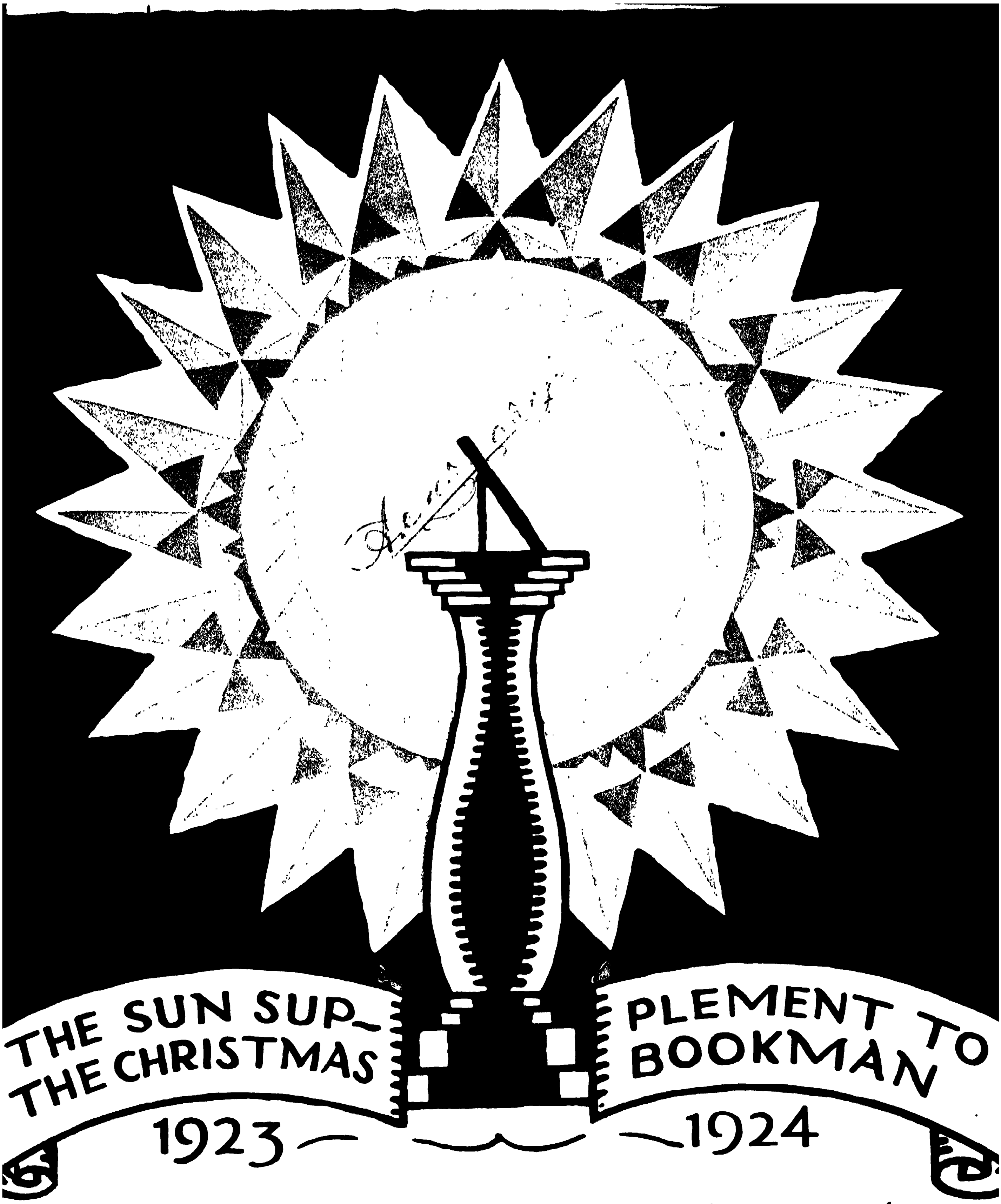
By J. H. DRIBERG. Illustrated. 63s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Driberg is a member of the Uganda Civil Service, and spent a considerable number of years working among the Lango, a Nilotic tribe of Uganda. The respect and esteem and affection he conceived for a race which he describes as "brave, loyal, courteous and hospitable . . . among whom I have been fortunate enough to form some of my most enduring friendships." led him to compile these records of their history, environment, physical and psychical characteristics, their customs and mode of life, their social organisation, their religious and magical beliefs. These are all of the very greatest interest, and the complexity of their laws and customs point to a long tradition of communal life and a very considerable degree of primitive sophistication and civilisation. Mr. Driberg certainly gives us a most favourable picture of a people with many admirable characteristics. The position of women is a remarkably high one among this tribe, and it is interesting to find that the men work hard all day in the fields at their agricultural labours, while the women look after the children, keep the village scrupulously clean and help in the weeding and the harvesting, grinding the grain and preparing the food. This is an excellent contrast to the tribes in which the women are the only workers, while the men merely laze or go hunting. An invaluable section of Mr. Driberg's book is the grammar and vocabulary of the Lango tongue.



From The Smugglers
By Lord Teignmouth, Commander, R.N., and Charles G. Harper
(*Cecil Palmer*).

SMUGGLERS BREAKING OPEN THE KING'S CUSTOM HOUSE AT POOLE.



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IT is only in comparatively recent years that publishers have realised to what an extent an attractive jacket will help to sell a book, and often a bad seller can be transformed into a good seller by " changing its coat."

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From the *Garden of Adonis*, by Oliver Hill, published by Philip Allan & Co., 5 Quality Court, London, W.C.2



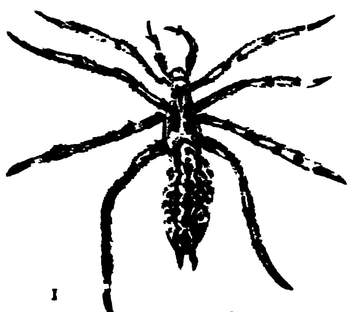
PREBENDARY WILSON CARLILE, D.D. Founder and Hon. Chief Secretary of The Church Army.

FOR a frontispiece to a biography, photogravure is pre-eminent. Compare the above portrait in your mind with the effect you would get with the best half-tone on glossy paper. But at once you perceive that there is no comparison. This example of photogravure wins hands down.

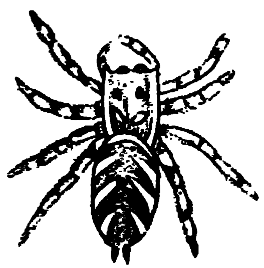
It has a depth, a softness, and a quality of tone impossible with any other process. Only an expert could tell that it was not the actual photographic print. Remember this—and us—when next you publish a biography, or any book in which portraits are used. Mr. Frank Dicksee, the artist writes:

"*I am very pleased with the reproduction of my drawing of Prebendary Carlile. I think it excellent in every way.*"

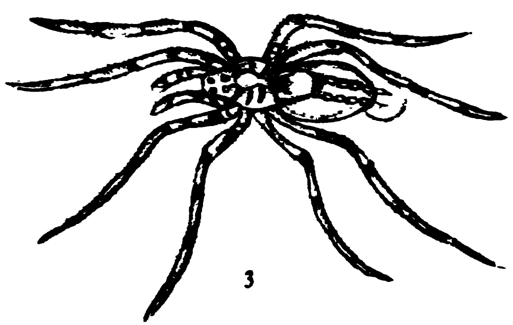




1



2



3

1. House Spider
2. Zebra Spider
3. Wolf Spider with egg cocoon

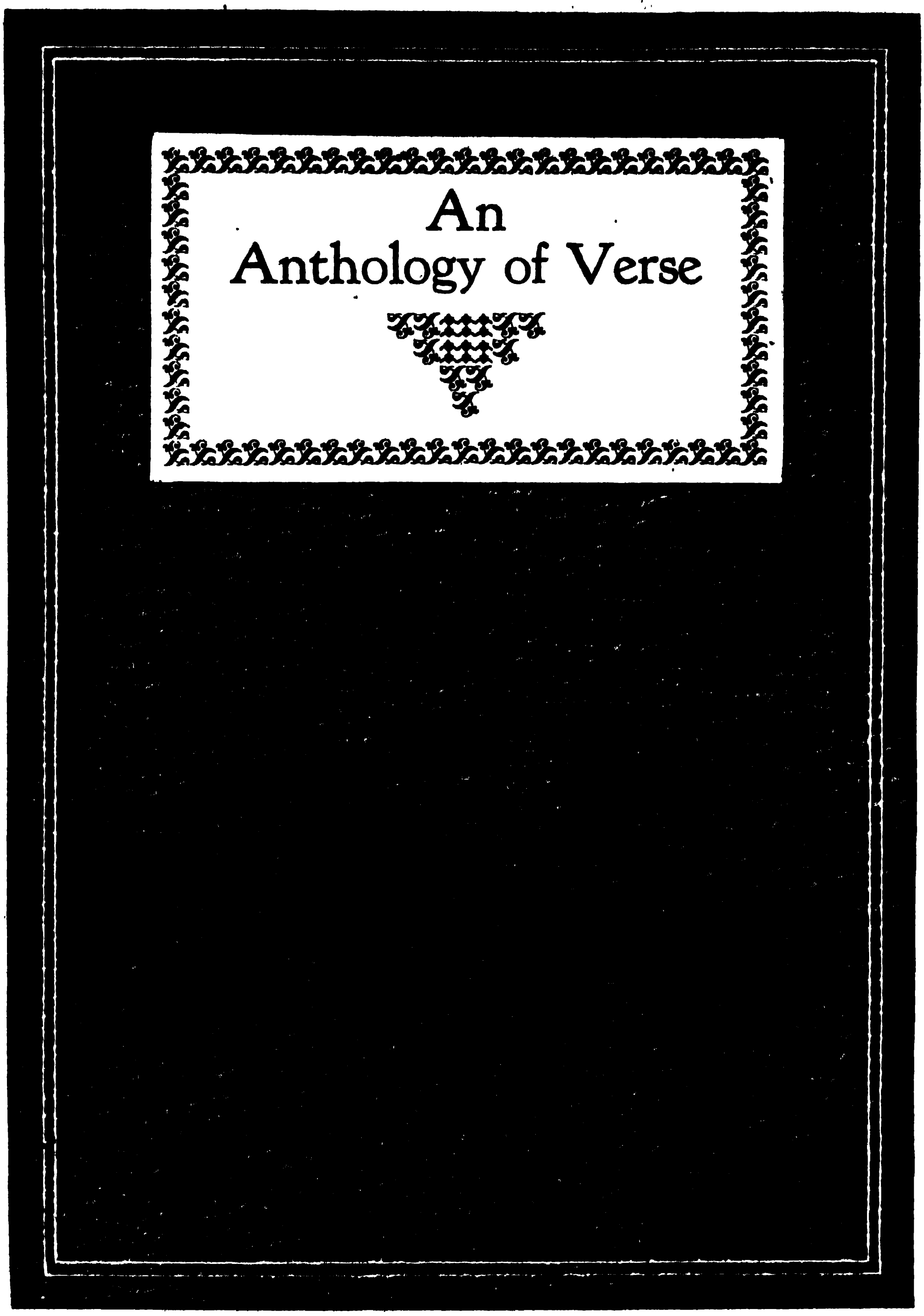
Drawings and designs by Eric Daglish, F.L.S., F.R.Z.S.



HERE you have illustrations of Natural History, and one of purely pictorial interest. Whether the former subjects are portrayed by pencil drawings, line drawings, photographs, or a combination of line and wash, matters not a scrap. Photogravure deals equally well with all of them.

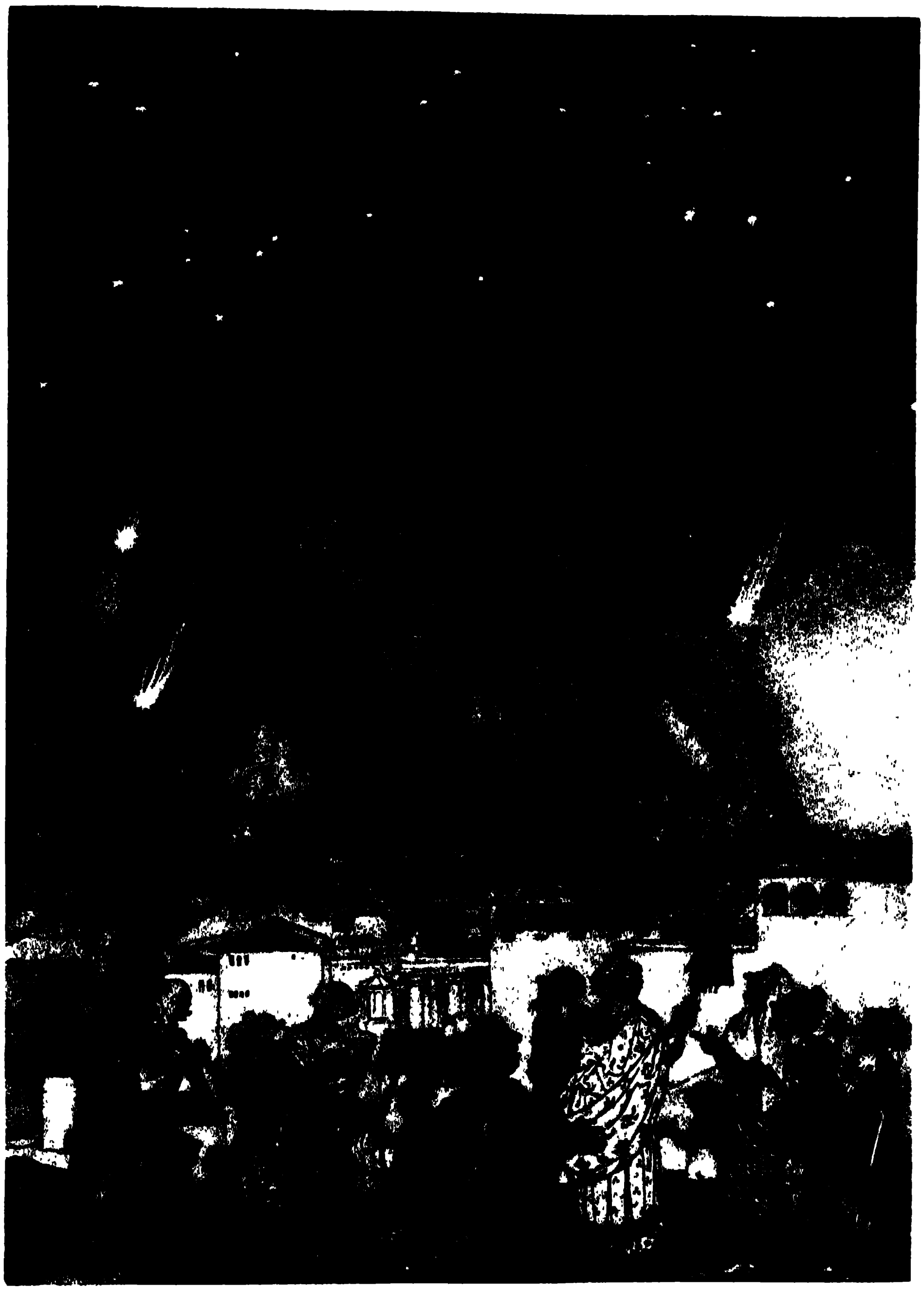
Impossible to choose more contrasted subjects than those here reproduced; yet how admirably photogravure adapts itself to both of them.

With this process the paper can be thick or thin, toned or white.



YOU probably do not realise the all-embracing nature of rotary photogravure. It lends itself to charming end papers and wrappers, or to original covers like the one above.

Allow us to help you in these matters when next you are worried with the thought of how to clothe a potential "best seller" for by the intelligent use of rotary photogravure great distinction and novelty can be achieved. Like a woman, a book attracts attention when it is well dressed.



From *Hawthorne's Wonder Book*, illustrated by Mr. Arthur Rackham.
By kind permission of Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.

THIS very striking piece of colour work is a reproduction of one of Archibald Thorburn's sought-after colour drawings, published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., to whose courtesy we are indebted for permission to reproduce.

You may be interested to read the artist's eulogy of our work. It says more than we should ever dare say of ourselves:

"A word of unstinted praise is due to the admirable work of reproduction most carefully carried out by The Sun Engraving Co., Ltd., Watford, Herts."

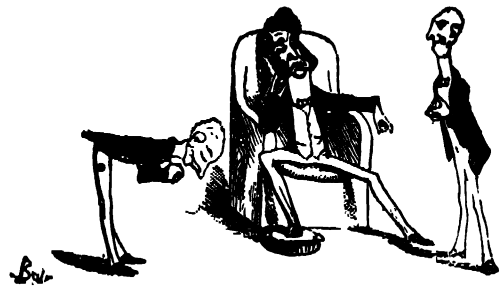
From *Thorburn's Game Birds and Wild Fowl*, by kind permission of Longmans, Green & Co.



W. S. GILBERT: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS.

(Methuen.)

Reviewed on page 170.



From **W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters**
By Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey
(*Methuen*).

MY METHOD.

By Emile Coué. (Heinemann.)

SELF-HEALING BY AUTO-SUGGESTION.

Translated from the French of A. Dolonne. (Dent.)

From the credulous and uncritical Emile Coué's gospel of health has received unqualified acceptance. It is a comforting gospel with a veneer of truth, and an age which takes Mrs. Eddy seriously could hardly refuse it. Nevertheless in its extreme form it is obviously absurd, and M. Coué's book, "My Method," is chiefly interesting as a study in erroneous ratiocination. It would be waste of time to try to unravel the tangled threads of his exposition, but one characteristic example of his fallacies may be given. On page 3 we read:

> "In other words, the brain or mind controls every cell, every organ, every function of the body. That being so, is it not clear that by means of thought we are absolute masters of our physical organism?"

That seems beautifully simple and satisfying, but alas! it is neither so simple nor so satisfying as it seems. The statement, indeed, is unsound in its logic and untrue in its substance.

It is not true that the brain or mind controls every cell, every organ, every function of the body. The truth is all the cells of the body are mutually dependent. Further it is not legitimate to use the terms "mind" and "brain" as if they were synonymous. And it is quite certain that the functions of the body must remain largely beyond the control of the mind—using the term mind in its usual sense—and that we are very far from being masters of our physical organs.

We have given one characteristic example of M. Coué's science and logic, but from almost every page a similar example could be culled. Everywhere there are untrue affirmations and unsound syllogisms.



From **W. S. Gilbert: His Life and Letters**
By Sidney Dark and Rowland Grey.
(*Methuen*).

M. Coué suggests that school children should be told to shut their eyes and that they should then be addressed in the following fashion:

> "Children, I am sure you are all going to be good, polite and amiable to everyone, and obedient to your parents and teachers. You will always take note of their observations, because you know that it is for your own good. You are intelligent, so that you love your work, even the subjects you used to dislike. In class your attention will be always alert and attentive to what your teacher says. You will only be sorry for other children who may be foolishly wasting time and playing during the lesson,"

and so on.

We suggest that children compelled to listen daily to such an address would become insufferable prigs.

M. A. Dolonne, in his little book, "Self-Healing by Auto-Suggestion," almost out-Coué's Coué in his enthusiastic certitude. We are told for instance that "Healing, suggested by idea, determined by emotion, is realised by the subconscious; that in a few words is the method of auto-suggestion. One becomes one's own doctor, and there are no diseases physical or moral which resist its application"; and a few pages later we are told: "It is a curious fact that the restorative power of the subconscious reveals itself as much more active in the lower animals than in man"; but we are not told what are the ideas and emotions realised in the subconsciousness of a crab which reproduces its claw, or in the subconsciousness of a lizard which grows a new tail.

Without the least doubt M. Coué and M. Dolonne are honest enthusiasts; and without the least doubt auto-suggestion is a powerful weapon in the armoury of therapeutics; but auto-suggestion cannot do all that M. Coué and M. Dolonne claim it can do; it has many limitations; and what is required is a scientific and dispassionate investigation of its therapeutic possibilities. Auto-suggestion in its extremest form is simply self-deception, and "thin partitions do the bounds divide" between self-deception and pathological delusions.

R. C. Macfie.



From **The Journal of a Tour to Corsica and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli**
By James Boswell
(*Cambridge University Press*).

James Boswell in the Dress of an Armed Corsican Chief.

OLD MAN'S BEARD.

By J. B. Morton. 5s. (Philip Allan.)

Mr. J. B. Morton is a reprehensible young man: he is of the good-for-nothing (in commerce) type: a brother of that notoriously idle man who has asked:

> "What is this life if, full of care,
> We have not time to stand and stare?"

He opens this book of thirty-two yells of love-of-life (pretending ineffectually to be chapters) with one entitled "Padding." Asserting that he knows how to pad out a book that is not quite long enough for the publisher, he passes on to others a few tips. "One useful trick," he says, "is to pretend that you are inflamed, that you are a man with a mission, moved by some high moral purpose to save the age from ruin." But Mr. Morton ought to have been born an Irishman, for this is pure blarney. After casually dropping a remark that the whole book is padding also, he expresses his characteristic hatred of cold indifference, of every kind of apathy, and apostrophises the wordly-wise.

> "You neither love nor hate anything with all your might. You make of energy a jest You frighten boys with your dirty little cynicisms and altruisms and your sophisticated smiles. You frightened me once, though I knew you were wrong. I used to see you all going about like the dead. I used to hear your cheap sneers. But now that I am no longer a boy, I know that you are wrong. And if these fumbling words of mine persuade one boy that life, for all your doubts, may be full of glory, then I am rewarded."

He has of course "a mission" or a faith, and he is decidedly a boy, but this is why in "Old Man's Beard," as in "Penny Royal" and "Enchanter's Nightshade," he does not fail to give delight as an essayist even when the reader cannot agree that his views are pointers of truth. He has a legitimate belief in the factuality of fancies and the faddishness of facts, and behind his cleverness, humour and careful observations the reader can always feel a sensitive critical faculty that is mainly moral and is but thinly disguised by a superficial violence of manner. He betrays also that inherent quality of "good-naturedness" which will always bring a man friends, even bring an author friends, over gulfs of disagreement. Such an essay as the section "On Following Sounds," in which he describes how he was fortunate enough to lose himself on a pitch-black night in the countryside, though it describes no startling events—robberies, murders, and such like—and is not even a sentimental journey, does leave a glow in the memory. A little later on I shall not be sure whether Mr. Morton or myself had such an enjoyable night out. There is indeed an aroma of clean romance and healthy joy in life about this book, it pervades such varied themes in his hands as Mountains, Worms, Venice, Dragons and Telephones, The Journalist, The Wind, Guff. And between the prose are some more of his jolly songs, songs of a Lover, of a Landlord, of a Mad Hour, for a Clerk, and for the Road.



From **Love Letters of Great Men and Women. From the 18th Century to the Present Day** By C. H. Charles, Ph.D. (*Stanley Paul*).

QUEEN LOUISE OF PRUSSIA.

The only other of our younger essayists of whom Mr. Morton reminds me is Mr. Gilbert Thomas, whose "Sparks from the Fire" appeared recently. He and Mr. Morton are both journalists in their spare time, whose real business is to escape from the machine-regulations of modern life and, by letting their pent-up enthusiasms or indignations flow into words, to warn others against passive acceptance of the daily grind. What Mr. Morton does not seem to have learnt yet is the possibility of deeply experiencing life by one small hearth and in imaginative comprehension. Gadding about the hills, drinking in numerous village pubs, packing up and going either to Venice or Timbuctoo on the spur of a glorious moment is not necessarily to live intensely, though doubtless it is more conducive to animal spirits than to be an economic slave in the city; and when somebody with Mr. Morton's attractive temperament writes about it, something well worth reading results.

R. L. Mégroz.



From **Gossip of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries** By John Beresford (*Cobden-Sanderson*).

ANNE HYDE, DUCHESS OF YORK. By Sir Peter Lely, Hampton Court Palace (Copyright His Majesty the King.)

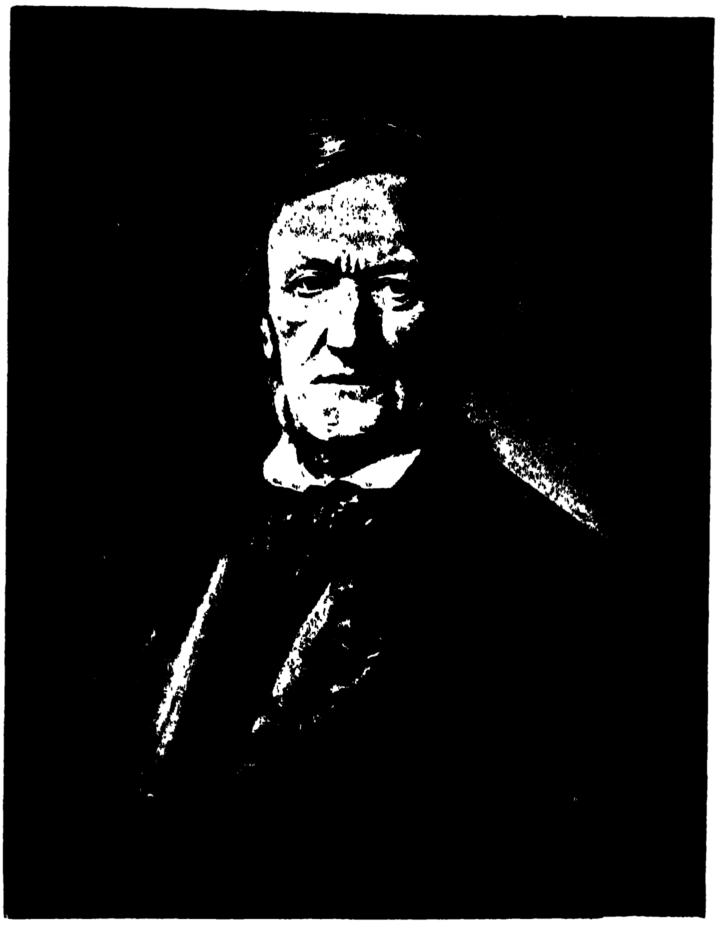
THE LAST YEARS OF H. M. HYNDMAN.

By ROSALIND TRAVERS HYNDMAN. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

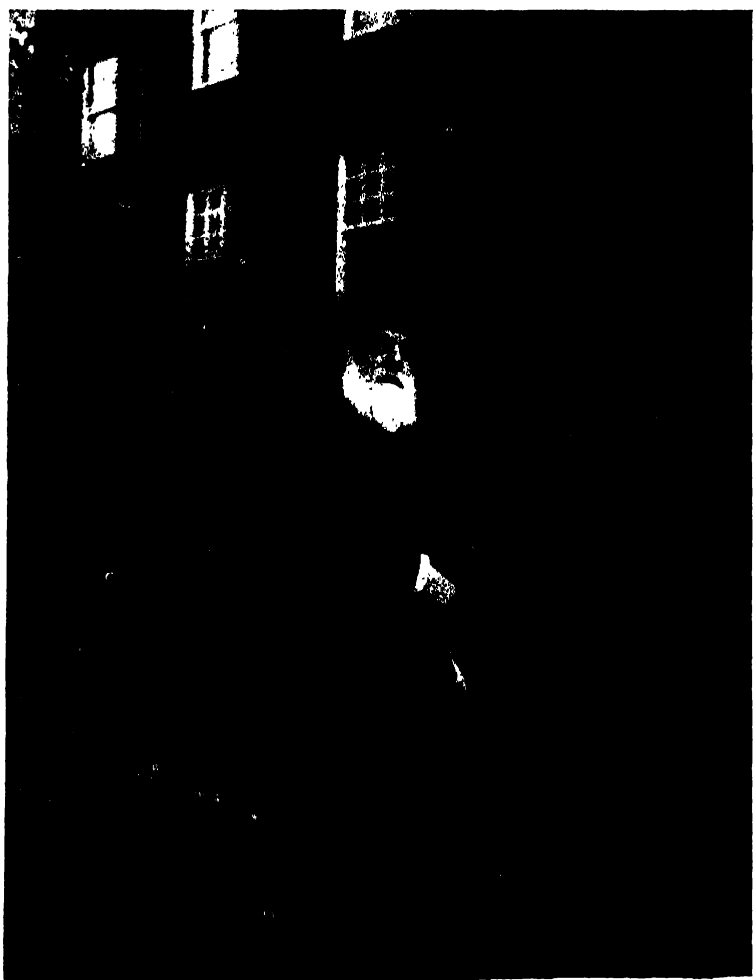
An orthodox political party agent once remarked in an unguarded moment, "Hyndman was an impossible man to work for. People *knew* that he *meant* what he *said*!" An excellent summing up of Mr. Hyndman's character. He did mean what he said; he was, from the ordinary politician's point of view, utterly impossible. And what he said was often of a nature to rouse intense emotion in those beings to whom, or of whom, he spoke; for he had such a power of forceful denunciation, of crushing invective, of withering irony and scorn, that but few men who had been really seriously handled by him could easily get over it. Then, as Mrs. Hyndman wrote:

> "There was a faculty in Hyndman which made a serious popular success almost impossible for him. He had a wilful strain, lightened, as it were, with downright puckishness and mischief. . . . He would do a very risky thing out of sheer defiance or perversity."

An impossible, in some ways terrible, but really lovable man. But this was not the whole of Hyndman, and in this book his widow, who was so attached to him that she found life impossible to live without him, strives to give us her picture of the man as he was during the closing years of his life. In his own books, "The Record of an Adventurous Life" and "Further Reminiscences," Mr. Hyndman left a fairly complete record of his life up to his seventieth birthday in March, 1912, and he had already begun to sketch out a subsequent volume to be entitled "Ten Years More." But death intervened, and left his widow to complete this task.



From Love Letters of Great Men and Women (*Stanley Paul*) WAGNER.



From The Last Years of H. M. Hyndman (*Grant Richards*). H. M. HYNDMAN "THE GRAND OLD GARDENER."

There was no lack of materials, for Hyndman was always busy, always fighting, ever struggling along what he regarded as the plain and direct path to social democracy. But with his Socialism went a refreshing interest in world affairs. He was not, as are so many men of his creed, a mere parish pump politician; he was in the real sense a man of the world. His knowledge of such subjects, for example, as the Indian problem, and of the German menace—when that menace was regarded by most of his fellow Socialists as a mere bogey was profound. Mrs. Travers Hyndman has written of her husband as he seemed to her; and if wifely affection and solicitude for the reputation of the man who was to her greater than all other men have at times led her to express judgments and views which do not appeal to us, we can only echo the words of her literary trustees: "We hope that readers will accept this memoir just for what it is, the tribute of a widow to her husband . . . an intimate revelation of a great personality."

THE MEDICI CHRISTMAS CARDS AND CALENDARS.

From 3d. to 2s. 6d. each. (Medici Society.)

Here is a very embarrassment of riches—Christmas cards and calendars reproducing pictures by famous artists of the past and present in all the simplicity or ornateness of their original oil or water colours. Even a bare list of the Old Masters and New Masters whose works have been laid under contribution would need a page to itself, so we must limit ourselves to saying here are very beautiful cards and calendars in variety enough to suit all tastes and all purses.



From The Island of Rodriguez
By A. J. Bertuchi
(*John Murray*).

A NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

By BEATRICE BROWNRIGG.
6s. net. (Blackwell.)

Were it not kept alive in the poem of Charles Wolfe, it is fairly safe to say that the name of Sir John Moore would have little significance for the average modern reader. His fame has indeed suffered an altogether unjustifiable neglect, for not only did he fight so many of England's worst battles in the eighteenth century, but, as General Sir Aylmer Haldane explains in a glowing preface to this very engaging book, " He introduced into the British Army those principles of training which are the bedrock of the present system that helped to win the war "—a system based on the thorough knowledge and care of the men by their officers, on the importance of fostering a spirit of comradeship, but above all on the maintenance of strict discipline. Mrs. Brownrigg has very ably marshalled her material, and presents a concise and vivid account of Moore's military and political activities. Her record will be of special interest to students of the period; but, since Moore was a man of singular personal charm, his letters should appeal to a very much wider circle of readers. The book has three plates and a map.

TO THE ALPS OF CHINESE TIBET.

By J. W. GREGORY, D.Sc., F.R.S., and C. J. GREGORY, B.Sc.
25s. (Seeley, Service.)

An account of a journey of exploration up to and among the snow-clad mountains on the Tibetan frontier, by the distinguished Professor of Geology at Glasgow University and an assistant. The journey was undertaken in order to compare the physical history of parts of East Africa with that of South-Eastern Asia. There is a lightness and brightness in the writing that make the book very easily read, and constantly information is inserted which is of the deepest interest to the Briton trying to fathom the mysteries of China. The Gregorys think well of the Chinaman, though mystified by his callousness to suffering. We can well understand how the Chinese attention to education, " resting on the early recognition of the fact that brain-power is the most important of national assets," would appeal to Scottish scholars. As we read of the expedition, with all its vicissitudes and its glimpses of marvellous scenery, it becomes very real. We should like to have seen that lama on his way to A-tun-tze, who drank Tibetan buttered tea! An excellent contribution to geography with a good map at the end.



From To the Alps of Chinese Tibet
By J. W. Gregory, D.Sc., F.R.S., and C. J. Gregory, B.Sc.
(*Seeley, Service*).

A WAYSIDE TEA-SHOP.



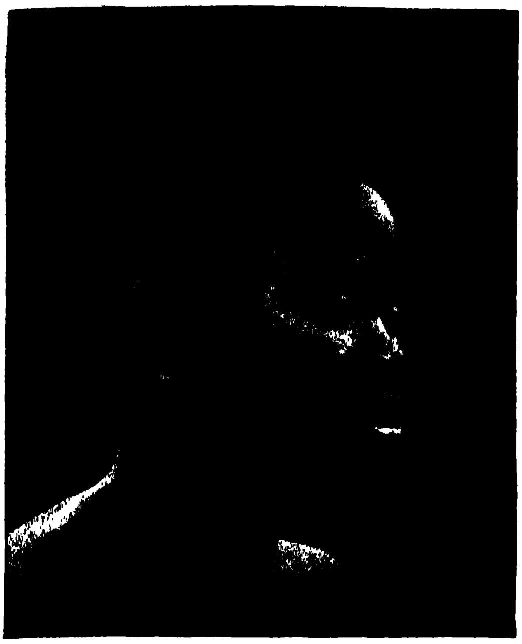
From Things I Know about Kings, Celebrities and Crooks
By William Le Queux
(*Eveleigh Nash*).

MY BRIGAND BODYGUARD.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF THE L.M.S.

By A. T. S. JAMES.
2s. 6d. (Livingstone Press.)

Silvester Horne's famous " Story of the L.M.S." carried the history of the great missionary society to the end of its first century of work. The fifth quarter has now closed, and the skilful pen of Mr. James has captured its quick movements in the pages of this excellent volume which tells the story of the great men and the important developments in the mission field between 1895 and 1920.



From **Barrack and Bush : In Northern Nigeria** (*Allen & Unwin*).

A Nupe Belle. A tribe inhabiting banks of Niger immediately above Lukoja.

CHILDREN OF MEN.

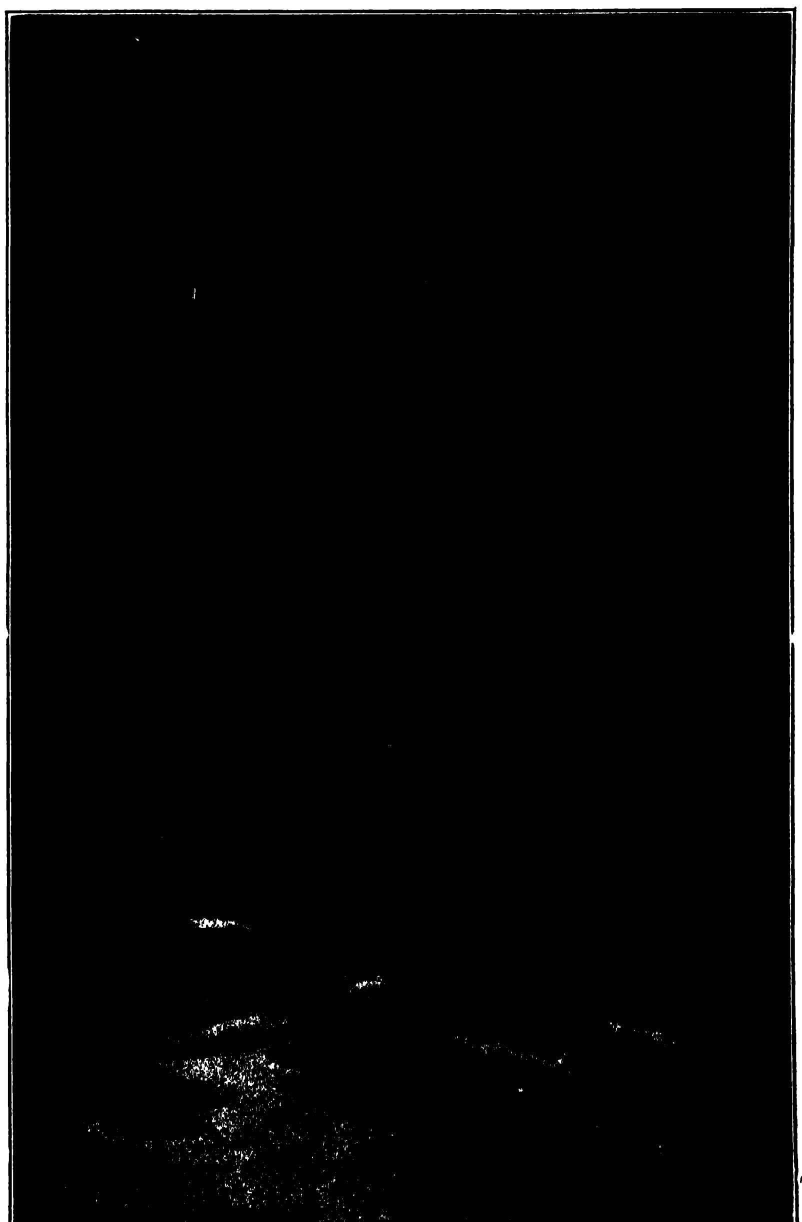
By Eden Phillpotts 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

"Widecombe Fair" was to have been the last of the great Dartmoor series, the topmost stone of the edifice which Mr. Eden Phillpotts has been building so carefully, so thoroughly, so lovingly, for many years – an edifice which will endure. But one more book has come, on a graver note than the lightsome "Widecombe," and it makes a finer finish—if we *must* write "Finis" we do so unwillingly.

"Children of Men" tells the story of the married life of Jacob Bullstone, a solitary by nature, introspective and doomed by his temperament to be misunderstood, as well as to misunderstand. His wife Margery ("one of the Pulleyblanks") is made on a less ponderous scale; she would welcome company, mild revelry; the local fairs attract her; but she sinks her own desires for years – even until her children are almost grown up to please the husband she admires and, in one way, loves. Then the dreary temperament of Jacob gets the upper hand. Suspicion eats away his good sense, his judgment, destroys his balance, and upon the most innocent of friendships between his wife and a moorland neighbour he slowly builds evidence sufficient for a divorce—so he imagines. The collapse of his case forms one of the finest parts of this remarkable novel; farther than this point I shall not betray the plot. Much more is to come; and though at one time I thought that "Brunel's Tower" was my choice as Mr. Phillpotts' master-work ("Widecombe Fair" being in a class of its own), my opinion, immediately after reading "Children of Men," is that it will stand higher. It is too soon, however, to be sure—one does not attain the right perspective until leisure has come, perhaps in a month or two, for another dip into various favourites.

The book has its delightful groups of Devonshire moormen and shopkeepers, whose humour relieves the dark background. Margery's mother, full of the family pride of the Pulleyblanks, a member of the "Chosen Few" in faith, scorning a bathroom as an irreligious vanity, perfectly certain that her own way is right, having a most irritating intimacy with the mind of the Almighty, and yet possessing some extraordinary common sense at times – she is one of Mr Phillpotts' genuine triumphs. Her wayward, unsettled son Jeremy, who is no sooner fixed up in one business when his enthusiasm begins to fail and he wants a change, is just as good in another way. The book has also its delicate Dartmoor pictures, whereby we who love Devon can see again the rivers and their valleys, can hear the talk of Brent and Tavistock and thrill to its music, can see, as in a flash, hills flaming with gorse or purple with heather. But behind all these things the reader feels the author's intense earnestness, his profound and kindly philosophy, his goodwill to a harassed world and his sorrow for it. Mr. Phillpotts is—I will not say has been—a force making for righteousness, consistent and truthful and far-seeing; and his chosen medium, fiction, is uplifted and strengthened by his great accomplishment.

W. L. R.



From **The Basuto of Basutoland** By Major Eric Dutton (*Jonathan Cape*).

The Silent Observer (This photograph was taken of another subject and the silent observer did not appear until the negative was developed.)



From **Francis de Sales Buchanan**
By Gilbert White, D.D.
(*S.P.C.K.*).

Village Scene, Boianai.

FRANCIS DE SALES BUCHANAN:

A Memoir.

By Gilbert White, D.D. 2s. (S.P.C.K.)

Buchanan was born in the Southern States of America about 1849. His family were Presbyterians. After a troubled boyhood during the Civil War, with near relatives fighting on both sides, he visited Europe several times, after which he became a clerk in one of the Federal offices in Washington. He later entered the Roman Church, but, though he always remained a Catholic, he was soon converted to the Anglican faith, and found at last his true vocation as a missionary in New Guinea, where, in spite of ill-health and other natural hindrances, he worked heroically and won completely the hearts of the natives. Dr. White, who knew him intimately, has written a bright and touching little memoir.

SMITH OF DEMERARA:

Martyr-Teacher of the Slaves.

By David Chamberlin. 1s. and 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

John Morley called this story of John Smith an " honourable and glorious chapter in our English history." It is a hundred years since Smith died in prison under sentence of death, unjustly condemned by a Demerara Court Martial, and this book fittingly arrives to mark an important centenary.

WITH DRAKE ON THE SPANISH MAIN.

By Herbert Strang. With illustrations. (Humphrey Milford.)

This will be a popular item in the new uniform edition of Herbert Strang's Stories for Boys. Since its first appearance, sixteen years ago, great numbers of its first readers have had to face romance and death, and have undergone experiences more terrible and thrilling than anything conjured up even by the imagination of a novelist for boys. But the story of Drake is imperishable in its appeal, and the new generation of youth will be as avid of such a story of adventure as their predecessors. It is superfluous to commend Mr. Strang's cunning in this kind of work. In his hands the interest never flags, and this, like all his stories, has a sound historical basis.



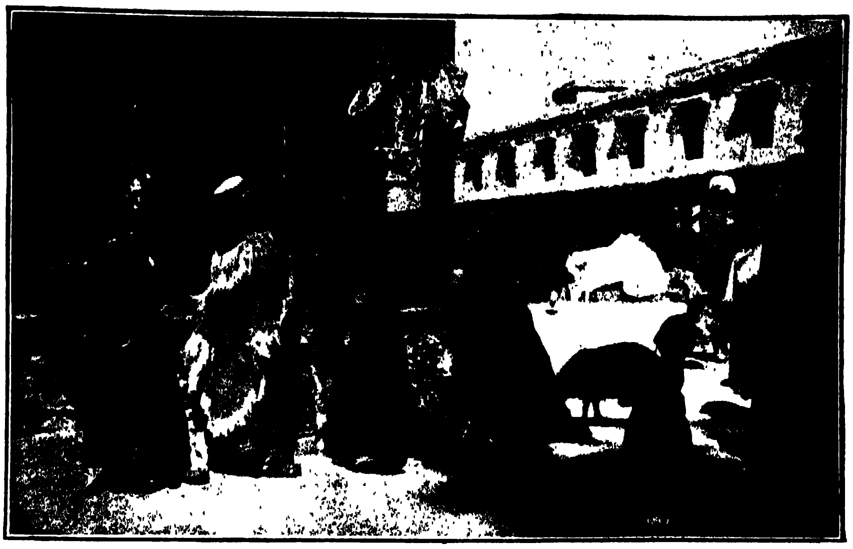
From **Memories of an African Hunter**
By Denis D. Lyell
(***Fisher Unwin***).

Impala Ram.

INTO LITTLE THIBET.

By HELEN MARY BOULNOIS.
7s. 6d. (Simpkin.)

Delightfully fresh and vivid is Miss Helen Mary Boulnois's diary record of her journey "Into Little Thibet." It was accomplished mostly pony-back, occasionally yak-back. The party included a little girl of five, who rode 163 miles, and a baby of six months. They started from Srinagar, with Leh as destination, arriving there by sixteen stages. Leh is the city of the caravan trade. Miss Boulnois describes the Yarkandi merchants, who had pale faces and square chins. "Are they honest?" the Resident asked his *shikaree*. "Honest? Who now is honest? Five years ago a bad wind blew. Since then all have lied and stolen. No one honest is left in the world." Trade at that time had not been resumed with Russia. There is a



From Into Little Thibet
By Helen Mary Boulnois
(*Simpkin, Marshall*).

IN THE BAZAAR, LEH.



From Through Formosa
By Owen Rutter, F.R.G.S., F.R.A.I.
(*Fisher Unwin*).

A GROUP OF TAIYAL SAVAGES.

graphic account of the barbaric festiva at Hæmis – an intermingling of religion, dance, story, music; above all emotion. Here they had an audience with the *Skushogh* (Abbot) or head Lama of all, at the monastery, who had spent thirteen and a half years in meditation in a mountain-cave. Miss Boulnois's book is strikingly picturesque, and she weaves in lots of curious customs and superstitions. The illustrations (which the Royal Geographical Society have lately shown) include four of her water-colour sketches.

TANT' ALIE OF THE TRANSVAAL:

Her Diary, 1880-1902.

Translated from the Taal by Emily Hobhouse.
8s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

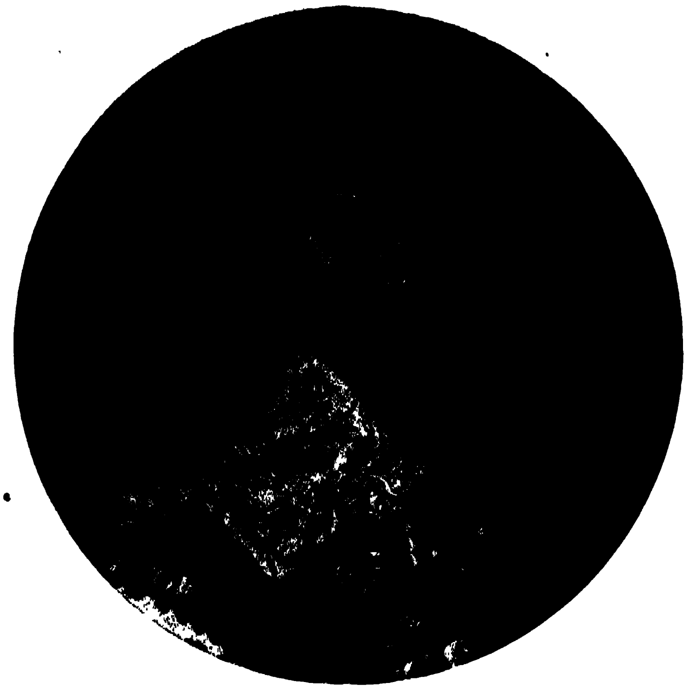
"All that stands written in this book is the truth, and the truth alone. I have brought forward nothing but the truth to write, and so I sign myself A. M. Badenhorst (born de Wet)." This is the epilogue of Tant' Alie's remarkable book, her diary, which records the doings of the Transvaal women during the Boer War. Stated to be historically accurate, the account is a terrible revelation of the sufferings of the Boer women and children. There are many passages similar to the following, to make us wince: "There was a Hollander woman whose husband was a schoolmaster. She said to me: 'Mevrouw, I have never yet heard such things as now I see; that a Christian nation should so treat defenceless women and children; but I ask myself what would great nations like Germany or America say if they could see what Great Britain does to poor women and children. Believe me, Mevrouw Badenhorst, we have been harshly treated, and in this bitter cold to have to sleep under wagons bare; moreover, our wagons were placed round the laager, thus making a screen between them and the Boers if by chance the burghers should attack in the night. There were babies, too, born during the journey, in amongst all the children; it was a misery.'" How bitter were the terms of peace to the Boers may be judged by this brief description by General Liebenberg. He tells Tant' Alie: "Last Saturday



From Things Seen on the Riviera
By Captain Leslie Richardson
(*Seeley, Service*).

"STREETS OF SILENCE."
An ancient vaulted street in the old town of Hyères.

evening, when we had to decide, you might have seen a crowd of grown men crying like children." Miss Emily Hobhouse contributes a spirited preface to the book, in which she claims that pacifists are the truest patriots. "The pure pacifist position (as I at least apprehend it) is to own but one enemy," she writes, "and that one war itself. We have sworn vengeance upon a system—an outworn and barbarous system. So far from detracting from our country's honour, our point of view is that those who lead her into war, with its trail of horrors, are the more guilty of that." Miss Hobhouse says she would like to see issued a range of books "from all lands, stretching back to all ages, recording war from the standpoint of women and children," in an earnest hope of helping to strip war "of the fine words in which historians have too long bedecked it." She quotes Mr. Lloyd George when he said "strip War remorsely of its glamour, and reveal its real hideousness to the eyes of the new generation." Tant' Alie's book does much to further this end, and so, for the sake of the future it is to be hoped that it will be very widely read.



From Lamh-Sgriobhainn Mhic Rath (*MacLeod*). TEARLACH I. RIGH BHREATUINN.

See Review on page 12.

A MANUAL OF ARCHIVE ADMINISTRATION, INCLUDING THE PROBLEMS OF WAR ARCHIVES AND ARCHIVE MAKING.

By HILARY JENKINSON, M.A. F.S.A.
10s. 6d.
(Oxford University Press.)

That portion of the funds of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace set aside for the Division of Economics and History has already resulted in the production of some admirable work. The latest addition, "A Manual of Archive Administration," by Mr. Hilary Jenkinson, will receive a very sincere welcome, not only because it is the first complete treatise on the subject in the English language, but because of its undoubted merits. Perhaps the most valuable part of the volume is that which deals with War Archives. Only those who had some share in the administration of the country during the Great War can have the slightest conception of the enormous mass of experience which was accumulated during that period. "That experience was not all in the direction of destruction," Mr. Jenkinson says truly. "The war was also a time of scientific discovery and economic development; both of unprecedented magnitude and variety because the occasion, the compulsion of necessity and the consequent prodigality of all concerned in resources and effort were all alike unprecedented in history." It is imperative, not only in the interest of the historians, but of the country as a whole that all records should be preserved and classified so as to be easily accessible. In ordinary times a very minute proportion of the population is engaged in the business of administration, but during the war the great majority was employed in one capacity or other, directly or indirectly, military or civil, in the work of the State. It is therefore easy to imagine the vast amount of documentary material that has been amassed, and amassed as it was within so short a time it has been impossible as yet satisfactorily to deal with it. The Registries of Government Departments have coped with the colossal task as well as might be, but it will be necessary for some duly appointed central authority to examine these masses of documents, to classify them, and to sift the wheat from the chaff. The point of the historian must not be ignored, but as there will not be forthcoming at once enough money to deal with all aspects, it is essential that such funds as are available should be devoted, as Mr. Jenkinson proposes, to "the preservation of the completest possible record of war effort as shown in the written remains of every kind of local and public administration, with no thought for sectional and secondary interests until the full object is accomplished." It is highly desirable that this work should be put in hand without delay.



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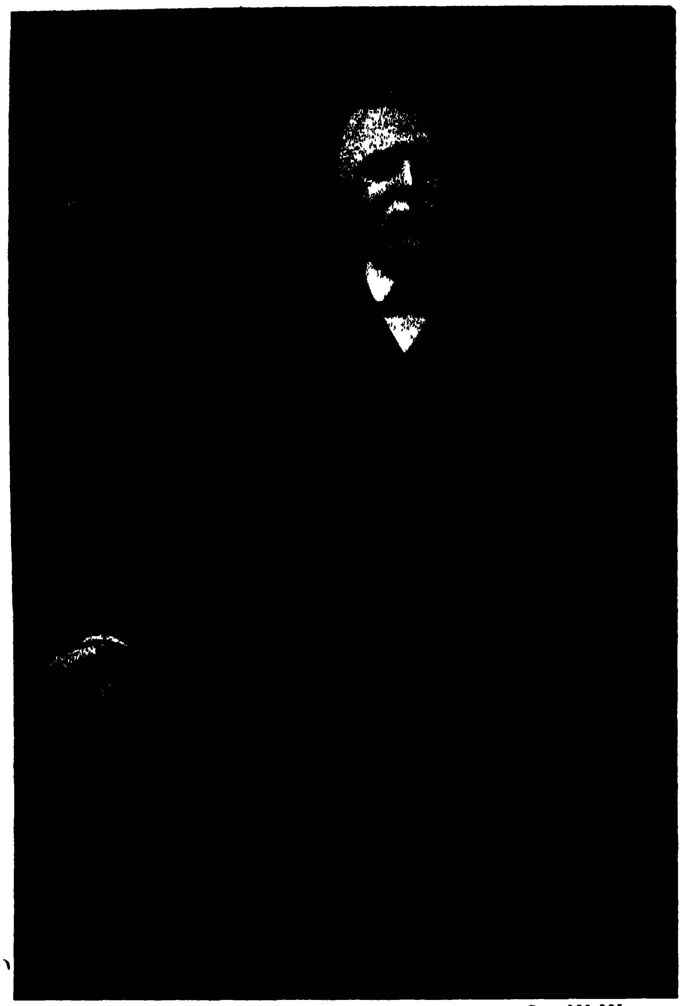
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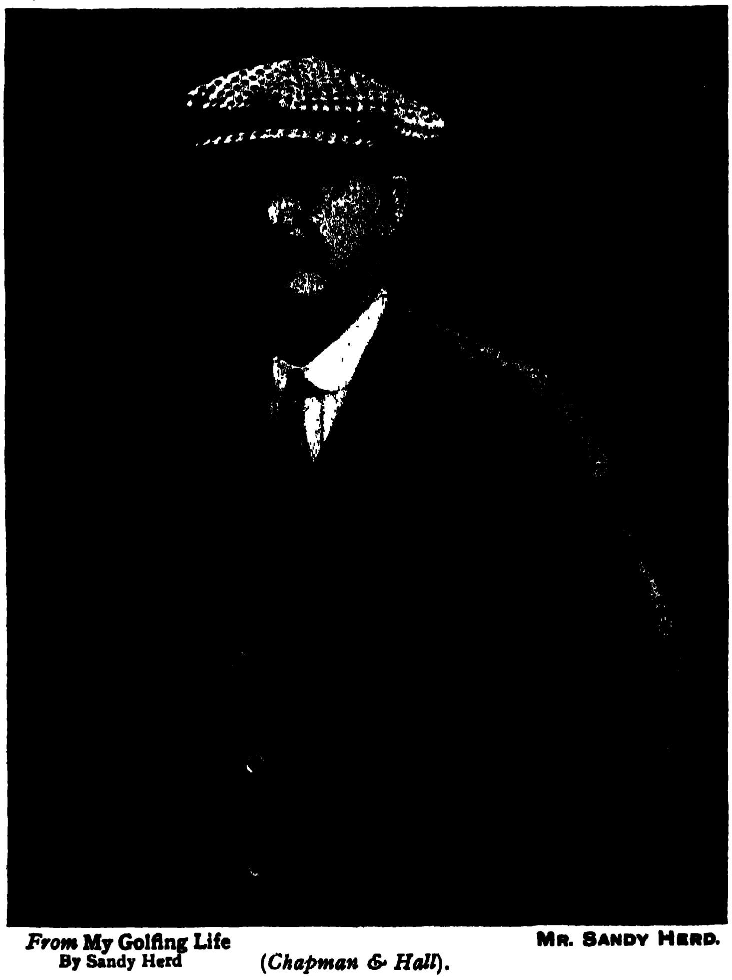
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Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell is, in the best sense of the term, a man of the world, but assuredly not a man of the flesh or the devil. I had the honour of meeting him—only once, I think—at the Authors' Club. That must be about twenty years ago, when he was considerably less well known than now. He impressed me then as a man of a profound simplicity, a kind man in whose kindness, however, there was none of the weakness and grossness which attends the self-seeking kindness of popularity-mongers.

Of course it is easy to say this sort of thing after the event, but I felt even then that he was the sort of man who would be bound to succeed in any enterprise he undertook, because he had such a just sense of values that must in the nature of things include the value of his own achievements. He has naturally no use for the nauseating vice of mock-modesty, though perhaps just a little too reticent about his varied successes. That, however, is the quintessence of his character: the robust and yet delicate character of gentlehood.

One feels in reading this book that Mr. Vachell is above all things a real good fellow, a sportsman, a friend to grapple to one's heart with hooks of steel, a lover of life for life's sake, and most assuredly not a lover of art for art's sake There is a touch of old-fashioned narrow mindedness about him that I personally find most refreshing in these days of swiftly-changing views and what is known as a comprehensive grasp of essentials, which really seems to mean letting the juice of the orange ooze through one's fingers and retaining only the rind and pips. It is plain Mr. Vachell was never that kind of man, but one who



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has always preferred to take things for granted so long as they were pleasant things—" to take the cash and let the credit go." This gives a flavour to these chapters of autobiography which is often lacking from more pretentious memoirs.

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And then of course he has touched life at so many different points, has travelled widely enough to be in some sense a citizen of the world, and experienced in his own person so many ups and downs of fortune. He is thus what our grandsires used to call a " full " man, in contradistinction to a man of vacant mind and vain imaginings. And I think one result of these experiences is a certain intolerance of intolerance which manifests



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itself in his occasionally spirited defence of old traditions, his aristocratic leanings and rigid conservatisms. That is what I mean by his old-fashioned narrow-mindedness, his reluctance to accept the new thing merely because it is new, and his—in these days—unwittingly unconventional clingings to convention.

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And it is this admirable quality in Horace Annesley Vachell, so clearly shown in all of his writings with which I am acquainted, that makes for his popularity, not only among those who know him only through his books but also among those who know him even more intimately in the flesh.

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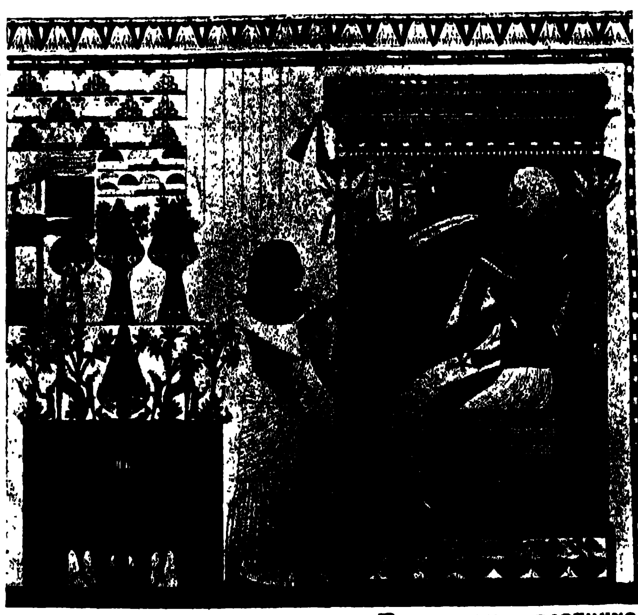
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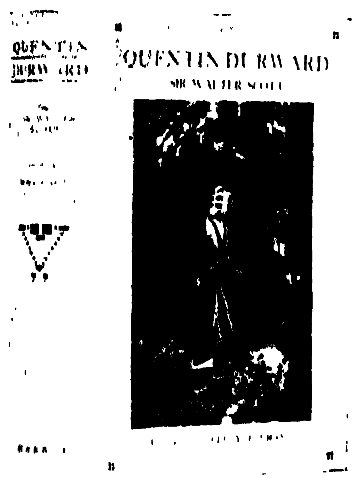
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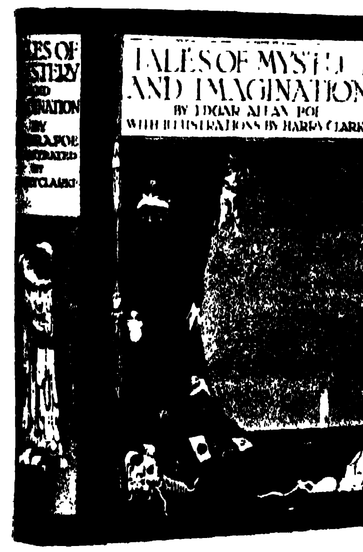
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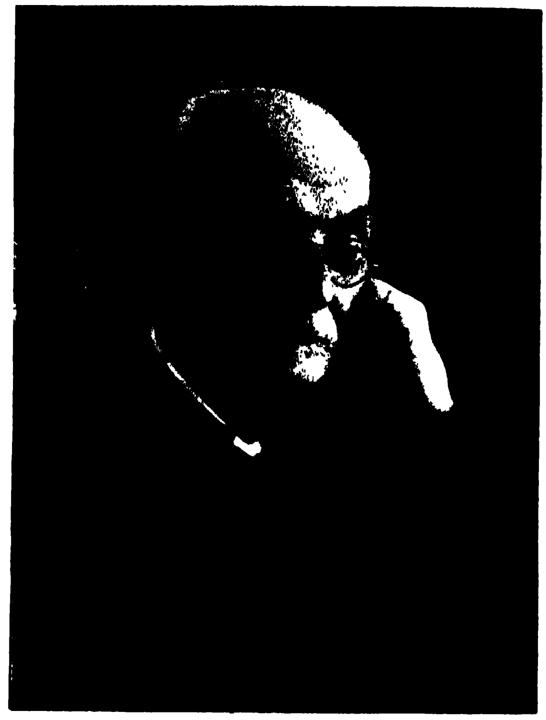
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Exactly forty-nine years after Mill's death, the preserved letters of his friends were released by auction in May, 1922, and those of Carlyle bought by the trustees of Carlyle's House. The Carlyle letters are now given to the public. With them a number of letters to Browning and to John Sterling are acceptably bound up; but it is chiefly Mill and Carlyle whose fame will revive at the trumpet note of this publication. Theirs was one of the finest among literary friendships. From 1834 to 1844, when Mill allied himself too closely with Mrs. Taylor to be an active friend, it was a kind of partnership. Two great men of wholly differing temperaments and methods, widely differing minds and faiths, were closely allied by their common honesty and stature, generosity and large tolerance. Mill is the greater gainer by the light of this correspondence. Amazingly, he appears for ten years to have lent or found most of the books that Carlyle lacked at Ecclefechan, and many that he lacked in Cheyne Row. It was an incessant service, asked of him without hesitations and never failing. The vulgar notion of Mill as a cold, sub-human person must yield to this evidence. One finds it well rebuked in one of Carlyle's letters to Sterling anent Goethe, before Sterling understood that clear genius :

" Was there, is there, or will there be a great Intellect ever heard tell of, without first a true and great Heart to begin with? Never ; if my experience and faith in this God's world have taught me anything at all. Think it not, suspect it not. Worse *blasphemy* I could not readily discover. . . . Fear no seeing man, therefore ; know that *he* is of Heaven, whoever else be not; that the Arch-Enemy, as I say, is the Arch-Stupid : I call this my Fortieth Church Article—which absorbs into it and covers up in silence all the other Thirty-nine."

As for the heavenly nature of poor Carlyle, desolated like the Black Country by the smoke of his fires, that too has been doubted by some ; but in these letters there are a hundred touching passages that show him to have been a strenuously helpful man, in the smallest cases as much as in the passionate utterance of his prophetic soul. Serene minds may find him as fearsome as any volcano, for those fires were deep and his aspect stormily rugged ; but he was kind in such piteous ways, and so persistently, that it argues a defective sense of humour not to feel him benignant. There is even significance in the fact that he struck up the three friendships here depicted with aspirants from eleven to seventeen years younger than himself. They, at all events, found his heart big enough for all disparities and all accidents. Was there ever a finer letter written to a dying man than Carlyle's to the gentle Sterling ?

" My Friend, my brave Sterling ! A right valiant man ; very beautiful, very dear to me ; whose like I shall not see again in this world ! We are journeying towards the Grand Silence ; what lies beyond it earthly man has never known, nor will know : but all brave men have known that it was God-like, that it was right Good—that the name of it was God. *Wir heissen euch hoffen*. . . . My Wife is all in tears : no tear of mine, dear Sterling, shall if I can help it, deface a scene so sacred. The memory of the Brother that is gone, like a brave one, shall be divine to us ; and, if it please the Supreme Wisdom, we shall—O my friend, my friend ! "



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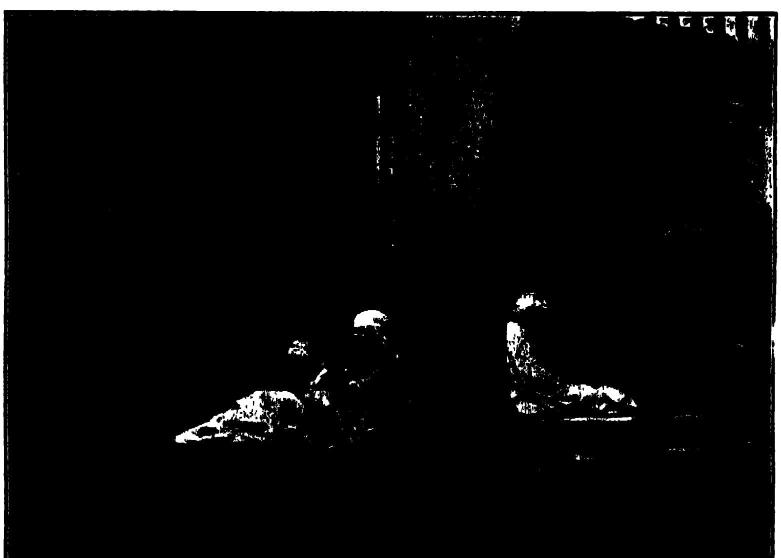
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We are very glad to see this hearty, friendly recognition of the work of the late Dr. Bruce, which until now has been overshadowed by that of men who became more famous. They became deservedly famous; but that is no reason why one who had none of the arts of journalistic publicity should remain almost unknown in England save to the few geographers and scientists who followed his career. Bruce was shy, reserved; he refused to make any arrangements beforehand for publishing the results of his voyages—which was a mistake, for the financing of his work was his chief trouble and a timely book would have brought in much-needed money. However, here at last is an admirable account of an admirable man from two who knew him well, and the story of these travels in the Arctic and Antarctic seas is tremendously interesting. Some of the results of this indefatigable investigator's work are to be found in the Scottish Oceanographical Laboratory, opened in 1907 by the Prince of Monaco (Bruce's friend and collaborator), an institution which still needs support and a more firm basis if it is to continue its fine record. Even now the full official story and records of the gallant *Scotia* await the funds necessary for publication, and



From Familiar London Birds By Frank Finn (*Hutchinson*). WHINCHAT.



From A Naturalist at the Poles By R. N. Rudmose Brown, D.Sc. (*Seeley, Service*). PENGUIN'S COURTSHIP.

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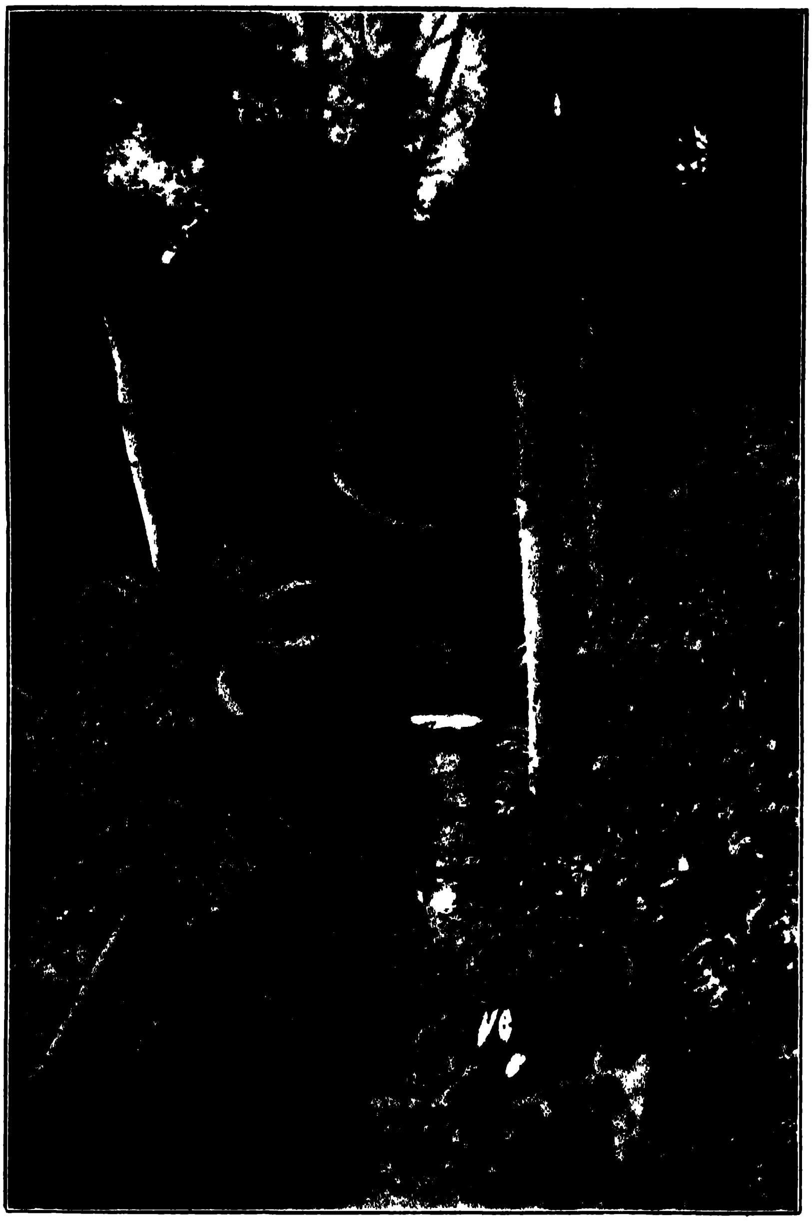
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the reader must sympathise with the perseverance of Bruce in his almost hopeless but always hopeful appeals in various quarters. His work is done; but his name lives, and in this finely illustrated book we see a worthy commemoration of one who was the highest authority on polar exploration of the nineties and the early years of this century.

RAILWAYS FOR ALL.

By J. F. Gairns, M.I.Loco.E. With 100 illustrations 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

We are not inclined to criticise this book. It strikes us as being just the sort of thing a boy will love. There is such a store of information and it is all so pleasingly grouped, with clear headings. The print is largish, the pictures are many. Great trouble has been taken by Mr. Gairns in harvesting information. We hear about the Growth of Railways, the different brakes, the Continental engine, the longest railway tunnels, the construction of the line and many other things. The complexity of a railway system is well emphasised. The thrill that comes over the lad who receives this book in its brave cover, showing a fine green and red engine, will probably continue all the time that he reads. Here's luck to "Railways for All," and may it induce many young spirits to go in for railway work, for there are many problems still waiting to be solved. Why must railway carriages always be dirty, for instance? Why —— But our pen runs away with us.



From Life in Southern Nigeria
By P. Amaury Talbot
(*Macmillan*).

The Devil's Pool



From Railways For All
By J. F. Gairns
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SIXTY YEARS A BOOKMAN

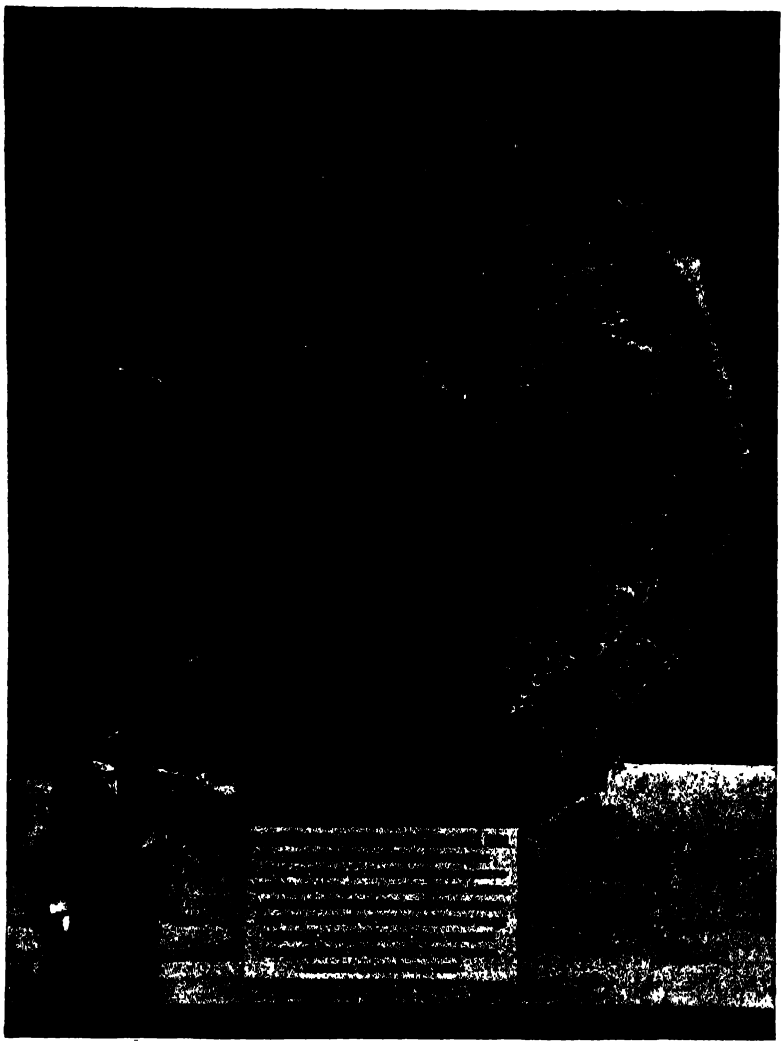
By Joseph Shaylor 6s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

When you settle down in an arm-chair by the fireside, these wintry evenings, Mr Joseph Shaylor's "Sixty Years a Bookman" is just the book you will find in harmony with the time and the place. If you are well past middle age it will remind you pleasantly of the world you also knew when you were young; if you are comparatively youthful it will tell you of a world very different from the one you know—a quieter, less headstrong, less harassed, rather a happier world, one feels, than the somewhat bleak one we are now inhabiting. Passing from his early experiences in the country and in a London now largely vanished, Mr. Shaylor tells you of his business recollections, of the ways and methods of booksellers, for he is a director of the great book-distributing firm of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and has been associated with that firm since his very early days; he talks of books once amazingly popular and now forgotten; and incidentally gets a wonderful amount of interest out of a study of sale catalogues, and a discussion of limited editions and the joys of collecting. He touches a more personal note here than in "The Fascination of Books" and his other volumes, but this, like them, is crammed with entertaining, curious, out-of-the-way information about books and bookselling given in a delightfully gossipy, familiar manner that makes capital reading for all who are booklovers.

LIFE IS GROWTH.

By Charles Godfrey Balk. 5s. (Robert Scott.)

We learn with regret that the author did not live to publish the work which seems to be his only memorial in the world of books, though it was in type when the war broke out. It is now issued by his family at a remarkably moderate price for nearly four hundred octavo pages. A few prefatory words by a friend tell us that Mr. Balk was a man of large reading, who had "reflected carefully" on many aspects of life and religion. The evidence of reflection at least will be found in the volume an alternative title of which is "Thoughts on the problems and purpose of individual life." While it must not be said that it is a record of original views, it is certainly the product of an independent mind which has done its own thinking, and has laid out the results reached with considerable clearness and occasional force. They may not be of marked importance or likely to carry special conviction, but they are not without interest as indicating how the great problems have appeared to an earnest person who—whatever his reading—was evidently no man of learning and depended little on the debates or findings of scholarship, so far at least as these studies are concerned. In Mr. Balk's opinion, "the whole Christian terminology requires the most thorough overhauling," but the revelation of Jesus Christ belongs to "realities of the spiritual world." There is a sense in which God is within and so is also His Christ, but this notwithstanding the immortality of the soul is conditional, a thing to be striven for, not an inalienable possession. We grow to "a life which knows no dying," and it is apparently the "stature of the perfection of Christ"; but the endowment and assurance concerning it come to us through the Christ-revelation and not otherwise. We are reminded of the Rev. Baldwin Brown, who preached and wrote on this subject over forty years since. It made no impression then and will make none now. From time immemorial and from all quarters the great religions of the world belie such a narrow hypothesis; and there is something called psychical research which is forgotten or ignored in these pages, but it looks like putting such reveries at rest for ever.



From Myths of the Columbian Americas (*Gresham Publishing Co.*).

The Aztec Calendar Stone. Discovered in 1790. Now in the National Museum at Mexico.

RACUNDRA'S FIRST CRUISE.

By Arthur Ransome. 10s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

If you want to test your freedom from anything in the nature of envy, by all means read this log of Mr. Ransome's. He has managed, without egotism or display, to combine all the pleasures of seafaring, health, adventure and possession. These, unhappily, are days when possession of any sort is voted among the unspeakable offences, and when you read of mountains of accumulated wealth beyond any lifetime's spending, this feeling of resentment is not surprising. But Mr. Ransome's experiment in building the *Racundra* was the more than permissible luxury of a poor man, and the way in which he makes it possible for a rover of limited means to reach the pinnacle of a sea-lover's joys is a narrative that leaves many a cloud-born legend far behind. Those who know his previous tales are well aware, of course, that Mr. Ransome is a master of Russian and the neighbouring lingoes, and is familiar with the Baltic peoples. Consequently there was less of the daredevil spirit than you might suppose in his cruise of three companions in a thirty-foot boat from the port of Riga, and through the Esthonian archipelago up to Helsingfors and the Finnish coast. You get all the zest of that wonderful book, "The Riddle of the Sands," without



From Founders of Oceanography and their Work (*Arnold*).

Pennatula phosphorea: half a dozen colonies alive in a jar of sea-water; natural size.

the enmity, or the stealth and misery, and another advantage is that you traverse the remoter waters of the Baltic instead of its western gates. Instead of espionage and war, the book works out a strain of natural adventure which makes the reader forget the European struggle of the last ten years, and Mr. Ransome has an ingratiating knack of lighting upon other seafarers as congenial and casual as himself. We wish him good faring on his second cruise, but he is lucky if he does not find it necessary to beat off recruits with a boat-hook.



From Memoirs of a Shipwrecked World
By Countess Kleinmichel
(*Brentanos*).

FANCY DRESS BALL AT COUNTESS KLEINMICHEL'S HOUSE IN 1914.

INCA LAND:

Explorations in the Highlands of Peru.

By Hiram Bingham. With illustrations. 24s. (Constable.)

Although much has been written on the subject of the Inca civilisation, there has been, as a general rule, little direct research and most writers have been content to take for granted what was written by the Spanish historians in the century following the conquest. Of recent years the late Sir Clements R. Markham was the only writer who added at all to our knowledge of those people and even Sir Clements did not do much local investigation, being content with historical research. The present work may therefore claim to be the first result of scientific inquiry. Professor Bingham has secured a vast amount of new material concerning the wonderful dynasty which, at the time of the Spanish conquest, ruled practically the whole of western South America. Very little hitherto has been made known regarding the highlands of Peru, these places being difficult of access and protected in some measure by the superstition of the natives who were unwilling to act as guides or carriers. Apart from archæological discoveries, there is in Professor Bingham's book much geological information which is important in a virgin region suspected to be overflowing with mineral wealth. It has added to our geographical knowledge for Mount Coropuna was scaled by the author in the hopes of discovering it to be the highest peak in that region. He was disappointed in this but at any rate the height is now known. The most important discovery of the expedition is that of the site of Tampu Tocco, the last refuge of the Incas after the Spanish conquest. The Spanish historians, including Garcilaso (who was the son of an Inca princess), must have known its location but their references to it were so vague that it was quite lost. This city, which before the Incas was the centre of the prehistoric Amanta civilisation, is a remarkable example of the stonework of that time. Apart from its archæological interest, the book is very readable, and is well illustrated with photographs and diagrams.



From Lionel Smythe, R.A., R.W.S.: His Life and Work
By Rosa M. Whitlaw and D. L. Wyllie, R.A.
(*Selwyn & Blount*).

"UNE FILLE DU PAYS."

Fiction & Miscellaneous Literature

THE BOOKMAN 1923



From My Lady of the Chimney Corner
(*Collins*).

"THEY'RE MAKING BOOTS BY MACHINERY NOW," ANNA SAID ONE DAY.
"IT'S DOTING YE ARE," JAMIE REPLIED.

MY LADY OF THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

By Alexander Irvine. 12s. 6d. (Collins.)

This delightful book is a story of Irish peasant life, dedicated to the men and women who are helping Ireland to make her dreams come true. The tale opens at the time of the famine which swept over Ireland like a plague, leaving in its wake over a million new-made graves; and the stoical endurance displayed by those who suffered, cannot fail to fill the reader's mind with deepest admiration. In addition to the note of pathos running through its pages, the narrative shows the humour and ready wit characteristic of the Irish people. It tells also, in fascinating style, of the customs and superstitions prevailing among the classes, not the least interesting being the "wakes," which are held by relatives and friends of the departed. The outstanding features of this édition de luxe are the coloured plates by George Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A.Edinburgh, whose work gives distinction and charm to this beautiful idyll, in which love is the dominant theme; love at its highest, rising triumphant in face of appalling difficulties. Mr. Irvine, in portraying his heroine, tells of a beautiful life shedding its rays on all around, never happy unless stretching out a hand in kindly sympathy and cheery encouragement to those whose lives it touched with lasting blessing.



Mr. H. Phelps Clauson, whose "Transmutation, and Other Poems" is published by Messrs. Elkin Mathews.



Plate VI.

Nothing in nature is quite so white as snow, not even such pure white heifers as you see here. Young cows are called " heifers," while young oxen are generally called " bullocks " or " beasts."

From Our Farmyard Friends
By Douglas English
(*Bell & Sons*).

THE DREAM GIRL'S GARDEN.

By Edith Howes. 4s. (Ward, Lock.)

She is called "The Dream Girl" by her father and mother because she "seems to live in some happy world of her own where all things are true that to older people are but dreams or fancies." And so into the garden among the flowers which she loves so well she brings the fairies; and it is all about the fairies and their doings that the book is concerned. There are a number of quaint tales and pretty fancies; and it is probably only a personal matter whether one likes such terms as "fairykins," "Pearlikin," "The Gentlest One" and "The Gayest One." One feels that if the stories were told in a more understandingly fanciful way they would gain still more in charm.



From Skewbald: The New Forest Pony
By A. W Seaby
(*A. & C. Black*).

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ROBINSON CRUSOE.

By Daniel Defoe. 6s. (Religious Tract Society.)

Of course there must have been a time when there was no Robinson Crusoe, when boys grew up unaware of their misfortune in possessing no desert island classic. Now it is merely a question of a new edition. The *Boys' Own Paper* edition, edited and slightly abridged by Mr. C. H. Irwin, makes a splendid gift-book for nephews and sons. A good stout picture cover has been chosen, the paper is substantial and the print large and clear, with wide margins. The illustrations by Stanley L. Wood are in perfect accord with the character of Defoe's masterpiece. Part Two, so often omitted, is included. We recommend this as a satisfactory edition for family wear and tear.

THE WONDER BOOK OF NATURE.

Edited by Harry Golding. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)



From The Wonder Book of Nature (*Ward, Lock*).

Black-headed Gull on Nest.

A very welcome addition to the Wonder Books published annually by this firm. The study of nature is daily increasing in popularity as a hobby. Those who love nature, as those who love reading, possess resources within themselves that render them independent of so-called amusements. The fascinating subject may be pursued all the year round, as the dainty end-papers of the Wonder Book suggest. It need entail no expenditure and it lies at our doors wherever we live. In some children love of nature is born, in others it must be cultivated, but how it is worth cultivating, for it develops the seeing eye, the hearing ear and patience. Leading authorities have written all the articles in this book, which cannot fail to arouse interest in nature in any boy or girl. There are nearly 350 pictures, many of them the result of hours of careful watching. Of course these are but peeps at a vast subject, but they are such wonderful peeps—at a bird with tail feathers eighteen feet long, fish climbing a seven-foot wall, strange birds' nests, and so on—stories from the great book of nature that is always entering upon a new edition.



From The Biology of Birds By Professor J. Arthur Thomson (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

Grebes.

BEATING THE FAVOURITE.

By Nat Gould. 7s. (John Long.)

Regarding Nat Gould as "the favourite," one imagines that in his own vein it would be impossible to beat him. Here we have many of the familiar items arranged in a different pattern, and holding our attention in an astonishing grip, considering the number of times it has been "done before." The hero comes through safely in the end; it was to be, we felt certain—and yet we wanted to read about how it happened. Jim Rochford is a very interesting, "taking" hero, and the scene of his adventures is Australia; the surroundings after a while are definitely "horsey"; and the author with remarkable skill manages to interest readers who never in their lives spoke to a bookmaker or betted on a horse race. Subtleties of character are of course neither needed nor expected; black is black, and white is white, and we are content to be carried along by an exciting plot, content to be cleverly entertained and, in a day when virtue is not always rewarded, especially in up-to-date fiction, to hear wedding bells at the finish. If only that were the finish and fate never interfered with the "happy ever after"!

THE LETTERS OF JEAN ARMITER.

By Una Silberrad. 7s 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

"Heroines in novels, I have noticed, seldom have many relatives," says Jean—being herself an unfortunate exception to the rule. Jean is overwhelmed by relatives; her life has been lived in their various shadows; she is at the beck and call of first this one, then that. Even when, at thirty-six, she finds herself

alone, with an income of two hundred a year, she is not free from their clogging kindnesses and selfish claims. She drifts from place to place, striving to live her own life in spite of family ties, revealing herself in her letters as sensitive and shy, fearful of hurting other people's feelings. Her boisterous, good-hearted sister



From Robinson Crusoe
New Edition, including Part II
(*R.T.S.*).

"IT WOULD HAVE MADE A STOIC SMILE TO HAVE SEEN ME AND MY LITTLE FAMILY SIT DOWN TO DINNER."

Cathy is a very different person; lovable, but not so lovable as the more timid, more thoughtful Jean; and between the two women there is a bond of tender understanding. Indeed Cathy guesses Jean's secret almost before Jean herself is aware of it; and the reader, too, following Jean's letters to her sister and to Mr. Fortesque, scents romance without any word of it being uttered. Ably and sympathetically Miss Silberrad brings us to the point of Jean's renunciation—but that is not the end of the story. No, there is just a little more, to round off a fragrant and graceful study of a sweet and gentle character.

"YEL," THE MEMORIES OF A HAPPY DOG.

3s. 6d. net. (Bell & Sons.)

Give your dog-loving friends a copy of "Yel," for it is a book every dog-lover should have and would wish to have. For four years Yelverstone, an Airedale, served with his master in the British Navy, travelling some 50,000 miles afloat. This book tells in his own words some of his adventures during the Great War, and since the Armistice, when he has been occupied in collecting for charity. His record in this direction has been as remarkable as his naval record, and his wonderful intelligence and canine faithfulness are amply illustrated in narratives, each complete in itself, yet each a chapter in the life of a splendid dog. Most dog biographies or autobiographies end sadly, but Yel, we are glad to note, is still going strong at the conclusion of this book, and we hope he may live long to bring happiness to his fond master and many friends. The photographs show him to be the dear dog-pal that he is; the frontispiece is a reproduction of a pastel drawing by Mrs. G. Shaw Baker.



From Yel: The Memories of a Happy Dog
(*Bell & Sons*).

THE OVERCOAT.

By Nikolay Gogol. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)

Gogol is still best known here as the author of "Dead Souls" and "The Inspector-General," books which are fully revealing of his genius, but not of his character. It is these short stories, now translated beautifully by Mrs. Garnett, which make us understand Dostoievsky's praise of his predecessor as the man from whom they all derived. "The Overcoat," a tragic farce, tells of a poor clerk, a four-hundred-rouble-a-year man, so unenterprising, so stupid that he can do, and wants to do, nothing but copying. Once a director, admiring his industry, sent him some better work; it "consisted only of altering the headings and in places changing the first person into the third." This cost him such an effort that it threw him into a regular perspiration; he mopped his brow and said at last, "No, better let me copy something." His colleagues despised and ragged him. Under great provocation he would occasionally complain, "Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?" His pitiful manner once hurt one of his tormentors, so that,

> "long afterwards, at moments of the greatest gaiety, the figure of the humble little clerk with a bald patch on his head rose before him with his heart-rending words: 'Leave me alone! Why do you insult me?' and in those heart-rending words he heard others: 'I am your brother.' And the poor young man hid his face in his hands, and many times afterwards in his life he shuddered, seeing how much inhumanity there is in man, how much savage brutality lies hidden under refined, cultured politeness, and my God! even in a man whom the world accepted as a gentleman and a man of honour. . . ."

Gogol seems to combine something of the crude realism of the eighteenth with the pity and sense of a later century.



REDUCED WRAPPER DESIGN.
From Island of the Innocent
By Grant Overton
(*Gyldendal*).

FICTION AND MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE



From **Talks to Mothers** By Angelo Kirl (*Appleton*). **CAN YOU MAKE HIS EYES SPARKLE WITH DELIGHT AS YOU TELL YOUR STORY ?**

THE TENTH STEP.

By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell. (Jarrolds)

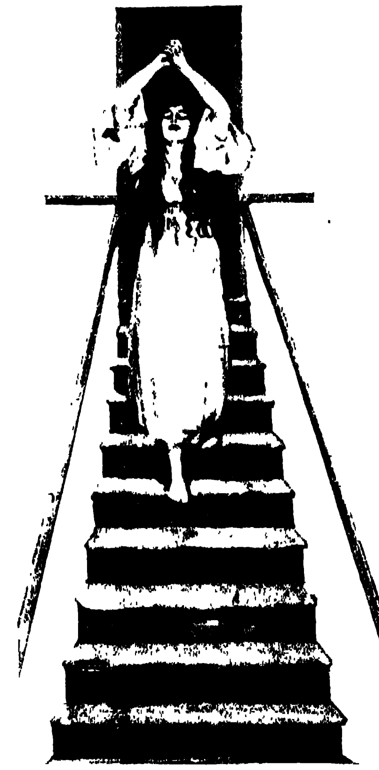
A woman's past, which is clouded by the horrors of a murder mystery, is the theme of Mrs. Heron-Maxwell's new novel. Evviva Mostyn, with her soft femininity, her wistful prettiness, is certainly not the type of woman to be haunted by a harrowing memory. It is more than chivalry that persuades Keith Cassils that the beautiful wife of a day could not have been guilty of the murder of her husband, though all evidence pointed towards her guilt. He sets to work to sift the dark past which is ruining a young life, even though Evviva is promised in marriage to another. The story is excellently worked out, the drama well sustained and the characters cleverly etched in among a mass of swiftly-moving incident.

Corsica," and many others all of which are well illustrated.

THE DECEPTION OF URSULA.

By Thomas Cobb. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul)

It was Mr. Simon Tappertit, was it not, who, when he wished to overawe a man, used to "eye him over." Well, Ursula used to eye her unfortunate father over until that respectable ex-Civil Servant was afraid to go to his club, went to bed when he was told, and underwent many other hardships. Somehow we find it a little difficult to accept Ursula. Not so, however, Frank Brumley, or Laure Farebrother, or Ursula's sister Elinor: these are very real people, and their proceedings are interesting. But when one has written forty-nine novels, as Mr. Cobb has (to say nothing of the "etc., etc." in the publisher's list), it is not to be wondered at that the story goes with an easy swing from start to finish. It is not a profound analytical work, but it is an eminently readable book.



From **The Tenth Step** By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell (*Jarrolds*). **COVER DESIGN.** By Nick.

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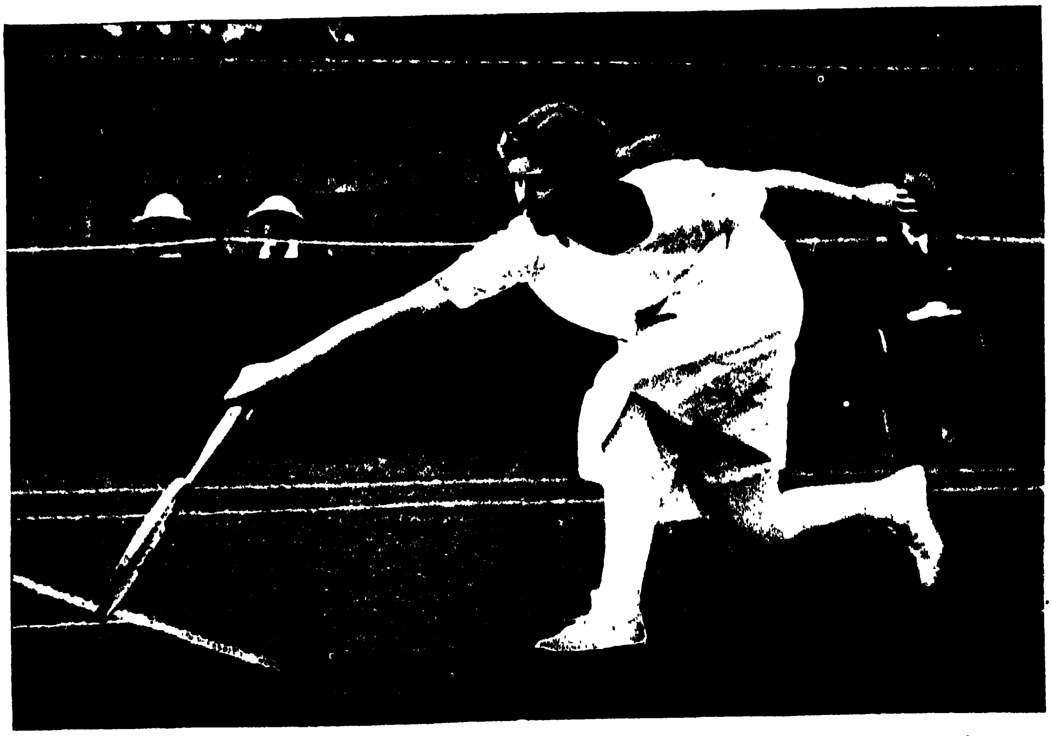
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The publishers are to be congratulated on this splendid Annual. It begins straight away with a series of pictures of out-of-door girls, playing hockey, cricket, punting, paddling, sketching, etc., which should put us into a holiday mood at once and help us to forget, for the time being, that there are such things as lessons and lesson books. One need only mention a few of the interesting chapters that follow, to prove what a storehouse of entertainment the book is—"Some Hints on Lawn Tennis," "How to make Toy Villages," "A Profitable Hobby," which gives quite a lot of information about poultry, "Bead Necklaces and Girdles," "Modes et Robes" (a play), "Housekeeping in

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theatrical successes, and all who have seen and enjoyed it agree that it is a triumph of characterisation. The plot is slender enough—the hoodwinking of a respectable Notting Hill boarding establishment by a couple of delightful crooks, Dermott and his temperamental mistress, Laura Pasquale. It is a pity the hoodwinking is accomplished so easily; apart from the moods of his mistress one feels that Dermott has no antagonist worthy of his mettle. But every character in the boarding-house, from dear Miss Shoe, "a spinster, very pretty twenty-five years ago," down to old Miss Cheezle, "a little, hard, spectacled person of seventy," is a gem of delineation. Of course, the clever performers at the Royalty Theatre add still more subtlety and colour to the characterisation.



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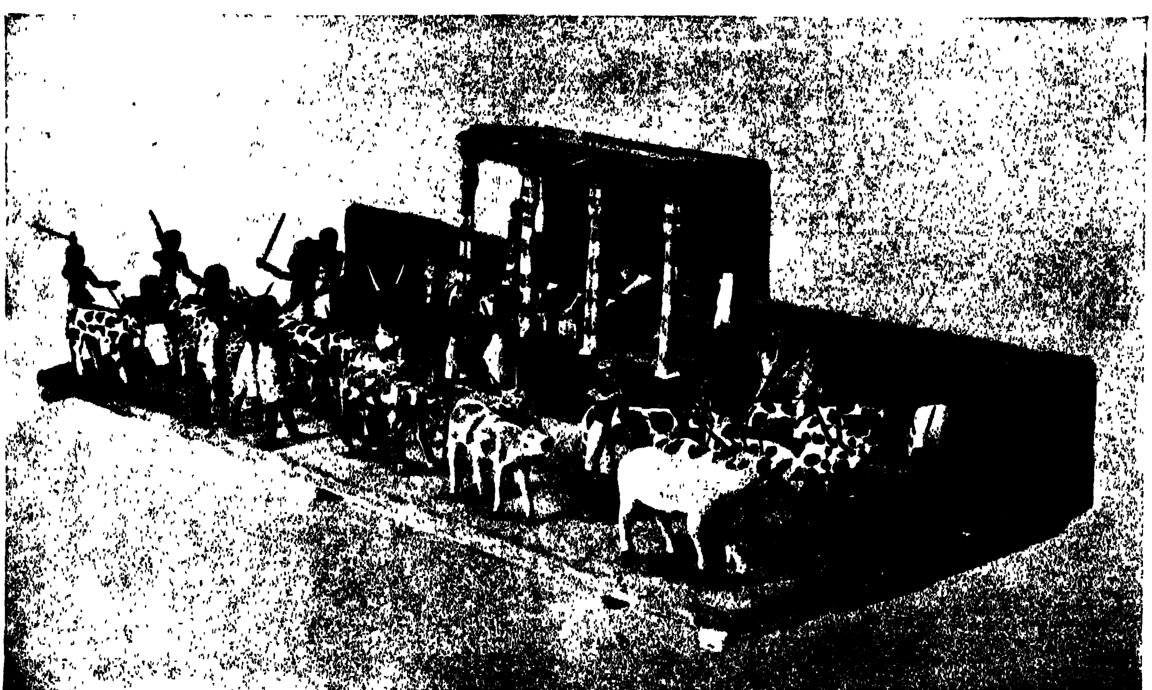
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but we have not, in these days of bobbed hair and excessively short skirts, forgotten the Greenaway little girl with her flowing muslins and demure sashes. So this reprint is very welcome, and we are glad also to revive acquaintance with the Greenaway boy in his soft greens and blues and frills. The tale of the Pie that "R" ran for and "O" opened must, illustrated like this, be regarded as a classic, and all our Bobbies and Barbaras should be carefully grounded therein.

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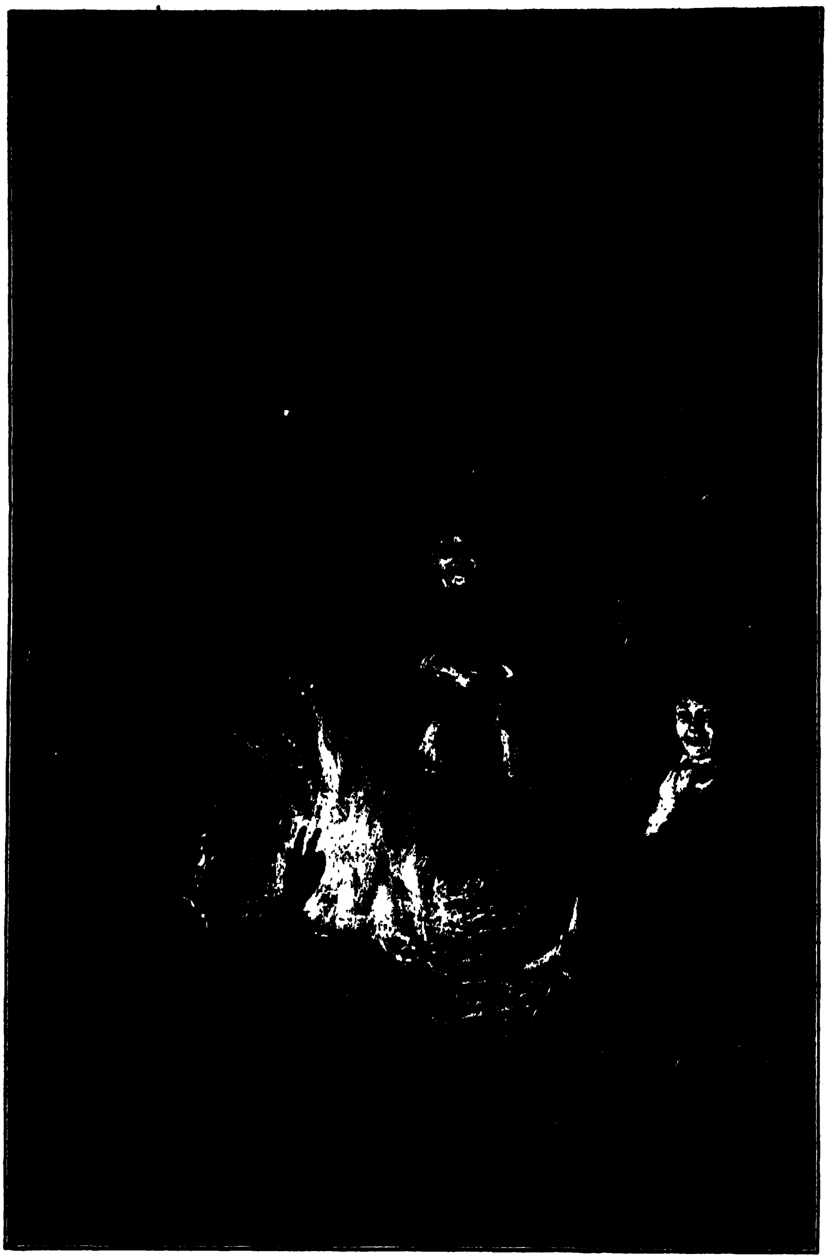
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PLATE XV

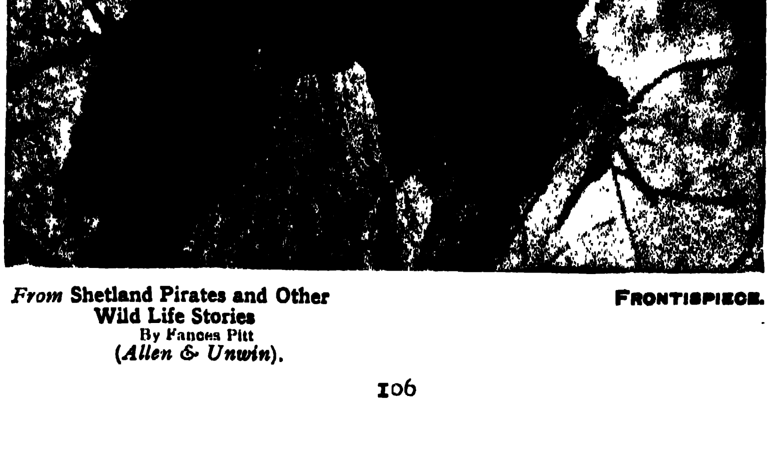
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> Some random truths he can impart,
> The harvest of a quiet eye
> That broods and sleeps on his own heart."
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> *Wordsworth.*

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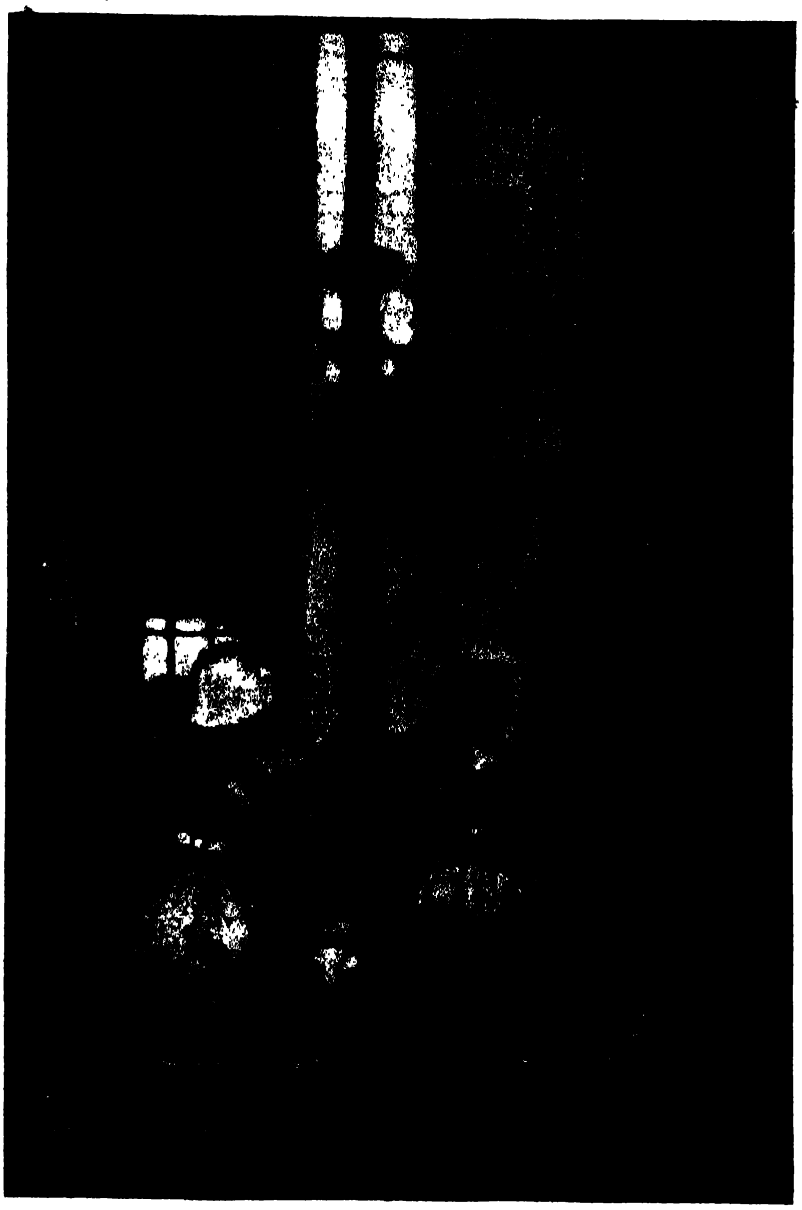
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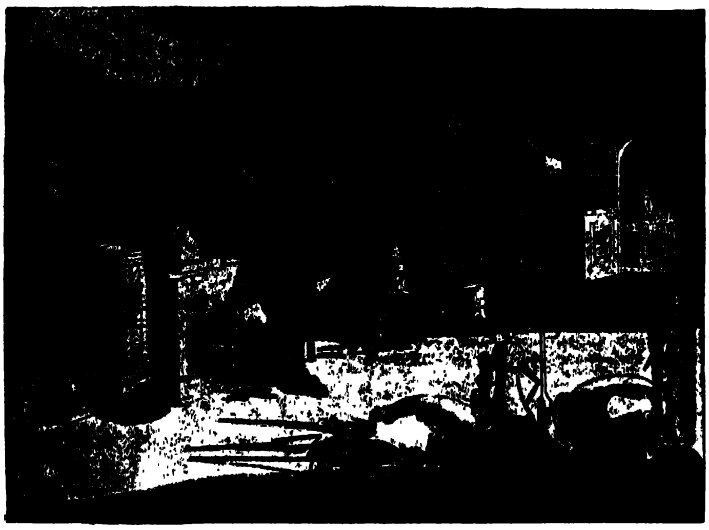
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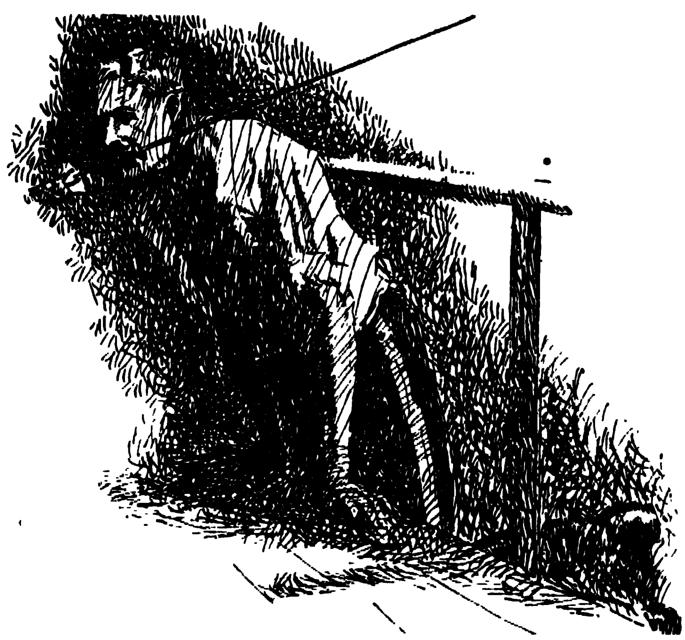
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From The Peregrine's Saga By Henry Williamson (*Collins*). FRONTISPIECE.



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Children's Books



From Blackie's Little Ones' Annual
(*Blackie*).

"SOME OF THE THINGS WENT WRONG."

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Ward, Lock's "Wonder Book"—now completing its nineteenth year of issue—has an assured place among the annuals. It reaches the children at so many points, in their love of a good story, in their joy over a rhyme, in their unbounded pleasure in pictures, gay pictures of elves and golliwogs and page-boys; lovely pictures that they want to frame, "The Pipes of Pan," "Persian Kittens," "Dolly"; funny pictures that bring chuckles in their train. If the schoolboy wants to start the new term with a fresh set of Tongue Twisters, he will find ten in this book. If he gets past One Old Ox Opening Oysters and Two Toads Totally Tired Trying to Trot to Tewkesbury, there are still eight stumbling-blocks on the way. It seems unfair to single out for special mention any of the names of the writers and artists who have made this book, for its uniform excellence is its finest characteristic. But if we do so, we would put among the writers Jessie Pope and Agnes Grozier Herbertson, and among the illustrators, Jo White and Hilda Miller, and among the writers who are also artists, Beatrice Helena Woods.



From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).

"Then the Peeky-Warbler began to sing the most wonderful song."

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

By Thomas Hughes.
Illustrated by Percy Tarrant.
5s. net. (Harrap.)

Another new edition of the schoolboy classic, and a very welcome and timely edition it is. This year has just witnessed the centenary celebration of Rugby football, so it is only natural that browsing fondly among these pages we should halt at the third chapter and read again the story of Tom Brown's initiation into the mysteries of the game as played at Bigside. "You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my word; for hasn't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals, and kick-off?" And you read on and on, and actually find you're getting more enjoyment out of it than ever you did as a boy. All boys and old boys will prize this edition, which is happy in having Mr. Percy Tarrant for its illustrator. The eight colour pictures are delightful examples of his vigorous yet always delicate and careful art, and add greatly to the value of this handsome edition. "Tom Brown" found immense favour with the boys of a generation or two ago, and the signs are that he will go on pleasing boys who like good, robust, real boy-life story-telling for many generations to come. There is, even yet, no better book of the kind.



From Robbie and Dobbie
By Harry Golding
(*Ward, Lock*).

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TICK, TACK AND TOCK.

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We have been rather intrigued, reading down the list of the illustrations to this beautiful, bright blue Annual. Here they are, and don't they suggest to you all the adventures you could desire? "The bear was aiming blow after blow at his head," "The *Salmo ferox* struggled in vain," "In another second Jack was in the saddle," "I sat staring for a full minute," "It was Yharo, the escaped convict," "The Pursuit," "She was making straight for the centre of the storm," etc. By the way these pictures are of the best and include C. E. Brocks and Gordon Brownes. Mr. Mortimer Batten, who writes about animals with such accuracy and such imagination, is a contributor; Mr. Hylton Cleaver, whose school stories are always above the average, is represented; and the whole production is as tempting and readable as possible.



From Tick, Tack, Tock
By Harry Golding, B.B.
(*Ward, Lock*).

THE BROWNIES ESCAPE BY THE LADDER.



From Robbie and Dobbie
(*Ward, Lock*).

"DOBBIE LIKED SUGAR VERY MUCH."

JOAN—A HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

By BRENDA GIRVIN. 6s.
(Oxford Press.)

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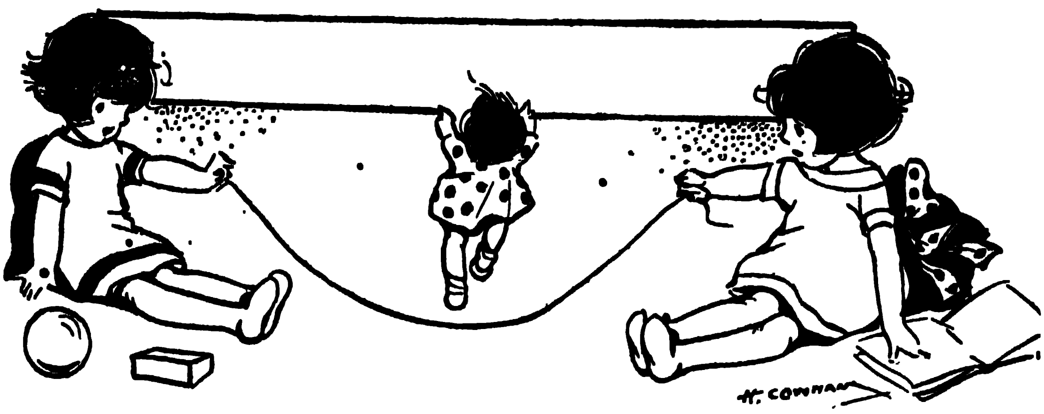


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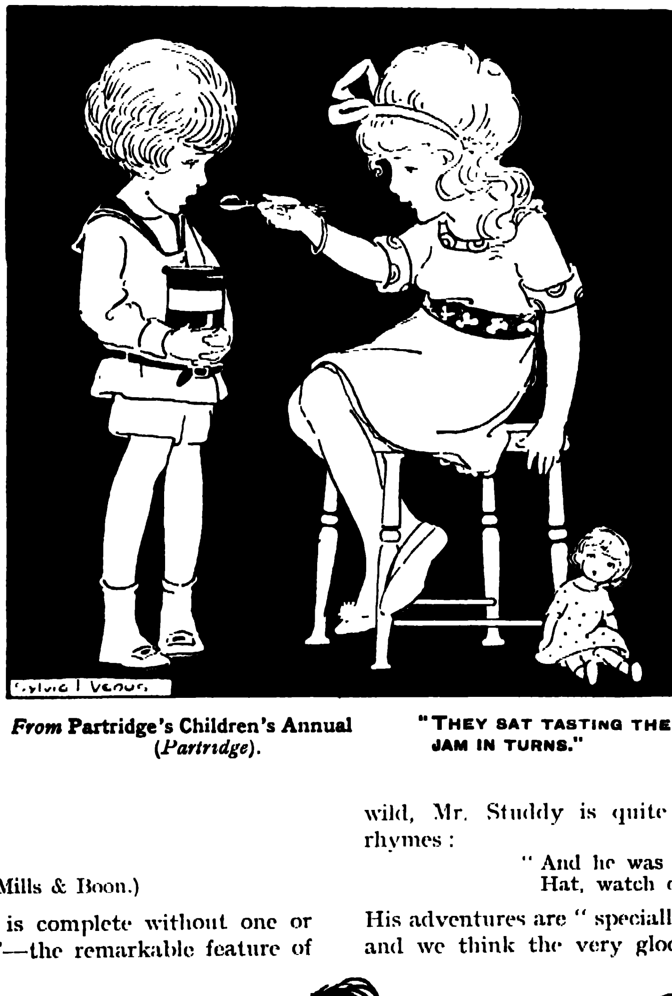


From My Playmate: Father Tuck's Furry Mascot Series (*Raphael Tuck*). "The Kite."

A very jolly volume for the younger ones, with any amount of stories about the interesting and everyday things. The authors don't make the mistake of trying to be too clever and grown up, so there's no fear of even the toddlers not being interested. All the same there are verses here and there that the most Superior people will be found reading on the sly; "Wind in the Trees" for instance:

> "I climbed the hill on a summer day,
> And a wind rose up, and began to play;
> And then came another, and yet another,
> Little wind sister, and wee wind brother.
> They wandered whisp'ring everywhere,
> Fanned my forehead, and lifted my hair;
> Then, hand-in-hand, they arose and sped
> Into the pine-trees overhead;
> And circling there, they sang to me
> A song of waves in a restless sea."

Then there are pictures everywhere; and the uncoloured ones (don't say we said so, though!) are printed on a good thick paper that will take paints well when you have finished enjoying them as they are.



From Partridge's Children's Annual (*Partridge*). "They sat tasting the jam in turns."

THE BROWNIES IN SWITZERLAND.

By Carine Cadby. 5s. (Mills & Boon.)

No well-appointed nursery is complete without one or more of "the Cadby Books"—the remarkable feature of which is that they are illustrated by photographs. "Finding a Fairy" and "A Doll's Day" are two old favourites, both of which have gone into several editions. The new Cadby Book for Christmas is "The Brownies in Switzerland"—with delicious pictures showing the adventures of a family of English children on a winter holiday in the Alps. The right illustrating of fiction by photography is really difficult beyond belief; but here it has been triumphantly achieved. A child who had not yet learnt to read could follow most of the story of "The Brownies in Switzerland" by the pictures: how the merry person called Harlequin (because he could spin round like a top on the rink) taught the Brownies to skate: how the Brownies went tobogganing and ski-ing: what the mysterious Cave of Icicles was like: who the alarming Black Man was: what kind of tracks are made in the snow by a fox and a hare: and a dozen other Alpine wonders. "The Brownies in Switzerland" will have as appreciative an audience as the preceding Cadby Books, and that is saying something. We have tried presenting these books to a good many of our little friends—and never without enthralling the recipient.

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By G. E. Studdy. (Warne.)

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> "And he was gone! I never saw
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His adventures are "specially drawn and written for you," and we think the very gloomiest person will laugh over them and the very keenest stay-at-home will be thrilled by the illustration of "the island uncommonly curious." This really important picture ought to be published separately and hang in many nurseries.



From My Playmate: Father Tuck's Furry Mascot Series (*Raphael Tuck*). "The Kite."

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A New Translation by ERNEST BEESON. Pictures by GEORGE SOPER, R.E. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

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From Uncle's Animal Book
By G. E. Studdy
(*Warne*).

"HE TAUGHT THEM EVERYTHING HE KNEW."

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

MY PLAYMATE.

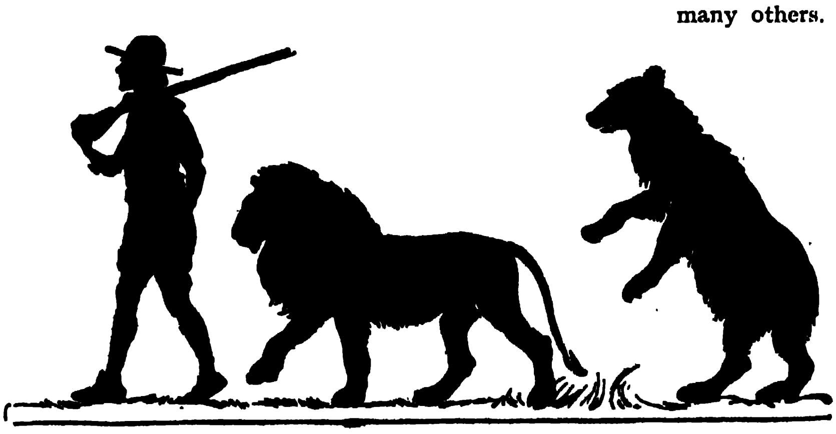
Both in Father Tuck's "Furry Mascot" Series. 3s. 6d. (Raphael Tuck.)

These books make an instant appeal because they each have a black velvet animal outside—yes, real black velvet, raised right out of the cover. The elephant on "The Children's Hour" has a green eye, clear and shiny; the cat on "My Playmate" has also emerald orbs, and a red, open mouth as well. Little fingers will smooth and caress and be altogether charmed with this very happy idea. "The Children's Hour" has useful lessons in learning how to read and count, served up very gently and nicely; and Miss Hilda Cowham has been at work in "My Playmate," giving us her short-coated kiddies enjoying the adventures related in the sprightly tales and verses.

NUMBER ONE JOY STREET.

6s. (Blackwell.)

When you look at the rich array of authors' and artists' names on the title page, then at the price on the wrapper, you will fancy for a moment that the millennium has come. This is the sort of Annual Mother and Father snatch hold of before their children get a chance to look at it—and probably refuse to let go until they have read through all the stories and poems and looked at all the pictures, plain and coloured. In fact, some of the contents will be more appreciated by Mother and Father than by the young idea—unless the young idea is not as young as it used to be when we were it. Any child will love Eleanor Farjeon's "Tom Cobble." Rose Fyleman, also, knows just what the kiddies want. A sumptuous book, embellished by such other names as Walter de la Mare, Hilaire Belloc, Laurence Housman, Mabel Marlowe, and many others.



From Grimm's Fairy Tales
Pictured by George Soper
New Translation by Ernest Beeson
(*Allen & Unwin*).

THE BOGEY BEASTS.

Pictures and verses by S. H. SIME. Music by JOSEF HOLBROOKE. 10s. 6d. (Goodwin & Tabb.)

When an artist so grotesquely, fantastically imaginative as Mr. S. H. Sime collaborates with a composer who has a delightful sense of humour as well as of melody the result is bound to be something amusing, and this book of "The Bogey Beasts" is very amusing indeed. The pictures are ingenious—the Zoom who tolerates no music but his own, the garrulous Nunk, who supplies a preface—all the Bogey Beasts, in fact, are quaint, odd, sometimes surprisingly so, and all in harmony with Mr. Holbrooke's music. A clever and original book that offers excellent entertainment for the young of all ages.



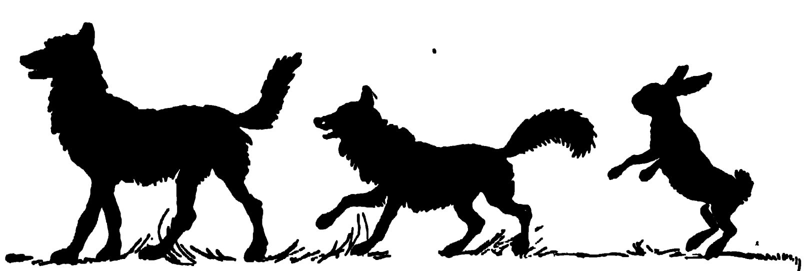
From The Bogey Beasts By S. H. Sime (*Goodwin & Tabb*).

"THE NUNK."

BLACKIE'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Blackie.)

In a recent child's competition on "My Favourite Book" this annual was chosen, and we are not surprised. It is the king of them all there is something bright and exquisite about it, something safe and rewarding. The names alone are music in the ears of an intelligent child—Jessie Pope, Ethel Talbot, Agnes Grozier Herbertson—why, the stories they write are sure to be good! The pictures are as fine as ever and there is one gorgeous one called "A Spoilt Family," with a child in a green bed with a pink cover, and two cats sprawling thereon. The editor knows what children enjoy and, as a consequence, the Annual is not only about children but essentially for them, and stories, poems, pictures—all are suited to their capacity. It is meant for Everychild—and will give endless enjoyment to every child who receives it.



THE YOUNGER BROTHER ENTERED A CITY WITH HIS ANIMALS.



From The Peek-a-Boo Gipsies
Told by May Byron Designed by Chloe Preston
(Oxford University Press).

"HOW GLORIOUSLY THEY DROVE ALONG IN THE FRESH MORNING AIR."

THE PEEK-A-BOO GIPSIES.

Drawn by CHLOE PRESTON. Told by MAY BYRON. 3s. 6d. (Humphrey Milford.)

'They set to work to make themselves really truly gipsies. "We absolutely must have banana handkerchiefs," said Jill, and Paul inquired eagerly if they were made of bananas. They borrowed a nice caravan. It was drawn by their horse Hereward, guarded by their dog Dumpling, and crammed with interesting things: drinkables, foodables, pots and pans, and musical instruments Presently they lunched and, thoroughly stodged, sat in a kind of fat dream Then a Real Gipsy appeared, and robbed Miranda of her boots There was trouble. It's a fine tale, printed in gorgeous large type and the pictures are delightfully Prestonish.



From The Rosebud Annual
(James Clarke).

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

5s (James Clarke)

This year it is in shiny blue covers and you have a picture of two nursery children sailing in a gondola, and two merry mermaidens blowing bubbles round them. Inside it is as good as ever. Miss Ethel Talbot sings in rhyme, and there are crowds of stories, not too long for tiny listeners. The print is clear and blue, and the editors —whoever they may be —are perfectly aware that small folk want a 'picture' on EVERY page.

DORMER WINDOWS.

By Anne Macdonald. 3s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

A pretty volume of verses, daintily illustrated by Miss Mildred Lamb. The poems are mostly about and for children, and are gracefully turned, but not very remarkable:

" Baby won't be happy if you're sad,
Baby won't be docile if you're bad,
Kindly speak, and sweetly, all the while,
Baby will grow pretty if you smile,
Baby is an echo of your mood,
If you smile at Baby, she'll be good."



From Dormer Windows
By Anne MacDonald
(*Blackwell*).

" THE CHILDREN LONG AGO WHOSE FAVOURITE GAME WAS CROQUET."

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL.

5s. (Raphael Tuck.)

This is a prime favourite that has been running now for over a quarter of a century and grows in popularity among youngsters of anything between six and twelve years of age. Every page has its picture or pictures, most of them in two colours, and the contents are as varied as can be both in character and presentation. There is plenty of good versification and easy music settings for the verses; the full-page picture plates by Arthur Dixon and others are models of good design well adapted for a juvenile audience; and the cover of the book is as attractive as the printing is clear and the binding sound.

MRS. STRANG'S ANNUAL FOR GIRLS.

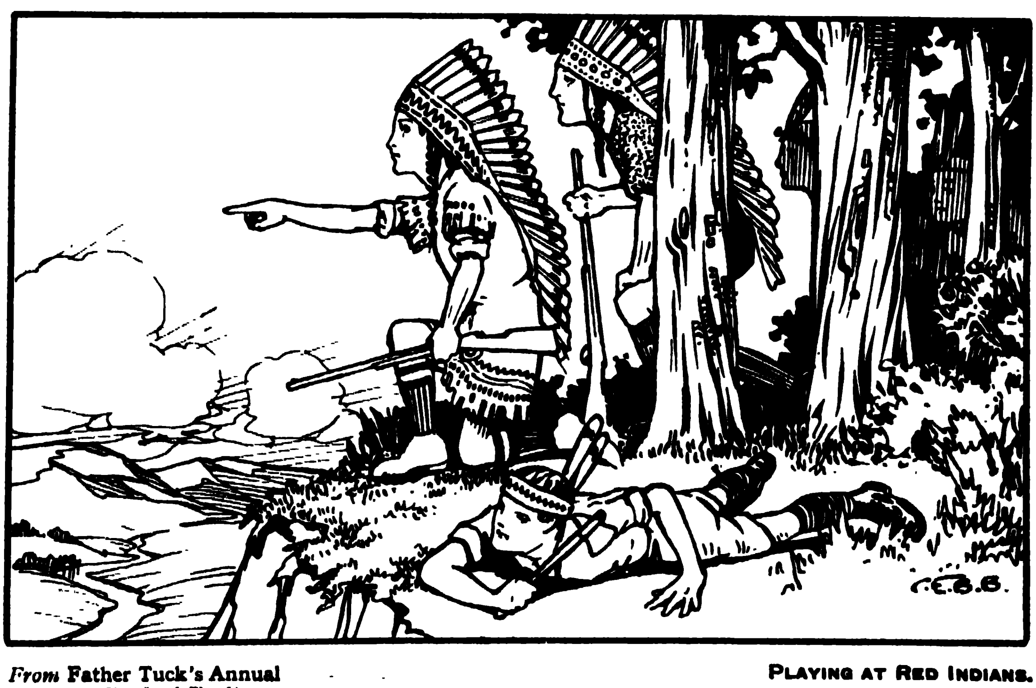
5s. (Oxford University Press.)

Such a charming cover! With three girls we should like to know in the flesh—grouped prettily- one in purple, one in emerald, one in saffron! And the inside is as good as the binding. We don't think that it could possibly be better done. There is a splendid opening story—" The Influence of Anne "— about a girl who put frogs into the water jugs of the other boarders, and we enjoyed " The First Night at Aunt Tabitha's," another romance in which a treasure is found in an arm chair. The tales are good, solid reading, and there are attractive articles sandwiched between. There is one on " The Making of Embroideries," one on " Wild Life at Dusk." Girls can roughly be divided into two types—active and passive—and they are both catered for here. Miss Active will like the directions for camping out; Miss Passive will adore the poem called " House of Dreams," in which the carpet is made of little blue feathers.

BY AIRSHIP TO THE TROPICS.

By Rowland Walker. 4s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

The airship was a " Blimp " and a triumph of up-to-date science. In her Major Kennedy, ex-Commissioner in Northern Nigeria, determined to make a trip to the old haunts and new ones, along with his boys, Professor Gregory, the intrepid explorer, and other interesting individualities. All was well till they had crossed the Sahara and were separated in a night of fearful storm, those in the airship battling with mad elements, the professor and the boys left amid the cannibal Baduri, ruled by fierce, superstitious priests supposed to be descendants of Atlantéan survivors. In the airship the priests



From Father Tuck's Annual
(*Raphael Tuck*).

PLAYING AT RED INDIANS.



From The Basket of Puppies and Kittens
By G. D. Rowlandson
(*Warne*).

"A PUPPY."

Moon. Tense pages suggest Zoological Gardens in delirium, Walpurgis Nights, and air raids, but there is a good deal of relieving zest.

THE STORY OF OUR LORD.

By KATHARINE TYNAN. 3s. 6d.
(Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)

A life of Christ for Roman Catholic children. "I can see for myself," writes His Eminence Cardinal Logue in a letter to Mrs. Hinkson, "what I would naturally expect in anything coming from your pen—that it is written in simple, pure, correct English." The author has not indulged in many imaginative flights, this most evidently was not her purpose, though we see a characteristic touch in some sentences. Thus in an account of the sojourn in the desert we have: "The lions and the panthers, the tigers and hyenas came

read a threat of doom: she fulfilled a strange prophecy of their fathers, so to them all connected with her were anathema. Terrible were the scenes and ordeals that succeeded, in the wild forest and in the dead treasure-city of Nophar, but lost airship—and climax—came at the hour of fate on the night of the weird Feast of the Full



From By Airship to the Tropics
By Rowland Walker
(*Ward, Lock*).

FRONTISPIECE.
"FIRE!" HE CRIED IN RINGING TONES.



From The Story of Our Lord
By Katharine Tynan
(*Burns & Oates*).

"THE THREE KINGS BROUGHT GIFTS TO JESUS."

and lay a little way off, while the Holy Family rested by the water wells in the shade of palms; the forest beasts looked at the Blessed Babe with deep love and adoration in their great yellow eyes." And we like one of the few verses quoted:

> "I fear, and I am small,
> Whence am I of good cheer,
> For I who hear Thy call have heard Thee call
> To Thee the small who fear."

A CHILD'S BOOK OF SCOTLAND.

By Sidney Dark. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Those who are familiar with Mr. Dark's two similar volumes, "A Child's Book of France" and "A Child's



From The Gresham School Library (*Gresham Publishing Co.*). SIR GARETH AND THE SCORNFUL DAMSEL.



From The Air Patrol By Herbert Strang (*Oxford University Press*). THE CHECK IN THE PURSUIT.

Book of England," will need no recommendation of his new book. Once again, in a foreword, he explains the aim of the series. "I have avoided as far as possible," he says, "the multiplication of dates and proper names which are almost certain to confuse the young reader and to make the story more difficult to understand. I would repeat that these books are not lesson books. They have been written with the idea that history may be read by boys and girls with the interest with which they read a good story." With Wallace and Bruce, Flodden Field, Mary Queen of Scots, the Covenanters, the Highlanders and the Jacobites among its chapters, the story of Scotland is a thrilling one indeed for young people, and Mr. Dark has done full justice to it, though he succeeds in pervading the book with the same democratic and peace-loving principles that characterised, without any hint of dull moral teaching, his previous volumes. Happy the boys and girls of to-day to have so pleasant an instructor! It is as interesting to read as the best of stories, and the attractiveness of the book is enhanced by many fine illustrations.



From A Child's Book of Scotland By Sidney Dark (*Chapman & Hall*). THE MURDER OF DAVID RIZZIO.



From Jan of the Fourth
By Christine Chaundler
(*Nisbet.*)

"THAT'LL SHOW HOW MUCH I CARE FOR YOUR OLD FLAG."

JAN OF THE FOURTH.

By CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER. (Nisbet.)

This is a capital story of schoolgirl life, specially concerned with hockey and with Jan. She is a new girl at St. Anne's, one of five hundred, and high-spirited. When a girl taunts her with having been at "a rotten little day school" she promptly fights her. For Jan had been happy at the Red House, and had learnt there how to play a decent game of hockey. Everything somehow makes her feel rebellious and hard-hearted. Yet she is an adorable demon because always honest and plucky. Her pranks are amazingly daring. She wants to climb the Clock Tower and haul the school flag down (just hoisted to celebrate a hockey victory), and when someone "dares" her to do it, she actually does, aided by the rain-pipe and the ivy. She asks her uncle to let her leave St. Anne's, and when he refuses plans and carries out an original campaign of bad conduct in the hope of being expelled. But she is only punished. At last she resolves to run away in the night, and the book will tell you what stopped her.



From A Young Autocrat
By Cecil Adair
(*Stanley Paul*).

"WE SHALL," DILL ANSWERED, RISING AND SPEAKING RATHER CRUSHINGLY.



From Tinkelly Winkle
By Netta Syrett
Illustrated by Marcia Lane Foster
(*John Lane*).

"I'LL HEAR YOU, AND YOU CAN HEAR ME," SUGGESTED SYLVIA.

A YOUNG AUTOCRAT.

By CECIL ADAIR. 2s. (Stanley Paul.)

A few years in the life of a self-willed little maiden and the lives of her brothers and sister form the theme in "A Young Autocrat." A large English country house is the setting for this youthful drama, Aunt Anne playing the rôle of the strict, conventional aunt. Dill, the undisciplined autocrat, is an interesting little miss, her caprices yielding at last to the affection she feels for a certain lady living down a Red Lane. The story is well told and will please small people.

TODDY SCORES AGAIN.

By Alfred Judd. 5s. (Nelson.)

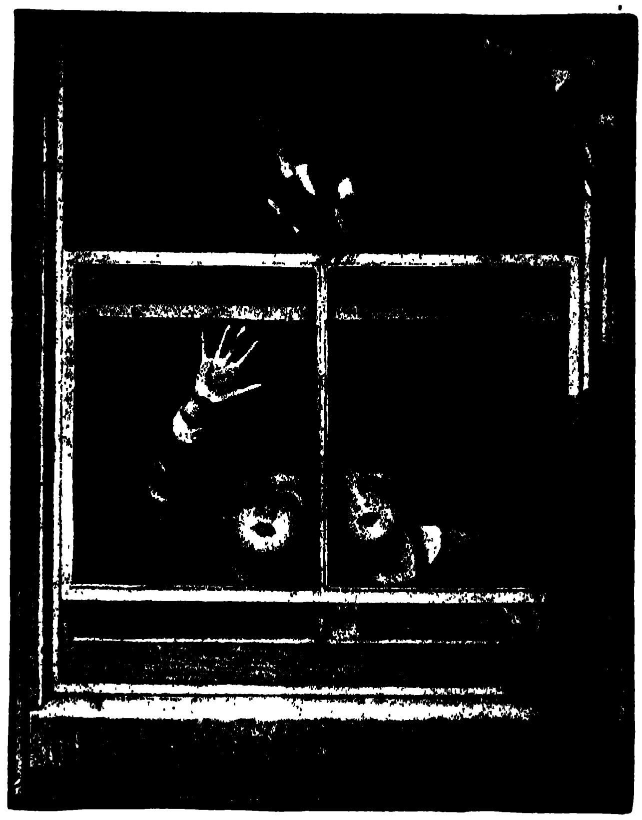
Mr. Judd has a happy knack of his own in creating boy adventures, but the still more enviable knack of telling them in boy language. There has always been a ready audience for the kind of lingo that links up the playing field, the school debate, the tuck-shop and the larks in the " lab."; but there has probably never been a time when the rising generation has commanded so rich and reeking a vocabulary. Mr. Judd is a past-master of all this, and he may certainly rank with Mr. Milne and Mr. Wodehouse for the ease with which he slings what Mulvaney called the " bât "—without any thought of cricket, of course, or the needs of tales like this. In this second volume devoted to the exploits of " Toddy," Mr. Judd excels once more in striking off one line of mischievous initiative after another and bringing his hero out more or less unscathed. Needless to say, Toddy is not that hero's patronymic; it is merely a short cut for Tacitus Olyer Dymington Kay-Nott, a subtle,



From Toddy Scores Again
By Alfred Judd
(*Nelson*).

TODDY, DROPPING HIS TACK AND QUITTING HIS STOOL, SHIFTED WITH ALL CELERITY.

smirking young scut with a waggish mouth and a most indomitable head of hair. All this of course lends any amount of good opportunity to the pencil of Mr. C. E. Brock. To make Tod's acquaintance on the cover is to like him and desire more of his company; and by the time you are done with the finding of that wondrous and bogus buried treasure the " Jumbo Jorum," and that peerless school magazine *The Bombshell*, there is not much in British boyhood that you are not prepared for.



From The Enchanted Necklace
By Douglas English
Illustrated by Charles Buchel
(*Eveleigh Nash*).

THE SQUIRREL POSTMAN.



From The Girls of Redlands
By Pamela Tynan Hinkson
(*Partridge*).

"I'VE GOT IT," SHE SAID, "WE'LL GIVE A PARTY."



From The Anne Anderson Fairy Tale Book (*Nelson*).

THE KING'S SERVANT AND THE THREE RAVENS.

THE LUCIE ATTWELL ANNUAL.

5s. (Partridge.)

This is the second year of this very attractive Annual, which is full from cover to cover of lovely little pictures and big ones too, all of them the work of that very charming artist, Mabel Lucie Attwell. In a foreword we are told how she had always wanted to go to the country of Rumania, which lies a long way off, on the far side of Europe, and then, to her great delight, one day the Queen of Rumania sent for her. When Miss Attwell came away she brought with her some delightful fairy stories written by the Rumanian Queen and permission to include one in this book. "I want the English children to know and to love my little Rumanian children," Her Majesty said. Miss Attwell passes on this kind message, and we feel sure that all who read "Nicu, The Smiler," will love him and will learn a happy lesson from him.

THE ANNE ANDERSON FAIRY TALE BOOK.

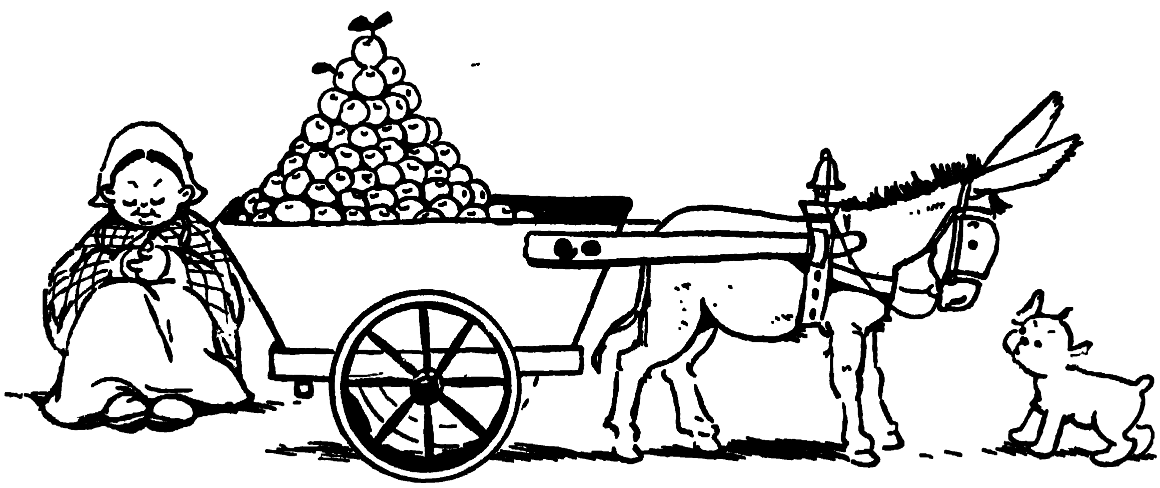
10s. 6d. (Nelson.)

Here's a magnificent book any child would be proud to possess, temptingly bound and superbly illustrated. The fairy-tale lover with an artistic eye will find enough between its pretty covers to keep her (or him) in a state of ecstasy. The type is clear and large, and the stories of the real old fairy-tale brand that is never out of fashion. No wonder elderly folk throw up their hands and say: "What marvellous books they publish for children nowadays!" This is precisely the kind of book to make them say that.

TINKELLY WINKLE.

By NETTA SYRETT. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

Many adults have reason to be grateful to Miss Syrett, who so fully understands the child mind, for the very pleasing books and plays which she has given them wherewith to delight the young people. "Tinkelly Winkle," a new book by this writer, is as charming as any of her earlier works. It gives a fascinating account of what baby sees and thinks while she is lying out in the garden, hour after hour, and of how the fairies talk to her and tell her all kinds of amusing things. Wonderful things happen after she has been put into her little crib for the night; the fairies gather round, and, to her great delight, Tinkelly Winkle finds that she has also wings, and away they all go together right into Fairyland. Miss Marcia Lane Foster has depicted several of the happenings in that wonderful country in delightful and dainty pictures, showing the water-lilies floating down the stream, each with its burden of a tiny sleeping baby, the lovely Lily Princess passing the Rose Prince and others. Then too we hear how the three little chums, Sylvia, Rosaleen and Tony learn the origin and meaning of their interesting names.



From The Lucy Attwell Annual (*Partridge*).

"SHE MEANS TO HAVE ONLY ONE ANIMAL—THAT'S ME."

THE AIR PATROL

By Herbert Strang. 5s. (Oxford Press.)

A welcome new edition of a first-rate yarn. Two young airman amateurs, whom fate has robbed of their careers at Oxford and Sandhurst, set out to join their uncle in his outpost mine beyond the north-west frontier, where they arrive in time to be embroiled in a vast Mongol invasion of India. Thrills follow thick and fast; the uncle is lost in the first stage of the fighting and the two boys are left to shift for themselves in a series of hairbreadth escapes in which the aeroplane plays an heroic part. A rich vein of comedy is supplied by the Babu secretary, who proves unexpectedly militant, counselling that "one of noble garrison steals into huts, inserts dynamite, and retires with careful slowness . . . then in midst of jollification huts all blow up like one o'clock and scoundrels wallow in their gore." In the end the siege is raised and the missing uncle reappears. A most thrilling story.



From The Heroes—"Arabian Nights" Illustrated by George Soper (*Allen & Unwin*).

The Princes and the Magic Carpet.

THE GIRLS OF REDLANDS.

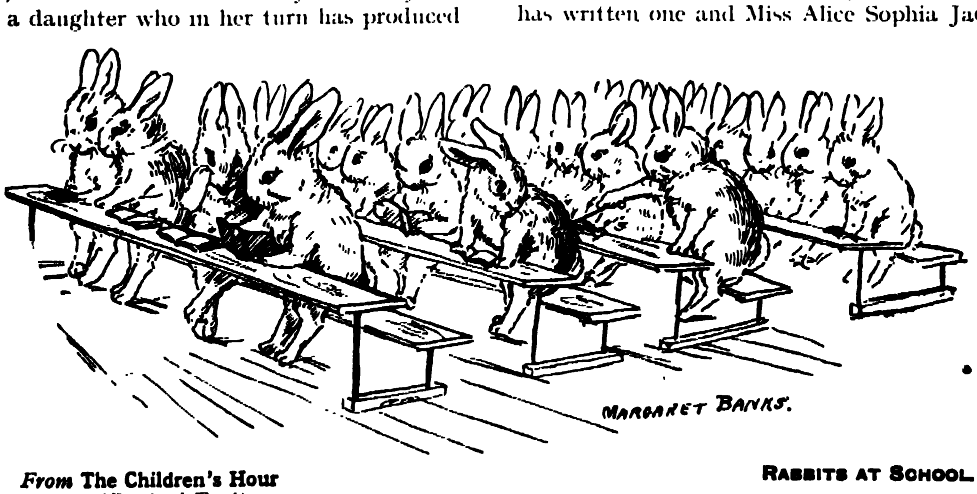
By Pamela Tynan Hinkson. With illustrations. (Partridge.)

A surprise of the winter book-season is the fact that Katharine Tynan, who has touched so many hearts by her own writing, has a daughter who in her turn has produced a book, "The Girls of Redlands." Miss Hinkson has here written a school story for girls as fresh and vivid as if she had but just left the school circle. The herione is an Irish girl of thirteen, Stella Conyers, and the bit of her life between these covers is passed in Ireland, Scotland and, mainly, England. Stella's school is in Surrey, and there she was at first extraordinarily happy. Redlands was a place with but few rules to be kept or broken, a place with beautiful surroundings, a fascinating head mistress, and friendly comrades. But it could not be expected that no troubles would arise, and poor Stella's trouble was a big one, one in which her honour seemed likely to become permanently smirched, and expulsion was all too probable. We learn to know Stella's school friends very well before the sorrow is over and the happy ending is reached, and many a real live schoolgirl will be glad too to meet them in these pages and compare notes. Redlands will make some of them envious, we think.

THE JOLLY BOOK.

Edited by Edwin Chisholm. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Nelson.)

By now the statement that "The Jolly Book" lives up to its title is doubtless lacking in originality. Without question it must have been made on the first issue of Messrs. Nelson's excellent annual, now in its fourteenth year. Yet it is true enough—and equally true that it has never been better than it is in its 1923 form. It contains sixteen pictures in colour and a very large number in black-and-white, seven of which are reproductions of old favourites by Edward Lear. Mr. Harold Avery supplies an excellent long school story, while Miss Ethel Talbot has written one and Miss Alice Sophia Jackson two of the other long tales. Several short stories have been contributed by such writers as Jessie Leckie Herbertson and May Wynne. In addition there are many jokes, verses, puzzles and articles on "things to make." Altogether a most satisfying and satisfactory book.



From The Children's Hour (*Raphael Tuck*). Rabbits at School.

RAINBOW HOUSES.

By A. VINE HALL. With six illustrations in colour by E. J. DETMOLD. 6s. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

This book is pure joy, and a more charming collection of poems for children we have not seen for a long time. The author's introduction set our hopes mounting. Rainbow Houses, he says, are Poems, and every brick is made of Imagination (a wonderful stuff full of colours) and the builder will be very glad if his street of houses helps the young reader, when he grows up, to like the bigger and more beautiful Rainbow Houses that other people have built. Mr. Vine Hall's greatest quality is that he can write simply. He knows children and can see things from their standpoint. He has an entrancing sense of humour and his whimsical spirit never leads him into places where a child would not be led. Every reader will have his favourite poem in this joyous book. "Play-time in a Cape garden" is the choice of the present reviewer. The breathless pace, the leaping lilt and movement of the lines place them for comparison beside Mr. de la Mare's "Three Jolly Farmers." And one other note. If ever in verse there was a more sober warning for bullies to heed than in "The Spider and the Wasp"—where is it ?



From Rainbow Houses
By A. Vine Hall
Illustrated by E. J. Detmold
(*Jonathan Cape*).

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP.

THE ADVENTURES OF TWINKLY EYES, THE LITTLE BLACK BEAR.

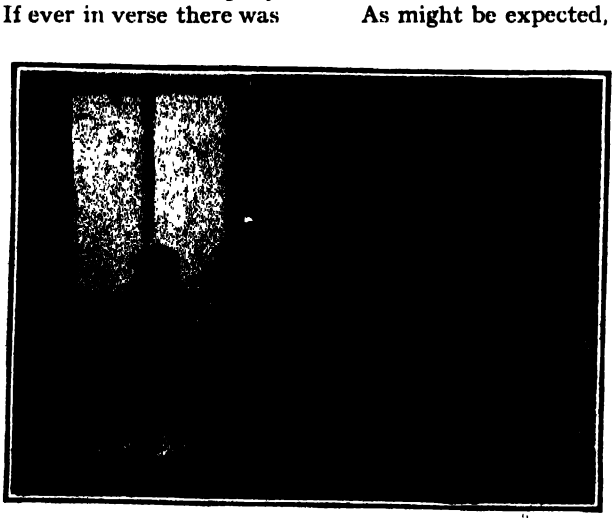
By ALLEN CHAFFEE. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

In this delightful book one is carried along irresistibly through the varied and exciting adventures of Twinkly Eyes, the little Black Bear and his baby brother Woof. It is through these experiences that Allen Chaffee teaches in the simplest and most attractive manner possible many facts which are true to natural science. The children will read the stories from sheer interest in the little bear cubs and incidentally imbibe quite a lot of really useful knowledge which can only tend to increase their interest in and love for the little creatures of fur and feather. The story tells of Woof, who in a mischievous prank pushes his brother into the pond so that Mother Bear has to come to the rescue. Being a sensible mother and full of concern for their welfare, she decides to teach them to swim in case of a similar mishap. Twinkly Eyes, however, makes little progress until a taunt from Woof stings him so keenly that he forgets his fear and plunges straight for his brother, and soon they are both swimming with all the zest of small boys. The numerous illustrations by Peter Daru form a very attractive feature of the book.

GLADYS PETO'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

6s. (Sampson Low.)

As might be expected, this is a distinguished production. Miss Peto draws and paints very prettily, and one of her pictures especially attracts us. It is that of a princess in a wonderful fairy hat, with a long veil to it. "I've brought back the black kitten," she said in the most ordinary voice in the world. You see a little girl with bobbed hair in bed, and the Royalty gracefully standing on a black and blue mat, holding the puss-cat. Miss Peto has one or two colleagues to assist her with the letterpress, but has written quite a lot herself. The print is very big, the stories are simple; it is a handsome volume. Elsewhere we reproduce in colour one of the delightful pictures that illustrate the book.



From Gladys Peto's Children's Annual
(*Sampson Low*).

GLADYS PETO AND ISOLA STRONG WHO SAT AS HER MODEL.

YOUNG ENGLAND.

With numerous illustrations. Forty-fourth Volume (Pilgrim Press.)



From Young England (*Pilgrim Press*). GREAT BLACK-BACKED GULLS.

When in doubt as to what book to give to a boy or girl, give an Annual. And here is the very Annual for the boys. It is bright, varied, generously supplied with illustrations, and contains stories, articles, poems, instructions for work and for games, and all written in a clear and interesting manner. The stories, both serial and short, are written to suit all tastes, from the lover of mediæval history to the lover of Rugby football. The articles include such subjects as Flag-signalling, Photography, Preserving Shells and Seaweeds, Making a Specimen Case, "Placing" the Field for Cricket, Making Lantern Slides, and countless others. Here too is the true story of "The Boy Who Stopped a War," also The Finding of Captain Scott's Body, The Bravest Life-boat Rescue of the Year, and The Immortal Story of Nelson. Sport, science, natural history—the fare is tempting indeed, and "Young England" will be a safe purchase for any hesitant grown-up to make.



From The Green Willow, and other Fairy Tales By Grace James (*Macmillan*). THE ESPOUSAL OF THE RAT'S DAUGHTER.



From Peter West
By Dorothy E. Stevenson
(*Chambers*).

WRAPPER DESIGN

LITTLE LUCIE.

By MABEL L. ROBINSON. 3s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

All the little girls who read "Little Lucia" will be pestering their mothers to buy them hammocks and let them sleep out in the garden. That remark isn't intended to discourage mothers from getting this charming and simply told story; it is merely to show how fascinating the author has made a very slender theme. For the entire interest of the book depends on a little girl who breaks her leg and has to lie still until it is mended. Her mother and big brother arrange for her to sleep in a hammock under a tree, and here she makes friends with birds and squirrels, and has experiences that rarely come to little girls who are not yet five years old. They are all happy experiences, so much so that little Lucia is glad after all that she broke her leg and was able to lie in the garden and discover so many wonderful things. It is a pleasing book, delightfully natural and free from affectation.



From **The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwog**
By Bertha Upton.
Illustrated by Florence K. Upton
(*Longmans*).

TOT AND TIM ANNUAL.

3s. 6d. (Collins.)

There must be some truth in the little verse at the beginning of this book, for surely no one but fairies could possibly think of all the wonderful things it contains. There are several new games, which should be very useful for wet days, and a splendid idea in the very first story for the boy or girl who happens to have spent his or her pocket money on some greatly desired object, and now finds there is nothing left to buy the Christmas presents. What merry peals of laughter will greet "The Wild Beast Show," the finest set of beasts and all in prime condition, "the grizzly bear" (he's really Ethel's Teddy), the tiger fierce (puss doesn't like this caging), the leopards (Arthur's rabbits), whilst you are asked not to be alarmed to hear a funny rattle, from Mother's feather boa. The book is sure to be a great favourite with the little people this Christmas.

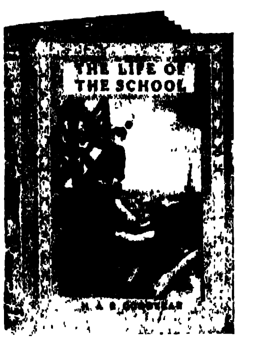
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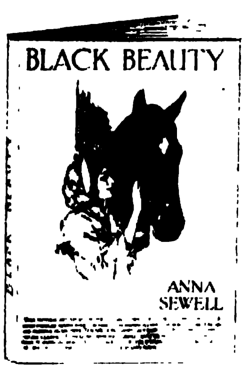
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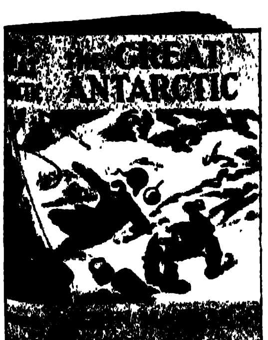
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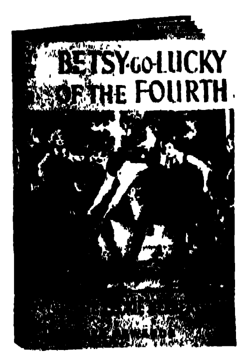
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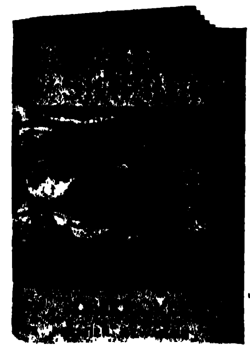
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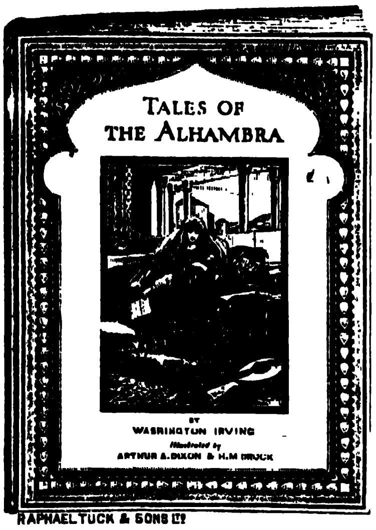
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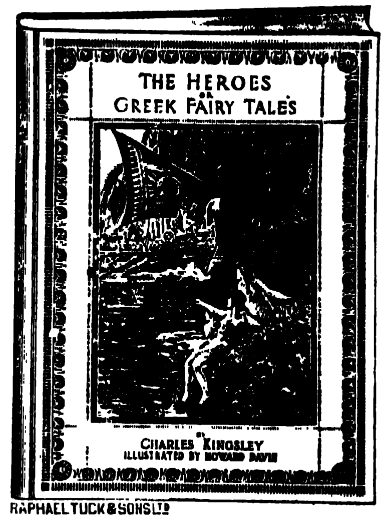
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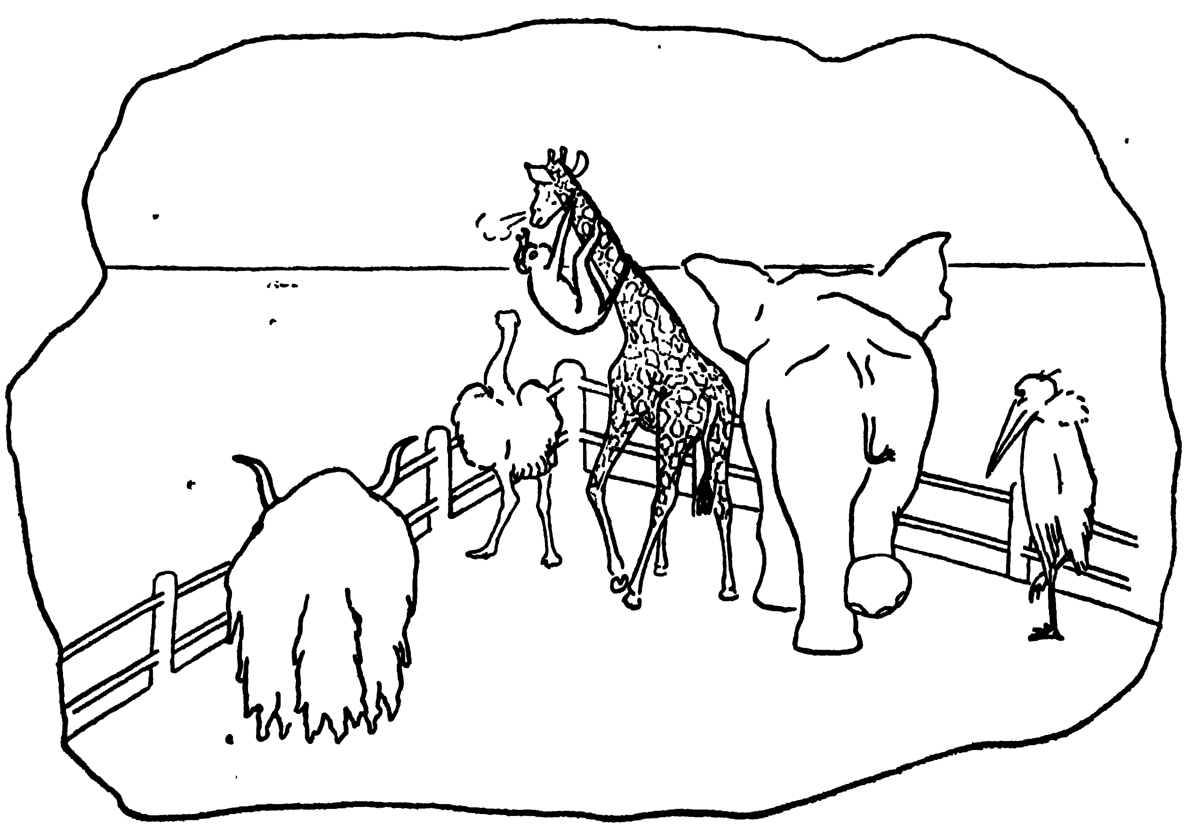
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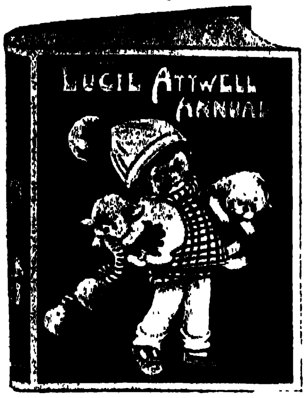
Miss Chaundler has here written a story which is a clever blend of home life and school life, and an interesting fact about it is that although it is this choice blend, and although it is proclaimed on the wrapper to be "A Story for School Girls," the heroine—Elizabeth Penelope Francesca Kennedy, otherwise Toby—does not herself go to any school at all between the first page and the last. Toby, when we first meet her, is left at home in charge of six younger children, brothers and sisters gifted with full health and high animal spirits, Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, their father and mother, having been obliged to go abroad for several months, and the Aunt Joan who was to have come to keep house during this period, having succumbed to a nervous attack and retired to a nursing home instead of bracing her nerves among the seven young Kennedys. However, Toby is a plucky, unselfish "Tomboy," and the story of her over-full days, during which she endeavoured to work for a scholarship at Trevor College—one of the most famous girls' schools in England and the goal of her ambitions—is an excellent story, which includes adventures as well as work, and praises and triumphs as well as pain and false accusations. Lucky will be the girl who gets "Tomboy Toby" as a Christmas gift. There is no need to say much in praise of Miss Chaundler—she is becoming one of the most popular of writers for girls, and there is the best of reasons for her popularity.



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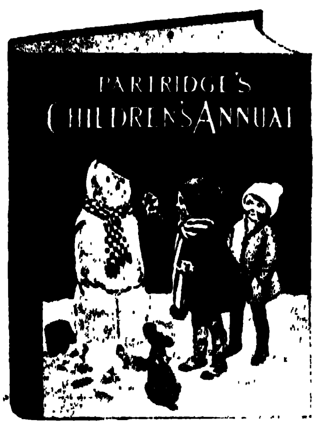


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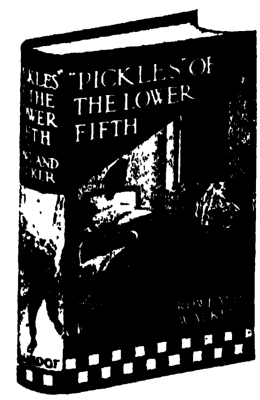
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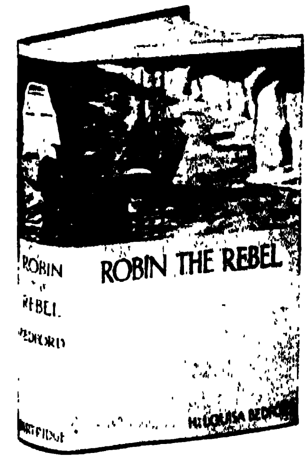


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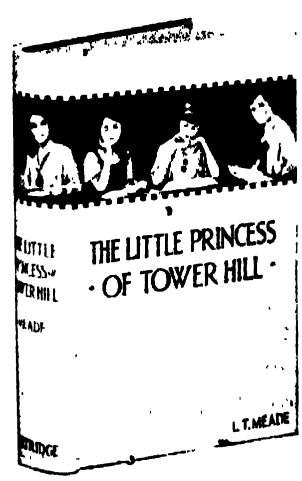
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From Mrs. Strang's Annual for Children (*Oxford University Press*).

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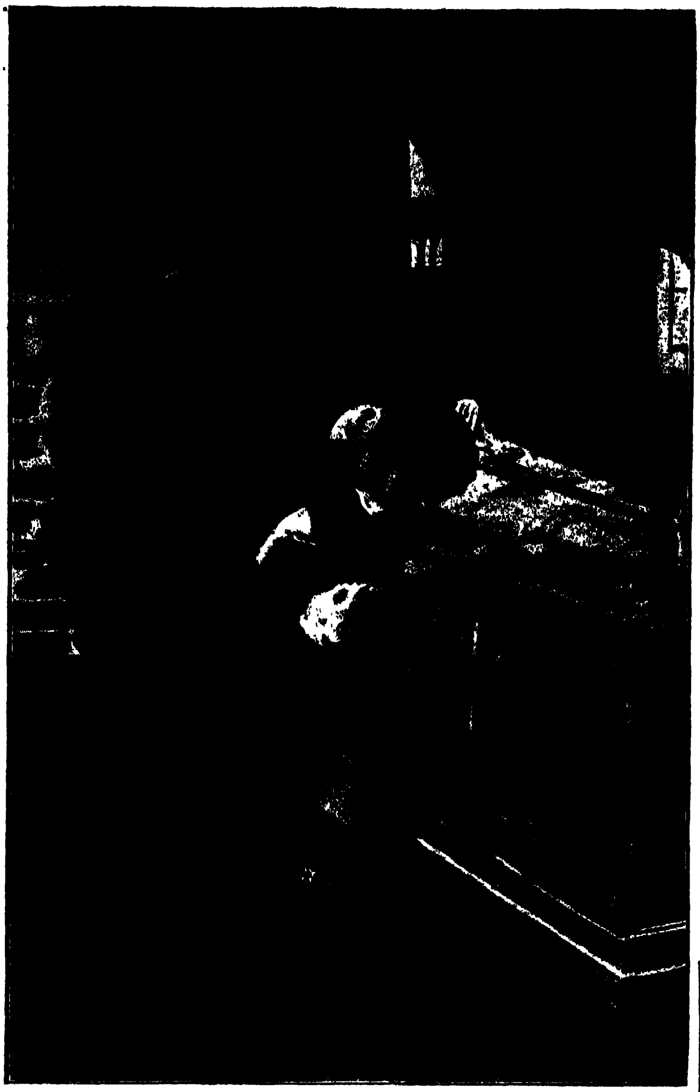
COLLINS'S SCHOOLGIRLS' ANNUAL.

5s. (Collins's Clear Type Press.)

Much thought, care and a general knowledge of the modern girls' tastes have gone to the compiling of this book. There are stories of school life, ever dear to the school miss (she seems never to be tired of "shop"), puzzles, songs, lessons in needlework and many other interesting items. An excellent little play, "The Witching Hour," by Katharine Oldmeadow, will be most useful for school entertainments, while the Girl Guides will find pleasure in seeing a nicely-coloured page in which their badges are reproduced. Physical exercises also have their place, and the illustrations for these are very clever and amusing.



From **Songs of Childhood**
By Walter de la Mare.
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From The Scourge of the Moors
By H. Turing Bruce
(*Sampson Low*).

"YES, THE STRANGER WAS STILL THERE, BUT HE WAS NO LONGER STANDING."

THE GREAT ANTARCTIC.

By JOHN MACKIE. 3s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

The excellent idea of weaving the romance of the Antarctic ocean and continent into a story for boys is carried through with great credit by the author of this rousing tale. Adventures come as easily in the frozen South as in the jungles of the tropics, and the young hero of this book, telling his experiences in the first person, has some thrilling times. They are not more thrilling than the actual events which took place on the history-making journeys of Scott, Shackleton, Evans, Ponting, and others of the various ships' companies who penetrated into the regions surrounding the South Pole; but, told in this manner, they are likely to appeal more strongly, perhaps, to youthful readers than the serious accounts of polar travel which older folks enjoy. The boys who have this brightly illustrated volume on their Christmas morning breakfast-table are among the lucky ones.

THE SCOURGE OF THE MOORS.

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By MRS. MOLESWORTH.
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From The Great Antarctic
(*Jarrolds*).

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(*John Lane*).

"Hitherto I have performed it Myself."

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This is the ninetieth annual volume, and comes out in a dainty white cover, with a picture of children see-sawing on it. Of course one of the special points of this magazine is that it is one of the very cheapest annuals on the market, which is a useful thing to remember. For, very often, Mother, with just half-a-crown left in her purse, for a present, takes for granted that she cannot buy a book with it. But here is the "Child's Own," inexpensive, wholesome, full of amusement. There are short stories, and an excellent serial, "The House in the Oak Tree," letters to the Editor, lots of poetry, and picture puzzles for young eyes to pore over. Reading also for Sunday afternoon. We believe the "Child's Own" will run for another ninety years!



From The Child's Own Magazine
(*S.S.U.*)

The Pet Lamb.

SEA-TRACKS OF THE SPEEJACKS.

By Dale Collins. 21s. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Collins has the happiest art of recounting the picturesque things of a voyage. His book might easily have relapsed into monotonous repetition here and there, but never does. Very wonderful, of course, was the journey made in the first motor-boat to go round the world. "We were happy, and we were miserable; we were thrilled, and we were weary—but above all, we were lucky;" sums up the writer. "I wouldn't do it again for a king's ransom," exclaimed the millionaire who took the party; "but I wouldn't have missed it for anything!" The most modern of boats—pink-shaded electric lights; fresh meat in an ice-chest, and a real *chef*. Also, the wildest of seas, tropic midnights, dawns breaking over islands only mentioned vaguely on the charts . . . throbbing drums of cannibal people. The travellers made many friends; their road led them to Tahiti, to Java, to Singapore, and there are vivid glimpses of many other places. Mr. Collins has woven a good deal of fresh information into his beautifully coloured web. "Sea Tracks of the Speejacks" is most excellent reading.



From The Little Fairy Sister
By Grenbry Outhwaite and Ida Rentoul Outhwaite
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MR. MERMAN AND HIS DAUGHTER IN THEIR GLASS-HOUSE UNDER THE WATER.

A CADET OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

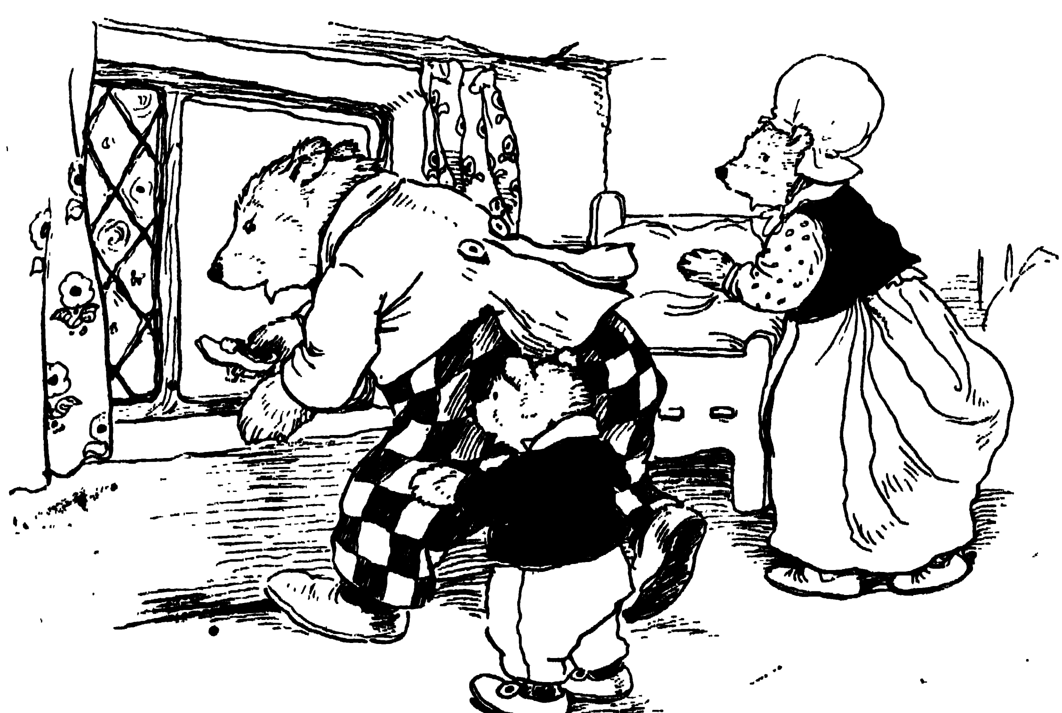
By PERCY F. WESTERMAN.
(Blackie.)

This is a book of the sea, of tragic voyages, of the ever-fascinating "rounding the Horn" to Australia, and of life on a big sailing-ship; suggesting, in parts, the always popular school story in a different setting. The episode of the punishment of the bully, Rawden, in the chapter entitled "Rough Justice," for example, has a parallel in many a school. There are excellent interludes—the instruction of young Peter, in Morse signalling, is one. Peter was the young cadet on the merchantman *Golden Vanity*, and his first day on board is the opening of a new life to him. His messmates were other "young gentlemen," and he had a fairly easy start; but the "Round the Horn" chapter tells of the strenuous side of things, and few will read that account of a gale in icy seas without a thrill. We can heartily commend this book as a fine addition to its author's long list, and a most fascinating story for any boy worth his salt.

INFANTS' MAGAZINE.

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"If you want to find mischief, go to Mousetown. If you want to find fun, go to Mousetown. If you want to find sunshine and sand and sea, go to Mousetown." Thus begins one of the many merry little tales in this merry little annual which will be grasped gladly, we have no doubt, by myriads of little sticky fingers. We can imagine the warm rounded cheeks bent contentedly over these delectable pages. The Infants' Magazine with all its pictures and all its fun cost only half-a-crown. It may be read to children between the ages of two and seven. We commend its simplicity; people who know about children made it.



From The Anne Anderson Fairy Tale Book
(*Nelson*).

THE THREE BEARS.



From The Palace in the Garden
By Mrs. Molesworth
(*Chambers*).

"I RUSHED UPSTAIRS WITH THE LITTLE RED BOOK IN MY HAND."

PRINCESS CHARMING.

By Katharine L. Oldmeadow. 5s. (Collins.)

Great excitement and agitation prevails on the veranda at "Idle Pines" as the four girls discuss possible plans that may enable them to keep their old home instead of having to sell it, owing to investments made by their father just before his death having failed. All kinds of ideas are suggested, suitable and otherwise, when into their midst walks Wendy, the governess, who has also been very concerned in the matter and has come to them with a very likely proposition. Quite recently Wendy had been approached with a view to taking over the school now run by a friend, and her idea is to transfer the girls from this other school to "Idle Pines." The suggestion is at once adopted and very shortly the "Open-air-Elizabethan-Montessori-Wendy-School" opens its sunny doors to receive its first pupils. From beginning to end the book makes delightful reading, the girls who are always getting into mischief are typical and refreshing, whilst the mistresses are a study in human nature.

BRAVE GIRLS ALL.

By Olivia Fowell. 3s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

There is good characterisation in "Brave Girls All," which is illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw. The Brave Girls are Patrick, Molly and Sheila Temple, of Castleton Manor House, aged eighteen, seventeen and eleven. Quite suddenly, owing to money losses, they have to give up the Manor House and all its material comforts and move to a little house (owned by their father) in a mean street, taking with them only Kate the kitchenmaid. How splendidly helpful the girls turned out is the story. Molly wrestled with the cooking, for Kate served up "chippy" bacon and lumpy porridge and fat-sodden fried fish. Very well drawn is the eccentric and amusing lady to whom Pat goes as companion, who leads a most extraordinary life, becoming active during the night. The most exciting incident is a serious strike of local mill workers and beautiful Pat, who is in love with the rather pig-headed young millowner, shows great pluck in warning him of personal danger and sabotage. Quite a human tale.

THE TREASURE OF DRUMMERS HEAD.

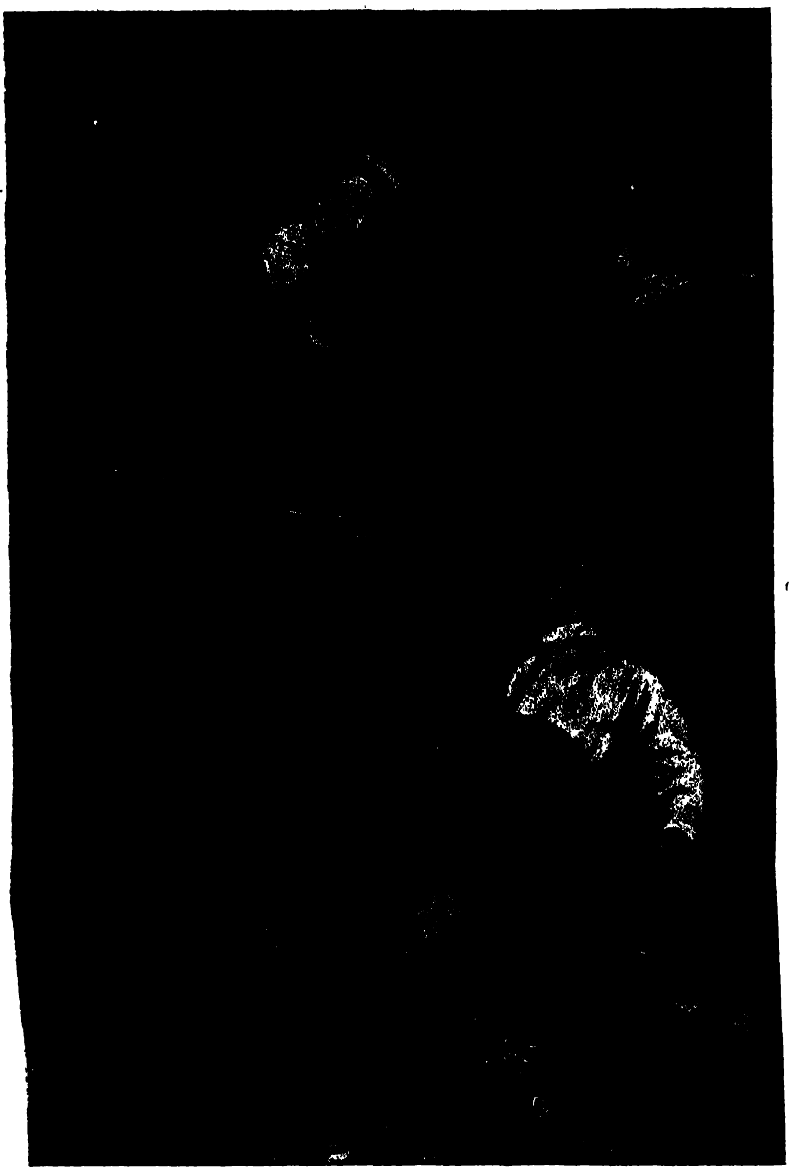
By Jessie Leckie Herbertson. With 8 illustrations. 5s. net.
(Nelson.)

Hidden treasure is probably a more certain "draw" than any other subject to the mind of the average (and properly brought up) child. When you can include it in your title, as does Mrs. Herbertson, you have a book the mere sound of which is enough to convince anybody that it is the one thing needful for complete happiness. Mrs. Herbertson, however, has done far more than merely to select a fortunate title; she has written a most attractive story of a modern treasure hunt conducted by two boys and two girls. It will keep its readers enthralled from first to last, while the concluding promise of another book to come should make its readers look forward to the Christmas of 1924 with equanimity. A story so good as "The Treasure of Drummer's Head" is not one to be finished too soon.



From Little Sea-Horse and Pearl
By M. E. Gullick
(*R.T.S.*)

"ALL THAT DAY THEY KEPT UP A MODERATE PACE, NOT HURRYING BUT GOING STEADILY."



From The Werewolf of Whispers School
By Kent Carr
(*Chambers*).

"YOU IDIOTS ! IT'S HIS DOG."

THE WEREWOLF OF WHISPERS SCHOOL.

By KENT CARR. 5s. (Chambers.)

This is a school story written in a rather unusual style, and with a touch of sardonic humour a little unexpected in this type of book. The author has not confined himself to the stereotyped booby-trap sort of thing, but dares to make his characters behave, and even speak, with that appreciation of life which is more truly typical of the modern boy than it has been conventional to allow. Boys who read newspapers and manufacture wireless sets have, after all, a wider outlook than the lusty, but (whisper it !) fatheaded youngsters of Tom Brown's day, or the unspeakable Eric. Mr. Carr's book may be read with equal interest by the boy and his father, who will both feel relieved to learn that five pounds was " pinched " from the shop till ; Eric would certainly have " abstracted " it. A cheery book, this, containing a plot.

BUNTY'S A B C.

Arranged by PEGGY MORRISON.
3s. 6d. (Collins.)

What a change has come over this type of book in the last half-generation ! " Bunty's A B C " is still an alphabet, but that is about all it has in common with those of the old days. Where they were crudely drawn, this is the work of an artist ; where they were loud-coloured, this is both gay and in taste ; where they were printed haphazardly, this has its rhymes spaced out in a way that makes even the letterpress decorative. And both rhymes and pictures show originality, no mean achievement in so narrow a field.

" R was a robber who tried to catch a hare,
But each time he tried, it simply wasn't there,"

is a capital little design ; and an unexpectedly venerable Jack and Jill, returning late in life from their great adventure, are again full of humour. This is the best alphabet we have seen.

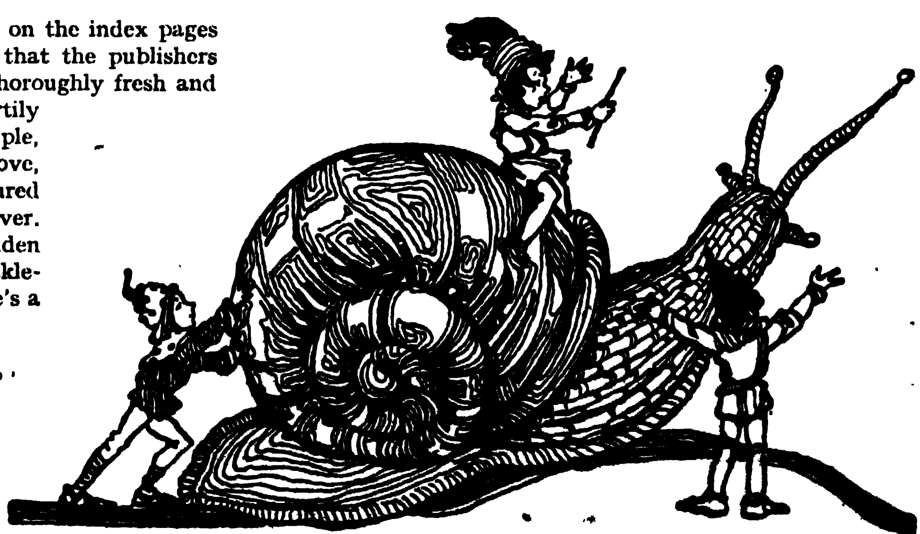
COLLINS'S CHILDREN'S ANNUAL.

(Collins Clear Type Press.)

Some names quite new to us appear on the index pages of this gay annual, and it is evident that the publishers have taken great pains to produce a thoroughly fresh and enticing feast for the kiddies. We heartily approve. There are a lot of the simple, inconsequent stories that children love, bound up in these brilliantly-coloured covers, and the thing is not too clever. " Tommy's Best Suit," " Little Golden Curl," " Billy and Jill and the Sticklebacks," are some of the titles, and here's a rhyme we rather like :

" ' Why, what's this chair for, Darling ? '
To Betty, Mummy said,
When she came to kiss her Girlie
And tuck her up in bed.

" ' Oh, that's for my dear Angel,
Who guards me thro' the night :
He gets so tired of standing,
And I like to be polite ! ' "



From Collins' Children's Annual
(*Collins*).

TAIL-PIECE TO "PRINCESS SILVERY."



From The Story of a Spring Morning
By Mrs Molesworth
(*Chambers*).

"LADY ALICE FOUND CARRIE AND GILLY DEMURELY SEATED AT THE NURSERY TABLE WITH BOOKS BEFORE THEM."

THE VOYAGES OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE.

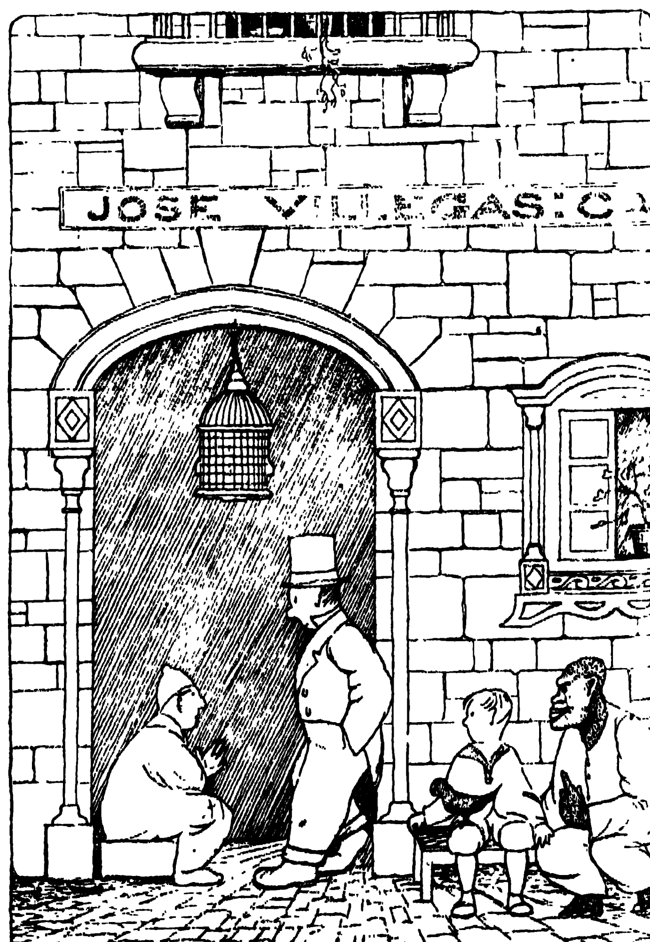
By Hugh Lofting. 7s. 6d.
(Jonathan Cape)

Mr. Lofting has achieved a very important and fruitful idea. He has created a character who doctors animals with perfect success. "Every sick cat and mangy rabbit for miles round comes to see him, and ask his advice. Now there's a fat hare outside the back door, with a squawking baby." Dr. Dolittle also understands animal's talk, though the conversation of some fishes baffles him: "I've just been listening to the Woff-Waff. But he is very disappointing very; . . . he has a language. But it is such a poor language—only a few words, like 'yes' and 'no'—'hot' and 'cold.'" Tommy Stubbins, nine and a half years old, was the son of a cobbler, and through a lucky accident he came in contact with the good Doctor, who is so utterly leisurely and benign that he captures our affections immediately. Fortunate Tommy sails with him to find Long Arrow, one of the most famous naturalists in the world. Polynesia, the famous parrot, sails too. Mr. Hugh Walpole thinks this is the first real children's classic since "Alice." We won't contradict him, but we have not tried it on a child at the time of writing. Mr. Cape, as usual, produces his books artistically and beautifully.

THE RUNAWAY.

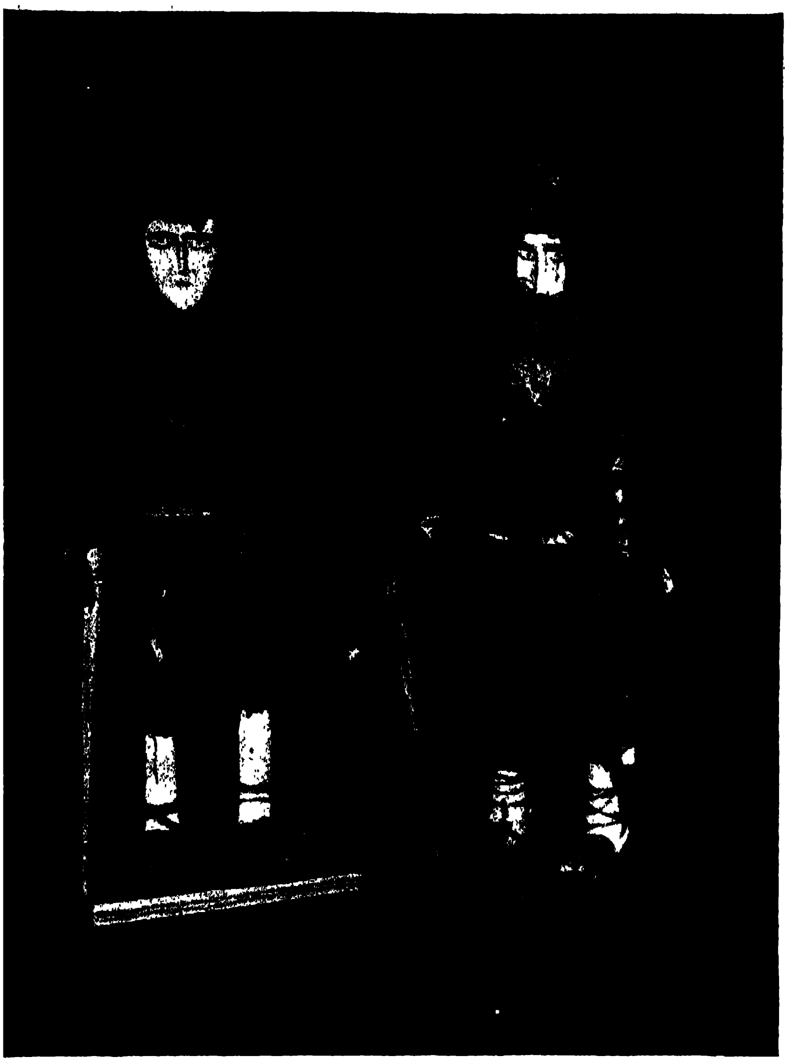
By M. E. Francis. 7s. 6d.
(Hutchinson.)

The Runaway of Mrs. Francis's story is a handsome young husband, Keith Macdonald, goaded and humiliated by the taunts of his rich wife, and fiercely resenting her open assertions of his dependence upon her purse, strides away from his old Scottish home determined to snap all connection with it, and turns his face to the south. After a period of tramping sufficiently long to reduce his clothing to something beyond shabbiness, Keith reached Wales and realised that he must renounce all attempts at hiding and come out into the open, and earn his livelihood by his own hands now that he was so far from fear of detection. Mrs. Francis gives an impartial picture of the people of the obscure Little Village in Flintshire—some bad, some good, some mean, some generous; but she has only enthusiastic admiration for the country itself. Here Keith labours with his hands as a blacksmith, and here he meets the one woman in the world for him. It is a pretty story, this idyll among the Welsh hills, but, bound as Keith is, it has of necessity its tragic hours. Mrs. Francis has done stronger work than this. "The Runaway" is a readable novel, but not distinctive.



From The Voyages of Dr. Dolittle
By Hugh Lofting
Line Drawings by the Author
(*Jonathan Cape*).

THE DOCTOR STARTED CHATTING IN SPANISH TO THE BEDMAKER.



From Peeps at the World's Dolls
By H. W. Canning-Wright
(*A. & C. Black*).

RUSSIAN WOODMEN DOLLS, MADE FROM MOSS, FIR-CONES, ETC.

LITTLE PEOPLE'S ANNUAL.

4s. (Raphael Tuck.)

Here is a capital example of the way in which a big firm of experience and enterprise can make up a budget of entertainment for youngsters which leaves nothing to be desired in the way of variety and quality. Stories, verses, fables, music, ditties, pictures plain and pictures coloured succeed each other in a jumbled harmony until you seem to be watching a nursery full of birthday junketers enjoying themselves in a jolly harlequinade of their own. Many of the contributors are well-known writers, like Norman Gale and Agnes G. Herbertson, or popular artists like Hilda Cowham and Louis Wain, so it is evident what a standard pitch of quality the rest have to work up to. The half-dozen full colour plates of youngsters in foreign costume are works of art and will afford endless amusement to troops of children all the world over. It is the excellence of this kind of toy-book that makes us hope the habit is spreading for well-to-do youngsters to pass on their books in each succeeding year to the various societies that distribute them in needy quarters where they will get a fresh lease of life and welcome.

ALL FELLOWS AND THE CLOAK OF FRIENDSHIP.

By L. HOUSMAN. 6s.
(Jonathan Cape.)

Mr. Housman's fairy stories have always had a few ardent lovers, but it may be doubted whether as a story-teller or as a black-and-white artist he has ever received the praise or the popularity which are his due. With the exception of Charles Ricketts, no one in the nineties did more delicate, more lovely, more imaginative work in black-and-white; and this beautiful art was at the service of his quite exceptional talent as a teller of fairy stories. This reprint includes in one volume "All Fellows," first issued in 1898, and "The Cloak of Friendship," published ten years later; it is a pity that the contents of the two books are not distinguished, and although the illustrations are very capably produced by process, we miss the pleasant hand-made effect of the wood-blocks of Miss Housman. Still we are glad to have the stories given in any form; we hope soon Mr. Cape will undertake a complete and uniform edition of Mr. Laurence Housman's books. There should be a large public for it.



From Little People's Annual
(*Raphael Tuck*).

"WILLIE WATKINS AND HIS WATCH."



From The Fourth Form at Westbourne
By Charles J. Mansford
(*Jarrolds*).

"WE WILL FINISH THE FIGHT WITHOUT GLOVES," SAID KNOWLES QUIETLY.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF UNCLE PARKER.

By A. THATCHER and C. J. HOGARTH.
Illustrated by CONSTANCE E. ROWLANDS.
6s. (Philip Allan.)

It is very pleasant, in this workaday world, to forget the existence of income-tax collectors, motor buses and syncopatious orchestras, and to pay a visit to Fairyland. This was easily done before one's hair began to grow little thin on top, sir, but now we require some assistance. This is provided by Jane, the Tortoise, who relates the amazing adventures of Uncle Parker, from the moment he was attacked by a "swarm of queer, misshapen, little dwarfs" who "seized him firmly by the arms and legs and dragged him right up into the great open chimney" until he but that would be tellings! You see, Uncle Parker had dared to denounce the holding of Christmas festivities, so the fairies very properly came along and gave him what for to a tremendous extent. Jane plainly has no more sympathy with the wretched fellow than we have, and details his experiences with intense relish. Constance Rowlands has drawn the most delightfully quaint pictures of Bingo and Betty and Jane and Walruses and Bears, and all sorts of funny people.

THE FOURTH FORM AT WESTBOURNE.

By CHARLES J. MANSFORD.
3s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

Mr. Mansford's villains are perfectly odious, and by contrast his heroes shine like saints. The evil genius of the school is a prefect named Thorpe. He is able specially to influence his three fags, and one of them, Hulkey, he makes his tool in crime. The second, Knowles, becomes his victim. Hulkey is described as "a downright vicious, ill-tempered boy." He and Knowles are new boys. Thorpe owes money to a moneylender. Hulkey has not enough pocket-money. There is a way of making a lot of money. The Captain of the School has a collection of rare stamps. Thorpe persuades Hulkey to steal Gordon's stamp-book from his study in the night, and plans the details. He is to take the stamps out of the book, replace the most valuable ones with imitations, and put some of the commoner ones into Larkins's and Knowles's possession. (Larkins was one of Thorpe's enemies.) Thorpe would find the imitation stamps and get rid of the real ones. He makes Hulkey write to the dealer and forge Knowles's signature to the letter. This theft, and what happened afterwards, forms the main theme of an exciting tale. The book is illustrated by A. Twidle.



From Tom at Tolbar School
By R. A. H. Goodyear
(*Blackie*).

"ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE."



From Into the Frozen South
By Scout Marr of the Quest Expedition
(*Cassells*).

RAISING THE UNION JACK.

THE SECRET OF HALLOWDENE FARM.

By DORIS A. POCOCK.
3s. 6d.
(Nisbet.)

In the social sense Hallowdene Farm is just a delightful place in Devon, the haunt of the uncle and cousins of the brilliant schoolgirl, Chris Gilmour, and the scene to which she is sent after she has "crocked up" on her Christmas holidays. In the mental sense it is something rather weird and wonderful; though it has a feature so modern as a telephone it must be open to the ghosts of old romantic and sensational novelists of divers orders, and author and schoolgirl heroine, with mingled gaiety and *naïveté*, surrender themselves to the strange psychometry. Hence we have thrills and perils, misunderstandings and coincidences, ordeals and rescues of a kind that for more than a generation has not made us hold our breath. A mortgage deed, held by the rude and hostile neighbouring squire, is the beginning of trial and thrill, and the astounding labours of the heroine's cousin, a youth of sixteen, to beat back gathering doom, ought to make us ashamed of our own plodding days. The author, whether in earnest or in irony, enjoys it all; and while we sometimes have the sense of old ghosts and bygone heroines in a motor race we also have a frequent impression of pleasant human character.



From A Cadet of the Mercantile Marine
By Percy F. Westerman (*Blackie*).

"PETER GRASPED HIM ROUND THE WRIST."



From The Secret of Hallowdene Farm
By Doris Pocock
(*Nisbet*).

"WON'T YOU, BY JOVE!"



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From True as Steel
By Herbert Strang
(*Oxford University Press*).

"A YOUNG MAN CAME RUNNING ACROSS THE HEATH."

TRUE AS STEEL.

By HERBERT S. STRANG. 6s. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

The indispensable Strang story for this Christmas narrates a series of episodes in the life of Robert Courtney, the son of a Dorset squire in the eighteenth century. His adventures are many and various, and from the moment that, upon the first page, we encounter two horsemen " trotting along the highway that runs from Dorchester through Poole to Southampton " on " a bleak, gloomy winter morning " in 1746, the pace of the story never slackens till the end. Thrilling as is the record of the young hero's escapades, from which he always emerges " true as steel," to the confusion of tyrants and impostors, the interest of the book is enhanced by its realistic pictures of the eighteenth century country-side, with its highwaymen, its snug inns, its crude country folk on their way to the market towns, and its John Wesley riding his horse along the rough roads. The volume is illustrated in colour and pen-and-ink by Mr. C. E. Brock.

SKIMPY AND THE SAINT.

By SYBIL B. OWSLEY. 2s. 6d. net. (Sheldon Press.)

A school story written, in turn, by the girls themselves is something of a novelty and one that lends itself to plenty of fun. The characters of the different girls are cleverly portrayed through the eyes of each other, and life at " The Towers " is described in pithy, delightfully amusing chapters, showing how the girls wanted to perform some heroic deed to make their book worth reading. The Saint only succeeded in being heroic when she left off being good, and her escapade is told chiefly by Skimpy—the originator of the idea that they should set down in black and white a record of school happenings. It is a jolly book, and schoolgirls will vouch for its realism and enthralling interest.

TRIUMPH.

By MAY EDGINTON.

7s. 6d. (Chapman & Dodd.)

For the first two chapters the tale is rather tiresome. Silver, the ambitious socialist manager of the Garnet Printing Works, King Garnet, the wealthy young owner of the works, both deliriously in love with Anna Land, their pretty forewoman, seem too familiar. The self-reliant Anna, dreaming of world triumphs to come through her beautiful voice, repels them both. Later, these people cease to stutter and mouth and begin to live really thrilling lives. By a turn of fortune's wheel Silver changes places with King Garnet, who is turned adrift, quite incapable of earning the meanest wage. And there are more ups and downs for all of them before the story closes. All the characters are marked by strong individuality and are well contrasted. Silver, braggart, bully and brute, is Miss Edgington's masterpiece. The story moves briskly ; there is plenty of crisp dialogue and so little does the author intervene to save her characters from the pitiless blows of fate, that we sometimes forget it is not realism but romance she gives us.



From Skimpy and the Saint
By Sibyl B. Owsley
(*Sheldon Press*).

"IN SPITE OF ALL HER EFFORTS SHE CRASHED INTO IT."



From Stories Twice Told
By the late Rev. T. P. Struthers, M.A.
Illustrated by Mrs. Struthers
(*James Clarke*).

"SURELY THIS IS A MOST EXTRAORDINARY LITTLE LOAF."



From My Ladies Three
By Annie E. Armstrong
(*Warne*).

"THOU WILT REMEMBER ALL I HAVE TOLD THEE, GIRL."

STORIES TWICE TOLD.

By the late Rev. J. P. Struthers, M.A. 3s. 6d. (James Clarke.)

One might imagine, glancing at this little volume which has quite a commonplace appearance, that it was one of the many praiseworthy but uninspired collections of sermons to children that flood the market. To be sure the magic name of "Struthers" on the cover might make some pause, but that name to most English people is unknown, whereas all thinking Scotland read and admired the *Morning Watch*, the children's magazine from which these sketches are drawn. Mr. Struthers discoursed on all sorts of subjects to his weekly audience—from Nero and Socrates to snails and raspberries. He possessed the anthologist's talent for scenting out all that is most interesting in a book or a life, and he could not be dull if he tried. He gave also some of his own experiences and his characters are all real, often inconsistent and always human. We have read the book right through and it deserves the word "fascinating," and we only wish the publishers had seen their way to issuing it in a really fascinating get-up.



From Sinclair's Luck
By Percy F. Westerman
(*Partridge*).

"WE'VE DONE IT, BY JOVE!"

SINCLAIR'S LUCK.

By Percy F. Westerman. (Partridge.)

This is a sequel to "The Mystery of Stockmere School." On their way out to join an engineering friend in East Africa, the two Old Stockmerians fall in with a Boer adventurer whose life one of them saves. The Boer gives them an amulet and also hints at the existence of a hidden country in the mountains not far beyond the district for which the boys are bound. The amulet's power is very soon proved; but their Boer friend becomes a mystery,



From Dragons and Dragon Slayers
By Fred W Hackwood
Illustrated by Gordon Browne
(*R.T.S.*)

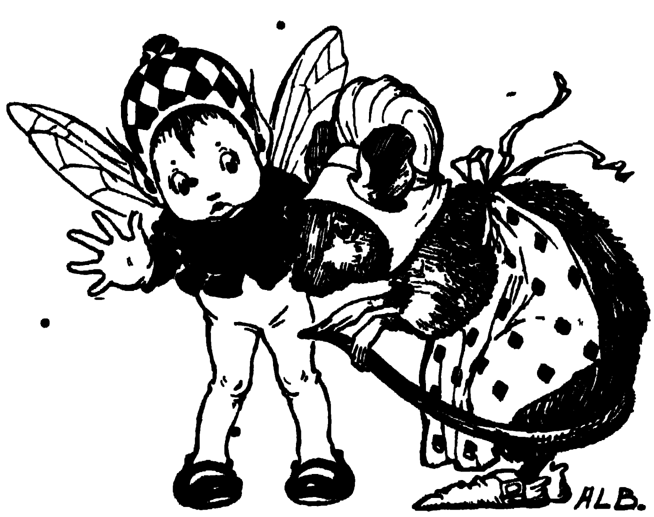
THE DEED WHICH HAS RENDERED ST. GEORGE FOR EVER FAMOUS IS HIS KILLING OF THE DRAGON.
On April 23 in each year people fly the red cross of this soldier-saint as the National Flag of England.

THE ELFIN PEDLAR.

By HELEN DOUGLAS ADAM With a Foreword by REV DR JOHN A HUTTON
7s 6d
(Hodder & Stoughton)

If ever there were a born poet, Helen Adam is that favoured child Some of the poems in this book were written when she was four years of age— she is now only twelve and there are exquisite little lyrics among them that are authentic poetry in fancy and feeling as well as in expression They are never precocious—their charm is their natural and beautiful simplicity. Nor is her gift only lyrical, there are narrative poems that show real art in the telling of a story and, for one so young, extraordinary felicities of phrase There are descriptive passages that reveal a true love of nature, and passages in some of the narratives that are vividly dramatic, but the prevailing charm of the book is in its glancing, always childlike fancifulness and its spontaneous lyrical quality There is no trace of affectation, no apparent straining after effect the songs have a flowing, apparently effortless ease that make their frequent beauty of utterance the more remarkable Altogether a very fascinating book, and one that children and lovers of children will read with delight The portraits of the author, and the clever dainty sketches with which she has illustrated some of the poems add to the attractiveness of a wholly attractive volume

everything pointing to his identity with a local bushranger and leader of a train-robbing gang Meanwhile the boys have many adventures, both in sport and war And it is not till they have been kidnapped into the secret country, and rescued from human sacrifice in the nick of time by the mysterious Boer himself, that the plot's tangled skein is unravelled and all ends happily



From The Infants' Magazine
(*Partridge*).

"CHEERIO SPOKE SUCH KIND WORDS THAT THE SORROW WAS SOON OVER."



From The Rebellion of Margaret
By Geraldine Mockler
(*Jarrolds*).

"YOUR DAUGHTER HAS BEEN TELLING YOU THAT I AM THIEF AND A BURGLAR."

THE THREE SKIPPERS.

By Robert Overton. 3s 6d (Jarrolds)

The boy who wants to go to sea is always sure of a welcome with readers of fiction—even when those readers happen to be grown-up stay-at-home landsmen The hero of this book, who seems very real as we follow his adventurous voyages, was one of these roving boys and though some of his experiences are such as few boys can hope for, however far they may travel, they are recounted with an air of such conviction that we feel almost that we have shared them with him The relationship between Hardie, the mate, and Cameron, the first skipper, are wonderfully well suggested, and the excitement begins almost at the very beginning of the story This is one of the publishers' "Premier Rewards" series and, with its fine illustrations, is exactly the book for any young sea enthusiast at the Christmas season



From The Three Skippers By Robert Overton (*Jarrolds*) "FIRED AMONGST THEM RIGHT AND LEFT."

THE ONLY DAY GIRL.

By Dorothea Moore (Nisbet)

Miss Dorothea Moore, who has seventeen books to her name, has probably surpassed herself in her latest, "The Only Day Girl.' This is a robust and thrilling tale of modern school life, depicting the perfect organisation the passion for prowess in games and the ideal of winning glory *for the school* It is dedicated "To the Girls of Westhill Eastbourne" The jolly crowd at Silchester School consists of 401 Silchestrians —and one day-girl, A J Severn soon to be known as "A J' Naturally one day-girl in a school of this status is looked upon as an outsider in a double sense There are five Houses but the only day-girl has not even got a house Soon there is a second day girl, Sadie the blind American whom A J saves from the encircling flames of a heath-fire and so gives to Silchester its brainiest girl A J creates a new tradition for the school Thanks to Henry, Captain of the School House, she is made a member of that house All through she is splendid She saves another girl's life, which gives her a place on the Roll of Fame, she wins the Swimming Competition for her house, and she writes the Pastoral play for Founder's Day A fascinating and stimulating story



From The Only Day Girl By Dorothea Moore (*Nisbet*). "AUTHOR! AUTHOR!"

THE PIRATE SUBMARINE

By Percy F Westerman 5s (Nisbet)

Tom Trevorrick, senior partner of the firm of Trevorrick, Pengelly & Co, shipbreakers, of Polkyel, Falmouth, stood over six feet in his socks, had a high though receding forehead and a heavy protruding jaw. The Celtic strain was in him, while Pengelly was the dark Iberian. When the slump came it was the Celt who thought of piracy and planned the daring scheme through which ex-R. 81 as the *Alerte* under the Jolly Roger made amazing and complicated history. To the thrills and terrors of the old-time piracy were added abundant new sensations arising from the developments of modern naval science. Human nature, however, showed its ancient deeps and glooms, its grasp of plot and counterplot, and mutiny came to spice adventure. Marines of many nations played their parts on the decks and waves of devious destiny, and in the final smash and doom the fate of Trevorrick—"Captain Cain" remained a baffling mystery. In [illegible] crammed and clanging record the author sports a plau[illegible] air.

THE LITTLE BLACK CATS AND THE TINKER'S WIFE.

By Margaret and Mary Baker.
2s. 6d.
(Grant Richards.)

The story of the cave full of black cats which was found by the tinker and his wife, just when they were fighting their way through a dreadful storm, and wishing so much that they had a little home of their own, is very charming. These little creatures appear on every page—big ones, little one, fat ones, lean ones, old ones, young ones, long-haired, short-haired, all kinds. Day after day the tinker hears of different people in the neighbourhood who have disappeared, and he begins to wonder if all these black cats have any connection with them, so the tinker's wife wishes that they may all be changed back into what they ought to be, and because she has been kind and good to them all, her wish comes true. Immediately there are the ploughman, the dairymaid, the lovers and all the other people who had been changed into cats. In the end we hear that the wicked old witch was blown right off her broom-stick in that terrible storm, so they were able to live in safety ever after.



From Three of Them
By A. Conan Doyle
(*John Murray*).

FRONTISPIECE.

A GARDEN OF BEAUTIFUL STORIES.

By William J. May. 5s. (Allenson.)

It seems a bold stroke to entitle your own stories "beautiful"! Mr. May follows the immortal Mrs. Gatty, and employs animals and vegetables for heroes and heroines. There are some pretty fancies entwined into his sketches, and we have thoughts of posting them off to a person who takes a Sunday children's service and makes a dud show of it. The tale of the "Violet who was Overlooked," of the "Tree that Laughed," and of the "Sunflower whose Home was a Custard Tin" would lighten up and refresh any such occasion. The moral lessons are quite clearly taught in the adventures of the different creatures. And there are some wholesome verses:

"If you look for trouble,
Trouble you will find;
And see old Father Grumble
Hurrying on behind."

There should have been pictures.

QUITE WILD ANIMALS.

By Beatrice Curtis Brown.
3s. 6d.
(Heinemann.)

The quite wild animals in Miss Curtis Brown's collection are the very sort of animals that ought to be brought in and domesticated as soon as possible. Children would love them. There is no familiar animal, wild or tame, that many children would prefer to the Blumpleby. In the little talk about him that faces his picture he is said to have no table manners and to be rather unpleasant; but who wouldn't forgive everything in a roly creature with such a little tail and such wobbly legs and feet? The Bolla, again, and the Gorrible, which is said to be nice and looks funny as well, are really too good not to be true, and the Dollyboo and the Pufftuffin, if they don't exist anywhere, ought to. Somebody should make them of something woolly and stuff them with anything soft, and they would soon be household pets wherever there were babies. The Skutch is a wonder, and the Growp, and especially the Shimmyhonk, are animals of such a new and fascinating kind that no child looking at their portraits in this delightfully quaint little book will be quite happy till it gets them. Miss Curtis Brown is to be congratulated on her ingenuity in inventing such odd, whimsical, extraordinary beasts, and her brief account of each is as amusing as the pictures. A book that should be in demand this Christmas, for the nursery people will be delighted with it.

COME HITHER.

A Collection of Rhymes and Poems for the Young of all Ages.

Made by Walter de la Mare.
Embellished by Alec Buckels.
21s (Constable)

This loveliest and richest of anthologies for younger readers reaches us too late for more than a word of brief welcome here. We hope to deal adequately with it next month, and meanwhile recommend it warmly to all who are seeking a gift-book that will, as its title suggests, appeal to the young of all ages.



From The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife
By Margaret and Mary Baker
(*Grant Richards*).